

Jenny Leblanc

Girls' Samaritan

Sixth Chapter of „Young Jenny“



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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) Sleepless night

That night I lay sleepless in my bed. The bed cover was laying somewhere, because I wasn't able to sleep and I lay there in my pink pyjamas and thought about the consequences of my actions.

That day I had had sex with my boyfriend and he used a condom. But unfortunately the condom broke. And I was fertile as hell those days so I had to live with the possibility that I could become pregnant, especially when the doctor tomorrow would say that I couldn't take the morning after pill.

So I imagined the bad feelings I would have when he would tell me. Lightning would go right through my body and it would hit me like the worst nightmare I was able to imagine at that moment. My parents would go mad and my Dad would shout all through the house. I would sit probably in the kitchen with my head down and listen to all the accusations they would bring against me.

My imagination was so lively that I was able to imagine how my Dad would accuse me of being to young for sex and that I should have been more cautious. He would probably also call the parents of my boyfriend and would tell them the whole story. Sascha would also get in trouble and we would probably not be able to meet for a very long time.

My mother would probably sit in the living room and cry with big, hot tears in her eyes. She wouldn't say a word. Only in the beginning she would ask me if I hadn't taken the pill and why. She never got really upset. Most of the times when we kids had done something she just went sad and sometimes she began to cry silently and you could see her eyes fill up with tears which ran over her cheeks and ruined her make-up.

Not only that this initial time after telling my parents would be awful, also the time afterwards would be very hard for me. I would have to leave school when the baby would ready for birth. I would have to care about it my whole life, which wasn't that much of a problem, but it would be too early.

My parents would support me, but they would probably tell me that there would be no money for college, such that I have to find a job after high school. Which would be very hard. A girl from high school, who has a baby, wants to have a job. I probably wouldn't get a job I would like to have. I already imagined myself cleaning some public toilets and doing some really dirty jobs.

All my friends would sooner or later get to know what happened and some of them would leave me because their parents' would tell them to do so. I would be watched when I went in the street with a baby. They would talk behind my back about the bitch or perhaps they would call me whore or slut even in public. In these situations these words would hit me like slaps in my face. I wasn't a whore or a slut. I only explored my young sexuality.

We took almost every precaution to have no bad implications after having sex.

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But the condom broke and his fertile baby-juice entered my young treasure. It was a nice feeling, when I felt his juice within my pussy. But I hadn't been able to enjoy it, although it already had become some sort of fetish for me. The shock of getting aware that I might get pregnant from that fuck was too strong, such that every feeling of passion, joy or lust was destroyed immediately.

Of course his swimmers knew their way to my egg that was probably be somewhere within one of my ovaries. It was ridiculous to hope that he was infertile or something like that.

Also the hope that my monthly would come later was not much of a relief because I knew my body, I had my monthlies almost as regular as written in a medical book. So the chance that I was fertile those days was very high.

My mobile rang. Sascha had written me a message. It said:
"Hi, I help you no matter what. We will manage the baby. Love you Sascha."

A smile flew over my face. I knew that this was real and that he loved me. I wrote back:
"Hi, ty, call you tomorrow. Yours lovingly Jenny."

His message made me dream. I dreamed of a nice little family: him, our baby and me. He would have a job and we would live in a small and cosy apartment. The baby would sleep in our bedroom and I would take care of it. In my dream the baby had no gender. For me it didn't matter what I would get. I also dreamed that I would get a job, when the kid would be 3 or 4 years old. Perhaps I would become a nursery school teacher and I would be able to work the same hours, as my hid would be in nursery school. That would be great. Of course I would apply for not being the nursery school teacher of my own child. That wouldn't be good. But perhaps I would in the same nursery school as my kid. In the evenings we would go home together and we would have a lot of fun together. Perhaps Sascha would also get a daytime job. Such that he could be with us in the evening.

We would be a really nice, cute young family. Who knows, perhaps when our kid was in bed, I would be able to have fun with Sascha. Without our parents it would be much more relaxed and we perhaps would love to have a second child. Perhaps a girl and boy. The boy as keeper of the family name and the girl as complementary to the boy.

Perhaps we would also have a white marriage someday. I would love to have this long white dress. It must look fantastic on me. Sascha would wear a suit like a penguin. He would hold my hand and we would kiss before the altar.

I sighed.

All that would be nice. But how likely was it that it would happen like that?

I sighed again.

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I turned around to have a look at my alarm clock.

4 am! In 2 and a half hours I had to stand up and go to school. Not much left for sleeping. My eyes were burning and my head poked. These signs told me that my body wanted to have some sleep, but my whole body was so excited because of the adrenalin that was pumping though my veins, such that I wasn't able to sleep.

I took my bed cover and covered myself with it. The blue elephant that was watching me all night since my birth, I laid on my eyes such that it as a bit darker than normal. I tried to empty my thoughts and to think of something different and more positive and relaxing.

I thought of the elephant talking to me and laughing in a childish voice. He always had a smile on his face and he always stuck his tongue out. I smiled as these pictures turned up before my inner eyes.

Moments afterwards I nodded off.

b) Samaritan In White

Anna and I didn't go to the afternoon lessons the next day. We weren't able to handle our excitement. For her and for him the excitement wasn't positive. It was more hoping that everything would end up fine in the end.

She told me that she also hadn't had much sleep. Her worries were almost the same as mine. But for her it was even more horrible, because my little brother wasn't really her boyfriend. The accident as she called her intercourse with Benjamin, happened just by chance, not because of love.

I told her that Benjamin was sorry about it and that he would stand for his mistakes also in the future. But that was only a slim satisfaction for Anna. She wanted as much as I that we both would get the pill for afterwards and that we both would get our next monthly.

Normally I hate my monthlies because sometimes I feel bad and you always have to be careful within those days, what you wear and where you go and so on and so on. But that day I thought of my monthly as heaven on earth as the biggest positive thing that could happen within the next days.

Before we had both our appointments at the doctor, we had some time and we went though town looking for clothing and shoes. It was the best way to burn some time. I had some pocket money left and I found a pair of red shoes, I fell in love with immediately. I bought them and while I bought them, I said to myself:

"If I won't get pregnant I will keep them as a kind of mascot. Otherwise I won't

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wear them at all."

I knew already that the second part of that intention was very hard for me to execute, because I love shoes. And if I fall in love with a certain pair of shoes I wear them all the time.

Anna bought herself also a kind of mascot. It was a tiny little teddy bear. And she told me that she would keep him as mascot in case, she wouldn't get pregnant. Otherwise she would give the teddy to her baby as a mascot for it such that such bad luck wouldn't happen to it.

After we had made our shopping, we went to the doctor. We both had the same gynecologist, so we hadn't to say good-bye. We both went there together.

The receptionists told us to wait for a few more minutes. We asked her if we could get in at the same time, such that we could hold each other's hand. She nodded and promised us that she would try to fulfill our wish.

So we sat down in the waiting room. Anna grabbed my hand silently and gripped it very tight. She was as nervous as I, but she wasn't capable to hide it as much as I was.

I looked at her from time to time and I saw her knees and legs shaking. She seemed to be frightened, frightened of future with a lot of troubles in the beginning.

I was also frightened, but I wasn't shaking because of it. My fear made itself known by a bad feeling in my belly. I felt almost ill, although I knew that I wasn't. It was almost the same feeling when you know that you may not have passed an exam in school or you are not sure if you have passed, because it hadn't gone well. It was this bad feeling in my belly that I had while sitting in this room, holding the hand of Anna.

After about 15 minutes, which felt like eternity, and two other patients before us, we both were called to go with the doctor's female assistant to the office. The assistant told Anna that she was first. She asked Anna to sit down in the chair. Then, after putting down some papers on the doctor's desktop she left and closed the door behind her.

This office was all white and very clinical. It had the typical smell of a doctor's office. Instinctively our hands found each other again and I looked at the door waiting for it to open. My mind was blank, I wasn't able to think a clear thought. I only wanted to get over with this whole thing as fast as possible.

Then the doorknob turned and the doctor came in.

"Good afternoon, Ladies." he greeted us with a smile over his face.

He was a young 30-year-old, slender, slim man with short blond hair. He looked

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healthy, happy and sporty. He had his white coat on and grey trousers. He was what everyone would call a sunny boy in his thirties. Someone you could not throw out of his path.

“Good afternoon.” we both replied at the same time as a small choir.

“What may I do for you?” he asked after he had shook my and Anna's hand and had taken a seat at his desktop.

“We both had an accident and we wanted to ask for the morning after pill.”

“Ok.” he answered while looking at his papers and at the screen on his desktop, which was showing Anna's data.

“Well,...” he began to reply after some moments of consideration. “For you Mrs. Leblanc it shouldn't be a problem. I will give you the receipt and you take the pills for the next few days.” He made a pause and looked straight into Anna's eyes.

“For you it's a bit more difficult, because your body doesn't agree with these pills. But I will give you another type of pills, which may cause some feeling of sickness, but it works the same the other one and these feelings wont last long.”

He entered some things into the computer and wrote some things into the papers. Then he again turned towards us and said:

“My receptionists will give you both the receipts and you can pay there for this visit. I will see you again in about a week and afterwards you may be a bit more cautious, because this kind of treatment isn't very cheap and not as secure as the other precautions you can take.”

We both nodded. I felt a bit angry, because I was cautious and I knew how to prevent pregnancy. He hadn't told me. In my case it was really an accident. But I didn't say a word, although I wanted to. But my mind told me to keep quiet, then the whole thing would be over earlier. So I kept my mouth shut and nodded like a good girl, smiling back at him. Anyway I was just happy to get over with it that smooth.

“Ok.” he said while standing up and reaching out to shake my and Anna's hand. “See you both in a week and no more accidents please.”

We shook hands with him and left all three the room together.

Anna and I went to the receptionist where we got our receipts and paid our visit and the check in a week's time. While paying our bills at the receptionists, my eyes met with Anna's and I saw her relief and happiness. I smiled back at her and we both knew that some very big stones had rolled off our hearts.

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Afterwards we went to the pharmacy next door, to buy the pills. The man behind the counter made a face as if he wanted to make a remark, but he kept quiet, because we were leaving a lot of money there. I could guess what I might have thought, it was almost written on his face:

"So young and already in trouble. Bad girls! What should they become later?"

As we headed home and stood at the bus stop. Anna instinctively hugged me very tight and whispered a thank you in my ear. I don't know why she thanked me, but I hugged her back and we jumped around a little bit to give expression to our relief.

c) Anna's Hot Believe

Anna went with me to my house and we went to my room, where we studied the instructions for our pills.

"You know," she began, "it's strange. I got just off a pregnancy and these texts are not at all sexual or sensual, but I'm about to get horny."

I laughed and was looking at her asking her with my look if her statement was meant for real. But her behavior told me that she meant what she said.

"What gets you excited?" I asked her curiously and looked closer at her.

"Dunno." she replied while taking off her Jeans and showing me her red tanga. "Perhaps its this word pregnancy."

"Huh???" I had three question marks on my face.

"Well, if you are pregnant you normally had sex before. Right?"

I nodded.

"So my mind fantasies always about nice, tender sex, when reading about pregnancy. These fantasies are those which let me getting horny."

"Aha", I nodded and stroked softly over one of her legs that were lying near me on the bed. Anna had nice legs, they were elegant and slender and she kept them well shaved as she did with her pubic area. She was all shaved and it looked awesome. It made her body look even younger.

Within moments she also had taken off her tanga and sat now besides me with only a white t-shirt on, on which it said: "Good Girl".

"What a statement." I thought. This t-shirt implies something some people would link with a young girl having no sex at all and Anna wears this t-shirt and isn't shy of getting herself off shortly after almost getting over with a close pregnancy. But I wasn't able to follow this thought even more.

The sight that my eyes were watching now was too exciting and mind blowing. Anna was lying on my bed and caressing her young, firm breasts und her t-shirt, while playing with her clit at the same time. She had closed her eyes and you could see how her breathing became much deeper and noisy. She enjoyed her own strokes and had made the move from fear to lust very fast.

I wasn't able to make that move that fast, but neither was I disgusted by it. I enjoyed it with all my senses. It gave me warmth in my body and I relaxed also. I took also my jeans off, but kept my red slip on. I wasn't in the mood to stroke myself, I just wanted to stroke Anna softly a bit and watch her enjoy her own sexuality.

In a way she was showing her own body how much she loved it. And only someone who is at peace with herself could give love to others. So in a way she was preparing herself for the next love making sex by making love to herself first, showing herself that she was still able to enjoy her own body.

One could now think about if she would have done this, if the doctor had denied to give her some pills for afterwards. But that was thinking about things, which weren't worth considering.

I began to stroke her legs up to her pubic area. It was the kind of stroking that you do to calm someone down. It wasn't meant to turn her on even more. But she seemed to enjoy my stroking and began to moaned softly:
"mmmmmmmmh"

She spread her legs a bit more such that I was able to look between her legs right onto her naked, well-formed pubic lips. Her finger was sliding through her lips and then playing again with her clit. It was a game she repeated again and again.

I saw small drops of sweat on her skin and her finger began look wet from her pussy juice. Her whole body had become a nice looking red shine. It was obvious that her body was drowning in pure lust and sexual excitement.

"Put a finger in me" she moaned and grabbed my hand. She had turned her head down towards me and looked at me with a look filled with lust and passion. She wasn't really looking at me as Jenny or as her friend. Her look had this shadow in it that also people have that are not really awake or people who have consumed some drugs. Her drug was lust and her body was full of it. At that moment I was only a person to help her satisfying her sexual needs. I was degraded to be her sex-toy or more precise my finger was nominated to be it.

Her grip on the wrist of my hand was tight and I wasn't really able to fight it, because my sexual curiosity said hello to my mind. Anna's treasure was too delicious not to be entered by my finger and she begged me with her look. So I followed her wish slowly.

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My pointing finger slowly went through her pubic lips. Her whole treasure was moist and perspiring lust and pure sex. I slowly entered the depths of her love-channel. She was really hot and it was a horny feeling to have one's finger in a foreign treasure without being fingered oneself.

"uhhhmmmmmmmm!" she moaned as agreement that I was good in what I was doing. She had closed her eyes again and one arm was lying across her eyes while the other hand joined me between her legs and was rubbing her clit like mad.

"Fuck me! Fuck meeoo nooooow!" She ordered me within moaning almost loosing control of her voice.

I entered her treasure also with a second finger and began to fuck her in a nice rhythm not very hard but fast enough such that she seemed to enjoy it.

I also felt how my own body became excited, but not sexually. It was just the sight that excited me and the suspense when and how Anna would have her orgasm. My whole body felt warm and I tensed up a bit but my pussy was silent.

"mmmmmmmm!ooooooooooooo! liiiiiiiimmmmmmm cuuuuuuummmmmiiinnnng!" Her voice exploded at the same time as her treasure did. I stopped fucking her with my fingers. And entered her pussy all the way with them. I could feel how her pussy walls began to milk my fingers. I also felt the hot shower that my fingers got from her freshly produced pussy juice. Her belly made some twitches during orgasm and her breathing lost its rhythm for a moment. She stopped breathing for moment. Her whole body tensed up. Then her legs clamped my hand between them. Her body was relaxing and she turned towards me, opening her eyes, which were filled with joy and sexual satisfaction.

Her breathing was still hard but she came down very fast.

I smiled at her and freed my hand out of her clamping. I put the two fingers in my mouth, tasting her pussy-juice, and smelling the sexual flavour of that young girl lying next to me.

"Hmmm, sweet." I moaned softly.

"Hell, that was what I needed. Now I'm back on track." She giggled and fetched her tanga and her jeans to get them on again.

I also began to giggle and put on my trousers. While I was doing that my handy was ringing again. I sat down on the bed and had a look at it.

It was a message from Sascha again, saying:

"Hi, its over. I'll only do what's necessary. Sascha."

I was shocked. He didn't even wait for the result. Just messaged me that its

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over. I felt like helpless and angry. Tears were running over my cheeks and I felt like a fool.

Anna noticed the sudden change in my mood and asked softly:
“What happened!”?

I tried to answer, but my voice broke under my own tears. I took a deep breath and broke out like a volcano:
“Sascha has finished with me!”

To be continued soon...