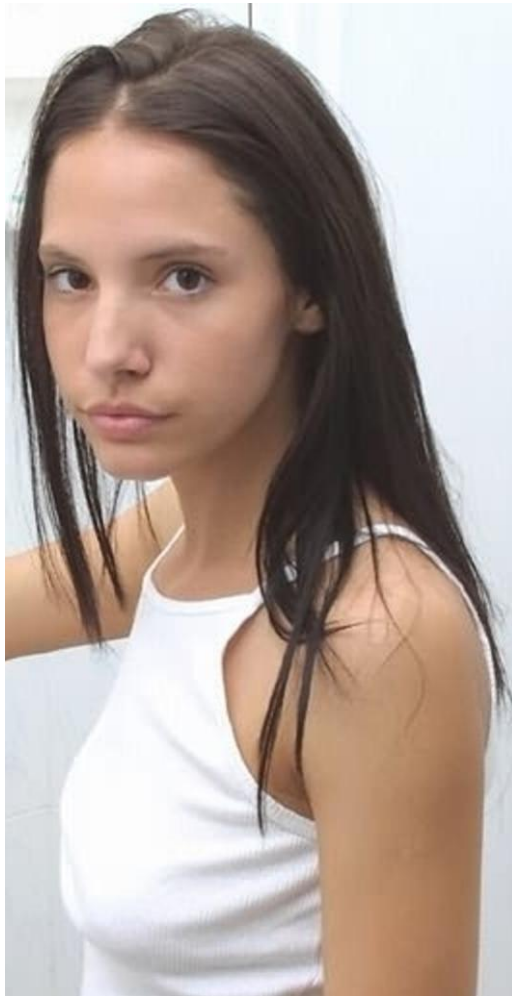


Jenny Leblanc

Talking to Sammy

Third Chapter of „Bed-Bunny Detectives“



Talking to Sammy

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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**

Talking to Sammy

a) Finding Sammy

"Your dad is in prison?" Sarah asked in surprise. "What did he do?"

"As I understood it, he did rob a bank to after he got to know that my mother was pregnant with me." I explained to them.

"Wow. That has to be hard for you to get to know the whole thing now, the hard way."

"Yeah!", I agreed with Sarah, "But my dad says that he is innocent and that he will prove it before the court. He said a friend of his called Sammy would know more about it. So I want to find this Sammy."

"The club will help you!" Sarah stated and continued:
"How did your Mum take it? Did she know about it?"

"She is in tears and Benjamin is trying to calm her down. It seems she didn't know anything about it and took her by surprise."

"I think Benjamin will do a great job, so we can take care of Sammy."

"Yeah! I know that his family are still living in Vancouver and that he hasn't moved from there. So the area to search is not very big. I also know his surname, so we could find him by asking his family about his address."

"Or we could just make a call and ask for his telephone number." Sarah suggested.

"Yeah we could do it. But I want to talk to him face to face. He has to explain some things to me." I explained to Sarah.

"So what should we do in your opinion?" Sarah asked impatiently.

"I think two of us should take a flight to Vancouver during the weekend and find Sammy and have a talk with him."

"A flight to Vancouver? Do you know what that costs? Not to mention that we have to have a room in a hotel to stay over night." Sarah exclaimed.

"Yeah, I know" I calmed her down." But I have some savings that would pay for all this."

The moment I said that I knew that it would bring me hell in a few years, because these savings were meant to pay for my college or my university fees. So in a few years time my parents would get very angry at me. But now other things were more important than my college or university funding.

Talking to Sammy

"Ok. And who do you want to have with you?"

You!" I pointed on Sarah. "Always the one who asks."

"Me! Why me!" Sarah asked in acted surprise.

"Because you have blond hair and you look sexy. That might help us to get Sammy talking."

"Do you have a plan?"

"Yeah, I want to use the weapons of a girl to get the truth out of this Sammy."

"Ok, I will help you as well as I can." Sarah supported me.

"When do you want to fly?" she asked after a small pause.

"Tomorrow or as soon as possible. I want to know the truth."

"Ok, so start with preparations." Sarah said while standing up from the couch and that was the starting shot for our preparations to fly to Vancouver.

Being in Vancouver with my best friend Sarah was a strange thing. My Mum wasn't very happy about my plan, but she was too weak to hold me back from doing it. Sarah had booked a room in a middle class hotel for us and I had transferred the money from my savings account to my credit card, such that I was able to pay for all the bills.

I knew from Mum where Sammy's parents had their home in Vancouver so we first went to them to get to know the address of Sammy. The address was an address in the poorer suburbs of Vancouver and the front of the house was really in need of some colour. But I recognized it so I went straight to the front door and knocked 3 times.

A big dog began to bark in his deep voice. A slight fear crawled up my neck. I wasn't good with dogs, especially when they were almost hip high. Soon after the dog had begun to bark a squeaky female voice shouted:

"Moment, I'm coming."

After some long moments of waiting, an old woman with almost white hair opened the door.

"Good day, ladies! What can I do for you?"

"I'm Jenny Leblanc. Am I talking to Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes. Why?"

Talking to Sammy

"I'm looking for your son Sammy, the lawyer. My Dad is his client and I want to have some information from him. Could you please give me his address?"

"Ooh, you are Jenny? Your father told me a lot about you as he was here. You look like a very smart young lady. Of course I will give you the address. Wait a minute."

She left with a big grin on her face.

I wasn't feeling ok. This lady had something of a witch to her. Unwittingly I took Sarah's hand and squeezed it hard. I looked at her and I noticed that she also wasn't feeling ok. It was a strange situation we were in at that moment, but I kept strong and waited for the old lady to come back.

After a little eternity of waiting the lady came back with a little piece of paper on which she had written down the address. She gave it to me and we quickly thanked her and said bye. She seemed a bit surprised about our behavior and she seemed to want to talk to us a bit more, but I wasn't in the mood and Sarah wasn't either.

b) Girl-Power Talk

Sarah and I went back to our room in the hotel. There I went straight to the telephone and made a call:

"Hi, is Sammy Smith in his bureau today?" I asked the secretary on the other end, who talked to me in a nice but firm voice. She seemed not very amused about my call, it seemed as if I had disturbed her in something.

"Yeah, he'll be here at 5 pm. Who wants to talk to him?"

"My name is Jenny. Jenny Leblanc."

"Ok, I have made a note. See you then Miss Leblanc" With these words the call came to a very strange end.

I hadn't got a good feeling in my stomach. This whole thing was too strange and there were too many unfriendly people around.

"Will you come with me?" I asked Sarah, who had taken a seat on our beds.

"Of course!" she said as if it was the most natural thing of the world. "I have come with you to support you and now I won't leave you alone only because it gets a bit strange."

A big stone fell down from my heart, because now I felt strengthened. I jumped over to Sarah and hugged her close.

Talking to Sammy

"Thank you!!" I whispered in her ear. "You cannot imagine how much I need your support now."

She softly tapped on my back and said warmly:
"It's ok. I feel the same and we'll manage together."

We arrived 15 minutes early at the address Mrs. Smith had given us. It was a good looking lawyers office on the 6th floor of a skyscraper. The furniture and the carpets weren't the cheapest ones and everything looked wealthy and had the smell of big money and justice.

I felt pretty small in this environment. All of a sudden I felt like an 8-year-old little girl who looked for the nice foreign Uncle to explain her something and not like the teenage woman who wanted some information from a lawyer.

"Miss Leblanc?" a smart man's voice suddenly shook me out of my thoughts.

"Yeah, that's me!" I replied in a kind of a reflex and as if I would wake up out of a dream.

A smart looking man with dark hair stood before me. He was wearing a tight fitting dark blue suit and some very shiny black shoes. His hair looked styled and as if no wind could ever make a mess out of it.

This man was the opposite of what I had in mind as I stood before his parents' house. Immediately I felt ok again and a relaxing warmth took place in my stomach.

"Please, would you follow me into my office." as he led the way.

We sat down on a couch of dark leather, while he sat down behind his desk made out of glass. It was a strange situation again. We weren't sitting at his desk, we had quite a distance between us, but he still kept smiling at us. It was one of these friendly smiles, which look like a mask.

"So, what can I do for you?"

"I want to have a bit more information about my father's case. He told me that you are his lawyer, Sir."

"Do you have it in writing that you have the right to get information about that case. Otherwise I'm not allowed to talk to you about it."

"I'm sorry, I don't have. But I need to have some more information to get him out as soon as possible.

Talking to Sammy

He began to laugh.

"If I cannot get him out that fast, how would you do it?"

"It seems to me that there are some things hidden within this case that would lead to the freedom of my father."

"What do know?" he asked and came as close as possible by leaning over the desktop.

"I know about the letter of my father and I know about Jack." I felt like in a game of poker. My role was to bluff as much as possible to get him to give me the information I needed.

But Sammy just began to laugh.

"You are sweet. You really think that you know something." he stopped laughing and made a small pause.

"You know nothing! Nothing at all!" He leaned back and put his feet on the desktop.

"But I believe that my father is innocent!"

He began laughing again.

"Awww, do you know how many big guys think they are innocent and now sitting on the death row? Way too many!"

He again made a pause, and then he put his feet up again, leaned forward again and began to explain:

"This case is way too complicated for you, young lady. And I really advise you to go back to your small Quebec City and let me do my business."

This habit made me angry. He began to talk to me like a little girl and I felt as if he thought that I was just a stupid little girl who wanted her Daddy back. Well, in a way I was that little girl. But I wasn't stupid and I knew that this case wouldn't be easy. But I had to earn some respect from him; otherwise I wouldn't get anything from him.

"Is there a bail on my Dad?" I asked him right into his face.

He smiled this smile of a man who felt like a little god.

"Yeah, half a million bucks, young lady. Way too much for you." he answered in a manner of holding his nose up high.

Talking to Sammy

"But you look like as if you could pay it." Again I felt like playing poker. But this time I knew how to play my cards in a way that would bring me to the goal I was looking for.

"Well," he leaned back again and cleaned his jacket a bit with the back of his hand. "I could, but for what."

"Simple. The key for this case is Jack. And you look for Jack to win this case, but only my father could give you the hints you want to have. Also only my father is able to get the missing information to find Jack and get him talking."

"Lady, I think you tell me fairy tales and you begin to steal my time."

"Why are you shouting at me?" I answered on his rude answer. "I only tell you the facts."

"What facts. You only tell me some fairy tales. And you don't know anything."

"I know that you look for Billy, but you don't get to know where he lives, because everyone knows that you are the lawyer of my father and the others of that bank robbery have designated my father as prison fool. So they won't help you to get him out, because for doing that they have to tell the truth and that would put them behind bars. That's why you don't get any step forward."

He blushed and mumbled something not understandable into his beard that wasn't there. Then he arched his back and became very tall in his seat.

"Ok, suppose I would get your father out of prison by paying his bail, what would I get?"

c) Free on Bail

"What about me as prize." Sarah disrupted our conversation.

I looked at her and my eyes almost plopped out of my head. She had taken off her dress and was sitting besides me in her sexy red undies.

"Sarah!" I exclaimed. "What are you up to?"

"I'm doing my job." she replied on my question while she stood up and went towards Sammy's glass desktop. Her steps were the ones of a top star model.

Sammy grabbed his tie and took it off. It was obvious that it made him hot, what he saw.

"So Mr. Smith would you like to taste this body.?"

Sarah stood close to the desk now and her bra was almost busting with her tits. She liked it, to show them, when being with men. She also was nicely tanned.

Talking to Sammy

"Sarah you are not doing what I think you are about to do?" I asked her in fear that Sarah would run into a mistake. But she wasn't listening to me.

"I'm young and I'm tight and horny." She moaned in her sexiest voice over the desk towards Sammy.

Sammy leaned back and he was breathing deeply and it wasn't hard to guess that Sammy had a hard on in his trousers.

I didn't believe my eyes, Sarah really gave this Sammy a show. But she was a lesbian, how could she. All of a sudden I felt a deep warm feeling for her, because I understood that it was pure friendship that made her do it.

Sarah opened her bra slowly and took it off like a strip girl.

"Do you like what you see?" Sarah continued to whisper in a warm, female sounding voice. "You may touch these, but you have to do something, before."

Sammy searched for breath. His face had become red and flushed. Even I was able to see that he was sweating like mad.

Even I felt a tickle in my pussy. It turned me on what happened there just before my eyes. It was better than cheap porn, because it was real. But just before I was about to put a hand into my jeans to touch myself a bit, my look fell on the door of the office. It was glass.

Now I understood immediately the sweat of Sammy. I understood what Sarah had in mind. She wasn't going to give him a sexual treatment; she only was playing to get him into trouble.

"Oooh Mr. Smith another whore? Should I call a taxi for 6 o'clock." his secretary said. She all of a sudden showed up in the door frame.

Sammy went even redder than he already was. But he seemed to know the situation and made only a wiping gesture, to tell his secretary to leave for the moment.

"Ok. Have fun, Sammy." she replied on that gesture and closed the door and went out of sight.

"Cool, you have regular girl visits. Should I tell Mr. Leblanc about it, how you do your job." Sarah whispered over the desk, while her tits touched the cool glass desktop.

Sammy nodded strongly to tell her that she shouldn't do it.

"But I will, if you don't make a call." Sarah went on to whisper.

Talking to Sammy

Sammy arched his back again and went tall again:

"What call?" he asked as if he didn't know what Sarah wanted from him. Although it was obvious what call he meant.

"The call that is necessary to pay the bail for Mr. Leblanc. "

Sarah went in her sexy catwalk around the table and took Sammy's hands and led them towards her breasts.

"Here is a deal: you get to touch more of me, if you pay the bail for Mr. Leblanc."

Sammy's hands touched her tits and he obviously was enjoying it. He seemed to have never touched such a pair of young breasts. He weighed Sarah's breasts and he squeezed them softly.

Then all of a sudden his hand went off and his back arched again.

"No I won't." he said as if he was strong against Sarah's female passion.

"Awww, but you have no choice." Sarah replied softly. "You already have touched me and now I sit on your lap."

Sarah sat down on Sammy's lap and wiggled with her bottom.

"You have already touched sexually me and I'm still a minor. So if I tell the right people that you have abused me and touched me in the wrong way, you will lose all your stuff and your job. Because sexual intercourse with minors is illegal."

"But you have no proof of it." Sammy replied still thinking he was the winner of this.

"Smile." I said and made some quick photos with the camera of my mobile.

"Now we have proof." Sarah said with a devilish smile on her face.

"Ok, I will pay the bail. But only under one condition." Sammy gave in, because he seemed to understand that there was no way out of this.

"What?" I asked in chorus with Sarah.

"First: You two return to Quebec City and you take Mr. Leblanc with you. Second you both take care of the fact that we get Jack into court. Otherwise this whole show of you both was for nothing."

"Ok. Deal" I agreed and offered him my hand to take it.

Talking to Sammy

“Wait, young lady!” Sammy continued. “You both owe me something, because what you both don’t seem to know is that I have a record of this conversation in my desk. And it will tell that I was forced to do it.”

I took my hand back, because the situation had turned against us again.

“But I will do the deal anyway, if this sexy young girl will come with me in my apartment. She has an open bill to pay.” Sammy pointed at Sarah. Sarah had stood up and she had become pale and she was shaking. She seemed not to feel well in her skin.

“Only if I can give her company.” I replied to his statement.

“No problem.” Sammy gave in reluctantly. Then he took off the phone and switched on the speakers, such that all three of us could hear what was spoken. He called the court and told them that he would come around tomorrow to pay the bail for my father.

To be continued soon...