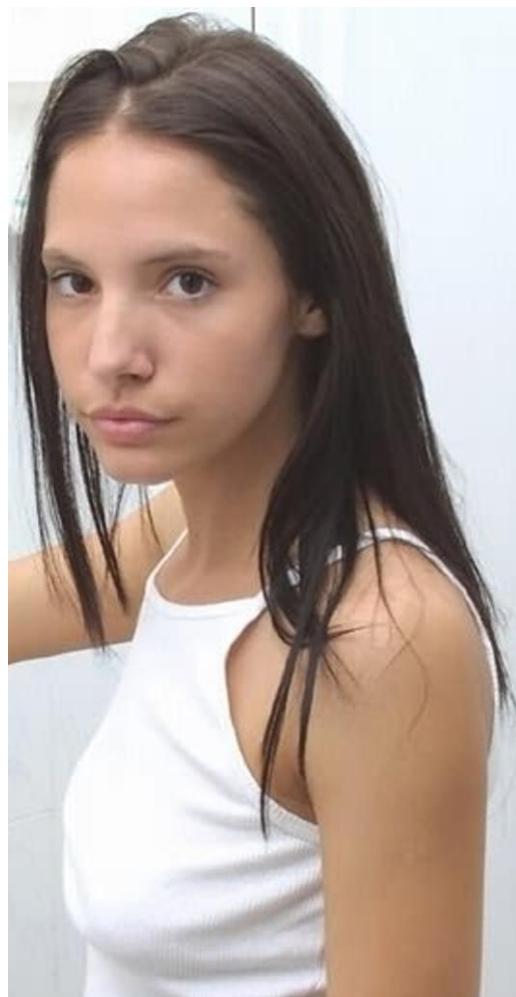


Jenny Leblanc

# Long Way Home

Fourth Chapter of „Bed-Bunny Detectives“



# Long Way Home

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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**

## Long Way Home

### *a) With Sammy*

Sammy went to his black BMW where he let us sit on the back seat. He switched on the radio and locked our doors.

I felt not at all comfortable. Sarah was also shaking all over her body. She had put on her normal clothes again. But she was pale as a sheet. I held her hand and I tried to look strong. But I was as able to be hurt as Sarah and I wasn't sure if Sammy really was the person we should trust.

"Ladies, do you have any preferences for dinner?" Sammy asked like a happy Daddy, who wants to do all the best to his daughters. But he wasn't our Daddy and he wasn't the person I wanted to have as my Daddy.

"Just buy some burgers. That's ok." I suggested. But my stomach wasn't in the mood for any kind of food. I felt close to vomiting and I had to fight to look normal.

He drove into a drive in of a famous burger shop and bought a while bunch of cheeseburgers plus a coke for each of us.

I thought shortly about giving the woman at the drive in counter a sign, but unfortunately the counter was on Sarah's side of the car and even if I would have had the chance. It was almost impossible to give her a sign because he was fixed on the driver and the exchange of food against money. What happened on the back bench wasn't of her interest.

After having bought the burgers, Sammy drove into a parking lot and opened the bag with the burgers.

"Hmmm, I love cheeseburgers!" he stated with a big grin on his face. Then he gave Sarah and me a cheeseburger and coke each.

"Happy eating Ladies!"

I only nodded as thank you. Sarah did nothing in reply. She put the cheeseburger on her lap without unwrapping it. She just made some small sips on her coke.

Although I had almost no appetite, I slowly unwrapped the burger and tasted some small pieces of the burger. It tasted like every other burger, but I wasn't able to enjoy it in any way.

Sammy doesn't seem to notice all that. He sat there in the front of the car and ate his burger. His mouth seemed to inhale the burgers one after another. While I made two sips on my coke, he ate a whole burger. His cheeks blushed and a big grin was showing all over his face.

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After that small burger break, we went into his apartment at the other end of the town. Sammy lived in a big block of nice apartments. But my eyes weren't seeing it.

"So Ladies, you have to excuse me for a while, I have to bring some things in order. You both may have a seat in the living room."

I nodded, not knowing if I should have fear or if I should trust him. We sat there on the couch in the living room like a female clone of Stan and Olli. But our faces weren't telling jokes. Our faces were painted with fear and not knowing about the near future.

All of a sudden Sammy came back in.

"Ok Ladies, let's go to the Police department. I'm now able to pay the bail and they already wait for us to look for Mr. Leblanc."

Some hope rushed though my mind. I thought that now we would leave immediately for the police department. But Sammy sat down and grinned.

"I think we have still some business to finish before leaving for the police office."

He offensively opened the zip of his trousers.

"I love to have young flesh for dinner."

Sarah pressed my hand like mad. My hand had to feel like an orange that had had all its juice squeezed out. It hurt, but I didn't felt it, because I wasn't able to realize it. My mind was smoking and turning like mad. I thought about how to get out of this situation as good as possible.

"Would you change our promise against some money?" I asked with a lot of fear in my voice.

"Why should I?" I answered short and with an even bigger grin on his face.

"Because my Dad is able to pay you more than you have ever dreamed of." That was a lie. My Dad was person who earns a normal wage. We weren't very rich. Just rich enough to be able to buy a standard house and a family car. But I thought, if there is anything that keeps him from abusing my friend Sarah, it could only be money.

Sammy seemed to believe my lie. He seemed to really think about my offer.

"How much would he pay me?"

"How much do you want?" I asked back. Knowing that he wouldn't ask just for 10 bucks.

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“10.000 Dollars and a refund of the bail.”

“How much was the bail?”

“20.000 Dollars”

“That makes 30.000 Dollars, right?”

“No.” he answered and put a gun on the table before him.

“What else do you want?”

“Your friend. I won't hurt her. But I want her as bail for the money.”

I was shocked.

“But you will get the money. I promise! And you said we could go.”

“Yeah, but I changed my mind and with this little weapon I make the rules in here.” he pointed at the gun and grinned again. I began to hate this grin. His mouth became so big, really good for triple burgers.

“Ok what are the rules now?”

“You and I will go to the police department. There I will pay the bail for your Dad. Afterwards you will leave Vancouver with your Dad and ask your Dad to pay the money. Otherwise...”

He pointed at Sarah with the gun.

Big tears went over Sarah's cheeks. But we had no choice. So I gave in. For good-bye I left Sarah with 10 bucks, just in case she needed it. I gave it to her while giving her a hand to stand up from the couch. We hugged and Sammy locked Sarah in the kitchen.

### *b) Getting Home With Dad*

Sammy and I went to the police office and he really paid the bail for my Dad. He said no word about Sarah and the money to my Dad. He was a great actor before the holy God. He suggested to my dad that he would be the best friend. He gave my dad a little money for the hotel, such that he and I could stay another day. He also told us where to go and how to get to the airport.

His behavior made me almost vomit. This acting was so bad and this smile on his face was so false. If I hadn't been a girl I would have knocked him out right in the police department.

## Long Way Home

After Sammy left us alone for the night in the hotel, I had to talk with my Dad. It wasn't easy, but I had to do it. I always had to think of Sarah. What would Sammy do with her? I swore to myself, that if he would hurt her, he would pay for it.

"Dad, I have to tell you something."

"Ok, Sweety, shoot."

"This Sammy isn't what you think he is."

"Why? He has paid my bail and he doesn't want anything from me."

"Wrong, he wants 30.000 dollars from you and he has my friend Sarah in his hands and if you don't pay he will hurt Sarah."

I saw how my Dad went mad. His face went red and he paced quickly up and down the room.

"Oooh this fake of a pig. This arse hole!!! This...." He threw a lot of bad names at Sammy and not all names were good for my ears. But I overheard it, because it was also an expression of my anger.

"What will we do now Dad?" I asked him, knowing that there was no good answer for it.

"First we will leave this place. I know it will be hard for you. But I have to get home to fetch some money, such that we could at least try to bail out Sarah."

"Ok." I nodded.

"Then we will come back and look for him and his bloody face. He will get the money, but he will lose some teeth. I swear before the holy bible I will treat him well." I knew that this well wasn't meant in its true sense. I only thought ouch by myself, because I knew that my dad wasn't weak and if Sammy wouldn't have a gun, it would be almost in favour of my Dad.

"But Dad, he has a gun. And you are out on bail. So don't even think about it."

"Damn the bail, damn the gun. He has a child as bail for getting some money and that's not fair."

"I think this whole game isn't fair." I interrupted him in his anger. "It seems you have to tell me something about the real things, before we can talk about fairness."

My Dad shut up. He sat down besides me and hugged me close.

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“Sweety if I tell you everything you are in danger. So please don't ask me to tell you everything. Just let me do my thing.”

“Damn Dad!” I exploded. “That's what got you in all of this. You have to tell everything and you have to stand up for what you have done. Only then you can get out of this.”

“Sweety I can't!” he raised his shoulders and looked into my eyes.

“Why?” I shouted back and tears filled my eyes. I tried to shake him and to wake him up such that he sees the real situation.

“Because I have given my word and I don't want to break it!”

“Dad, your word stands against the life of Sarah!”

“Sweety this isn't a game or a film. These guys do kill people without thinking about it. I know it was a mistake to get in there, but now I can't get out without loosing my life.”

“Why? You can go to the police and tell them everything!”

“They have their people everywhere also in the prisons.”

“Dad! What have you done? What have they told you back then? Who are these people?” I felt like an empty whole all of a sudden there were so many questions my Dad had to answer me. But I also felt helpless. I wasn't able to get Sarah out there without the help of my dad or the police. But my dad was only thinking about himself and the police wouldn't believe me.

“By the way Dad, what will you tell Annick's Dad about Sarah, because I will tell him what happened and then he will have a lot of questions for you.”

“He can ask me. I will tell him the truth he needs to understand, but I cannot tell him the whole story. Sorry sweetie, but you have to trust me in this case.”

“Trust you!” I almost fell off my feet. “ How can I trust you. You join these people only to give me and my Mum a nice future and you lie about it for 16 years. And now your damn life counts more than that of my best friend who wanted to help you out. Dad how can I trust you now? How?” I let my body fall on the bed and wept like a little baby. Big hot tears went over my cheeks and I wasn't able to think any straight thought anymore.

“Sweety I don't think it makes any sense to argue about it anymore. Let's go to bed. We have to catch the plane tomorrow.”

We went to bed. But I wasn't able to sleep. I was angry at my Dad. I was sad about his denial to tell me what happened and the truth about his past. I also had to think of Sarah all the time.

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On the flight back to Quebec City, we both were quiet. My dad was reading a newspaper, he doesn't seem to care about my feelings. For him it seemed as if I was the stupid little girl who had her period. I really hated him for this attitude at that moment and wished him hell, but at the same time I wished myself back into the past where everything seemed to be whole and peaceful.

Short after arriving at home I went up to my room and gave Annick a call. I told her what happened. She promised to call the whole club together, such that we could have a meeting together tomorrow. He also said that she would tell her Dad, such that he knows also what happened.

I heard how my parents had an argument that seemed to have gotten out of control. They shouted at each other. My mother didn't seem to understand my dad too.

### b) *Urgent Meeting*

The next day I went straight to Annick's home after school. I felt an urgency in my belly. I needed to talk with my friends about it and I needed to make a decision, what to do next.

As I entered our club-room. Only Annick and Anna were there. I was really surprised, because on the phone Annick promised me to get all the others together.

"Where are the rest of us?" I asked in surprise, without any hi or so.

"Hi, Jen!" sorry but the others weren't able to come.. They had to prepare themselves for an exam in school. But they promised to help out, if we need their help."

"Ok." I was relieved and sat down on the couch. Then I told them the whole story about my trip to Vancouver again.

It was like a relief to tell it again. I felt a bit freer after I had finished my story. It was a bit like giving the stone forward to another person. Annick listened carefully and I could see that she really cared about every little thing. I saw in her eyes that she wanted to do something to free Sarah as much as I wanted to do it. But she seemed to have has many questions as I had.

"So what do we do next, Ladies?" Anna asked around, as I had finished my story.

"I have an idea." Anick surprised me. " I will ask my dad tonight to give us a look into the whole thing. I think he can mange something, such that we get a bit more information and a few more names to ask for information."

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“Good idea!” Anna agreed with her sister. I wasn't so enthusiastic about it. The crime happened in Vancouver and Annick's dad was here in Quebec, so I wasn't so sure about getting some information about it. But it was Sarah and he had taken care about Sarah just some weeks ago. So I just put my trust in him. It was hard, because my Dad had abused my trust too much.

“Jen, you have to relax. Today you can't do anything at the moment.” Annick tried to calm me down.

“But Sarah...”

“I know Jen. But my dad has to be home before we can do anything and he won't be home before 7pm.”

“Ok. I will try to relax. But it's hard.”

I know.” Annick agreed with me and opened her arms to give me a hug.

I accepted the offer and let myself fall into her hug. It was nice to feel a friend caring about me. Annick stroked my back and gave me the calm and assurance back that some friends are really worth the trust.

“Thank you for helping me.” I whispered into Annick's ear. “That is what I needed most.”

“Jen, you know, that's what the club is about.” Annick gave me a shallow kiss on my cheek and from behind Anna came also and hugged us both. Now I was sandwiched between two sisters and felt so secure. But at the same time I had to think of Sarah. How would Sammy treat her? Where would she be now? Would she be fine? All these questions were killing me.

“Jen?”

“Yes.”

“Do you wanna take a bath?”

“A bath?”

“Yeah, during your trip to Vancouver over the weekend, our Dad built in a bath in this club-room.”

I was surprised and looked around and found the new door. I hadn't noticed the door before, because my thoughts were somewhere else.

“Can I have a look?” I asked, because my curiosity was awake now.

“Of course!” Ann replied with a smile and they lifted their hug to let me go.

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I stood up and went to the door and had a look into the new bathroom. It was nice and pink, with a big bath-tub and a nice loo.

"Wow, cool. I would like to test it. Could I?"

"Of course!" Annick replied with a big smile on her face. "Should I help or will you find everything on your own."

"I think I will find on my own." I said in appreciation of the bath and closed the door behind me.

I took off my clothes and let the water into the bath. I also found some nice perfume for the bath.

As I stepped into the bath a nice warmth went through my body the warmth of relaxation. My mind went empty and I sat down and leaned back. My whole body was covered with warm nice smelling water.

I switched off the water and closed my eyes. Silence covered the room and I only heard the water in the bath slowly moving. I slowly touched my belly and stroked myself. It felt nice and relaxing.

I thought of my last vacation with my parents. I thought of a lonely island where I wanted to lay on the beach. A cool drink on my right side and a cool beach boy on the other side.

In my thoughts this beach boy had only a face and a body. No pubic area, no legs. But the six-pack belly was really sexy and somewhere deep within me something woke up. All of a sudden there was this sexual warmth that slowly made it's way through my body.

My hands went up my body and I began dreamingly to play with my own tits. They felt so nice and smooth. I liked to touch myself at that moment. I had forgotten for some moments that Sarah wasn't secure yet. But at this moment my body wanted some attention. It cried out for some caresses.

The nipples of my breasts were already standing on the hills of my tits. These little soldiers were standing there straight and giving my fingers two nice toys to play with.

One of my hands moved back down to my belly-button. I shallowly circled around my belly-button. I liked that feeling. I was ticklish around there, but it was a sweet tickling. A tickling that made me want more.

I could feel how my girlhood was waking up and slowly making her voice heard. I felt some warmth between my legs. Now the beach boy in my dream also became a pubic area and a slip. He had a nice dick within his slip and I was surprised how easy my imagination had put it into my dream.

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The other hand of mine went between my legs and I softly touched my clit. It had gone hard and it looked though its cover.

Knock knock.

“Jen I need to talk to you, now.”

It was Annas voice that interrupted my dream.

“Ok come in.” I answered and opened my eyes. But I really was a bit angry about that disturbance.

“Jen! Sammy has left the country! He took a plane towards Colombia!”

“Where is Sarah?” I asked as my first thought went out to her.

“Nobody knows!”

*To be continued soon...*