

Jenny Leblanc

Living Love

Fourth Chapter of „Lake for Lovers“



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WARNING

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

a) Feelings

As we went somewhere more intimate, I felt happy. The surge was gone to see him. I had him with me and he was so nice and gentle. His smile was the smile of a god.

But my mind was already spinning about the fact that I had to leave him this evening and that I had to go home in a few days. It seemed as if my mind and my heart were talking with each other.

“Hey, don't get too excited, we have to leave that guy in some days.” my mind told my heart.

“Shut up! Let me feel good! He's such a nice guy!” my heart replied like a little kid without good manners.

“Hey don't talk to me like this. I'm the one who's responsible for logic and reasoning.”

“Yeah and it's my job to be there for the well being of Jen.”

“Without me she wouldn't be a person.”

“Without me you wouldn't exist, because you wouldn't get enough blood.”

“I'm controlling you.”

“And I'm feeding you.”

“Hey let's calm down a bit and talk like adults ok?” my mind suggested.

“Ok, but don't make me feel bad.”

“But you'll feel bad anyway. In a few days Jen have to leave for home and then you'll feel like a bit of shit. Wheeping all day.”

“But I wanna live the moment and at the moment I feel like in heaven.”

“This heaven will turn into hell when we leave.”

“Yeah but that I don't wanna see at the moment. For me life ends at that point in time at that moment.”

“Ooh my goodness. I see. And in the end I have to do the work to get your mood up again.”

“Yeap..... That's what I call life.”

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"Life? That's madness in its pure form."

"But without these lows you wouldn't feel a high as a high. It would feel like everyday."

"Uuuh. I'm not feeling anything. That's your part, but you are right. If there wouldn't be high and lows, life would be a straight line. I think that would be boring."

My heart agreed.

"Thin about this way." my heart went on, "If there wouldn't be highs and lows, there wouldn't be orgasms and sexuality. And sexuality is not only my thing, it's also a thing you are part of."

"You hit me. A good orgasm is like a drug. Unfortunatly we are in a female body."

"Huh?"

"Well, you know..."

"Good gracious, mind! You are such a big idiot. Do you really think that always when a boy get's an ejaculation he had an orgasm?"

"Well, in a way yeah."

"I think I have to teach you the difference between a biologic function and a feeling."

"Huuuh?"

"The ejaculation is a biologic function. It happens under certain circumstances. But feelings are not bound to circumstances. They happen only when they want to happen."

"Could you explain that to me."

"Look, if a boy strokes his prick and thinks a bit about naked girls or something else stimulating he can get an ejaculation. But that doesn't mean he had an orgasm. Orgasm means he has reached a high. It's like a drug."

"So what you wanna tell me is, that orgasm goes deeper than some sperm."

"Yeap. Exactly! That's why there is no difference between the two genders. Also think about it this way: A boy has to pause after an ejaculation, a girl can have another one immediately afterwards."

"Hey, yeah! I should be happy about being in Jen's body."

“You got it!”

By now Jean and I had reached a changing room. These rooms were meant to be for schools. When a class had swimming clas, they used these rooms for changing. In the afternoon, these rooms werre open but almost nobody used them. So there was a big chance that we would be pretty lonely in there.

b) Hot Hugs

As we went into one of these changing rooms, it was empty. Jean sat down on one of the benches and asked me to sit dwon besides him.

I sat down and leaned myself towards him, such that our shoulders touched each other. He hugged me with one arm and pressed me towards himself.

“Jen?”

“Yeap!”

“Do you like me?”

“Would I come this close, if i wouldn't like you?”

We laughed. He because he recognized the stupidity of his question and I because his laughter was infecting me.

“Would you write me a letter, when I'm back at home in Canada?”

“Of course. Hey, I'm not the kind of guy who uses you and throws you away when you are away.”

I giggled.

“Nice picture! But i know what you mean.”

“Jean?”

“Yeap.”

“I need to tell you something.”

“Ok. What?”

“It's not that easy. You have to promise that you don't laugh at me first.”

“I promise by everything that's holy to me.”

Living Love

i looked at him and he looked at me and I checked him out for a minute. I don't know why, but i tried to find out if thatpromise was real. But I had to tell him about my feelings. I had to tell him my urge to see him. I had to tell him about the arguements between my mind and my heart.

"What do you want to tell me?" he asked me again, because i made such a long break.

"Well, I wanted to tell you", again I made a break, " how can I say it...Damn, it's very easy but also very hard to say...."

"Come on! Say it! I know you want to tell me something. I can't read it in your brain or in your eyes. You need to tell me."

"I love you" I shot at him and kissed him immediately on his lips, such that he had no chance to laugh or do anything to make fun of me.

I pressed my lips on his and it was more something of silencer than a real kiss. And first he also tried to get back a bit, but then he gave in and we kissed each other as if we had done it for years.

Within myself I felt some big rocks rolling of my heart. Now he knew what I felt for him. Now there was no going back.

"Hey, you are always good for a surprise!" he exclaimed as I ended our kiss.

"Sorry."

"No, you don't have to be sorry. It was quite nice to be surprised that way. Especially because I feel the same for you. But I wasn't sure how to say it."

I nodded.

"Could I have another one?" he asked after some seconds of silence.

I began to smile and giggle.

"Unsatisfiable!" I laughed and stood up to sat myself on his lap, such that I was able to hug him also.

I felt his breathing on my face. I felt his lips joining mine and I closedmy eyes to enjoy this kiss. It was a kiss out of deep felt love. But it was a virgin kiss, because I pressed my lips together, as If there was something bad in my mouth. But I did it, because I wasn't sure if I should let it go or if I should stop at this point. I felt his tongue making one short innocent try, but there was no further forcing from him.

"Wow! " he breathed heavily as we parted again. "If all Canadian girls kiss this way, I change place immediatly!"

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I laughed and I put my head softly on one of his shoulders.

“Well, I had some training with another guy and during the days just before I left for France there were some things that gave me a big need for love.”

“Well, if you need a strong shoulder to lean on: I'm there for you.”

“I know, but here is nothing ou can do. And the worst thing is that I have to leave you in some days.”

“Hey, I'm not out of this world. And we are not living in the 13th century.”

I giggled.

“Yeah. You are so right. But there is a say my mother always says and most of the ties she's right...”

“What say?”

“Out of sight, Out of mind! Which means if you don't see someone regularly and you don't have the chance to visit him or her, the relationship won't hold very long.”

Silence.

“Do you have a telephone number?”

“Well, my parents have one.”

“Ok. I'll call you once every week and I will show your mother that this say is dead wrong.”

I hugged him even more tight, than before, because I hadn't expected something else.

“That's my Jean.” I smiled at him and we joined again in a kiss.

While I kissed him I felt how something in his swimming slip, began to move. Something that I hadn't thought of before that day: his boyhood.

“Oooh, it seems your little friend has woken up?” I said with a smile.

“That's my way of saying thank you for the kisses.”

I giggled and he began to laugh about himself.

“Strange way of saying thank you. But I take it as a compliment.”

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“You better do, otherwise that little friend of mine will never give you joy.”

“Ooooh, danger!” I giggled and after a small pause I went on:

“No, but seriously. I think we should go that path!”

“Huh? What do you mean?”

“I mean, that we shouldn't have sex.”

c) Cooldown

“Hey, who talked about sex?” he asked me in surprise.

I didn't know what to say. But i recognized that I had made a mistake.

“I'm sorry.” I gave him a quick kiss on his cheek. “ I made false conclusions.”

“It's ok. “jean said calmly. “ You were disturbed by my little reaction. But that reaction wasn't intended. Allthough...”

“Allthough??”

“Allthough I have to say that you look very sexy.”

I felt how my face blushed and i felt like a red light glowing.

“Thank you.” I said while lowering my head and looking down to the floor.

He had beautiful feet. I saw immediately that he was one of those guys who took care of his feet. They looked beautiful. They were bigger than mine, but nevertheless they looked cute.

I turned my head again towards him and looked him deep in his French eyes. His sight was calm and friendly. He looked like an angel that had come to me to give me some comfort while I was in France.

“Jen?”

I shrugged a bit, because I had lost myself in his eyes.

“Yes, what happened?”

He laughed.

“Nothing. But may I ask you something?”

“Of course angels may ask me everything.”

Living Love

He ignored my compliment and went on:
“I was wondering why you won't have some intimacy with me?”

“Huh? I'm here with you alone and I rarely know you. Isn't that intimate enough?”

“Well...”

“Sorry, may I know what you expect from me?”

“Nothing. But it seems to me that there is something between us, that keeps you apart from me.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well your reaction on my little reaction wasn't as i expected.”

“Aha, what did you expect? That I would fuck you here and now?”

“Hey, Jen, don't become aggressive. I did nothing at all and you begin to attack me.”

“Huh? I'm sorry but I don't understand what you want. You tell me you want more intimacy. What should I conclude from that? Also, please remember, we are in a public place. Any moment a stranger could come in and surprise surprise... There are two teenagers fucking. Do you really think that is what I want?”

“Jen? Is it really me, you are attacking? I haven't asked you to do this. And if I asked you for more intimacy I thought of a bit more openness for sexuality. I haven't asked you to do it with me here and now.”

“Yeah, perhaps I should get naked and suck your dick instead.”

“Jen!! “ his voice went up and it became louder. “I think you don't want to understand me! I thought i could talk with you, but it seems you think of me as some strange Canadian guy, who only thinks of that one thing.”

He made break while he softly pushed me off his lap. He stood up and turned towards me.

“I'm not that kind of guy. I'm taking time and I let you decide when and where it happens. But I'm sorry there are somethings I can't control. In the end I'm a boy and boys get hard-ons. We can't hide it like girls, when our body gets horny. I'm sorry that it happened while you were sitting on my lap. But these things happen.”

He opened the door.

"I think you have to think about yourself and how you behave, before we should go on with our little relationship."

Silence. My mind was as empty as an empty bottle of water. I was in a state of shock. I wasn't able to react on it.

"Call me when you got grown up." With these words he left the room and shut the door behind him.

The trip had reached its sudden end. I went back to the showers for girls and had a shower. While I stood there under the shower I tried to remember what had happened some moments ago. But I wasn't able to say what I had done that made him that mad. It was only my opinion and my wishes, which I had told him.

As I reached home, I met my grandma, she was preparing the dinner.

"Hi grandma! How are you?"

"I'm fine, Jen! You are early my sweetie. What happened?"

"I had some trouble with Jean. But I don't know why."

"Aww, I'm sorry for you. What happened?"

"We went into the indoor swimming-pool and there we went into a changing room to have a talk. We kissed and then he asked me if we could get more intimate. And I said no."

She nodded, while she put some noodles into some hot water.

"Sweetie, I think It was your way of saying no, that made him mad."

"Huh?"

"Sweetie, I know your way of saying no. Someone who doesn't know you like me and your family may take it as aggressive."

"Granny, on which side do you stand?"

"On your side, sweetie. But I know your way of saying no. It's not always the diplomatic way and sometimes you go too far."

"Great! Should I have gotten naked and invited him to fuck me right there in the changing room? Perhaps I should have invited him to knock me up."

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"You see, sweety!" my granny replied calmly, " That's what I mean. I give you an advice and you attack me as if I had said something bad."

"Huh? Is the whole world gone stupid? Am I the only one thinking normal."

My granny didn't reply. So I went on:

"I love him and I want to be with him, but neither the situation nor my mood was that way to be sexually intimate with him. So what should I have said?"

"You should have said what you feel and you shouldn't have accused him of anything. You should have stay calm instead of getting wild."

"But he had a hard-on. It was obvious what he wanted to do."

"Sweety... you don't seem to understand. But let me try to explain..."

The telephone rang. My Grandma went to take the call. After some moments she came back and said:

"It's Jean. He wants to talk to you."

To be continued soon...