

Jenny Leblanc

A French Gentleman

Third Chapter of „Lake for Lovers“



A French Gentleman

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WARNING

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

A French Gentleman

a) Chocolate Chatting

I looked up and looke into a young man's face about my age. He had dark hair and a young boys face.

“May I order something for you, young lady?” he asked me after he had taken a seat.

“No, thanks, but you may call for the servant.”

He nodded and lifted one hand, showing the servant that we wanted to order something.

“How may I call you?” he asked while he seemed to check me out.

“I'm Jenny.” I replied while I checked him out too. He seem to be a very handsome nice looking young boy, about my age with pretty normal cloths. He had blue Jeans and a sweatshirt on: nothing special just normal street-wear.

“Nice to meet you Jenny. I'm Jean.”

“Nice to meet you too, Jean.

“You don't seem to be from here. Your french has a little accent. Where are you from, Jenny?

“I'm from Quebec, Canada.”

“Wow!!” he exclaimed and his eyes checked me out again.

“Do you were born here?” I asked back and looked him directly in the eyes. He had blue-grey eyes. I really liked his eyes and his face. His whole look was sporty and not at all fat.

“Yeah, I live in the north of Bordeaux.”

“You seem to be a sporty person. What do you like as sport.”

“I like basketball, but I'm too little for playing in a club.”

“Cool. But you don't look as if you are too small.”

“Well, I'm only 1,79m and for playing in the team in the local club you have to be 1,85m or taller.”

“Ooh, I see. Well, I'm doing dacing for a sport and I like swimming. But I don't do the swimming only for fun, not in a club. It's more playing in the water than really swimming. But dancing I do in a club.”

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“Wow, what do you do in the dancing club. You dance everything?”

“Almost. We dance classic dances like Waltz, Polka etc. And also latin dances like Salsa, Tango, etc. But no allday disco-dancing, because we only do couple-dances.”

“Ahh I see.” I nodded and went on: “ Well, I'm not at all good in dancing. I always feel stupid, when I have to dance in front of other people.

“What may I bring you?” the servant asked. I shrugged a bit, because I hadn't seen him coming, but I immediately turned towards him and said:

“I would like to have a hot chocolate, please.”

“and a cloke for me.” Jean added to my order.

“Ok.” the servant verified our order and went back to the bar. I turned back to Jean. Again I caught his eyes and tried to dive deep into them.

“How come that a young canadian lady like you is in france now?”

“I'm having a look at my grand-parents. My father's parents live here in Bordeaux and I'm here during my Christmas-holidays.”

“Cool. When do you have to go back.”

“On January, 2nd..”

“Ooh, that's early.”

“Yeah, but I like it here and at home, there are many things my Mum has to do, where I would only be a stone at her foot.”

“May I ask why?”

“Well, my dad is moving place and my Mum has to help him a bit.” That was a lie, but I wasn't sure if I could tell him the whole truth already. He looked trustworthy to me, but I only knew him for some minutes.

“Here are your drinks.” The servant interupted us again. He had the hot chocolate and the coke with him. The chocolate had a nice hat of cream on it and a little sweet biscuit at its side. He also put a small dish with the receipt on the table.”

“Mmmmh, that looks fantastic.” I exclaimed and took a little of the cram with the little spoon.

“May I pay for you?” Jean asked.

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“Well, I would like to pay for my own thing.” I replied.

“Ok, but accept my invitation for a little trip to a small lake nearby.”

“Small lake?”

“Yeah, there is a small lake nearby with an indoor swimmingpool at it. In a way it's an all-year swimming place.”

“Cool. Yeah I would like to go there.” I replied and my heart jumped up and down, because i already felt something for him.

“What about tomorrow afternoon?”

“Yeah tomorrow afternoon, would be great.”

“Ok, tomorrow at 3 pm at this place.”

“Cool.”

b) Thoughts of Admiration

We had a small chat about everything and nothing, but very soon jean had to go again. I was left alone in the cafe still zipping on my hot choclate.

Jean was a nice guy. I really liked him at first glance. I felt some butterflies in my belly and i kind of missed him as he wasn't with me anymore.

Sometimes I think my feelings go mad. I knew this guy only for a few minutes and I liked him already. He wasn't my dream man. He was sporty and not at all brought shouldered. He wasn't the big bear I dreamed of as my dream man. A big bear who was able to give me safety and security.

But allthough he wasn't what i had dreamed for, my feelings told me that i liked him. In fact I seemed to feel some love for him. My heart was beating away like mad and my mind started spinning around him and his person.

As I was a young girl I didn't believe in love. I thought of it as myth, because i didn't feel anything when I looked at my parents. It was normal that they were there caring about me. In those days, when i met a boy, i also felt nothing. Even when he was looking like my dream boy. I alwways asked myself: When do i get this feeling of love or is it just a myth. But then as I met my first boyfriend I knew that love wasn't a myth. It was a feeling that comes like thunder and lightning. It hits you and it can become stronger and stronger, but if you don't work on it, it can become weaker and weaker.

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I stood up and paid for my hot chocolate. I still had my head somewhere else.

I felt my body very intensely. My heart was beating like hell and my thoughts were with him. Where does he live in this big town of Bordeaux? How would his room look like? How would his parents look like? Would his parents like me?

All these questions shot through my mind and my fantasy began spinning. I imagined how his parents would look like. I imagined his room and what he was doing at the moment.

I imagined a room with a bed and the normal things. In my imagination he had posters on the wall with some NBA stars and a lot of basketball stuff. I thought he perhaps would have a sofa in his room and he would like soft rock.

I arrived back at my grand-parents home.

“Hi Jen, how was your day out?” my Grandma asked me.

“Good.” I replied dreamingly.

“What did you do?” she asked curiously.

“Nothing.”

“Nothing? You seem to have met someone, I know this face.” She said and smiled at me.

“Yeah I met someone and i think i like him.”

“I'm happy that you already met someone. Will you meet him again?”

“Yeah, we will go to a lake where there is also an indoor swimming-pool.”

“Ahh, I know where that is. Will you go by bus?”

“Dunno. He is the one who organizes the whole thing.”

“Hmmm” my Grandma nodded. “promise me that you take care and that you don't step into other people's cars.”

“Granny, I'm not a little child anymore. I know what precautions to take.”

“Sweety, I'm only cautious, because I know those eyes you have at the moment. Feelings are not always your best advisers.”

I nodded.

“I promise, I'll take care.”

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Silence.

“Granny?”

“Yeah.”

“Did you ever feel something for a boy whom you did hardly know?”

“Yeah, your Grandpa.”

“Really?

“Yeah, I met him after a cinema session and we went into a cafe. He was the nicest boy around.”

“Cool. What did you do?”

“Well, we met again and again and after a long time we married each other.”

“Hmmm. Not a solution for me.” I smiled, but I had to force that smile.

In my inner heart I knew that those feelings for Jean had to stop. I hardly knew him and even if he would be as sweet as I imagined him to be, I wouldn't be able to have a relationship with him, just because I lived in Canada and he lived here in France. In France there is a saying that says that you do something “à contre cœur”, which means that you do something against your heart. My heart told me that I liked this Jean, but my mind told me to step back and cool down those feelings.

As I lay in bed that night my mind still turned around Jean and my feelings for him. It really had hit me right into my heart.

I closed my eyes and tried to imagine how the next day would go. I imagined him in his swimming-slip and how he would look like with his slim, sporty body, his grey-blue eyes and his short, dark hair. My look turned down to his swimming-slip, where a big bulge showed his malehood covered.

I knew that what I imagined at that moment was a view from the past put on Jean's body. But I didn't take care of that. My teenage sexuality took over my mind and the feeling of love and care was pushed away by a sexual feeling of arousal.

I felt how my little treasure became wet and aroused. My little female penis called clit went hard and lifted his little hood. I felt aroused by my own imagination. But my mind wanted to push it away.

“Jean's pic should stay clean, without a connection to my sexual fantasies.” I tried to tell myself.

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I opened my eyes to loose those arousing images. But it didn't help. I still had those images in my head. I felt aroused, and felt a big love for this Jean, whom I wanted to be clean from my sexual fantasies.

I fought with myself and took a book to read to get my thoughts somewhere else. But it still didn't work. All of a sudden i had an idea. I went back to the bathroom and took a cold shower. I almost screamed because I switched the shower towards really cool. But this almost frosty water turned my body down and my arousal went away like some snowflakes in the wind.

After the shower, i went back into my bed and my mind was washed clean. Now that my arousal was gone, I was able to read and think of something else than Jean.

c) The Lake

The next day as I woke up, my thoughts again went back to Jean. It felt like a little kid waiting for Santa. It was nervewrecking and time went by like a very slow snail.

Even while breakfast and lunch I had the feeling as if everything went in slowmotion. All though everything went it's normal way I had the feeling as if everything took almost no time. I tried to read, but I wasn't able to concentrate myself on the book. I asked my Grandma if I could help her, but there was nothing I could do.

At about 2 pm I took my things and went to the bus. It was far too early, because the bus needed only 10 min., but I wasn't able to stay at home any more.

I sat down in the cafe and ordered a coke for myself. I chose my place such that I had the frontdoor in sight and to see Jean immediately when he would come in.

I zipped at my coke and I looked at my watch almost every other minute. I still had 45 min. Which seemed to me like a little eternity. Again I tried to get some other thoughts by looking through the window and watch the people go by. It was a nice day. Very good for a day out at the lake, abit cold, but nice.

My imagination began to run and I imagined myself how Jean would come in and how he would say hello to me. How we would do the "embrasser", how he would kiss me on both cheeks. I tried to imagine his soft lips, his breathing close to my ears and his body close to mine.

My mind told me that I was silly and fallen in love, but my heart loved it and my imagination went on and on.

Then all of a sudden the door opened and Jean came in. It was as if Jesus Christ Superstar came in. A smile went on my face and he smiled back at me.

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"Salut Jen!" he greeted me and we kissed each other on both cheeks.

"Salut!" I replied.

"Can we go?" he asked.

"Of course, just let me pay my coke." I said.

We went by bus to the lake. The lake was on the countryside near some suburbs of Bordeaux. It was a beautiful scenery with the lake and the indoor swimming-pool in a house with an old front. From outside one couldn't guess that the house was with an indoor swimming-pool. Everything telling was well covered from the visitor.

As we entered the house, I immediately got covered in the typical indoor swimming-pool smell of humid, warm, wet air filled with the warm smell of chlorine. Although my eyes were stuck on Jean, I registered the smell and in a way I liked the smell, because it meant fun for me.

We paid our entry and I went into a changing cabin, where I took off all my cloths. As I was naked. I looked down at my body and checked myself out.

My whole looked pretty pale. It was obvious that we had winter and my body hadn't seen much sun. But apart from that I looked pretty. I liked myself and I felt pretty female. I wasn't a friend of these new sun-studios where you could get a sunburn all year. So I accepted my paleness and I felt ok with it. I always had to think of history where a pale skin was a sign of royalty. In addition I once had heard that girls have more white blood parts than boys, such that they look a little more pale by nature. I knew that was a stupid, but in a way I thought it made me even more pretty.

As I put on my bathingsuit, I remembered the song out of Bernstein's "West Side Story" called "I feel pretty". It's a song the Maria in that opera sings. I knew the melody by heart and I began to hum the melody just for myself.

I felt lucky and happy. Happy because now there was a lot of time I had to spend with Jean and lucky because I had shaved my pubic area just before I left for my holidays in France. My little treasure looked beautiful and I felt comfortable with the idea of showing it someone else eventually.

After I had locked up my cloths and things, I went showering and I already felt a big excitement within myself. I was curious how he would look and how he would react on my look.

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It's strange, but in a way you offer a very deep insight into your own look, when you go swimming. You wear some kind of clothes, but to hide something is very hard. Perhaps that's the reason, why I liked to go swimming, because I was able to go after my voyeurism without being recognized as such.

I liked to watch people and I like to observe them, but I always kept my secrecy. I never stared at someone. And if you discover a beautiful person, who wouldn't look at him or her. Of course it depends on your and the other ones gender, but in a way everyone does it.

As I left the female part of the changing area and entered the big indoor swimming hall. He already waited for me.

"Hey Jen! I'm here."

"Hey!"

"Let's go have some fun!" he suggested and I nodded in reply.

"I think he doesn't know what second meaning his sentence could have." I thought by myself. If we wouldn't be in here but in a more intimate place, I would think, he wants to have some sexual fun with me."

We swam some rows and he told me a lot about himself. He was 16-years old, just as me at that time. He only had his mother, because his Dad had left his mother as he was very young. He was the only child and he was a musician in his free time. He told me that he would like to play the guitar in his free time.

I felt excited. He became more and more what seemed to be my dream boy. But I fought back on my feelings, because I knew that I had to leave him after my holidays and there wasn't much chance to keep up the relationship afterwards, because we were both still students and we both had plans to go for college or university. In France there are these higher schools, which are almost like a college, but where you have to make a test to get accepted as a student. He told me a lot about it and he told me that he wanted to go to a higher school he only called "NZ" more I did not understand, because I wasn't able to memorize the whole name. The only thing I was able to memorize was, that it was a higher school for navigation, ship building and engineering in Toulouse and that he wanted to go there after school.

I told him that we don't have these higher schools in Canada, but we have colleges and universities, where we could study. At that time, I wasn't sure what I wanted to study, but I was sure about studying.

As we made a break at one side of the swimming-pool, he turned towards me and asked:

"Do you like me?"

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I was surprised by his question but it shot out of my mouth: "Yes!"

After a small break, I asked back:

"Do you like me?"

"Yeah!!" he replied and came pretty close. He went on whispering:

"Would you follow me to a secret place in this building?"

"Secret place? What do you have in mind?"

"I know a place where we are on our own. Without anyone disturbing us."

"Why?" I was able to guess what he wanted to do, but i wanted to hear it from him, because i wanted it also.

"I wanna kiss you and hug you." he whispered in my ear and gave me a shallow kiss on my cheek.

"Ok." I agreed and we left the pool.

To be continued soon...