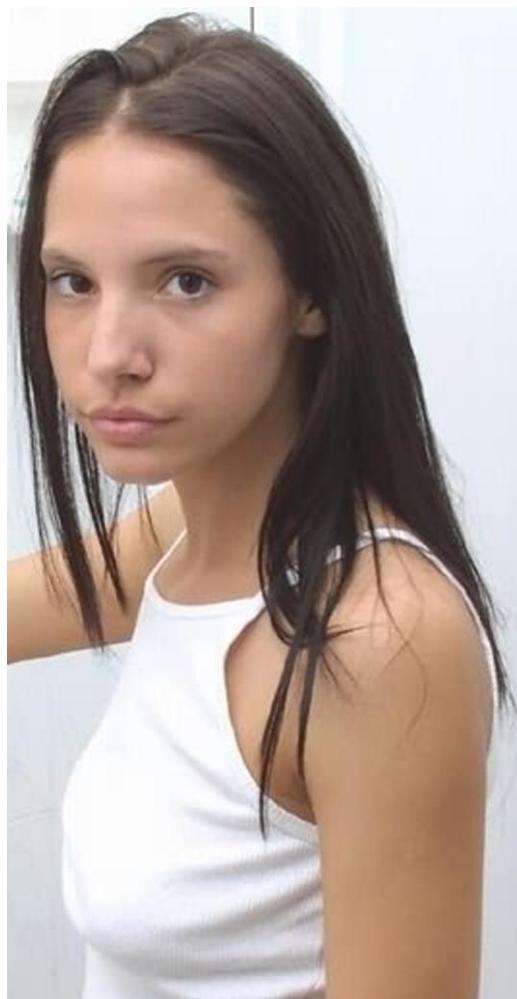


Jenny Leblanc

An Afternoon with Jose

Sixth Chapter of „Bed-Bunny Detectives“



An Afternoon with Jose

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WARNING

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

An Afternoon with Jose

a) Latin Boy

I met Jose the next day in a cafe.

He was a nice looking young guy. His face had a latin touch and his voice was warm and dark for his age. If he wasn't so young, I would have thought of him as a latin lover but for that image he was a bit too young and didn't look wild enough. His look was more cute than wild, nevertheless I was fascinated by him.

As he got to see me, he smiled at me and nodded to tell me that I should sit down.

"You look fabulous today." he said in a soft, low voice.

I felt how the blood rushed into my head and I could almost feel how I blushed.

"Thank you." I replied. "But you also look very smart and the business."

He smiled and thanked me. I could feel his feet rubbing at my leg.

"Not only does he look like a boy. He also behaves like one." I thought by myself. I tried to ignore his advances, because I wanted some information from him, such that I perhaps could find Sarah and bring her back home.

"Do you know a guy called Sammy, who lived in Vancouver?"

"Probably." he smiled at me with this cute smile of a young boy, having only one thing in mind: Sex.

I could see the fire in his eyes. His lust almost dropped out of his head and every little inch of his body was telling me that he was only thinking of sex.

Of course if I had met him in a different situation I also would have had that thought. He was cute and his cuteness mad him sexy he would have been my latin lover boy. But that situation wasn't given and I had really no intention to have sex with him, nor had my body.

"May I ask how long you lived in Colombia?" I asked him to get to know if it really would make sense to ask further questions. But I had forgotten that I already had asked him about that.

"I told you. I was 15 when I came here." he replied a bit bored about my style of interviewing him.

"Do you know if American and Canadian girls are hijacked here to work there for someone."

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“No.” the answer was short and he fired it like a gun.

“Were you in touch with drugs as you lived in Colombia?”

“No.” I noticed how his face closed and his interest in me went to zero. His face was an open book to me. I knew that I wouldn't get any answers now.

“Do you have a girl-friend here?” I asked him to relax the situation.

“Why do you want to know?” he replied like a little boy, who wanted to have a little toy car from his Mum but haven't gotten it.

“Cause I want some information from you and I see in your face that you are not in the mood. So I thought we could first have some small talk.”

“Why, small talk. Let's have some fun?”

“Sorry?”

“You are so cute and you have a latin look to your face. I fell in love with you as I saw you.”

I began to laugh and his face turned into a big question mark.

“Do you make fun of me?” he asked me and was close to leaving.

“No!” I tried to calm him down. “ I'm just surprised how fast you are with your feelings and your actions.”

I paused, and then I continued to explain what I meant:

“I sat down here and you didn't really know me. But you made advances by touching my legs with your feet. You also tell me that you love me because of my look and you want to have fun with me. Don't you think that this is a bit fast?”

“Perhaps, but I'm horny.”

“Sorry, but you are at the wrong address. I want to secure my best friend from hijacking and I sense that she is perhaps in Colombia. That's the only reason I'm sitting here with you having this much patience. But you don't seem to be interested in helping me. You only seem to be interested in fast, quick sex.”

“Yep, I'm a sex athlete.”

I almost broke out laughing.

“Are there now world championships in fucking?” I asked him grinning all over my face.

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"No, but I love to have long sex. Fucking for hours. I keep my own records. My best result is 12 hours uninterrupted fucking."

I burst into laughter.

"Sorry, but I think I better go." I excused myself while standing up. I left him without the normal kissing on both cheeks for people I like and friends.

b) Italian Dinner

I have to admit I love Italian food and I know almost no one who doesn't. With Italian food it's almost as with tomatoes there are only a very few people who don't like it.

Unfortunately I don't like wine, which is a pity, because I was told that Italian wines are also very good. It's a pity, because I always have to think of a candlelight dinner with hot pasta and a good wine. A burning fireplace in the background and almost no light in the room apart from the candles. That would be the image of romance. But as soon as I put myself in the picture, I have to replace the wine by something like coke or tea or whatever without alcohol and that destroys the whole picture like a soap bubble in the air.

As I came home my family was already standing there and waiting for me. They asked me if I wanted to join them to go to an Italian restaurant. My Dad had invited us all. Who could say no to this? Especially when you are a member of the family.

We went to a restaurant near by, which had a nice atmosphere to it. I was almost able to smell the pasta and the sauce as I entered the guestroom. The room was nicely decorated and there were big pictures in there from landscapes in Italy. Due to the fact that the owner of the restaurant had some family members in the region of Florence all pictures were from that region.

"Let me guess: Jen orders lasagna!" my brother said while he was reading the menu.

I didn't give him an answer on that, but in a way he was right. I often ate lasagna, cause it was one of my favorite meals. Perhaps I'm a living Garfield. I like lasagna. I hate Mondays. I love to lay in bed and sleep and I love to make fun of dogs. But I'm not a cat. I'm not fat and most important of all I'm a girl whereas Garfield is obviously a male cat. Bad luck!

I shortly thought of ordering something else than lasagna, just to prove my brother wrong but I didn't. I felt too much grown up for these little games of revenge. Although I have to admit that sometimes it is a nice feeling to prove someone wrong who teases you with something.

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"Have you got in touch with Sammy, Dad?" I asked my dad as if I was asking about the weather outdoors.

"No, I couldn't get him on the phone."

"But we will show up in court in time, won't we?"

"Yes, my dear! We will." he acknowledged.

"So, what will you tell them?"

"The truth."

"The truth? Which truth, you weren't even able to tell your family the truth." my mother interrupted us.

"If I tell you anything, you all become a target for very dangerous people. But as long as you obviously know nothing, it makes no sense for them to harm you."

"But they don't know if you have told us or not, do they? So perhaps we are already targets. And by the way Sarah has been hijacked by Sammy so they already have a target in us."

Silence. My Dad wasn't able to reply on that. Due to his own logic he had to keep silent about everything.

"May come with you into court? I want to listen to what you say." I asked him and expected that he would give me a positive answer, but I got a short no.

Again silence. The waitress came with our drinks: coke for me and my brother and a bottle of red wine for my parents.

"But it's a public session. So anyone can listen to your 'truth'. But you deny me to go there. Do I have to understand that?" I became a bit angry, but tried to face the argument as calmly as possible. But my voice showed everyone that I wasn't calm at all. In fact I was just short of weeping, because I wasn't able to understand my Dad. He was so closed about everything and he didn't share anything with us. I was able to understand that he wanted to save us from any harm, but for that it seemed to be too late in my opinion.

"And what do you think should I do?" I asked him like a little girl.

"Go shopping! Isn't that what you always wanted to do."

"Go shopping?" I had really some tough moments to keep calm. "Sarah was hijacked by Sammy and you haven't told us anything yet. And now you think I am able to go shopping, while you tell the court your truth. What's going on in your mind?" I asked my Dad, while some silent tears ran down my cheeks and

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destroyed the bit of make up I had on my eyes.

The waitress came again with plates with the meals.

“Sweetheart, I think you have to tell us a bit more. You want me to trust you, but how should I trust you, when you don't tell me anything?”

My Mum paused then as she saw that my Dad didn't have any intention of replying she sighed and went on:

“I think you should know, that I'm thinking about a divorce.”
That sentence from my Mum went in like a bomb.

“Mum!!!” my brother and me cried out chorus.

But Mum did not react; she wept silently and ate silently from her plate.

“Dad?” I asked him and tried to catch his eye with my eyes. But he looked only on his plate.

I began to hate the situation and was close to standing up and leaving but the way home was too far for just taking a walk. So I had to put up with the situation, although my instincts told me to flee like most people do in these situations.

“I thought this would be nice. But now it's just horrible.” My brother stated and stood up.

“Where are you going?” I asked him, looking at his face. He was all red in his face and he also had tears in his eyes.

“Out! I need fresh air.”

“Should I come with you? Would like to talk?”

“No tanks, sis. I need to be alone.”

He left and I was alone with my parents both eating like little kids, who are angry at their parents.

“Dad, don't you see what you do to our family? Is it worth it?”

No answer.

“Mum, please think about giving this family up. You make it worse.”

No answer.

“Am I talking to myself?”

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Silence.

I had something in my throat and I knew that feeling. It was the beginning of me crying but I didn't want to weep before my parents. That satisfaction I didn't want to give them. I took a last bite of my lasagna then I stood up and joined my brother outside the restaurant.

c) Saskia's News

After we had returned at home I threw myself on my bed and closed my eyes and wanted to sleep. To sleep for at least as long as it took for this thing to go. I wanted my old family back from when I was a kid.

The happy family which was laughing and having fun all afternoon, when Dad came home and Mum had finished her work. I knew that also back then there were some not so nice days, because I had trouble with my parents, but in the end it was a happy family.

Now it was different. My dad lived in his own world, trying to get back to normal. I tried to get back my friend Sarah and my Mum was just sad about the silence that my Dad kept about his past.

I felt how hot tears ran over my cheeks. I covered my eyes with one arm and let them flow. I wasn't able to hold them back anymore. This whole thing was just shit.

Someone knocked on my door.

“Jen?” it was my brother's voice. “Jen? Could I come in, please!”

My feelings told me to stay silent and let him go again, but my growing up made me say:

“Come in.” I dried my tears with my arm and sat myself up to face my brother as he came in.

“Jen, Saskia is on the phone. For you.” he gave me the portable phone and went out again.

I cleared my nose like a little kid with a cold, by pulling everything up. Then I answered the phone.

“Jen, are you ok?” Saskia asked and I could hear that she was concerned about me.

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“Yeah, I’m ok. Just some family issues.”

“Did Annick already tell you the news about Sarah?”

I immediately went stiff and was right to jump forward in case something had happened that would call for immediate action.

“No, what happened?”

“They have found her.”

My heart took off through the ceiling and I thanked everything that was up there.

“Where is she?”

“She’s secure. She’s in police custody. She went there after she found a way out of her prison.”

“Did they catch Sammy also?”

“No. They went immediately to her prison; after they had made sure that it was really Sarah. But the whole apartment was empty.”

“Damn.” I swore to myself in that minute that I would look for Sammy, due to the things he had done to Sarah and me. At the same time I felt a need to hug everyone at the Vancouver police and most of all I wanted to hug Sarah. I wanted to feel her and hear her voice. I needed this to really believe and feel that she was secure.

“When will she be back?”

“Annick said, that she would fly back here, tomorrow. A police officer will join her and Annick’s Dad will look for her at the airport, such that nothing could happen.”

I squeaked like a little pig or perhaps like a little girl seeing her pop idol. My whole body went into movement and I jumped up and down like a little kid before the big surprise on Christmas.

“What happened?” my brother asked. He had heard my sounds and my talking and was curious what it was that made me so happy all of a sudden.

“They got Sarah and she is well.” I almost shouted at him, because I was so excited. But I wasn’t able to finish the sentence because he began to hug me so hard that almost lost my ability to breath.

“Hallelujah!” he exclaimed and went on to ask the same questions as I did some moments ago.

“What about if we buy her a little present?” I suggested. “I feel a bit guilty and I think she would appreciate it.”

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Benjamin nodded and Saskia was also ok with it.

"Let's buy her something crazy." Saskia suggested.

I agreed.

"What about a tie?" Benjamin suggested.

"Now you lost me." I replied and made a gesture as if he was crazy himself.

"No, last week I saw a shop in town, which sold some crazy ties for women and teens. Some of these ties look really crazy and Sarah loves to be a bit crazy, as I know her."

"Good idea." Saskia reacted first. She was able to listen to what my brother had said.

"Huh??? A Tie? For Sarah? Are you two drunk?" I had to laugh out loud. But they both stayed serious. So I stopped laughing and gave in.

"Ok the tie it is, but let's have also something else, because I'm not really sure about it." I went on.

"Well", Saskia began to suggest, "we all know that Sarah has a strong lesbian part to herself. What about a female plastic doll for her?"

We tree began to laugh and tears shot again into my eyes. But this time those tears were tears of laughter and not of sadness.

"That's really crazy!" I tried to begin to talk again. "Imagine her fucking the doll with her strap on."

"ohhhh my Goood" Saskia laughed though the line. Benjamin's head blushed and he laughed also. But in a way he seemed to feel caught.

Saskia agreed to buy the plastic doll tomorrow morning and Benjamin said he would buy the tie. We all agreed that we would welcome Sarah at the front door of Annick's home.

I just had finished the phone call, as the doorbell rang.

My Mum opened the door.

"Mrs. Leblanc?"

"Yes."

"Quebec Police Department. We have to arrest your husband."

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“But he's out on bail.”

“I'm sorry Ma'am but the bail was revoked.”

“That's not possible.”

“I'm sorry Ma'am but I have my orders.”

Then I heard the voice of my Dad:

“It's ok hun. The officers are just doing their job.”

To be continued soon...