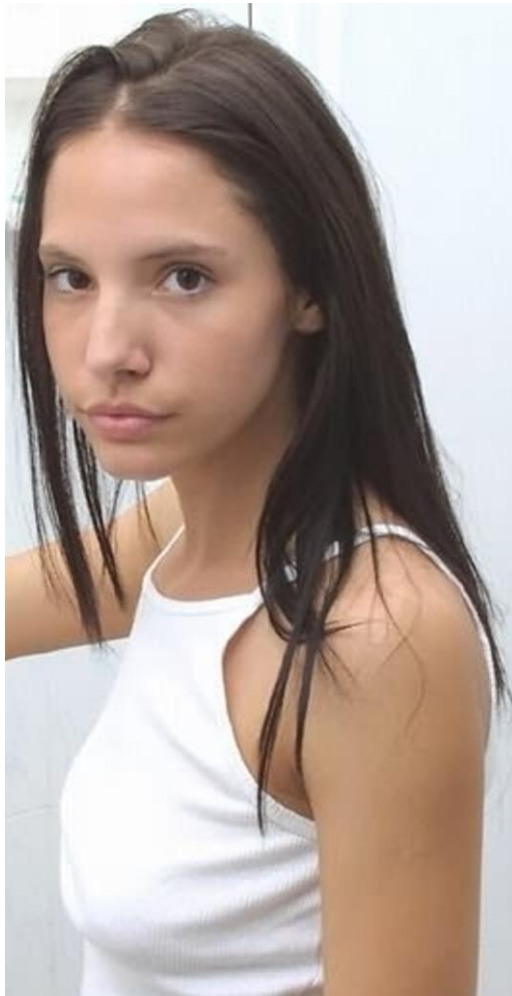


Jenny Leblanc

Back in Court

Eighth Chapter of „Bed-Bunny Detectives“



Back in Court

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WARNING

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

Back in Court

a) Dangerous Vancouver

Although I never had heard a gun go off in real life, I knew immediately that someone had shot. I put on my pyjama again and went next door, to look for Sarah.

As I opened the door I got shocked. There she lay unconscious with a big bloody wound in her left thigh. I stood there in shock for some seconds, that seemed like eternity.

But not for long. After these seconds of shock I opened the front door of our hotel-suit, but there was no police-man. I began to squeak and ran back to grab the phone and dial the 0 for the reception.

"How may I help you?"

"Call an ambulance and the police! My girl-friend got shot!" I wasn't able to control my voice. I almost shouted into the phone with a squeaky, female voice.

"Ok, calm down...." I didn't hear the rest, because i smashed the phone back and ran to look after Sarah. She lay there unconsciuous and the blood poured out of her hit leg.

I'm not good in seeing other people's blood and I almost also lost conscious. I remembered a first aid show on TV. I stood up and grabbed the cover Sarah wanted to use on her sofa-bed. I assembled all my strength and tried to get strips out of it, such that I was able to limit the amount of blood Sarah would loose over time. The situation gave me immense power. Under normal conditions I would never be able to this, but in this condition it was like running for life.

After a few minutes that seemed like a small eternity for me, i heard the sirenes of the police and the ambulance. Seconds later the hotel director entered the room together with two ambulance men.

"What the hell, happened?" he asked me.

"Dunno," I answered him after the ambulance men had took care of Sarah. "i head a shot and as i came over I saw her laying here wounded."

"Do you know her."

"Damn yes, she is my friend and we were in police custody here."

Seconds later came two police officers came in. I jumped at them:

"Where the hell were you?"

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“Ma'am please let us first do our job.”

“You already have failed. We were here in police custody and no one was in front of the door.”

“Ma'am, please.”

“Damn, thats my friend and your colleagues weren't doing their jobs.”

“Ma'am!”

The taller one of the two forced me back in my rroom and forced me to sit down on my bed.

“Please stay here, Ma'am. We will come back to you and then you may tell us your story, but first let us do our job.”

Now, the hotel director entered also my room within the hotel-suit.

“May I talk to you, Sir?” he asked the police officer.

“Not now. In a minute, Sir.”

“Ok, Ma' am, stay here and prepare yourself to leave this place.” Then he turned around and towards the hotel-director.

“Ok, Sir, what's up?”

“These girls were placed in here to stay in police custody, but the two policemen left at 10 pm this evening. And this thing isn't good for the image of our hotel.”

“Sir, we will investigate this thing and we will find the person reliable for this.”

“The police is reliable for this mess. If they would have stayed, it wouldn't have happened.”

“Sir, please, calm down.”

The rest of the conversation I wasn't able to understand, because the two left my room and I put together some things and went into the bathroom to put on some cloths, because I wasn't in the mood to stay in this room over night. At least not this night. I also packed Sarah's things to take care of them. I asked the reception to give me another, smaller room and to take care of Sarah's things.

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On the following day i visited Sarah in hospital and brought her all the stuff she needed to stay there for some days to recover from her injury. I also had called Annick's parents such that they would know what happened.

As I visited Sarah, she said thank you for calling the police. She wasn't able to tell who shot her, because the bullet came through the window and she hadn't looked through the window as it happened. I apologized for being a bit rude to her in advance of the things, but she told me that it as ok. We hugged each other and everything seemed ok again concerning our friendship.

But there were other issues that weren't ok yet. One of these issues were the issue fo my father.

b) Dad in Court

Two days after the incident with Sarah my father's first day of trial was set up and I had stayed in Vancouver to watch his trial in court. Not because I was interested in trials per se, but because I was interested in his view on the things that happened back then. In a way I was as interested in the truth in this matter as the judge of my father's case was supposed to be.

As I entered the court room I was surprised by the number of people interested in this case, but I was also surprised by the fact that my father was sitting there alone on the bench. No counsel for his defense.

I should have remembered that Sammy was his defense counsel and Sammy seemed to have good reasons for not showing up.

I sat there in the back of my Dad. He didn't seem to look for me and he didn't seem to look, who was showing up to watch his trial. I had mixed feelings about my dad's behaviour: On one side I could understand him, because he had more important things to do than looking out for people he knows in the lines for observers. On the other side I was a bt disappointed about hte fact that he not even looked around to see if I was there, cause he hadn't been happy about it at all as i talked to him about me being present at his trial.

We were ordered to stand up as the judge came in. He asked my Dad where his defense attourney was and my dad said that he didn't show up. The judge ordered that my Dad would get an assigned counsel and that the trial would go on in two hours time.

There was no way to talk to my father because he was before the barrier of court and he also was talking to the assigned counsel. So I left to have a coke in the cafeteria of the court.

All of a sudden my mobile rang.

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“Yeah!”

“Hi sweetheart, how is Daddy?”

It was obviously my Mum.

“He's ok. The court ordered to give him an assigned counsel, cause Sammy didn't show up.”

“Good. How are you sweetheart?”

“I'm ok Mum. Sarah is also on her way back to normal. She lays in hospital, because of the shot, but she's ok.”

“Good, But be carefull and follow the orders of the police.”

“Yeah Mum!”

“Don't talk to me in this tone. I only try to give you advice, because i don't want you to get hurt.”

“I know Mum, but I'm old enough to take care of myself.”

It was nerve racking. I knew my Mum was taking care of me and I loved her for that, but sometimes she was going too far. Yes I was still a teenager with 16 years, but I was old enough to make these trips to vancouver and back alone.

“Ok, take care. When will you be back.”

“Don't know Mum. Perhaps soon.”

“As soon as you know give me a call. Ok?”

“Ok Mum.”

“Kiss you. Bye sweetheart.”

“Bye Mum.”

I sighed. I knew that my Mum would call me, but these talks were always pure stress to me.

“I know that teenagers are not always as easy to have as some adults wish them to be. But sometimes parents think their teens are still little kids and then they go to far.” I thought by myself. By now I know that my Mum was right by caring about me that much. Although she sometimes also today cares a bit too much. But for parents you stay always the little kid you were once.

Back in Court

After some time of watching people go by and looking around in court, it was time to go back into the court room.

The court session resumed and the assigned counsel of my Dad said, that my Dad would like to make a statement before court. The prosecution objected that my Dad would have the chance to make his statement later, when he would be asked both by his own counsel and the prosecution. But the judge denied the objection and gave my Dad the power to make his statement.

My dad rose from the bench and stood there as if he had swallowed a stick. He had a piece of paper in front of him and he seemed to read out what was written there:

"I wanna state here," he began to read, "that I 'm sorry for waht happened back then. I admit that I did take part in that part by driving the car. But I DID not do any harm to anyone. I will take responsibilty for what I did, but I won't ..."

"Mr. Leblanc if don't have anything to say that brings this case forward, then please stop."

"I only wanna say that I'm not the only one who should sit here. And that it is unjust..."

"Mr. Leblanc would you please keep your opinion about this trial for you. If you don't have anything to say in this matter that is relevant, then please keep quiet."

"Your honor, I have the right to defend myself and I wanna do it my way."

"Mr. Leblanc, you have of course the right to defend yourself. This court will honor this right to its fullest. But this court has not and will not listen to irrelevant statements about this trial."

I was surprised the habbit my Dad was showing. Normally he was a man of law and order and he was a man of logic. But at this moment he was behaving like a little kid. I shook my head slightly and covered my face with my hands. I couldn't believe what was happening in front of me. I was ashamed, that that person was my Dad.

The judge called my Dad for order and he order the assigned counsel to inform my Dad about the proceedings and that he should stop his comments about this trial.

I left the court room. The whole thing was too much.

"How could a person I thought I would know change that much?" I thought by myself. "What the hell happened to him? Does he have anything to cover or is he afraid of anything or anyone?"

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I made my way back to my hotel.

I thought long and hard, if I should stay in Vancouver or not to see a bit more of the trial. But I decided not to. It was just too depressing to see my Dad behaving like a kid and running into the wrong direction.

c) Surprise at home

“Yeah.”

“Hi Mum, Jen speaking.”

“Oooh, how was the trial?”

“Don’t ask. Dad behaved like a little kid. He said he wanted to make a statement, but he only said hot air. Nothing what we wouldn’t know already.”

“hmmmm.” I could hear how my Mum went sad and silent. She seemed to have hoped that my dad would say the truth and tell everyone who was with him and how everything happened. But instead these statements which say nothing.

“Perhaps Dad should have become politician. As a politician he would have gotten an A+ in court today,”

“hmmm” my Mum agreed.

“Will you stay and watch the rest of the trial?” she asked me after some seconds of silence.

“No, I’ll return home tomorrow. I can’t help Dad and due to his performance today in court I don’t have much hope that he will get away with it without having to go to prison for some years to come.”

I heard my Mum beginning to weep.

“Mum, please, you know it and I know it. He will go to prison, there is no way to prevent that. It’s only a question of how long he will have to stay there. And he doesn’t make any effort to shorten his time in prison. Atleast not till now!”

“Yeah I know.”

Silence.

“When will you be back tomorrow?”

“I think in the evening. The plane goes at about 2pm, I think.”

“Ok take care and cu then. Kiss”

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"Kiss, cu then."

As I arrived home, my brother smiled at me, as if there was something he knew but I didn't.

"Are you so happy to see me or is there something you wanna tell me?" I asked him trying not to be rude, because I wasn't really in the mood to play his games.

"Didn't someone tell you about me and Anna?"

"No. What?"

"Well..."

"Boy, I haven't got much time. So if you wanna tell me something, you have to do it now."

"And what do I get for it?"

"Huh?"

"You want to have an information I have and so you have to pay for it."

"Huh? Back you parten?"

I left him behind and went to my room, where I opened my case and began to put my things back where they belonged.

It was nice to be home again, but sometimes it could be really nerveracking to have a sibling. Allthough sometimes I wished myself to have a sibling, but the other way round: me having a bigger brother. I always got a bit jealous when other girls were able to say that they would tell their bigger brothers and then...

In a way it was childish, but sometimes it would have been nice to have a shoulder to lean on, when in trouble. This way around, I always had to be the one with the brain, so to speak.

I was just half way though with emptying my case as my brother opened the door of my room and came in.

"What?" I asked him pretty angry.

"I wanna tell you something."

"But I dont wanna listen. I'm buisy cant you see it."

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"Jen, you have to listen to me."

I stoped emptying the case.

"Why the hell should I listen to you. You wanted to sell me some information, but I dont wanna buy them. So what?"

"Because what I wanna tell you has also implications on you."

"Oooh really. Well, then I will get to know it anyway. So why should I then listen to you now?"

"Jen, you are not very nice."

"Hey I have just come back from Vancouver. My dad is in a mess and sarah was shot. Could only estimate in which state I am?"

"No. But What I wanna tell you, is something that concerns me and you."

"Oooh, really. Nice to know that you are concerned about Sarah."

"No not Sarah. It's something about me. And Mum shouldn't know."

"Aha." I resumed emptying my case. "And why do you wanna tell me then?"

"Because it has also something to do with Anna and you and Anna are friends and you are a girls as Anna is."

"You are talking in symbols."

"Well, it's not that easy to say."

"If I should know you have to tell me, otherwise I wont get it, because i cant open your head and fetch it myself."

"Yeah." he giggled, but then turned serious again.

"Perhapas you know that I loved Anna."

"No I didn't but now i know."

"Yeah, and I still do. And she does love me also."

"Cool so where is the problem."

"Well you know the incedent with me and Anna."

"Yeah i was at the gynocologist with Anna. She got medecin and everything should be fine by now."

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"Yeah, it should." He bowed his head.

"No, you haven't?" all of a sudden I guessed what happened.

He nodded.

"You idiot! How stupid has someone to be!"

"Well, it happened by accident. We loved each other. And..."

"And your brain stoped functioning!"

He nodded.

"Well did she go to the doctor again."

He nodded.

"And?"

"Too late. She's pregnant."

I dropped the empty case on my feet.

End of "Bed-Bunny Detectives"