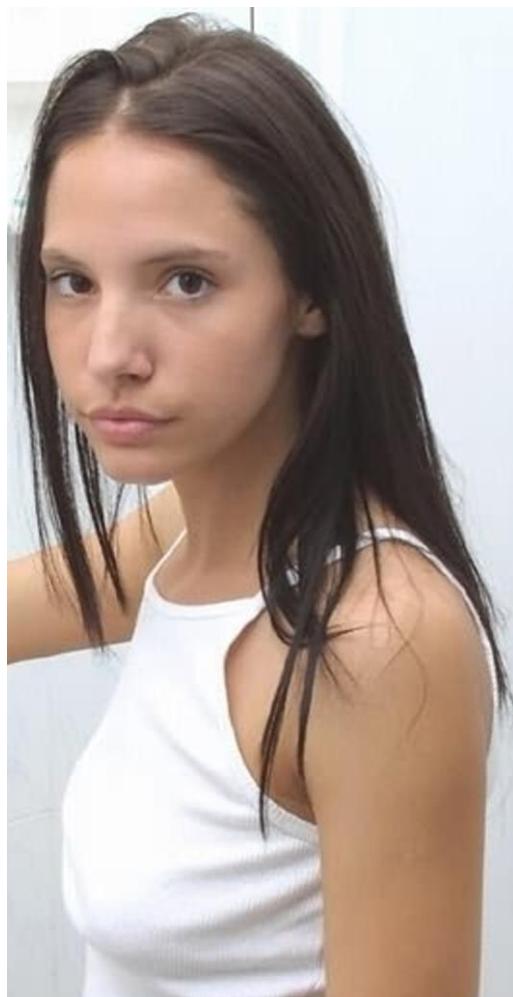


*Jenny Leblanc*

# Sarah's Return

Seventh Chapter of „Bed-Bunny Detectives“



## Sarah's Return

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## **WARNING**

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

## Sarah's Return

### *a) Preparations, messed up*

Although I felt a need to help my Dad and to go with him to Vancouver, where he would stay in jail until his trial, I also felt a need to give Sarah a warm welcome, when she would return. So I decided to go to the club and prepare Sarah's welcoming party with them and follow my Dad some days later, when he would have his trial.

As I came into our club room, all members were already there apart from Sarah. They were all sitting around the coffee table and talking about, but as I came in they stopped as if lightning had struck.

“Hey, what's up? What were you talking about?” I asked not expecting the answer that came.

“We are talking about if our club will stay on.” Anna said openly although I saw signs from annick and Saskia, telling Anna to shut up.

I was shocked, because I hadn't expected that. But I stayed calm, which wasn't easy for me.

“Why is that? It hasn't to stay a sex-club, but just stopping the whole thing?” I asked pretty curious on the answers, now that I seemed to know what they were talking about.

“Well, it's also, because the club isn't really the club we intended it to be as we strated the whole thing.” Annick tried to answer my open questions. “ It was intended to be a fun club, but now it's more about the crimes of your father's past then about us. I personally wouldn't care about it, but as soon as a good friend of me like Sarah gets involved. It gets personal.”

“Is that my fault?” I asked, because everyone looked at me and the faces all seem to tell me it's all because of you.

“No,” Saskia tried to calm down my emotions,” but Annick tried to describe what we feel...”

“I'm sorry.” I interveaned. “I only told what happened as the police first arrested my father and you all offered your help. And now you telling me indirectly I'm not wanted anymore?”

“Jen, now you lift off. We never said that...”

“I know what you said..” I recognized that I had begun to speak louder. My emotions took control over my voice. I took a break and calmed down, then I began calmly again:

“I know, what you wanted to tell me. But i remember that it was the club which

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offered me the help. And it was Sarah's own choice to do what she did. I never said her or begged her to do it."

Again I took a break, because my voice went loud again and I didn't want to get loud talking to my friends. That is a principle I tried to follow all my life until now.

"It was Sarah's idea to talk to Sammy as she did. I know, you all weren't there and you haven't lived though that moments, but it wasn't fun."

"Jen, I'm sorry, but we are not interested in that story." Anna interrupted me.

I was stunned. I just stood up silently and went out. I got nothing and I said nothing.

I felt a big aching thing in my throat and I felt how tears shot in my eyes, as I went down the road. I used my sweatshirt and tried to dry my eyes with it, the hard way, without taking care of the small blacklines I had drawn around my eyes to give them a bit more expression.

I went silently, not knowing where to go. Even my parents' home wasn't right in that moment, because as soon as my Mom would have seen me in that condition, she would have asked questions and would have been around me for the rest of the day. She was a caring person, but sometimes she hit my nerves, when it was too much.

I went to a cafe nearby and sat myself down to drink a hot chocolate. It was indoors and pretty public, such that I was able to see who went by. But it was almost anonymous, because in this quarter I knew almost no one apart from Annick's family.

My brain was empty. I just looked out the window and watched the people go by. I wasn't able to think a straight thought. There was nothing left from that hole world I lived in some weeks ago. My Dad was in prison because of his past, waiting for his trial. My friends kicked me out of her club at least for some time. They hadn't said it, but I knew to read between the lines.

"Why me?" I thought. "What did I do wrong? And when?" I wasn't able to give an answer on my own questions and there was no one to answer them for me.

"Am I really that egoistic? Would an egoist care about his friends? No, he wouldn't. Did I overstretch my friendships and asked for too much? Perhaps, but they offered it to me."

A sporty young boy, about my age passed by the window.

"Nice ass, that guy has." I thought by myself, immediately switching the topic, as it sometimes happens, when you are thinking for yourself.

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"I guess he rides horses. His ass is more round than normal male asses. Stupid guess, but perhaps there is something to it... Wow, that woman's ass is big. Holy shit, if she sits down, she has her own couchen with her.... What the hell does this guy like at her? Her big hanging tits. They look like living milk-bottles. It must be her personality or perhaps gravity... Gravity keeps the earth circling around the sun and the moon around the earth, so why not that slim guy around that fat woman... Hopefully she doesn't ride him in bed, I don't think he would survive that"

I smiled.

"Missionary is like climbing a mountain, if the guy has to do it with that woman... hey nice jeans, that girl wears. I think they would fit me too. I have to go shopping with sarah as soon as possible...Heavens! Sarah, I forgot to prepare something for her...4pm, well I have still time to find something...Love must be awsome..."

A young teenage couple kissed each other before the cafe I sat in. One could almost see how their tongues were flicking around in their mouths.

"What the hell are thy doing?... Is he throat-fucking her with his tongue?...Perhaps they wanna have an entry in the guiness book for the longest tongue-kiss. "

After some minutes of watching them and making fun, I stood up and went.

### *b) Reunion with Sarah*

In the afternoon, I went to Annick's home again. Not to see Annick but to see Sarah again. I had bought her a yellow t-shirt with a cute cat on the front saying: "Welcome home."

The door opened after some moments of waiting after I had rang the door bell. Anna showed up:

"Jen?!"

"Is Sarah already back?"

"Yeap, but not available for you."

"Huh??" I really wasn't understanding what Anna wanted to tell me.

"She wants not to be disturbed." Anna repeated in a way as if I had asked her for the 10<sup>th</sup> time.

"But...?" I was empty again. This wasn't what i expected it to be.

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"Well, Jen, I have things to do. See you tomorrow in school."

The door closed. I had the present for Sarah still in my hands and I was just stunned.

"What the hell is going on here?"

I felt angry and disappointed. I had hoped to see Sarah at that moment and hug her. But I only got a pretty ugly smack in the face from Anna.

"Are these people really my friends?.. What do they think, they are able to do with me?... Do I have to accept it?"

I went the same way as before, but this time I didn't go for the cafe. I went home.

There was nobody at home as I arrived. I went straight up to my room where I fell onto my bed.

"Is this fair?... As grandpa always says in hard times you will know who are your real friends... Damn, how right he is. And I thought they were my friends."

The doorbell rang.

I stood up and went to the door, but there was no one there anymore. Only a envelope lying on the doorsteps of my parents' house.

"For Jenny" it said in big letters on the front of the envelope.

"What the hell is this?" I thought and went back up to my room, where I opened the letter. The letter inside the envelope was hand-written and it was without a doubt Sarah's hand-writing.

"Hi Jen,

I know you were at Annick's home to welcome me back home. But I wasn't in the mood for welcoming you. It's because I have to go back to Vancouver tomorrow to help the police fetch Sammy. Annick's Dad wants it this way. He says that I'm more secure there, where the police can put me in custody, than here where Annick's Dad only can take care of me in the evenings. But they said, I could choose a person to come with me. And I chose YOU!"

I took a break.

"She wasn't in the mood to welcome me, but she wanted me to join her in police custody???... Do I have to understand it?... Do I really want to do it, after all that happened today?"

I resumed reading.

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"I know, you are a bit pissed about the thing at the door today, but you have to believe me. It wouldn't have been a joy for you, even if I would have let you in, because i was tired and there is a police officer with me, who has strict orders. We wouldn't have been alone. But if I go back to Vancouver they will put us into a 5 star hotel, where we will have our own room and the police will stay outside. Only bad thing is that we have to stay in the room for the hole time, that I have to stay there. Which is unkown till now.

Now you know my reasons and you know what i am able and allowed to tell you. If you wanna join me in the hotel, you only have to be at Annick's house tomorrow at 4 am in the morning.

Hope to see you then,

in friendship  
yours  
Sarah"

"4 am in the morning!! 5 star hotel! No knowledge about how long!" These were the things that shot through my brain after I had read that letter. Now I was devived.about what I should do. I really thought it could be funny to be alone with sarah in a hotel-room. On the otherside there was this no time- limit known and no leaving. It was like knowing that you have to sit in a golden cage for an unforeseeable time. What do you do?

I remembered the fact that I was told that she came here with a police officer joining her. So I believed what she wrote and it was her hand-writing, that was obvious for me.

The key went at the front door.

"Hi Jen!"

My Mum was home.

"Mum?!" I stood up and went down to say hello and talk to her.

"How is Sarah?" Mum asked me, cause i told her that I would go welcome her.

"I haven't seen her, yet."

"Huuh???" My Mum had the same question-marks on her face as I must have had as i stood before Annick's house.

"But she has written me a ltter in which she invits me to come back with her to Vancouver."

I gave my Mum the letter and she sat down at the citchen table to read it.

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"You have to join her!" my Mum exclaimed as she had finished reading the letter.

"?????" I was surprised about this fast decision. In every other case my Mum was the last person to make a fast decision.

"Would you explain? I don't understand, why do I HAVE to."

"Because you were with at sammy's appartement, so in a way you are also in danger. I beg you go with her."

"And school?"

"I will talk to them."

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At 4 am the next morning I was at Annick's house for the third time and this time I went there without any expectations. My face was still in stone from yesterday's experiences.

I rang and Sarah opened.

"Hi, nice to see you:" she welcomed me as if there had nothing happened. "Nice you decided to come with me."

"Hi" I answered with a cool voice and I ignored her open arms to hug me. "I only do I, because my Mum begged me to do it."

"Hey I know it wasn't nice for you yesterday, but..."

"But what? I try to say hello to you and the only thing I got was a letter."

"Jen, don't forget I was with you in vancouver to help YOU. And now i think you have to be a bit more thankfull and calm down"

"Thankfull? For what? You have given me nightmares, because you were with Sammy. I tried my best to get you back. And by the way you joined me, because you said you would do, not because I asked you to."

"Jen, you are unfair.

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### *c) 2 Girls in a Hotel*

The rest was silence.

Sarah didn't change a word during our flight to Vancouver. It was ice-age between the two of us.

After we arrived at the hotel, Sarah demonstratively took her things and went to the sofa where she prepared everything to sleep on that sofa.

"Hey, you don't have to sleep on the sofa."

"No I don't want to lay in bed besides someone who doesn't know when it is time to say thank you."

"Huh??? I'm sorry, but I'm tired, would you please stop this childish game and sleep in the bed that is there for you."

"No."

"Did you ever thought about the fact that it was me, who helped you get away from your Dad. And did you say thank you? And as I stood yesterday before your house, who wasn't able to give me at least a hello?"

I stopped and looked at her, waiting for a reply.

"I bought you a t-shirt as welcome-back present and I wanted to give it to you. I have it with me. But neither am I in the mood for giving it to you now nor do you deserve it.".

"So what the hell brought you here." Sarah asked me furiously.

"My Mum, because she thinks I am also in danger, cause I was also at Sammy's. Remember?"

Silence.

My whole body was shaking. I was angry and the whole thing made me mad. I would have liked to run out of the door and go straight back home. But my Mum was right with her thoughts and I didn't want to mess it up also with her.

I went to the bathroom and prepared myself for bed.

As I reentered the livingroom of our hotel-room, Sarah was already in her sofa-bed. I didn't say any further word and went to my bed.

The hotel-room was very nice. If they wouldn't pay for it, I wouldn't be able to live in a hotel-room like this in my whole life. 5 star hotel and a hotel suite for two teenage girls.

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I lay down in the bed that was supposed to be for me.

"In a way this hotel-room looks like a hotel-room in these porn-videos." I thought. "A lot of gold and everything looks very, very rich. I bet a night in here would normally cost about 1500 bucks."

I looked around. The room had a high ceiling and I wasn't able to hear anything from neighbour rooms or suits.

"How many people have had sex in this bed?..."

The springs of the bed were a bit noisy, so if they would go into action, you would atleast hear the bed moving. But I guessed that the walls were thick enough to cover up such a noise.

"I wonder if they have a porn-channel on TV here?" I asked myself and turned on the TV to zap around a bit. After watching some funny comedy series, I heard some moaning from next door. But it was from another suit, it was Sarah.

I took a look in the living-room and it was really her. She had also a TV in there and she was watching a porn-movie, while she touched herself between her nice teenage legs.

"At the moment we dont talk with each other, but we still seem to think the same way." I thought by myself and smiled.

My own little pussy was also in touching mood.

"It had been a while since my last orgasm...If sarah is enjoying herself i can do it too..."

I also switched on the porn-channel. It was a hardcore film without much of a story. Even if there was a story I didn't get it, because I turned the volume down.

I felt a bit horny and the bit of public I had by being in a hotel-room turned me on. But I wasn't the person who made everyone know, that I have sex.

My hands began to touch my breasts and stroke them, while I watched a young couple fucking like bunnies in an empty horse stable.

"Would have been nice to have a male part also in this room." I thought. "My little treasure hasn't seen a penis for quite some time. But today I think also my fingers will do the job."

I slowly entered my treasure with two fingers, to feel my own sexual desire. I was already beginning to get wet and my pussy was as hot as ever.

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"Damn, now I know what I forgot.." I said to myself. "i should have put my dildo into my luggage.... oooohhhhhh, good heavens, my clit is horny today."

I slowly stroked over my little nipple of lust with one of the wet fingers out of my pussy. My clit had already left her little hood and stood straight in her place.

I began to rub it slowly and lusty. My eyes closed and I began to relax and enjoy the warmth of lust and pleasure roling though my body.

BANG

A shot made me stand in my bed.

*To be continued soon...*