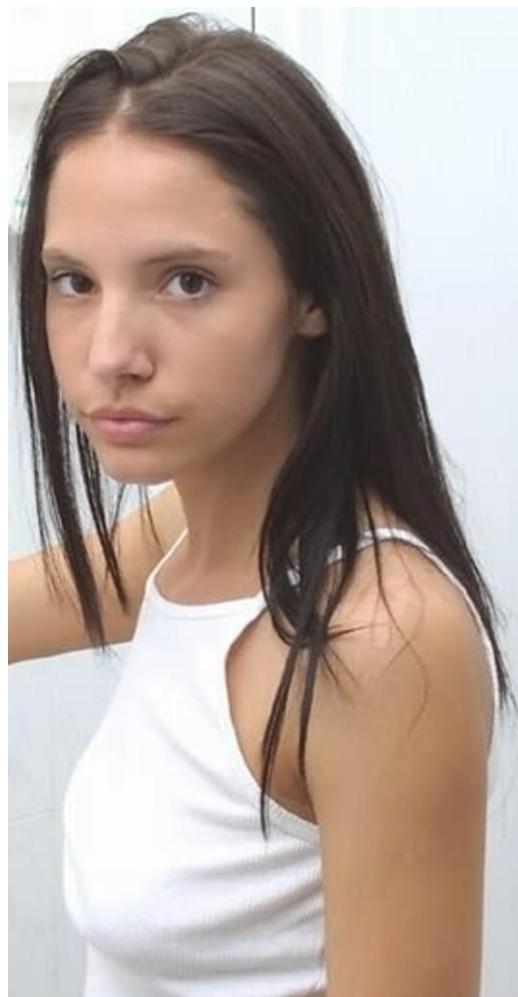


Jenny Leblanc

Girl-Power!

Fifth Chapter of „Bed-Bunny Detectives“



Girl-Power!

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WARNING

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

Girl-Power!

a) Emergency Meeting

After a night of barely sleeping and thinking of Sarah I went to school the next day. But I wasn't really able to follow the things going on in the lessons. I was physically there but not mentally. I felt frustrated not to be able to do more for Sarah not only because I was short of money, but also because I didn't know where she was at that moment. I hoped she was fine and I would see her again soon.

In the afternoon I went to our club home at Annick's house, where all club members met for an emergency meeting. As I arrived all the other members were already there. Only Sarah was missing.

"Hi Jen!" Annick greeted me and hugged me closely. I felt how some hot tears ran over her cheeks.

"Hi, what's up?" I asked, not knowing what would come next.

"Nothing. I just miss her!" Annick replied and tears were still running over her face and her bit of make up on her eyelids was all over her face. It looked scary and a bit funny. But I wasn't able to laugh about it at that moment.

I hugged her again and whispered in her ear:

"Come on let it out. You have to let it out, otherwise it destroys you mentally."

Annick didn't answer. I only heard sounds of a girl weeping in my arms and I felt the hot tears on my cheeks as they ran over her face.

"I miss her so much!" she whispered in her broken voice in my ear and tears were filling her voice. I really had trouble to stand it. But I had had a hard night and my tears were dried out. I had wept all night and now I wasn't able to weep anymore. I just stood there and gave Annick my shoulder.

Anna and John also hugged each other and the moves of Anna showed me that she was weeping also. Only Saskia was sitting quietly on the couch. She knew Sarah and she looked also not very happy, but her weeping was different. If Saskia was weeping she went quiet and stiff like a stick.

In case an outsider would have had a look at us at that moment, he or she could have thought that Sarah had died, because we all were weeping and depressed. But Sarah was alive, at least we all believed it, but we didn't know where she was and how she was.

"I know it's hard." John began slowly talking. "But shouldn't we begin to talk about what to do next?"

"Yeah I think we should." I agreed with him and tapped on Annick's back to show her that she should slowly calm down and sit down.

Girl-Power!

Slowly everyone sat down and John as the man between us chickens began to take the lead in the talk:

“Annick, do you have any news from your Dad?”

Annick shook her head.

“Will he give us any news?”

Again she shook her head and said:

“He told me that he isn't allowed to talk about, because of police work.” She paused to get her voice clean of tears again.

“But he promised to keep us informed with the things he's allowed to say.”

“Well, that's not much but at least a bit.” John resumed Annick's statement then he turned towards me:

“What about your Dad?”

“He's out on bail, but I don't know what he has in mind. He makes a big mystery out of the things that happened back then. I also don't know what he has in mind to do now. I only know that he said that it's some kind of mafia he had joined as he did what he did back then.”

“Have you talked to him?” John asked to get more information, but I had to deny his hopes.

“Yeah as I was in hotel with him, the night before we returned, but he kept quiet about it. I also don't know what he will do now or if and how he will pay the bill to Sammy.”

“So he's a risk, for himself and us all.” Saskia intervened.

I nodded.

“Anna, do we know where in Colombia Sammy is?” John asked.

“They think that he is probably in Bogotá because that's where he seems to have his friends.” Anna replied. Her face looked as horrible as Annick's. Sarah hadn't lived in Annick's and Anna's house for long. It was only a few days ago that Sarah moved from her dads house to Annick's house, but Sarah had already become an integral part of their family. Annick and Anna already talked of Sarah as their sister although Sarah wasn't even their step-sister or anything else.

“Does anyone know someone who knows Colombia a bit better than we do?” John asked and got silence in return. None of us knew anybody who knew that country better than the stuff everybody was able to read in dictionaries and other books.

Girl-Power!

“I think our first goal has to be to find Sarah!” Annick cried out, “I don’t give a damn shit about this Sammy.”

“But Sammy is the key to finding Sarah.” John explained to her calmly, forgiving her the rough language she was using.

“Shouldn’t we first look for her in Vancouver before looking for her in Colombia?” Saskia asked.

Anna and Annick nodded hard immediately.

“What about if we do both things at the same time?” I suggested. “I’m going to Vancouver again, when my Dad has his law suit in court. So I can look for Sarah then.”

“Yeah”, John agreed, “and the rest of us can take care of this Sammy.”

“I would like to come with Jen! I lived in Vancouver for some time during my childhood, I think I’m able to be of some help.”

“But we couldn’t afford to loose another member of our club in this.” Anna threw in.

“Yeah, but I think some help would be nice, because I have to be also in court. So a second person besides me would be nice to have.” I supported Saskia’s suggestion.

“Ok, I will do some research on Colombia.” John stated. “And Annick and Anna will press on their Dad. I think with this everyone has his thing to do.”

b) Mc Stupid

After our club meeting I went to a fast food restaurant. I often go there not only to eat some burger. I also go there to be on my own and to watch people. I was always trying to write stories in my free time and I read once that Hemmingway also sat in cafes and bars while writing his stories. So I did the same in a way. I sat down in a fast food restaurant in Quebec Ville and while I ate my stuff, I watched people going by. I also watched people behaving in the restaurant and talking about this and that.

Young families having their free time there. Young mothers bringing their kids in and having trouble to keep them under control. Dads coming in with their kids and doing the orders. It was always different and I was able to think about the world and nothing. Most of the time I was alone. In a way it became an addiction. Don’t know if it was the food or the fact that I was there watching other people and listening to their talk.

“May I have a seat?”

Girl-Power!

I was really surprised as suddenly someone began to talk to me as I sat there in a fast food restaurant after our club meeting. Normally the only talk I have in there is with the person behind the counter, when I place my order. But now someone was talking to me.

I looked up and saw a boy about my age, with a Latino look. He smiled at me and had a tablet in both his hands.

“Of course.” I answered and thought: “What do I do here? I don't know him and I offer him a place near me although there are still other places in the restaurant where he could have a seat.”

“I hope I don't offend you. But I saw you and you reminded me on Angelina Jolie.”

“Thank you!” I smiled and checked him out with my eyes.

He seemed to be my age and his body seemed to be slim and slender. His skin and face had a Latino touch and a big smile was taking place all over his face. I didn't know why, but I felt positive about him and although he was a stranger to me I wasn't able to think badly of him.

“May I ask what your name is?” he asked me between two bites of his burger.

“I'm Jenny. And you?”

“I'm Jose. I'm from Colombia!”

My burger fell almost out of my mouth and my hands. I went stiff and only stared at him.

“Really?” I asked him not believing what I just heard.

“Yeah, my parents came here some years ago, cause my Dad has an engineering job at a Canadian oil company.”

My knees went limp and I fell almost off my chair.

“Do you know Bogotá?” I asked him as I went back to earth.

“Yeah, I was born there. Why?”

“Because I and my friends need some help and we need some information about Bogotá and its inhabitants.”

“Well, I'm your man.” he answered and went a bit taller while sitting up.

“So, you will help us?” I asked him.

Girl-Power!

“Depends on what you want and how we will match.”

I shrugged back. “Match?” What had he in mind? I thought he perhaps wanted me to have a relationship with him.

I checked him again with my eyes. He was cute and not bad. But apart from his body there was no feeling within me that could be described as love. As it seemed to me now, he was pretty straightforward and he wasn't making a big thing out of it.

“May I ask how old are you?” he asked and blushed, cause he seemed to know that that question could cause trouble when asked to a girl or woman.

“I'm 16, and you?”

“I'm 17, but will become 18 in November.”

“Were you born in Colombia or here in Canada?”

“In Colombia. I came here when I was 15.”

I looked at him with some question written all over my face, so he went on:

“Before working here in Canada my Dad worked in Venezuela, but I lived at my grandparents in Bogotá, because they had the time and the wealth to give me a good childhood. At least my parents told me so.”

“Strange story!” I thought. But I replied: “Cool story!” to give him a nice feeling. I wanted to hold him a bit, such that he would help me with Sarah. Although the story seemed strange I needed his help and I didn't care about his background at that time.

“Were you born here?” he asked.

“Yeah.” I answered. “My Daddy came here from France and my mother was born in Vancouver. I'm able to talk French and English. At home we talk English most of the time.”

“Wow. I only know Spanish by heart in French and English I only know the everyday stuff.”

“I could perhaps help you. If you want to?”

“Yeah that would be nice. I think I have already seen you in school. Aren't you going to high school.”

“Yep, I do.”

“Cool.”

Girl-Power!

I told him about our club and told him what happened. He agreed to come over tomorrow to our club and promised me to help as much as he could.

c) Lovely Sleepover

In the evening the phone rang. It was Saskia, she asked me, if she could come over for a sleepover.

“It's a bit short notice, but I think it will go, if you want to sleep on my couch.”

“Yeah, I have no problem with that.” Saskia replied. “I'm used to that, cause my bed is in fact a couch.”

This surprised me, because I knew that Saskia's Dad was earning good money. He was a programmer at Oracle.

“Ok. When will you be here?” I asked her.

“In about 15 minutes, I think we should talk about our trip to Vancouver and should get to know each other a bit better before the trip, don't you?”

I agreed after I had a short chat with my mother and my mother also agreed.

As Saskia came over she had some chips and coke with her and we went to my room, to have a nice time.

“So what do you want to know about me?” I asked her after we had made ourselves comfortable on the couch. My eyes flew over her body. She was almost skinny in her outfit. She had a sweet face with a big smile on it. But her face had also a boyish feeling to it. I assumed that this impression of mine was coming of her new short haircut. She had short dark blond hair.

“When do we will go to Vancouver?” Saskia asked me and her feet touched my legs and stroked them.

“I think it'll be next Wednesday. Next court session is set for next Thursday. My father has already agreed that I and one of my friends can come with him.”

I explained to her, while I still felt her feet at my legs, stroking and caressing them softly.

“And how do you think we should do it in Vancouver?”

“I think, I will go with my dad in court and listen to what is said there. I also think, you could go where I was with Sarah and Sammy and look there for any information about Sarah. I will give you the address of Sammy's office and his apartment. I don't think he'll be there, but perhaps the people around there know something. Perhaps we will have to use our girl power, perhaps we won't

Girl-Power!

get anything. But I think we have to try it."

Saskia nodded.

Her feet went higher and touched my thighs. My pussy made herself heard by tickling a bit. I really felt a bit of lust coming up. She touched me so softly and so innocently that my body couldn't resist, but to give in.

"May I sit besides you on the couch?" I asked her and she nodded again. She took off her pullover and an innocent white top showed up. Her body was really skinny. She had almost a-cups as breasts and a very boyish look.

"Wow!" I exclaimed, " You look really cute. I like your outfit." I slowly and softly stroked over her straight belly that wasn't even there.

She had a soft, white skin. The white skin that had a little rosy shine to it, made her look even younger than she really was. If she hadn't been a girl, I would have said, she's a boy and would have fallen in love with her body.

"Have you ever done it with a girl?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Do you like my body?"

I nodded again and slowly moved forward to give her a kiss. She allowed me to kiss her and we joined in a first shallow kiss. We had never really kissed each other, only kisses of friendship on the cheeks. But this kiss was different. It was a kiss of passion and directly on the lips.

She hugged me and pulled me close. I could feel her warm body on my skin and I could feel how her legs moved again up my leg to get me into mood.

I allowed her to take off my pullover. I had also a white top beneath it. It was a bit ridiculous but in undies we seem to be almost twins. We seem to have the same taste. We hugged again and I stroked and caressed her back head.

I felt so comfy in her arms. It was almost as if I was cuddling with a boy. But she knew instinctively how to touch me and how to stroke me to start the feelings I needed to enjoy our sweet little love session.

"Do you have a dildo?" she whispered in my ear.

I nodded.

"Could you please get it, I need to be fucked."

I slowly released her from my hug and turn around to take my red dildo out of

Girl-Power!

my desk.

As I turned around again she had put taken down her trousers and slip. Her pussy showed openly at me. She had slightly spread her legs.

“I’m all wet, could you please be my guy.” she moaned.

It really hit me like a hit of sexual passion. My own juices began to flow and I had to open my own trousers first to get some fresh air to my pussy. It was already cooking hot and soaking wet. My girly tingle was working and one of my hands went instinctively between my legs to check out what was going on down there.

I knelt before Saskia and licked her with my tongue to taste her sweet pussy juice. I saw out how she began to play with her tits and she moaned like a cow. But the voice that was moaning there, wasn’t fitting to the body that was laying in front of me. It was a strange scene. But it made me hot and horny.

“Enter me!!! Fuck me!!!” she begged me moaning and spread her legs even more.

I slowly touched her pussy with my dildo and slowly pushed it into her pussy. After her pussy had sucked up the whole dildo I slowly removed it again. The dildo was all wet from her pussy juice. I sucked it into my mouth to taste her juices. They were all sweet and girly.

These juices were the reason why I liked to taste females; they were sweet and so sexy. Although they were sweet you couldn’t get fat from them. I began to giggle as this thought went through my mind.

“Fuuck Fuuuck me haaard!” she begged me again.

I began to fuck her rhythmically and in a suitable speed. Her pussy was so wet that it was no problem to fuck her. The pussy juice was as good as oil so that I had almost no resistance to overcome when I fucked her.

She had closed her eyes and moaned like hell. Her slim, skinny body was moved under the effect of passion and lust. Her hands played with her tits like mad and squished them as if they wanted to squeeze them for juice.

I also so horny that I tried to play with my clit while I fucked her with my dildo. It wasn’t easy but I got it to go. I was able get over her and present her my own pussy.

She began to lick me and finger my clit in passion.

I fucked her like mad and licked her sweet shaved pubic area together with her clit.

Girl-Power!

The warmth of passion and lust hugged our bodies and we were lost in satisfying our deepest desires. I felt the lust of days without sex building up in my body and a big wave of orgasm passion build up in my lower body and my pubic area.

“You are so sweet!!!” I exclaimed. And I only got a “Yessss,yesssss yessssssss!” as answer.

Saskia's body shook from orgasm and I pressed the dildo deep into her shaking body. I wanted her to enjoy these minutes of lust and passion as I enjoyed the orgasm she gave to me seconds later.

To be continued soon...