

*Jenny Leblanc*

# Bordeaux, mon amour

Second Chapter of „Lake for Lovers“



Bordeaux, mon amour

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Bordeaux, mon amour

## **WARNING**

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

## Bordeaux, mon amour

### *a) Mum's surprise*

The next morning, I was refreshed from a deep recovering sleep. I jumped out of bed already before time. Normally it wasn't my way to jump out of bed, before my mother was waking me up. But that day i was awake early and i was in the mood to stand up early.

I went downstairs and met my Mum preparing breakfast.

“Morning Jen! You are early, are you ill?”

“Morning Mum!” I smiled because of my Mum's teasing and gave her a kiss on one of her cheeks. “No I slept early last night and it seems my body had slept enough.” I smiled at her.

“Jen, I have to talk to you after breakfast.”

“But Mum, I have to go to school today.”

“No worry, I'll take you there with my car. But i have to talk to you.”

“Ok.” I agreed, because there was no way to get out of this. Even if I would insist on taking the bus. She would stay with her offering and she would get angry, if I would ignore it. I knew my mother good by then, she didn't make such an offer without a good reason.

But what reason?

Did she see me, as i touched myself last night? Oh my goodness, I hoped not. I remembered again the incident in summer and it shook me, because it wasn't very nice.

Benjamin came down and sat down.

“Morning, big boy.”

“Morn...” the rest wasn't understandable.

“Seems you haven't slept very well!?” I laughed as i made this statement which was also a question.

A deep, low grumble came out of his closed lips. It was as if a big bear grumbled.

While we ate there was no conversation at all. My mum looked through the morning newspaper and my brother sat there drinking his chocolate and his bread, without a big hurry and half sleeping.

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I ate as if it was a Sunday morning, where I was used to be fully awake while eating breakfast. I looked over to my Mum and tried to find out in her eyes and in her face, what kind of thing she wanted to say me in the car. But there was no tell in her face nor in her eyes whatsoever. Either it was a good thing, such that her happy face was telling me the truth. Or she was a marvelous actor before the Lord. I knew from former experiences with her that she wasn't a good actor. So I assumed that it had to be a good thing, she wanted to tell me in the car.

"Benjamin, don't forget to go to Anna ask about her health today. I want you to care about her from today on."

My brother nodded.

"As I told you yesterday, I'll help you out with money during the start, but you will have to start finding a job, such that you are able to pay for your child on your own, at least a little bit."

He nodded again, then he stood up and went out of the kitchen, to fetch his things for school. I also went upstairs to fetch my own things. It was done pretty fast, because I was used to do it the evening before. This way the chance to forget something was minimal, but it happened to me from time to time anyway. I always got angry with myself, when it happened. But I refused to make notes of things. That was the rebellious teenager in me, I think today.

"Benjamin, the bus is coming. Jen, I'm waiting! We have to leave!"

"Yeah, coming!" I replied.

"Why could I not go with you Mum?" my brother asked as he was coming down the stairs.

"Because I have to talk to Jen under 4 eyes before school."

I saw how it worked in my brother and he had the "why" on his tongue. But he knew that protest or a lot of questions would do him no good. Because that would make my mother angry. So he accepted her answer and went out the door, just as I arrived at my Mum, who was standing at the bottom end of the stairs.

Shortly after having taken a seat in her car and driving off to my school, she began to explain:

"Jen, I wanted to talk to you, because I want to tell you something." She made a pause, while she turned right with the car.

"You know," she continued, "that we planned to go to France during the Christmas holidays. We wanted to visit your Dad's parents."

I nodded.

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"Well, we won't. It is obvious that Dad cannot go and I want to stay here and take care of him by calling him on the phone and I want to take care of you younger brother. There are a lot of things to arrange due to his mistake."

Partially I knew what she had told me, partially her decisions, which she told me, were obvious, if one knew the situation.

"Yesterday i had a talk with your grandpa in France about Christmas and he asked, why you couldn't come over?" she made a pause again.

Now I knew what was comming.

"And I told him I would ask you." she finished her story.

"Mum, I would be happy to go. But..." I answered with a smile on my face. But I knew that there were a lot of things to do here , so I tried to start with my concerns. But my Mum cut off my trial:

"It's ok, Jen. I will be able to hnadle it all and you may call me regularly during the two weeks asking about Dad."

### *b) Grown Up Bunnies*

After school I went to Annick's and Anna's house. I wanted to try to get an explaination for what happened before Sarah's return and i wanted to to talk to Sarah, who was at home again by now.

I rang the bell and waited patiently who would open the door. It was Annick's Dad.

"Hi Jen."

"Hi. Is Annick, Anna or Sarah at home?"

"Yeah, come in. They are all in the club room above the garage. You know how get there."

I nodded: " Thank you."

I went to the old club-room and knocked.

"Come in." I heard Annick's voice.

I opened the door and saw the three of them sitting around the table, playing Monopoly. As they saw me comming in, the smile was washed out of there faces.

"Hi Jen." they greeted me in a cold manner.

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"Hi!" I replied and smiled at them in reply. This time I was prepared for this and I had no expectations whatsoever. I just wanted to have a clean end to all of this. Either I would be able to do some repair on the friendship which bound me to them or it would be the end for these friendships.

"What do you want?" Sarah asked.

"I wanna talk about what happened during the last days between us four."

"Ok," Sarah replied and offered me a seat on the sofa besides herself.

"Thanks." I thanked for the seat. "Where are the rest of the club?"

"Not here." Annick answered in a cold voice.

"Ok." I stated. It was hard for me to stay because I wasn't used to the fact that they didn't want me with them. I felt not welcome and every nerve within my body told me to go. But my brain told me that I had to go through this to get a clean table.

"Seems I'm not welcome anymore?" I stated again and tried to keep my voice as cool as possible.

"Yeap." Anna replied and Annick only nodded. Only Sarah made no negative gesture or statement, she stayed neutral.

"In a way, I could understand that you threw me out of the club and I accept it. I'm no longer a member of the club. Ok. No problem. But couldn't we stay friends." I made a pause and looked around, but there was no reaction. Anna threw the dice as if I wasn't in the room.

"Anna, I'm the aunt of your baby. What will you tell him or her? That I do not exist? Wouldn't it be a good thing if parents and aunts would have a good relationship?"

No reaction. Just silence.

"I'm sorry for getting Sarah involved in my family's things. But she offered it to me and in Vancouver some of the steps we took, she suggested. I'm sorry for not stopping her and the whole thing in the beginning. But I cannot do anything more than just say that I'm sorry."

Silence.

"We were friends from kindergarten on. Sarah, you made me a very special birthday present just some weeks ago. Should that all be for nothing?"

Silence.

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“I’m sorry for what happened in Vancouver some days ago, but I wasn’t able to prevent it. In fact it was me who called for help. Otherwise Sarah wouldn’t sit here. But did I ask for a thank you? No. It was out of a question that I had to help a friend of mine. But now also you. Sarah. You don’t wanna talk to me anymore?”

Silence.

“Annick? What have I done to you? I can’t remember a thing I have done that could have hurt you? Is it sibling loyalty you play here or has your silence against me also a reason?”

Silence.

I stood up and went to the door.

“I’m sorry. I was really in the mood to say sorry for everything you wanted me to, but without some answers to my questions, I’m not able to say sorry. I don’t like this freezing atmosphere in here. I’ll go and look out for other friends.”

I opened the door and was already on my way out as I heard Sarah’s voice:

“Wait!”

I stopped, turned back and looked at her.

“I don’t want you to leave. I didn’t know that you called for help.”

“Yeap, that was me. But it was no big thing, everyone would have done it.”

“I’m sorry for being so rude.” Sarah replied. “I want you to stay my friend.” said it and stood up to come over to me. She opened her arms and offered me a hug.

For a moment I wasn’t sure if I should accept that hug. But as she hugged me without any doing from my side, I accepted it and hugged her also.

“Are we still friends?” I asked her unsure about the meaning of this hug.

“Of course we are.” Sarah replied and smiled at me. “We had our differences, but we talked about it and now I think it’s all out of this world.”

I nodded and remembered our discussion in the hotel room before I went to bed. It was one of the ugliest discussions I had with Sarah until then.

I looked over to Anna and Annick they still sat at the table and whispered with each other. They did not seem to be in favor of Sarah’s motion. Then my mother’s surprise shot through my head and I immediately tipped Sarah on the shoulder, while she was helping herself with some apple-juice.

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"I think I have to tell you something."

"Ohh," Sarah turned around with a smile. "Is another Leblanc in prison?" she began to laugh. I wasn't able to laugh about that joke, but I didn't take it that serious.

"No. But I will go to France during the Christmas holidays. I'll visit my Dad's parents. The rest of my family will stay here. But I was invited nevertheless, and my mother has nothing against it. So I'll go there and visit Bordeaux."

Cool" Sarah answered. While I had told my little news, Anna and Annick had left the room. " I wish you all the best for that trip and I'm happy that you'll be able to go. Hope you'll like it."

"Good." I sighed the big sigh of relief. "But what about me and Anna and Annick? Do you think I have a chance to get through to them?"

"I don't know." Sarah raised her shoulders."Give them time to think about the situation and what happened. I think Anna puts you in one pot with your brother, while Annick just wants to treat someone bad, while she has her bad phase during this month."

I wasn't sure about how to evaluate what Sara told me. But it gave me hope for the future of my friendship with Anna and Annick. But I still wasn't able to say what it was that made them angry against me. I made the decision to wait after my Christmas trip to France. I wanted to check back on them then again and see if it was still as ignoring as it was now. If not I was determined to give our friendship a revival.

### *c) Off to France*

During the next weeks I had enough to do with school and arrangements such that I had no time to look after Anna and Annick,. I only got some news through my brother and Sarah. These news went about the unborn baby and the arrangements between my brother and Anna. They together with the parents of Anna and my Mum got to a solution, such that the baby would be able to get the best care possible, without the parents getting behind in school that much. But apart from that there was silence between me and the two siblings.

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Time flew and before I really recognized it, it was time to fly to Bordeaux.

Everyone, who knows France a bit, knows that you first have to fly to Paris, before you are able to fly to Bordeaux or take the train to go there. France, although some reforms were and is still a pretty centralistic country, where everything goes through Paris.

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At Bordeaux airport, my grandparents looked for me and took me with them to their home. My grandparents have a small house near a park. Their house is not far away from the station and from river that flows through Bordeaux.

As I arrived at my grandparents' home I got the visitor room and got some time to calm down. The room wasn't big. Just a bed and a cupboard not more, because there wasn't room for much more. The whole house wasn't big and it was very pretty from outside, but very causy from inside. The livingroom was an open-room where you were able to go to the citchen without opening any doors. The doorway, the living-room, the citchen and a fourth room, where the bird and some old papers were lying and standing around, were in a way one room. They had no doors between each other and they all had one edge together, such that there was no way to watch directly from the citchen in the living-room or vice versa.

The doorway was cut in half. One half was part of the big room including the living-room. The other part was cut off by a door. That part of doorway was the connection between the rooms for my grandma, my grandpa and my own visitor's room. It was also this door, where one was able to find the small room with the loo and the washing-machine and besides that another room where the bathroom had its place. Everything was clean and simple, but it was also causy in a strange way. For me it was French.

After I had arranged my stuff, i asked my grandma, when they would eat dinner, because I wanted to explore the city. It was just 3pm and I was curious to see it.

My grandma gave me a plan for the city and said that i should be back at about 7pm.

I went by foot to the park next door and sat myself on a bench, looking around.

Although it was Christmas-time the temperature wasn't as cold as in Quebec and the whole park was very nice. I felt a feeling of holiday rising within myself. The bench, on which I had taken a seat, was pretty close to the entrance of the park and i was able to watch the street passing by. There wasn't much traffic. And most cars were french made. It all was strange and different. Only the language was almost the same as at home. I knew that they would recognize my canadian accent, but they would understand me, without a doubt.

After I had sat on the bench for a while and watched the whole scenery. I took out the plan, my grandma gave me and looked for a nice place to go to. I wanted to go to the city center. I hoped to find a cafe there. I always liked to sit in a cafe watching the people go by. I once read that Hemingway had done it the same way while writing his books and stories.

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In a way I felt like Hemingway. As most girls do, I also wrote in my own personal diary. That diary was my way to get over with all the things that happened through the day. It was also my place to draw a bit and live my teenage feelings.

But since the days of my first sexual experiences, I always had made tries to write down a story. Most of the time this urgency to write a story came, when my treasure wanted to have some caressings. And most of the time the whole story went into a sexual part. All of these stories hit the dustbin unfinished. The reason i wrote most of them was to give expression to my sexual feelings and fantsies. After I had had my orgasm all of them went the way of no return for different reason. Some went there because i was ashamed of what I had written and I didn't want my parents to find my written down fantsies. All the big rest went there, because I wasn't amused about my own style.

There is something to it, when it says: The writer is its own hardest critic. You may not find every bad or good thing. But most of the time the writer find its own writing boring, while others find it exciting. That was the case as i tried to write back then.

As I sat ther on the bench in the park, I became the idea of writing again. My imagination began to work and my treasure began to knock at the door of my brain. I felt a bit horny. But I was shy enough not to live through it in open public..I enjoyed the feeling without reacting to it in an obvious way.

After I had found a way to go to the city center, I stood up and went out of the park again. I stopped by as i reached the next busstop. I thought for while taking the bus and as i thought about it the bus came. I made up my mind and stepped in.

“City center.” I told the driver in french.

“9 francs” he said and gave me a small ticket, after I had paid. I made a stamp on the ticket and sat myself on a on-man-bench behind the driver.

Almost all seats were taken within the bus and it wasn't the latest version of the bus. It made some strange noses while driving through the streets of Bordeaux.

I looked out of the window and around myself in the bus. There was so much to see in this town. I began to love this town. Perhaps because I was on holiday here. Perhaps because I had french roots and I felt home here. Or perhaps because I just like the city. I din't know and if you ask me today, i still dont know.

As the bus reached a busstop near the city center, I left the bus and went over a big place where there were no plants at all, only benches at the sides of the place. I went straight over this place and found a small cafe at the other end of the place.

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I sat down and ordered a hot chocolate. I looked around.

Here it seemed to be much more buisy, although I hadn't driven very far with the bus. It was a nice place and the cafe had a lot of "French" atmosphere. It was causy and warm in there and the big windows allowed me to watch the street and the people passing by.

My little horny treasure urged me to look at the bottoms of the young boys about my age that passed by. I dont know why, but when I was horny and not able to touch myself I had to watch the backward face of the guys I saw. Allthough I never thought about having anal sexual experiences, but these male buts turned me on. Especially those in tight jeans with a nice shape.

"Excusez-moi, Mademoiselle. Je peut m'assoir." a young male voice interrupted my thoughts, asking for having a seat at my table.

"Of course." i answered in French.

*To be continued soon...*