

Jenny Leblanc

Joyride of Feelings

Seventh 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) Hard words

After a night of tears, where I wept my heart out and didn't sleep at all. I played some music on my hi-fi station. But I wasn't listening to it. I turned the volume up such that it was almost as loud as in a disco. My sight went into nirvana and my thoughts were empty. I was in shock and the music was only a thing to relieve the shock. But with shock passing by and time running, I became more and more angry with him. I asked myself if it really was my fault, what happened and I came to the conclusion that it wasn't. I tried to excuse him, but there was nothing that could excuse him.

At 5 o'clock in the morning I fell asleep for just an hour and a half. It was an almost dreamless sleep and not very relaxing. As I woke up at half past 6 my eyes were aching because of the amount of tears from the night before.

As I looked into the mirror that morning I had shallow dark shadows under my eyes and my whole face was looking sad from the tears. I tried to change that look into something more normal, but I washed the whole thing away after looking at it. It wasn't me that day. I wanted everyone to know what I had gone through that night before. So went to school with out any make up on my face to hide the shadows.

I went to school with a lot of anger in me. I wanted to have a word with my then ex-boyfriend. I knew where his classroom was and I knew where to meet him, so it was no big deal to find him.

As I saw him I went towards him.

"Hi." I greeted him coldly and before he was able to answer I slapped him on his right cheek. Normally I wasn't the person who would slap someone that easily but at that point of time I was out of myself and angry.

"You bastard!" I shouted at him, "How did you dare to do this to me!"

He stood there as if someone had nailed him to the floor. He didn't say a word, he seemed to be frozen by surprise. He never had seen me that angry and that aggressive.

A tear of anger rolled over my face and I almost jumped at him to hit him hard and beat the shit out of him. But I was reasonable enough to hold myself. I only shouted him into the ground where he was standing, as the instructor did in the film "Full Metal Jacket". I won't repeat here what I said to him, because it wasn't at all lady like.

After the first wave of feelings I calmed down and asked him pretty calmly:

"Now," I made a little pause before I continued, "do have to say something to me?"

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It took him a while to collect himself and then he mumbled into his beard that wasn't there:

"I'm sorry."

"Louder!" I shouted at him. I didn't take care if someone would hear it. I was so angry such that I would have liked to shout it into the entire world.

"Im sorry." he repeated it a bit louder, such that I was able to hear it, but at that moment it wasn't loud enough for me.

"Louder", I shouted again and my hand moved backwards in order to show him that I would slap him again if he wouldn't say it louder.

"I'm sorry!" he cried out and turned away in defense such that the hit he expected to get from my hand wouldn't be so hard. But I didn't hit him.

I grabbed the ring that was on my finger, which I had got from him as a birthday present. I pulled it off and threw it at his feet.

"Here," I said to him calmly but with a lot of anger in my voice, "You can have it back. You may put it up your ass if you want to." I turned away from him and went back to my classroom.

Between this outbreak and his move to another city 6 months later. I didn't hear a word from him. We weren't taking care about each other anymore, but I heard from some friends that he got some blame from his friends as they got to know what he had done. So it was a late satisfaction for me.

Later that day Sarah came over to care about me and to lend me her ear, such that I was able to talk to someone. We sat down in my room and I told her the whole story about the accident and his messages.

She was a real help for me. She held my hand and stroked it softly. She also stroked my face if I got too outraged and tried to calm me down again. She was a good listener, she let me talk and didn't ask too many questions. She was just there to hold my hand.

After I had calmed down and told her the whole story, she began to talk to me very calmly and softly:

"Hey Jen," she stroke my face and wept away the last ears of anger," What about if we go to the outside swimming-pool tomorrow?"

She made a pause to get a reaction from me, but I was undecided. I wasn't really in the mood to go to the swimming pool to have fun. But I knew her intention. She wanted me to get some other thoughts and to get away from these thoughts of sadness and anger. I struggled and she seemed to see that I was struggling with it.

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So after some moments of waiting for my answer she said taking my decision in her hands:

"Ok, we'll go! Think it's better that way for you. And if you don't come I will look for you." She laughed and stroked my hand again to give me some comfort with that decision.

I nodded and we talked a bit about other things before she left and I was alone again. I went to my mother and asked her to give me some pills for getting some sleep. First she wanted to ask me why. But then she saw the expression on my face and she knew that it wasn't a good idea to ask about it at that point of time.

That following night I slept 10 hours. Longer than I normally do during the week. It was a gain a dreamless sleep and I slept like a stone.

b) Outdoor fun

The next day came and I went to the swimming pool with Sarah. It was against my heart but I did it, because my mind was saying to me that she was right in doing this with me.

I went to a changing cabin and took off my clothes. It was a strange thing. I was so used to the sight of seeing me naked, but now it was something strange. I felt as if I was looking at a foreign body. It wasn't myself although I was feeling it when I touched it, but my mind wasn't accepting it as my own.

On the other side I was feeling good while touching myself. It made me feel warm and I had no problem with the fact that I was almost in public. I began to stroke my belly and my young titties.

I sat down on the bench within that cabin and gave myself away for giving myself some strokes of self-loving care. I became a small teenager of 11 or 12 years who is exploring his own body for the first time. I already had been over with that period, but after that shock I felt an urge to do it again. I discovered myself from scratch.

I began to like my treasure again and I stroked softly over my public lips. I felt the warmth of my own sex. I enjoyed being a girl at that moment. It was a moment of self caressing, giving myself some sexual comfort.

I began to tease my belly button and I had to smile because it tickled. Then I took my titties in both hand and squeezed them softly.

"You are my pride! What would I be without you both."? I began to weigh them in my hands and to play with the nipples. They were standing like little soldiers in their places, guarding the area around them and showing everyone that some

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Lust was washing through my body.

"My natural sex-toys are always at hand." I thought by myself and continued playing with my little nipples. It gave me that warm feeling within my body and I felt safe and secure. I wasn't caring about time and place anymore. It was just me that I was thinking about at that moment.

I loved to touch my soft skin that was the skin of a teenage girl. It was soft and almost virgin look like. My skin was looking a bit pale, because I hadn't been out and about for some time and if I had then only for a small amount of time. But I for myself liked that pale look, because it wasn't looking ill at all. It was looking sexy, because my whole body became a shallow pink shine as I became horny at that moment. I my heart was doing its job and bring my body up to the point where there was no turning back.

I felt my treasure calling for some love. I felt getting wet between my pubic lips. My eyes were closed as I touched my own sex softly and my fingers were taking care of my own little penis called clit. It was my second natural sex-toy.

I softly teased it with my fingers and enjoyed the implications it had on my whole body. My whole body felt so good and I felt so female at that moment.

At that moment it wasn't masturbation that I was doing. It was making love to myself. I really fell in love with myself. And all the world around me didn't exist for these moments of joy and lust.

I opened my eyes and went up to take out the towel I had brought with me. I took it and put it over the bench. Then I laid myself on the bench putting my feet on the bench with my legs spread apart a bit, such that I was able to play with myself.

After I had laid down on the towel, I closed my eyes again and relaxed. I began again touching myself by stroking my gender and the skin over my belly. I lost myself within my own body and I wasn't able to get out, because my feelings were telling me to keep it up. It was like a drug that makes you feel good and you cant stop to take it. But normal drugs have a bad side to them, this drug was so natural that there wasn't any bad sides on it.

The fantasies I played while I was caressing myself weren't about boys or about having orgasms. They were about my own body. I saw myself there and saw how I caressed myself, while I was feeling my own hands doing what I dreamt being awake.

"Jen? Are you ok?" suddenly I heard Sarah's voice at the door of the cabin. She knocked at it, asking in concern about me.

"Yeah. Coming in moment." I answered dreamingly. Sarah wasn't able to interrupt my dream. She became a part of it. Her voice became my own and I calmed myself down that everything was ok.

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I opened my eyes and stood up to put on my bathing suit. But I still was out of mind. My thoughts were still within my own body and I still was caressing myself within my thoughts. It was a state of trance I was in.

Then I opened the door and went out, where Sarah was standing, waiting for me. We locked our things up and went to the showers. There I began to wake up out of my dream. The water was like a cool shock and I liked it to be woken up that way. I let the water flow over my head and I stroked all over my body and my bathing suit as if I wanted to rub the dream though my legs out of my body.

But it was hard to do it. As I looked at Sarah while she also was taking a shower, I began to see myself in her and I fell in love with her body also. Almost every young female body reminded me on myself at that moment. And I wanted to hug every girl at the shower at that moment. My body was still washed with feelings of warmth and lust and my thoughts were circling around caressing all the girls I saw around me. I imagined them all to be naked and my fantasy was drawing nice pictures of their bodies. These pictures were all looking like my own body or the body of Sarah that I already had seen naked.

Sarah and I had some fun that day at the swimming pool. We played with the toys in the pool like little kids and I forgot my dream for some hours. I laughed a lot. If my parents had seen me that afternoon in the pool, they would have thought they have a 10-year-old girl, playing in the pool and on the towel outside the pool.

After about 5 hours we both left the pool building at about 8pm. Sarah went to her new home at Annick's home and I went also to my home. I had a smile on my face as I turned home and at the dinner table I was eating for two.

I went to bed early that day. I wanted to join my own dream again. It was a point to flee to. So I locked the door of my room and got naked again in a hurry. Not because of the lust I felt but because of the sight I missed during the day.

I lay down on my bed and began to caress my belly button. I felt how the feelings from that afternoon were coming up again. I closed my eyes. I touched my tits and teased them softly. The warmth of pleasure and lust were washing through my body and I felt again secure and safe. I felt warm and I enjoyed my own body.

My treasure was getting wet and moist again and I stroked softly over my pubic lips. I liked the feel of lust at that moment. I was in peace with myself and I showed it to myself. My fingers were beginning to play with my clit and teasing it. I began to enjoy the extra it gave to my lust, when I played with my little clit between my lips.

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I knew at that moment instinctively that I was at peace with myself and that I was ready to give love to someone else. I loved myself and especially my own body, such that I was also able to give it to someone else.

I felt how an orgasm was about to come up within my body. It was a feeling of excitement that was beginning between my legs, deep within my treasure and that was coming closer like the thunder of a thunderstorm coming closer.

I wasn't afraid of that kind of thunderstorm, it was like greeting a friend you haven't met for quite some time. My fingers were working eagerly on my clit to get the thunderstorm stronger and closer as soon as possible.

Then the thunder roared through my body and my whole body jumped high. I lost myself in the thunders and storms of my own orgasm. I arched my back and pressed my eyelids closely together. My pussy walls were moving and saying to: "I love what you do to me." My heart was pumping away like mad. And my breath was like an old train with steam going at very high speed.

After my body had passed the climax of my own orgasm, I fell back into relaxation. I began to calm down. My breath came down and I felt the warmth of satisfaction that I felt so often before, but this time it was different. This time it was also the beginning of a new page within my young life. I had successfully turned the page and I had come over all the anger I had due to my ex-boyfriend.

c) Club of Bed-Bunnies

The next day I met Sarah again in school. She took me aside and told me that I should come to Annick's home that afternoon. She wanted to introduce me to a nice boy, which seemed to be her friend for quite some time.

I wasn't very amused about it. But didn't said a word, because she helped me to get over with the boyfriend before, so I thought that she wouldn't do me any harm.

So I went to Annick's home that afternoon. I went to Sarah's room and was surprised by the thing I saw there. Sarah, Annick and Anna were sitting on Sarah's bed naked. But there was also a boy sitting in between them. I had seen that boy already in school, but I didn't know his name.

"What are you up to?" I asked not knowing if I should go away right away or if I should stay.

"We want to found a little girls club." Sarah answered after she had stood up and had given me a hug.

"But he isn't a girl, isn't he?" I asked in not understanding.

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"Ohh, sorry, may I introduce you to John. He's Ana's and Annick's good friend and he became also my friend after they introduced me to him." Sarah explained.

"And?"

"Well, every girl who wants to join the club, has to spend some time with John. If he says she's ok then the girl will be able to join."

I was confused, but I was able to guess what kind of test John would make with the girls he had to test for joining the club.

"What name should the club have?" I asked curiously.

"Club of Bed-Bunnies" Anna answered.

I nodded.

"And goal of the club is having sex, right?" I concluded loudly.

"Yes." Sarah answered as I predicted. "But not for free."

"Huh?" I was surprised by that answer. "Are the members of the club prostitutes?"

"No," Sarah answered. "Every boy who wants to spend some time with a member of the club has to show respect to the girl first and in exchange for some sex he has to do something for the club, like building something or so. In the future he might also give his sperm to get a member of the club pregnant without taking the rights of a father."

I had some question marks on my face, because I didn't understand the last point Sarah made. "In which situation that should help."

"For example if a girl who is lesbian wants to have a baby." Annick explained.

I nodded.

"Will there be a club-fee for being a member?" I asked. The idea of the club wasn't completely my thing but I wanted to be a part of it, just because my best friends were members of it.

"Yeah." Annick answered self-consciously. "We will collect 10\$ every month from every member. From this money we will help our members out when they are in trouble and we will buy some sex-toys. We want to have fun also with each other."

I began to take off my clothes, to join them. I wanted to join the club, so I thought being naked would be helpful perhaps.

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"Have you all made your joining test?" I asked my three friends on the bed, while being busy with myself.

"Yeah," Anna said giggling. "We had fun all night last night. John did all three of us and we all got a shot of his juice in our pussies."

I took a look at John's thing between his legs and it was as soft as a penis could be. But I thought to see a bit of glistening on it, as if had some pussy juice on it. So I thought that Anna was telling me the truth.

Finally I had completed the task of getting naked. I went over to them and sat myself right in front of them on the floor.

"If I want to join your club, what do I have to do?"

"Well" Anna said giggling. "Have fun with John."

A smile flew over John's face but it had also something of a call for help in it.

"Hmmm, I think John's little bastard isn't in the mood for that now."

"Help him up." Annick joked.

"With all of you present?" I asked uncertain of the situation.

"Yeah we want to enjoy our new member." Sarah said caressing herself between the legs already.

"Ok girls, doctor Jen is coming to help up John's bastard." I joked and made a gesture to plea my friends off the bed. They followed my plea and sat themselves on the sofa on the opposite side of the room. So they were now sitting in the first row.

I got closer to John, who was still sitting on the edge of Sarah's bed.

"Seems like your little John is a bit out of breath and strength." I began joking, "But after my special Jen viagra, he will stand like a one in the wind."

I took his little prick softly with one and began to stroke him softly. He still had some pussy juice on him from my friends. So he was a bit moist, which made me feel horny. I suddenly wanted to have that thing also within me. It was a kind of penis-jealousy I experienced at that moment.

John had almost no pubic hair around his prick. He was nice and clean down there. So I hadn't got to collect a lot of braveness to get myself to the point to lick his prick and give him some strokes with my mouth. He tasted sweet and salty. A nice mixture of pussy-juice and male sweat.

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As I caressed his little sperm-shooter, I always had a look at his face. He seemed to enjoy my caressing and he wasn't pushing for a hard-on. For him it seemed to be just some nice stroking from a nice girl he hadn't known for long.

"I don't know him really either." I thought to myself. "So why am I doing this? It's totally against all my principles."

I stopped stroking his prick for a moment, but assumed it pretty soon.

"Yeah, I want to be part of that club and if hell freezes, I will be part of that club."

My decision was made and I wasn't caring about my principles at that moment anymore. I just put all my concentration on the little prick between John's legs. I wanted this thing to become big and hard with all my senses.

I heard my friends moaning in the back. I knew they were already having fun on their own. But for me that was second place. My place was here and it was that penis that I wanted in my treasure.

After I had stroked him for some minutes and licked him clean with my tongue, his prick was semi hard. I was now able to hold it up and his glans was showing up on the top of his prick.

I slowly bowed my head down to give him head. But my eyes were still fixed on his face. He still was relaxed and he enjoyed the slow come back of pleasure within his male hood.

To be continued soon...