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Summer's Day Out

First 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**

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a) Aunt Jenny

I thought I hadn't heard right, so asked my brother again:
"What did you say?"

"Anna is pregnant and I'm the father."

"16-year-old aunt Jenny" shot through my thoughts and I shook my head, because it was too awkward.

"But how did it happen? I mean didn't you learn anything from the first time?" I looked at him helplessly and didn't know what else to say. He in reply only lifted his shoulders:

"It just happened in a move of lust and pleasure." he said.

"Yeah," I thought, "and my brother has lost his brain to his balls."

"Does Mum know about it?" I asked him although I was able to guess his answer.

"No, not yet."

"When do you want to tell her. When the baby is born?"

"No." he said and became even smaller than before. "At dinner today I thought."

"Ooh, nice dinner." I thought. "I think we will all remember it."

"Ok." I said. "And why did you tell me first. I mean. I can't help you out of this."

"No," he acknowledged, "but perhaps you can make a start, such that it is easier for me to say it at dinner time."

"Well, if you want me to..." It was strange, because in a way I giggled within me. There had never been before a situation where I had my brother that much in my hand and where he was that much in trouble. At the same time I had to think of my Mum. I really was concerned about her mental health. First her husband who went to jail and on trial for an unknown time and now her teenage son making her a grandma before time.

"Aunt Jenny could you tell us a story?" that would perhaps be a sentence this little kid would ask me some time in the future. 'Aunt Jenny' - what a name! Am I really prepared for this?... No...I'm too young for being an aunt...But someone calling my brother Daddy, was even more silly... He was younger than me and already a Dad." It shook me all over as I had these thoughts.

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"How will you begin?" he asked me after we had stood there some seconds silent looking at each other.

"Simple." I said, "I will say that you want to tell her something and then it will be your turn."

He nodded and left quietly my room.

Dinner came and we sat down quietly to eat.

"You two are so quiet. Is something?" Mum asked. She seemed to guess something.

"well, I think Beni has to say something." I said in reply and gave my brother a push with my foot under the table.

"Yeah, I think I have to", he began slowly. I could almost grab the fear in his eyes. He seemed to be unsure how to say it and what to say to calm my Mum down.

"Well," he began again, "it's about me and Anna."

"Oooh, sweet," my Mum interrupted him, " you and she seem to get together well."

I had to giggle.

"Why do you giggle?" she asked.

"Well, if you would know what I know. You would know HOW true you are." I replied and tried to suppress my giggle.

"Aha" Mum turned towards my brother and looked him deep into the eyes. "Seems to me that there is something I should know." sge continued and her tone went harder and colder. Now, she was Mum, the parent-monster, who sucked the truth out of us kids and who was prosecutor and judge in one person. We loved her, but in these moments we feared her.

"Well, young man, tell me what happened!"

My brother became even smaller than he already was on his chair. His voice became very thin and low.

"I had sex with Anna. And she's pregnant." he said as if he would shoot to bullets at us.

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"You did what?" my Mum cried out and leaned back on her chair.

"I knocked Anna up." Benni shot another bullet with his words.

Silence. I watched my mother, how her face went pale and she stared at my brother not believing that he had just told her.

Minutes went by. No one said something. I wasn't able to move because there was this tension in the air. My brother hadn't the guts to do any move, because he was afraid of what was coming next. And my mother just stared at him in disbelief.

"Jen, would you leave us alone." Mum said after she had caught up with the situation.

Although I was very curious what would happen next, I knew that now the last thing to do was to ask for being allowed to stay. I quietly stood up and went out.

"Would you please shut the door."

"Holy shit", I thought by myself, "Now the air is burning, because normally my Mum never shuts a door when she has a dispute with someone."

I went upstairs and I heard my Mum talking to my brother. Her volume told me that she was angry. Very angry. But I wasn't able to understand a word and in a way I didn't want to understand a word. It had to be hell for my brother.

I fell on my bed and remembered the day as my Mum discovered that I touched myself sexually.

b) Memories

I was 13-years old back then and I just had my first periods as it happened.

It was a nice sunny day in summer. We had high temperatures and my parents had put up a small swimming-pool in our small garden, for us kids to play.

My parents were off to visit my grandparents because of anything I don't remember and my brother was away to his friends. I was alone, laying on a towel somewhere on the lawn in our garden. I had my black swimsuit on and was reading a teenage magazine. As almost all teenage magazines do, also that magazine had some pages talking about sexual experiences and giving support on how to do things and so on. The typical teenage magazine as we all know them.

I remember that they talked about the first time and about being gentle and having time. These articles about sexual things always brought me to a point, where I felt the need to give myself some love. I don't why but they turned me on.

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I thought of how and where to pleasure myself. It turned me on to do it outside, but I wasn't sure about the neighbours, so I decided to go into the swimmingpool, where it wasn't that obvious, what I was doing.

Due to the fact that I had been in the sun for some time, my body was warmed by the sun and so the water felt pretty cold, which in turn turned my sexual heat off. So I grabbed myself a swimming mattress to lay upon. This way not all of my body was within the water and I was able to lay there and pleasure myself.

I thought of what I had read some moments ago and I felt how my clit went rigid again. Also my pussy was turned on by these thoughts. I began slowly to touch myself by stroking over my little tits and my belly. Back then there weren't real tits, but atleast my nipples reacted already on touching. They went stiff, when I stroked them while being a bit horny.

I began to feel the warmth of lust and pleasure flow through my young teenage body. And I knew that I need the relieve of orgasm, before i was able to think straight again. This new fun thing of sexuality I had discovered some months before was too exciting and too much fun. I had found new things on my body and my pussy was more than just a thing to pee with. It was a toy for pleasure.

One of my hands went between my thighs and began to rub my clit through the swimsuit. I tried to cover it up a bit with my legs such that someone from outside wasn't able to see too much of what I was doing.

I closed my eyes and tried to think of some really exciting stuff.

I imagined how my boyfriend back then would look like naked. I imagined him as a young boy with almost no pubic hair and with a boyish penis. I imagined how it would look like when he has a hard-on. Allthough I had never seen one back then I tried to imagine one by thinking of the pictures in books for biology and these teenage magazines. These pics weren't showing it all, because they had to be for minors, but they were good enough to turn me on.

The lust within my young body was building up and my hand was working harder on my clit. I felt a whole down there somewhere within my pussy. It felt like a hole and I felt an urge to stuff something in my pussy to fill that hole up. But back then my pussy was still virgin and I didn't feel ready to tore my virginity apart.

I fought back on the rising wish within me to put a finger or two up my pussy. It wasn't for that yet. Back then I was pretty sure about the fact that a boy would have the honor to tore my virginity apart.

I stopped rubbing for some moments, because I thought, I had heard my parents coming back, but it was only a neighbor shutting the door of his car.

I slowly began to rub again and everytime I stopped and resumed rubbing this need for an orgasm became greater.

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I spread my legs apart and pulled the swimsuit a bit apart between my legs, such that my other hand was able to touch my clit and pussy directly.

It felt differently and also the water was now able to touch my pussy directly. But it was a heck of a joy.

A slight summer ind came up and went through the trees. It was summer and I was living my spring feelings as a teenager. Enjoying my fresh discovered sexuality.

In a way I was proud to be a girl and I still am. If you think of the many things a girl can do with her body and what actions a girl's body is able to do. It's really a big invention of nature. I thought of it this way:

"A pussy is able to be tight when the penis enters her and she is able to accommodate herself to this penis, while giving him some surface to rub against, such that the ejaculation could happen. The same pussy is also able to get that wide and open, such that a baby could get through. But after the baby is out and the woman's body has recovered itself, the same pussy is almost as tight as before.

In addition a girl has a clit, which is a little penis, but without the possibility to eject sperm or something like that. But this little nipple is the most powerful sex toy you can think of. The clit is even more sensible than the male glans and science hasn't found a deeper function of the clit other than sexuality.

Last but not least a girl has tits. Besides their function as milk-box for babies and their attraction for boys and man. They also have an attraction as sex-toy. I like to play with my tits and I like to stroke them. It gives me a good feeling and it turns me on. For most girls and women their tits are also part of their sex life, even when they don't have sex with a man or boy.

If I compare that with the sexual possibilities a man's body has to offer. I have to say I don't wanna change. A man is fixed to his penis. It's almost his only point of sexual feelings. The only advantage is that this sex-toy is more obvious, it's not hidden like the pussy or the clit and it does react more powerfully than the female breast. But to be limited to one tool instead of three. I have made my choice."

While having had these thoughts I rubbed my clit even more forcefully and I felt how the orgasm was slowly building up within my body. I had reached a point of no return. I felt hot and horny. My whole body jumped for joy and was eager to get the final touch of release.

I closed my eyes harder and I felt how my clit went back under her hood. I knew now it was almost done. I felt the wave of lust and pleasure building up between my legs. The wave became bigger and bigger. The tension within my body was rising and I wasn't able to stand it much longer.

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I held my breath.

The wave of undescrivable pleasure roled through my young body and I stiffend while my legs squeezed the hand between my thighs.

I felt the muscles within my pussy squeeze rythmicly. My belly jerked unintentionally and my whole body was out of control for some seconds.

During these seconds of hoghest joy I wished to stop the clock. But because I wasn't able to, there was this need to touch myself regularly.

I just felt the warmth of sexual satisfaction and relief as my mother's voice made me fell off my swimming mattress.

c) Girls wanna have fun

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing" I replied and my hands were jumpng back in the water.

"Did you touch yourself?"

"No."

"Don't lie to me, young lady. You know I don't like it at all."

I felt how my head went red.

"Mum..." I felt helpless in that situation.

"Did your brother see you?"

"No, I dont think so."

"Well, go change youself and wait for me in your room. I wanna talk to you."

"Mum..." I thought I would be able to guess what would come, but i wasn't able to say anything else than this one word. It was my helpless try to plea for forgiveness.

I went up to my room, where i took a shower and changed my cloths into my normal street wear. Then I sat myself on my bed and waited for the things to come.

Some minutes later my Mum came in. She closed the door behind her and sat herself on my sofa just opposite to me.

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"Ok let's talk." she began and I nodded while I prayed that she might take it short.

"First I wanna let you know, that I'll support you when ever and where ever I can. That includes also sexual things."

She made a pause and continued:

"You may explore your sexuality as much as you want, but please don't lie to me. I'm not the bad mother, who thinks that all girls have to be 'good girls' "

Again a pause and a smile went over her face.

"I touched myself also, when I was your age. Masturbation is a natural thing. It's part of becoming an adult. And it's also part of getting to know your own sexuality."

I nodded.

"But lieing is always bad. You don't lie to me. And lieing in a relationship when it comes to sexuality is also bad."

I nodded, because i wasn't able to say more.

"So don't do this again. Don't lie about what you did. I'm your mother. I'm one of the two persons on this earth you can always trust. Who else do you wanna trust other than me?"

Iwasn't able to answer that question. I just bowed my head and tried to show that I was sorry.

"Well, Jen, I think you have learned your lesson. But mistakes have to have consequences. So I think you will do the washing up for me today and tomorrow after dinner."

"And?" I asked, because I expected more.

"Nothing more. I would have been harder, if it wouldn't have been a sexual thing you lied about. And I knew you lied because you were ashamed of the situation. That's why you don't get more."

"Ok." I said in acceptance of the judgement from my mother. I knew that there was no way to get anything better than that. And in this particular situation there was also no point in running to my Dad and asking him for a better judgement.

My Mum went downstairs and some minutes later came back with some books.

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"Jen, I think these are interesting for you."

"Oh, my god", I thought, "Now she wants to talk the sex talk with me."

I nodded and took the books without having a closer look at them.

"Ok, have fun! We'll have dinner at 7." my Mum said and closed the door behind her.

I let myself fell backwards and grabbed one of the books.

"Teenage Experiences" it said on the cover. And as I opened it it was full of experience reports from teenagers about their first time or how they touched themselves and had their first orgasm.

I began to read those reports and some of them really turned me on. One report went about a girl my age back then, who did it while being in church. She wrote that she put her hand between her legs and squeezed the hand with her thighs, while touching herself. She wrote that she sometimes would have a hard time breathing normally and behaving normally in church while having an orgasm.

This experience and the books my mother gave me learned me one thing: "Girls wanna have fun in sex. And it's not bad."

It had become quiet downstairs. My brother seemed to have gone though the worst part. Now it seemed to be judgment time.

I sat on my sofa, play with myslef a bit. Enjoying my memories and the fact that not I was the target of my mother's anger.

One hand went into my jeans and into my pants straight towards my now 16-year-old pussy. It was quite a time that I had my last orgasm. And in vancouver i was being disturbed by the shot. Now I thought it was time to give myself a little fun.

My pussy was already a asking for some stroking and my whole body was tensed up in waiting for some seual action.

I felt the shaved bush above my pussy and i felt the little nipple under his hood, greeting my fingers as the covered him. I pulled my sweatshirt higher such that my other hand could get under it to go for my tities. They also asked for some attention.

I began to squeeze them lovingly under my sweatshirt and play teasingly with my nipples. They were already standing like little soldiers in their places. I felt warm and comfortable, while teasing myself.

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I began to undress myself and not only my sweatshirt went on the bed, also my jeans and my pants went somewhere on the bed, while I was staying on the sofa, sitting there with my legs stretched under the table. My whole body seem to enjoy the sexual excitement after the pause I had during the last days. It felt as if my body had become alive again and I enjoyed looking at myself.

I went to my bed and fetched a little mirror which I could hold in one hand. I went back to the sofa and went between my thighs with the mirror, watching my own pussy.

“Hi sweetheart! Nice to play with you again!” I said to myself and to my own little treasure.

To be continued soon...