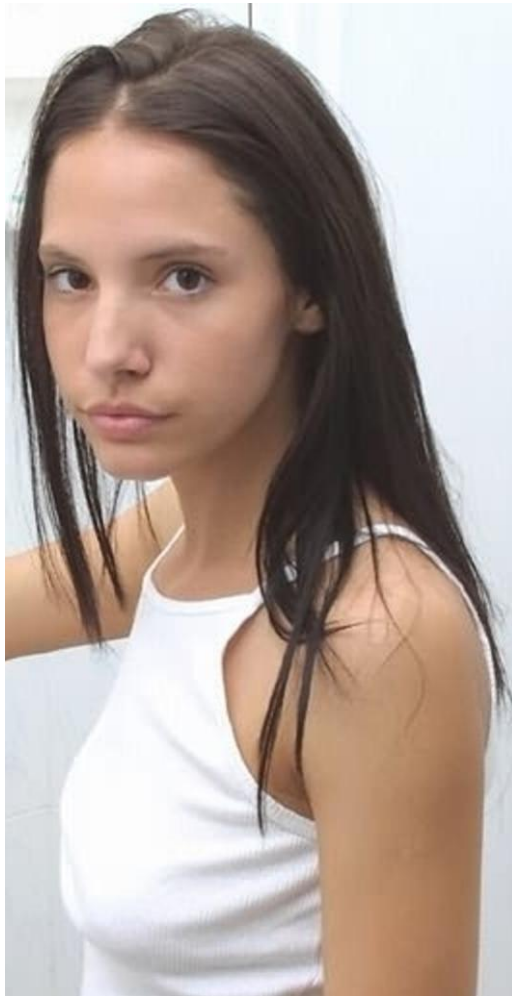


*Jenny Leblanc*

## **In Jail**

Second Chapter of „Bed-Bunny Detectives“



## In Jail

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Edited and corrected by Britbloke

**DISCLAIMER:**

**The events in this chapter never happened!  
This chapter is fantasy pure**

**WARNING**

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

## In Jail

### *a) Visiting Dad*

One week after my Dad was brought to justice, we were able to visit him in prison. We went there to talk to him about his defence in court and how to pay for the lawyer. Benjamin refused to come with us, he was still in shock and wasn't able to handle it so he refused to come with us.

Unfortunately in countries where the English law system is used it's not so much about what's right or what's wrong or what a code of law says, but it's about the best show in town. Its about who can pay the most for the lawyer such that he gets the best show in town.

In Canada there are two legal systems besides each other. In the English speaking states the English law system rules the jurisdiction. In Quebec not only the language is French but also the law system is according to the French law system. Which means that the whole thing is more about the interpretation of the code of law and to use it upon the case that is discussed within the court.

Unfortunately as I came to be my parents did not already live in Quebec but in Vancouver. So my Dad had to be transferred there within the next days and get his trial there.

My mother and me weren't able to go to Vancouver for the trial. I had to go to school and my mother had to go to work to get some money for living. So we decided to visit my Dad before the transfer and to talk to him before he was almost out of reach.

It was a strange feeling to go behind bars. I won't supposed to stay there and I was only a visitor, but nevertheless it made me think. Everything was cool and not very comfy. The officers gave orders to the prisoners and me and my mother were checked all over for unwanted things and gifts we would bring into the prison.

I felt so naked as the lady told me to take off all my clothes apart from my slip and then she checked all my body for something unwanted. I felt like a suspect and also a bit abused. The lady officer had also gloves on her hands such that the feeling on my skin wasnt that nice.

After all our clothes were checked and we had the chance to put our clothes back on, we were able to go into a big room with a lot of tables. Four officers were standing in the room each one at one wall of the room, such that nothing could happen without them discovering it.

We sat down at one table and soon my Dad was brought in. He was brought to our table and one of his hands was locked to the chair by using the handcuffs. So he had a pretty strange posture of his body. One arm was bound backwards because of that chain with the handcuffs and all chairs were fixed to the floor such that nobody was able to move them or use them as weapons.

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"You have 20 min.," the officer told us in a cold voice that had something of a mixture between a robot and a bodyguard.

I felt really uncomfortable with the situation but I tried not to show it.

"Hello, sweetheart!" my mother greeted my dad and blew him a kiss over the table.

"Hi Dad!" I greeted also my Dad, without doing anything.

My Dad only nodded as answer to our greetings. He was as pale as clean snow and my impression was that he had lost a lot of weight during these few days.

"When will you be transferred?" my mother asked and she tried to find my Dad's eyes to look deep into them. But my Dad's eyes went everywhere and nowhere. It seemed as if he was trying not to have to look into our eyes. It seemed as if there was something on his heart that he hadn't told us and that gave him a hard time during the last days.

"Dad? Is there something you want to tell us?" I asked him also trying to get in touch with him. He seemed to be there only physically but not at all mentally.

He still didn't react on our tries to get something out of him, but he only looked all over the place but not at us.

After some minutes of trying to talk to him, my mother stood up:

"If you don't want to talk to us then we have to leave!" I was able to hear that she was angry and sad about her husband at the same time. Some hot tears went silently and quick over her cheeks and her voice broke because of her sadness.

I also became angry and I was also short before weeping. But I tried to control myself and began to plead with my Dad:

"Dad we want to help you. But we cannot, if you don't help us with some information."

No reaction.

"Dad that's not fair. It wasn't easy to come here and I was checked in here like a murderer. I felt so used as they did that to me. But I went though it for you, because I love you!"

At that time my self-control was gone. I felt how the big thing within my throat that signalled me that I was short before weeping, took its effect. My eyes filled also with tears and my voice broke.

"Dad we wont see each other when you go on trial in Vancouver. I have to go to school and Mum has to work to get money for living. We also need to pay a lawyer. But we do all this because we love you. So please talk to us."

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As I also stood up to go. My Dad said as if it was nothing at all:  
“Look into the safe in my room. There you will find a letter that I wrote 5 years ago. In that letter you will find the truth. My friend Sammy will be my lawyer and he already has a copy of that letter. I will be back home soon.”

With these words he gave a signal to one of the officers by nodding that he wanted to go.. The officer came and opened the handcuff at the chair and went away with my Dad. He only gave us a nod with his head as a good bye.

### *b) Dad's Story*

As we arrived back at home Mum and I went straight to Dad's room. We opened his safe and found a thick blue envelope. Mum took it and we went down to the kitchen. There we sat down and she looked at the envelope. She seemed not to want to open the envelope. She seemed to know that not everything that was written in there was nice to know for her.

“Should I really open it?” she asked me.

“Yes, Mum, you should.” I said pretty sure that it was right to do it.

“But what if this destroys the marriage of me and your Dad?”

“Then it happens because of the truth and not because of any lie.”

She looked again at the envelope. Then she stood up to fetch a knife to open it.

I felt how some kind of excitement went through my body. I was excited because now I would get to know my Dad's view of the things that happened in the months before my birth.

My Mum slowly opened the letter and took out 3 pages of handwritten paper. It was obvious that it was my dad's handwriting. I went round the table and sat myself on the left side of my Mum and we read together what my Dad had written in there. The whole thing was written as a letter to my Mum:

“

Vancouver, May 1993

Dear sweetie,

When you read this, I wont be with you, because the police will probably put me into jail for what they think I have done. But I haven't it was my buddy Jack. But let me start from the beginning:

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I met Jack for the first time in 1980. Back we both were without job and we were thinking about how to make a fortune. Jack was always someone who doesn't care much about law. But he was also always a great buddy. When I had a problem with my studies and needed some money to continue, he gave it to me without any restrictions to it.

After that hot evening in the hothouse. I wasn't sure what to do next. It became even urgent as I got to know from you that you were pregnant. I had no money to give that child, our Jenny, a good home. But I always wanted to be a good Dad. Perhaps because I haven't got the possibility to live through these nine months of pregnancy, perhaps because I fell in love with my kids from the first second onwards.

So I went to Jack and asked him for help. But Jack wasn't able to help in the first place. But he offered me to ask around for a job for me. And he seemed to be successful. One week after I asked him, he called me that he would have a job for me. I asked him what job that would be. He told me that I should join a young lady for an evening in the theatre. The lady would pay me 100 bugs and if she liked me, she would engage me for a regular theatre visit. I was happy about it, because it was money earned easily. And I needed every bug to make you and our Jenny happy.

So I went to the theatre with that lady. She was really a sexbomb. With blond hair and a long dark dress and long slim legs. We saw "La Traviata" and afterwards she went into a bar with me, where we drank some Tequila. As I was drunk, she let out her real personality, she only wanted to have sex with me. She pressed me into it, by telling me that she wouldn't pay me if I wouldn't come with her and satisfy her sexual desires.

I did. Maria made me her willing slave and I had sex with her. But because she had made me drunk I didn't take care and Maria became pregnant also..."

My mother left the kitchen. It was too much for her. She began weeping and went into her bedroom to clean her nose and lay down to think over the things we had read already.

My brother came down.

"What happened with Mum?"

"Dad has written down before I was born and why he is in prison. But in that letter he writes that he had an affair with a woman called Maria. He made Maria also a child."

"Ooh my God." Benjamin exclaimed. "Is she ok?" he asked after short break.

"Well she's in the bedroom and weeps." I told him.

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"I will go and try to calm her down." Benjamin suggested. "Read the letter and try to find out if there is a hint how to get Dad out of prison, such that we could repair our family."

"Ok I will!" I promised him and went back to the kitchen to read the rest of the letter. And on the way back to my kitchen an idea went through my head: "What about if this would be the first case of the Bed-Bunny Detectives."

I sat down again at the kitchen table and began to read on:

"...and Maria became pregnant also. From then on she had me fully under control.

My ex-buddy Jack became the devil in person. I now got to know that they had planned to rob a bank. They wanted to do it through a tunnel. Maria had a garage for rent and I was now ordered to help them. I also was ordered to go with Maria into the theatre once a week to keep the good picture.

She told her friends that I was her boyfriend but I made sure that you never got to know it. I also told you that I had a job. In a way it was right, because it was hard work to dig the tunnel.

I tried to get out of the situation by refusing to work, but they told me, that they would tell you about Maria's kid that always brought me back to work, because I loved you so much.

As the tunnel was almost ready they told me when the whole thing should start. But I got no gloves for that day and they forced me to go with them. So I had to touch some things in the bank. I always tried to wipe my fingerprints off, I was pretty successful and because we three were giving each other an alibi the police closed the whole thing.

But unfortunately I lost a penny out of my pocket on that penny there was a fingerprint of me on it. But because they hadn't my fingerprints on file they weren't able to connect me with the thing.

Then last Wednesday Jack was charged with the murder of an old woman in Texas. They told him that he would get off the electric chair if he would help to shed some light into other crimes. So he began to sing. But he turned around some facts, such that I played his role in the whole thing. That's why they now have put me behind bars.

In order to get me free we have to find Maria and her little daughter. They are the key for everything. If they would talk and tell how it really was and if Maria's daughter would agree to make a test that I'm her father then it would be clear that Jack had lied.



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Sammy agreed to be my lawyer in case I'm charged and he is already on the case and looking for them. I have told him the whole case shortly before sitting here and writing this down. And I told him not to make anything public until necessary.

Sweetie, please believe you me, I love you. And I want to keep the family together. I know all this is a hard hit for you and I know that you will be disappointed of me, but I did it all to give you and Jenny a nice home.

Hope you will forgive me at any point of time in the future,  
Yours lovingly  
sweetheart"

### *c) Our First Case*

After I had finished reading I was shocked. My Dad had become a criminal only to ensure that Mum and me would have a nice and easy life. My feelings went up and down. On the one hand there was deep hate, because I wasn't able to forgive him the crime and the fact that he had slept with that Maria. On the other hand there was this feeling of love that said:  
"But he did it out of love."

But could love be an excuse for everything. If someone kills someone else only to secure a person which he or she loves. Is that evil or is it hero like? And if someone has a one night stand or perhaps more only to get 100 bugs for his family, is that ok?

I was confused and went into my parents' bedroom. Mum was still laying on the bed weeping. Her eyes were closed and her breath was irregular. Benjamin sat on the edge of the bed and caressed her cheeks and her hair. He said things like "Calm down, Mum. I'm here. We will get through this together. I love you Mum."

This was my brother! He was caring and very sensitive. He also was a family person. Without the family he was nothing and he himself had hard to work to get over the fact that Dad was now in prison.

I tipped on his shoulder and as he turned around, I whispered into his ear:  
"I have read the letter from Dad. There is a chance that dad may come free soon. But we have to do some research and we have to find some people to make a statement in court."

Benjamin nodded.

"I will go over to Annick's and talk with my friends about it. I'm sure they will help me and you to find out the truth."

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"Will I also get the letter to read."? Benjamin asked whispering.

I nodded then I caressed my mother's cheeks and said in my most soft voice:  
"Mum, we will get dad out there and then we will repair our family. I will get us some help. Ill be back this evening."

Mum stopped weeping for a short moment. Her whole face was showing the traces of her tears and her eyes were red from weeping all the time.

"Take care Jen. Be back soon! Love you Jen." More wasn't able for her. Her arm went over her eyes and I heard how she began weeping again.

I took my bike and went over to Annick. I went straight to the garage and up to the room of our club.

As I was standing before the door of the room I already heard the noise of moaning female humans. I was sure that there was a lot of sex going on in there.

I opened the door slowly and as quietly as possible. And I was right! Annick and Sarah were lying on the sofa, which was changed into a bed and were in the middle of hot lesbian sex.

Annick was between Sarah's legs and licked her pussy out like a cup of chocolate pudding. Sarah was lying on the sofa completely naked and her breasts were wiggling on her chest like little mounds as her body was shaking under the impressions of lust and passion, that was obviously flowing through her young body.

Sarah had closed her eyes. So neither Sarah nor Annick discovered that I had entered the room. Sarah's hands were playing with her own little boobs. To enhance her own passion and lust.

It's strange I came there to talk with them about some serious stuff, but in the minute I saw them both making love to each other, I felt this tickling in my body that made me wish to have some sexual excitement myself.

I sat myself quietly on a chair within the room and opened my jeans to get into my trousers and to be able to touch myself a bit.

In that minute I felt like an adult girl who was playing in an amateur porn film. But I was only 16 at that moment. So it gave me an extra kick and the things about my Dad were forgotten for those moments of excitement and lust.

My hand went into my slip and I began caress my pussy lips. They felt as soft and nice as ever. I went through my slit with one finger and the finger got wet as my own juices flowed from my sweet pussy juice that was already flowing over my pussylips. Afterwards I touched my clit with the moist finger that had my own pussy juice on it.

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My little girl's penis was hard and had put down its own cap. I could feel the excitement wash through my body as I began to touch my clit and rub it slowly and softly for a start.

After some sweet little rubs of my clit I pulled out of my slip and took off my shirt. It was a disturbing type of clothes at this stage of sexual excitement. I felt how the nipples on my titties were stiff like little soldiers out of zinc.

I felt the urgent feeling to touch also my titties and to play with them. I also got rid off my jeans to get a bit more space for my games within my slip.

Sarah and Annick had still no clue of me being there and watching them. But I wasn't in need to watch them anymore. I closed my eyes and let myself go. I tried to switch off and began to fantasize about something I always found very exciting.

This fantasy was playing within the locker room of the girls swimming team. I imagined how I was one of them and we all were standing in the room with all the showers. We were all naked and all of a sudden some of us had dildos and I fucked a nice girl with a green dildo. I fucked her really hot and she was all wet around her pussy. I saw some drops of pussy juice on her thighs very close to her pussy. She had cum that was obvious. This picture made me really horny.

My whole real body began to feel hot and sweaty. I felt warm and secure. I forgot that I wasn't alone in our clubroom. But I heard Sarah's moans and I included them in my fantasy.

Slowly but steadily I began to enter my own treasure with two fingers. It was an awesome feeling. It really felt pretty hot and moist in there. It had been quite some time until I had given myself such a job.

I softly moaned and my thumb began to rub over my clit, while I tried to move the fingers within my pussy. It really blew my head and I felt how my body was taken over by passion and sexual excitement. I wasn't able anymore to think of something different than sex, orgasm and pussy juice.

In my fantasy I now saw my brother coming into the room with us girls showering and in the next second he fucked a girl who looked like Sarah. They were doing it standing and Benjamin stood behind that girl and they had what I would call a slow afternoon fuck.

All of a sudden I was alone with this girl and Benjamin and they had sex under the shower, while I fucked myself with a dildo.

I felt my real body stiffen and I felt how a wave of orgasm was building up in my pussy area. I went faster with my pussy fuck and my rubbing of my clit went harder and more excited.

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I felt how my clit went back under her hat. Then my body lifted off like a rocket. I went from earth to heaven and back in some seconds. My whole body stiffened and my belly showed some irregular breathing because of the milking motions of my pussy. Intuitively my legs went together and I locked my hand between my legs.

As I opened my eyes and looked over to my friends on the sofa, I was surprised to see them lying on it and watching me doing myself.

I smiled.

“Hi, I was infected by your lesbian play.”

“Yeah we saw it.” Sarah answered giggling.

“So what's up?” Annick asked giggling too.

“Well, my dad is in prison and our club will help to get him out there!”

*To be continued soon...*