

*Jenny Leblanc*

# Heaven On Earth

Sixth Chapter of „Lake for Lovers“



## Heaven On Earth

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## **WARNING**

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

## Heaven On Earth

### *a) Sweet Excitement*

I felt the excitement rise within my body. It felt warm and very sweet. At the same time I felt a bit strange, because i was at my grand-parents and I never had touched myself while being at their home.

“Well, they are French! Who if not they would understand it?” I thought by myself and softly circled around my belly-button with one finger. I really liked this little tickling that rushed through my body.

“Jen you are really a bad girl.” I said to myself, having a big grin on my face. I knew that some people would think what I just said, but I did not mind. It was a good feeling and I needed it for my inner balance.

I began to play with my sweet little nipples again. These little soldiers were pretty stiff.

“How is it on my little milk-mountains? Hope you two like it?” I grinned again.

“Hey soldier! Where do the babies come from?” I asked my little nipples, but they didn't answer. Of course they didn't. How could they.

“F! Sit down!” I had to laugh. I was making fun of my own body and I personalized parts of my body as if they were little people themselves.

“You know soldier they could come out of my little treasure! I have little thing within myself called womb, there they grow for 9 months and then...”

A picture of me giving birth to baby appeared in my head. Sweet thinking, but doesn't that hurt? How did someone tell me:

“It is as if you want to press a melon through the hole of a needle.” That pic was awfull. But how did my father always say:

“All things that do not kill us, make us only harder.” And before me millions of girls and women have survived a birth so why shouldn't I?

Anyway i wasn't pregnant at that moment so I skipped that path of thinking and came back to my little soldiers.

“Did you ever meet each other?” I asked them. “No? But should have. You look almost the same as if you were twins.” I pressed my titties towards each other and tried to get the two nipples touching each other.

“Say hi!” I giggled. This game was fun. It was stupid and anyone watching my playing like this must have thought:

“Now she has become baby again.”

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But I felt ok with it and it was a nice way playing with my own sexuality.

“Hi soldier how is the weather on your mountain?”

“Fresh and awsome!”

“Here two!”

All of a sudden these little soldiers reminded me on little things I could put into my little treasure as prick alternative. My little treasure was crying for some attention and it was already wetting itself.

“Seems someone needs my attention.” I said giggling

My fingers went down to my third little nipple, which had left his little hood and was standing there waiting for some attention.

“Good day Mr. Hood! Wonna have some fun today?” I slowly began to play with my little tool of lust.

“Ooh yes, you are doing me such a favour!”

“My pleasure.”

I began to arch a bit, because of the sudden ise of lust, that shot through my body as i had began to play with my clit.

Why the hell did i call my clit Mr. Hood? I didn't know. Perhaps the clit was female, but in that moment it was a “Mister” for me.

I closed my eyes and began to enjoy the warmth that filled my body. It was a warmth of excitement and expectation. I knew what the end of this would be. But it was this expectation of something great. Something awsome. Felling never felt before.

I entered my own treasure with two fingers. It felt hot and warm in there. I knew that I was horny as hell. But it was always a big thing to feel the reaction of my body on it.

My fingers were soaked with my own juice of love and sex. They were smelling and tasting like... Jen. Yes that was the taste of my own body. I liked that taste. It was sweet and salty, hot and juicy.

My fingers began to move in and out of my little treasure and my other hand played with Mr. Hood. I was beginning to feel the excitement of sexuality. I was feeling myself as a human being, as girl. As someone who has accpted that sex is part of life and that no one can steel it from him or her.

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I felt my own heartbeat and my breathing began to go faster and thinner.

There was this urge to get this final explosion. This need to have this relief of sexual feelings. I felt it build up deep within my womb and comming all over my treasure. I felt how it filled my whole pubic area. It was an urge, a hole that all of a sudden appeared within my treasure. I felt this need to fill it with something.

My finger went faster and Mr. Hood went back under his hood. This was the first sign that i was close. I continued to stimulate my senses and my brain produced a whole lot of really exciting pictures. All of them I either had seen somewhere or experienced myself.

“MMMMmmmmmmmh” I groaned and my thighs were pressing my hands together. My hole body moved to one side and I felt this unbelievable rythm within my treasure. I felt this warmth through my whole body. My brain exploded and then went blank as the orgasm grabbed my body.

I was out of breath and it took a while to get back to normal. My senses came back and I became aware of my surrounding again. I slipped beneath my bedcover and went to dreamland.

### *b) “Home to Jen”*

The next morning I felt really good. I hadn't the feeling of beeing spied on, so I went into the living-room without any bad faeelings.

“Good morning Granny.”

“Morning, sweetheart. What do you want for breakfast.”

“I think i take some hot chocolate and a croisssant.”

“Ok.”

Granny went into the citchen and i sat down to wait for my sweet little breakfast. I looked around and recognized the little clock within an old wooden shelf. It looked really old and very expensive. It a a golden touch and three golden balls were turning back and forth. I began to watch that little play while thinking of Jean. Today I would meet him again. I felt how my excitement rose. It was as if I would have to act in a few minutes. But it was only Jean whom I would meet.

The telephone rang. I heard my Granny taking the call. A few minutes later she came in the living room:

“Jen, it's your mother. She wants to talk to you.”

“What the hell does she want?” I thought by myself. “Ok I'm comming” I said and went to the phone.

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“Hey Mum. What's up.”

“Hi Jen. How are you?”

“I'm fine and you?

“It's ok. Benjamin has a lot of trouble with his new role as father, but he is managing it. How is your holiday.”

“Good. I found a sweet boy, with whom I'll meet today. But that's not why you are calling, is it?”

“You are right.” my mum admitted. Then she paused and I heard her breathing.

“Are you ok?” I asked her after I hadn't got an answer for some moments.

“Yeah, I'm ok, but Dad...”

“What's up with Dad?”

“The judge ruled that he has to go to prison for 10 years. He will have parole after 5 years.”

Silence.

“And how is Dad coping with it?”

“He still isn't saying anything. He wants to protest against that judgement. So I think he will call the next higher court.”

“Typical.” I thought and said at the same time. “Should I come back early?” I asked after I felt that my Mum perhaps needed me now.

“No, Jen, you deserve that holiday. Please stay where you are. I'm able to cope with it alone.”

“Mum, are you sure.”

“Yes, darling. I'm sure. At the moment it would be hard for you to stay here. So please stay at granny's home.”

“But I could give you some support. I could lend you my ear from time to time. Sometimes that helps in these situations.”

“I know. But I have Benjamin and you are not gone for ever. So please stay where you are. We will see each other early enough for me to talk about what I have on my heart.”

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“Hey Mum, I’m your daughter you can talk to me when ever and about what ever you want.”

“I know. But I don’t want to destroy your holidays.”

“That’s nice Mum. But if you need help, then my holiday has to step back.”

“That’s nice darling. But it’s just thatl wanted to hear your voice and that I wanted to tell you the news about dad.”

“Ok. Do you know when the higher court will hear Dad’s appeal?”

“No. But it will probably after you have come back home. As you know the courts are sometimes slow, but they work.”

“Yeah I know.”

I saw my Granny come around and all of a sudden I was reminded on the fact that i still had my breakfast waiting for me.

“Mum?”

“Yeah.”

“I’m sorry, but I have to go eating my breakfast. I have a date later.”

“Ok- Darling. Have fun.”

“Do you wanna talk to Granny again?”

“No, I have told her everything I told you.”

“Ok. Talk to you later.”

“Yeah. Bye bye.”

“Bye Bye.”

I felt relieved that there was nothing big happening at home. But the call from my Mum brought back the memories on what was happening at home. Things I had put away for the last days, but now they came back. It was as if some was calling me back to earth.

“Earth to Jen! Earth to Jen you have trouble at home.”

I was a bit down as I went back to the living-room. But the sight of my sweet little breakfast was changing it again. It was this sweet little secret within the cocolate that lightened up my mind.

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It reminded me on Jean and that I would meet him in a few minutes. All of sudden all my sad thoughts were gone. I felt this excitement again. I really enjoyed the chocolate now and the croissant was as if heaven had kissed me on my stomach.

### *c) Cocolate & Talk*

After having breakfast i went back to my room to get something to wear for my new date with jean. I decided to wear a pretty normal but tight jeans. I also decided to wear nothing speacial on top. So i looked pretty normal, which means it looked as if i was wearing street-wear, not something for a date.

After I had made my personal arrangements, I left my room agaon and said bye to my granny.

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The bus I took was pretty packed with people. I was surprised by the amount of people which wanted to go the same way i wanted to go. Especially because of the time of day. I thought that the main stream of people would take the bus one hour early than I had taken it. But also my bus was stuffed.

I went to our little cafe and I ordered a chocolate for my inner ballance. I had to giggle as I saw the place where I had talked to jean for the first time. It was this sweet little excitement, which made me giggle.

“Hi Jen!”

It was Jean's voice and I turned around immediately.

“Hi!” I stood up and we hugged and kissed each other on both cheeks the French way. It was a great feeling to see him again. In a way i had missed him and I felt stupid about how I had behaved in the swimming-pool.

“How are you?”

“I'm great! And you?”

“I'm also great. Missed you so much.”

He looked into my eyes and I looked back. We starred at each other for a long time.

“How long will you stay in France?”

“Huh? One more week. Why?”

“Because I want to know how much additional time I have to spend together with you. That's why?

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"Well, as I said one more week. But that doesn't mean that we cannot stay in touch."

"Yeah. Would you like to be my girl-penfriend."

"Why not." We laughed.

After a short break I began:

"Jean, I want to excuse myself for the way I behaved in the swimming-pool. That wasn't ok."

"It's ok Jen. After I had left i felt that i couldn't be mad at you for a long time. That's why I called you."

"OoH, you are so sweet."

"Yeah that i heard more than once. But in most cases the girls went and I lost touch with them."

"Ooh, really? I'm sorry. But I promise I won't loose touch with you."

"Yeah that's what all girls said. But i think you are different."

"Really?"

"Yeah, you are straight to the point.. But at the same time you are so lovely."

"Thank you. And you are my little french angel." i giggled, althrough I meant it pretty serious. It was my inner excitement that made me giggle again.

"Oooh thank you. That title I haven't got yet."

"Cool. What other titles did you get so far."

"Mr. Playboy. Mr. Franch Kiss. Mr. Sweet Ass."

I had to laugh thes titles were all so cute and telling. But at the same time you could get offended by them. He seemed to mention these titles as if they were road names.

"Do you believe in Angels?" I asked him.

"Not really. But if you want you may call me as you said."

"Oooh, thank you. You know with me it's strange. I do not really belive in Angels, but sometimes it's nice to have something to believe in which could give you some backup, when you are in trouble."

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“Yeah, I know what you mean. But don't you have a family.”

“Of course I do. But to believe in a person you can't see, that watches over you, is very exciting I think. It makes you feel special. And I don't know anyone who doesn't want to feel special.”

Jean nodded.

“Did you ever had a person whom you love like mad?”

I asked him just out of interest.

“Yeah.”

“Whom”

“You.”

I began to giggle and we kissed very short and flat.

“No, really. I thought of the past. Did you ever had the feeling of having met someone you don't want to let go ever again?”

“Yeah. I had someone. But that's another story.”

“Ooh cool. How was her name?”

“Miha.”

“Sounds like cat.”

“Well, she was my little girl. But she already had a boyfriend as I met her.”

“Ooh, that's unfortunate. How long were you together.”

“Hmm. Let me think. I think it was all in all 1 year. But that includes also the time where we only wrote each other.”

“Didn't she lived here.”

“No she was here as exchange student. She came from Romania. Timisoara to be exact.”

“Cool. Tell me more.”

“No. It's pretty sad. And I don't want to bore you to death.”

“No you don't I like these stories. Please I wonnna know everything. And It helps me to get to know you better.”

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“Well...” he made a break and looked deep into my eyes. I replied his look and begged him with my look.

“But you have to promise me something.” he said after a while of checking me out.

“What? I promise you everything.” My curiosity went mad.

“You won’t laugh about me and you won’t tell the story to anyone else.”

“Promised!”

“...on everything that is holy to you?”

“... on my own eyes and everything that’s holy to me.”

“Ok, order yourself a ne chocolate it will take some time to tell you the whole story.”

I did as he told me and he began to tell his story.

*To be continued soon...*