

*Jenny Leblanc*

# Angels forgive

Fifth Chapter of „Lake for Lovers“



Angels forgive

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## **WARNING**

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

## Angels forgive

### *a) An Angel's Call*

As I went to the telephone the old excitement came back up. I felt my heart in my throat and my hands were clumsy from the invisible sweat that was soaking my hands.

He was on the telephone and he wanted to talk to me. What would he want to say? Would he accept a sorry from me? Would he perhaps say good bye? I didn't know, but deep within myself I hoped he would forgive me.

"Hi", I said as I had put up the phone.

"Hi", he answered and immediately there was this relief that went through my whole body. As if someone had put his hand on my head and had said: "Calm down little Jen! I'm with you and I'll protect you."

"You wanted to talk to me?" I asked curious, but I had trouble in hiding my excitement. I really tried to cover it, because I wanted him to say first what he wanted to say before I would try to turn him into "my direction".

"Yeah", he replied with his lovely voice, " I wanted to say that I'm sorry about what happened today. You know, I love you and it is impossible for me to stay mad at you."

Heaven opened its doors and I went through. That was the feeling I had as I heard these words through the phone. Some tears of happiness and excitement shot into my eyes and I was searching for the right words.

"No, I have to say sorry." I tried to answer, " I behaved like a stupid little girl, not knowing what a big person you are. A person with a big heart and a even bigger soul."

Silence. My granny went by and gave me a papertowl to dry my tears.

"No, Jen. I was the stupid one. I thought I had to teach you a lesson, but I forgot that I would cut into my own flesh, if I'm going to do it. I sat here and I wasn't able to forget you. I called you to ask you for a second chance."

Silence. I wasn't prepared for this. I thought I would have to ask him for a second chance, but now he was going to do it. How should I react?

"Will you give me a second chance?" he asked and his voice was having this begging tune of a sweet little dog. "I'll show you that I'm worth the try and I'll carry you on my hands all the way."

Silence. My brain was feeling as if it was a big hole. But my mouth was answering his question without any order from the center of intelligence:

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"Yes, I will and I will show you that I'm more grown up than that little girl from earlier today." My mouth answered his question.

A male squeak went through the phone followed by a silent "yessssss". Someone seemed to be as relieved about this as I was. Allthough I was able to keep silent, within myself i was doing the same thing as he seemed to do. And silently I did the same gesture one does when he or she throws a strike in bowling. I knew within myself that this wasn't the best strike I had and there was something to it that made me think, but at that moment I didn't want to think about these little things about who deserved what and why.

"Jen?"

"Yeap."

"Could we meet tomorrow in our cafe and start our second chance?"

"Of course we can. Is 10 am ok with you?" Allthough I wanted to see him immediately, I knew that I had to step back a bit and be thankfull for his forgiveness. Not to forget I was on holiday and on holidays I wasn't in the mood to get up early in the morning. During school I had to stay up for most of the days, so now was the time to sleep a bit longer. "Girls need some sleep for their beauty." I thought by myself.

"10 am is great. See you then."

"See ya." I held the phone until I heard him put the phone back.

"See." my Granny said shortly after I had hung up the phone. "You give a little, you take a little. Sometimes your little heart breaks a little. That's the glory of and the story of love." This was a very free repetition of a song text, but it fited into the situation.

"Yeah, Granny. I know." I gave her a hug. I was thankfull that she had put my head straight and I was also thankfull that Jean was the person, who he was. I wasn't able to answer myself the question why I had deserved this. But i enjoyed this moments of joy.

During these moments my world was whole again. I felt ok and all the bad things from home were forgotten. I felt as if my home was at my grandparents and as if I had lived there since my birth.

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After dinner I into my room and laied myself on my bed. I looked towards the ceiling and thought about Jean. I imagined his face, his smile. How he talked to me, how he smiled at me and laughed.

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Warmth engulfed my heart and my body. It was as if I was watching an angel before my inner eyes. Jean was his face and his face was Jean. There was no body, no sexuality, no lust. All this fleshy things were gone. There was only this innocent joy about the existence of a person I fell in love with. Is there something more virgin than that? No, in that moment Jean was a person without a gender. He was an angel, who had a body of a human.

Forgiveness is something that isn't easy to execute. But he had been able to do it. He called me and had said that he would give me a second chance. Is there something bigger than that?

No, there is nothing bigger, especially because I hadn't to say I'm sorry. He just did it, without any precondition. He showed me that he loved me and he showed me that this love was without any condition. What to expect more?

Nothing.

Is he a good lover?

Why this question, when there are these high values he already showed me.

Is he able to satisfy my needs?

Irrelevant. Angels don't need things like sexuality. Angels put love on a higher level.

### *b) La rêveuse (the female dreamer)*

Jean and I were just married and he was carrying me on his hands to our bed. We both laughed, because we both had drank some alcohol. I fell softly on the bed.

“Hey Jean, did you notice, i have no slip under my wedding dress?”

“Ooh, I think I have to beat my little Jen. Hope your little treasure does not get a cold.” He began laugh.

“Noooo, I had some hot thoughts, so my little pussy is moist and warm.” i giggled.

He took off his shoes and showed me also his hairless breast. He was muscular and very sexy.

“Ooooooh, you are my man!!!! Yeah, that's my Jean!”

“Moment, I will come and inspect your little treasure.”

“uuuuuh”, I began to giggle and lifted my dress, such that my treasure and my legs became visible underneath.

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"mmmm, your crotch is heaven and your legs are those of the sexiest woman I ever met." jean exclaimed while he slowly came over onto the bed. He laid down besides me and we kissed. I sucked in his tongue and I felt his big hard-on in his pants.

His fingers were rubbing my clit and my little treasure became even more moist than before. I felt the my body filling with lust and warmth. This unsatisfied lust and excitement went though my body. I had this urgent need for sex and for sexual relief. I wanted to be fucked. I wanted to be a bad girl. I wanted to feel him close to me. He should fuck me. I wanted his best shot.

I sat up and bowed my head towards his stiff prick, which he had freed out of his pants. This little stick of flesh was the only thing I wanted at this moment. I wanted it deep in my treasure. I wanted it to do its job good.

I sucked on his prick and made it all wet. He moaned while I did it. I played with the shaft of his malehood, but I made sure not to touch his glans with my tongue. I wanted him to shot his juice into my treasure not into my mouth.

Now he was my man. I had the rights on his prick, his sperm and his naked body. I was the only girl who had the right to ask him to show me these things and to give them to me. He was the man to knock me up. He was the man to give me a baby.

"Fuck me now!" I gave him the order and he smiled. I layed back on the bed and he went softly between my legs. With one hand he placed his stiff maleness at the entrance of my treasure. I felt his big glans, his stiffness and I wrapped my legs around his male apple of an arse.

We joined in love. I moaned and closed my eyes in lust. A smile went over my face. Now his prick was mine. He was my own, I would grip him with my pussy, stroke him with my pussy-walls and urge him to give me all his little swimmers.

My legs pressed down on his bottom and forced him to go deeper into my deepest places of my treasure. I felt his hairy balls at my bottom and the glans seemed to be short before my uterus.

He moaned into my ear and his hips began to move and we began to dance the dance of sexuality. I felt secure and horny. I wanted him fuck me and .I wanted him to knock me up. I wanted him to fill my treasure with his sweet, white juice of sperm.

"lili loooooove yooooo." I moaned, while he fucked me harder and faster.

"yeaahhhh, I love yooo toooo.." he answered me and stopped fucking, but his prck stuck deep in my treasure.

"I'll fill you up. You'll drown in my juices." he said and began to fuck again.

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Damn he was such a nice fuck. Although it was missionary I loved it. I felt him all over.

His stick of lust began to pulse and he was pumping sperm into the root of his penis. We grabbed each other closer and he made some finishing moves of deep thrusts. Then his whole body went rigid as his stick exploded within my hole from venus. I felt his hot shots deep within me. His prick pumped like mad as his juice of maleness shot into my welcoming womb.

My legs pushed him even deeper into myself and I hugged him with my arrms and forced him to keep his head close to mine.

After the first waves of his orgasm was over we joined in an unbelievable kiss. I sucked his tongue into my mouth. And urged him to explore my mouth as if one tongue wasn't enough for my mouth.

“Jen!”

I lost the picture.

“Jen?” It was my Granny's voice. I slowly surfaced from my dream and as I opened my eyes I realized that I had fallen to sleep while laying on my bed with all my cloths on.

“Yeah.” I replied only halfway back in reality.

“Jen, you have to change. You can't sleep in your streetwear.”

“Ok, Granny I'll change in a minute.” I mumbled as a reply while forcing myself to get back into reality.

My whole body felt clumsy and the dream I just head felt pretty real.

“Holy shit.” I thought by myself “This was so exciting. I was a bit angry at my Granny that she had woken me up. But how could she guess that I had such an exciting dream.”

After my Grand-ma had left the room, I stood up and ent to the bathroom, where I took off all my cloths and put on my pink nightgawn for that night. I left my body naked beneath the nightgawn, because I felt horny and very girlish that evening. That dream had woken up some very sexual needs within me.

While I brushed my teeth I made the test and I slipped between my outer pubic lips with one finger. It was warm and moist. My feelings were true and I was barely capable to keep them down until I was ready for bed.

I went into the living-room, where my grand-parents were still sitting and watching TV. I gave them both a kiss and said good night. But within my head I was already pleasuring myself.

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I felt a bit guilty, because my Granny still thought of me as an innocent girl. But I wasn't able and in the mood to tell her the truth. It also was part of the excitement, that she didn't know the real Jen. Perhaps it was better that way.

I went back into my room.

### *c) My body and I*

I closed the door behind me and layed down on my bed. But I layed myself on the bedcover, not underneath it.

I closed my eyes and tried to calm down and to enjoy the feelings within my body. My whole awareness went down to my little treasure and it seemed as if it was asking it, what it would like to do.

My thoughts went back to the dream I had some minutes ago. This dream had been so real, and I wished it had been true. But there was no way in this world that that dream could become true.

I opened my eyes again. My sight went down my body.

"This was me, laying there and enjoying life. I liked to be a girl. It was a pleasure to keep this body in shape and to be a little venus. Yes, there were also downsides. As a girl you are not as strong as the boys your age. That gets you sometimes in trouble, but there are some weapons we girls have no boy can withstand.

One of the weapons we have is the shape of our body. I don't know any boy, who is straight in his sexuality, who doesn't like the curvy shape of a girl's body. It turns them on. But then there are also our titts. Boys like them and girls care about them as if they are their little pricks.

Boys secretly want to have a big dick and want to be able to get a hard-on always and at any point in time.

Girls on the other side care about their titts. They want them to be the right size and firm as in their teenage years.

"What's more stupid? I don't know. But one thing I know. I like my body as it is."

My hands went over my breasts and I softly stroked them and weighed them within the palms of my hands.

"These are mine. My sweet little milk boxes."

I lifted my bottom to wrap up my nightgown, such that I now was laying almost naked on the bed.

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Naked my titties were looking even nicer and as if they were made out of skin-colored silk.

My sight went downwards and I stopped at my belly button. I lightly circled it with one finger and I felt this silly feeling allover my body. I almost shuttered, but it was a positive feeling and it excited me.

"Hey, little belly button. Nice to see you again. You look beautifull today." I greeted him within my thoughts.

"This little thing every human being has and it is the sign that you were born, the sign that your body is able to live without the help of your mother's body. And a sign that two human beings had to have sex, before a little baby gets this little thing after birth."

Again I circled around my belly button, while watching my belly moving with my breathing. I felt alive. Never before in my life I was so aware of the fact hat I was a living human being.

I looked at my hips and my pubic area.

"Hmmm, I need to shave my pubic area again. It's not as soft as it should be." I said to myself while stroking over it with the palm of one hand.

"Hey, I never got awayre of the fact that I have really nice hips. And these hips are only there because girls or women have to carry babies. I really hope theses hips will carry atleast one baby."

My sight stuck some moments on my hips and I saw myself in the mirror, which I saw before my inner eyes. I looked at myself. And I fell in love with myself.

"Only a girl who loves herself can give love." That I remembered from school. Of course this is true for both genders. But I think for girls it is especially right. How should a girl give love if she doesn't feel ok with her body.

I felt ok with my body. Even my bottom was something I could look at all the time. It was a typical femal bottom. I didn't know why, but I thought it was typical.

"Isn't it strange, That thing has nothing to do with sexuality, but it's the first thing everyone is looking at. Boys are looking for girls' bottoms and girls looking for boys' bottoms. We judge each other by our bottoms in a way. Of course no one would admit that, but if someone has nice looking bottom he or she already has a plus."

My eyes were still on my hips, but one of my hand had made its way btween my young thighs and I could feel the warm dampness of my own gender.

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"hmmmm, these pubic lips are soooo soft. It's really a pity that I could see my own treasure directly. But I have to say mine are as soft as a cloud from heaven." I dreamed while I was touching my own pubic lips.

"Let's see if my little penis is also on its place."

I removed my hand a bit and one finger went between my outer pubic lips to look for my little clit.

"Hmmm, he has left his little hood. That's nice."

I began to play with my little nipple of lust and pleasure.

"Welcome to Jen's pink heaven of lust!" I said to myself.

As soon as I began to play with this little toy, my whole body was filled with this damp warmth of lust. All of a sudden there was this sexual urge to push forward. But I tried to resist this urge atleast for some more minutes.

My hands went back to my little titties and I stroked them. They were so nice and firm. My index fingers played with those little nipples on the tipp of my titts. These little nipples were already standing there rigid and stiff like little guardian soldiers waitng for more orders to come.

"Hey little soldiers, how is the sight today. Seems Jen is getting naughty today." I said to them.

"Perhaps I will get some milk out of the little holes on the tip of these nipples, soon." I played dreaminly with them.

"Well it's a bit early for getting pregnant and having a baby, but I'm curious how it feels when milk comes out of these little nipples." I smiled at myself.

"On the otherside I have heard that they should hurt, after the baby has nibbled on them for some time." That wasn't such a nice thought, so I tried to get on other things.

"Perhaps Playboy would take me as a model. These titts are heaven made." I thought by myself and began playing again with my nipples.

"Girl's Playground. We have to titts, one belly-button, a little nipple called clit and a treasure. That's amazing. Boys Payground: They have their prick." I had to giggle

"Am I jealous? Not really. I have more choice and more possibilities. Although I have to admit that this easy way to get an orgasm could gat me jealous. But hey, if I do it on my own, i know how to get me going."

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My sight went down my body and I looked at my legs and feet.

“Hey Jen, these jumpers are beautiful. And your feet almost look like your hands. You seem to care about them?! Yes.”

I gave myself the answer, while my hand already had made its way back between my young thighs.

“Young and strong these beautiful thighs. They are part of my treasure, if they wouldn't be able to spread apart as wide as they could, I wouldn't be able to have that much fun.” I considered, while my index-finger got moist again during its way through my outer pubic lips. I stuck the finger into my mouth.

“Jen, you are not only beautiful, you are also so tasty that I could eat you up in one.” I said to myself while sucking on my finger.

*To be continued soon...*