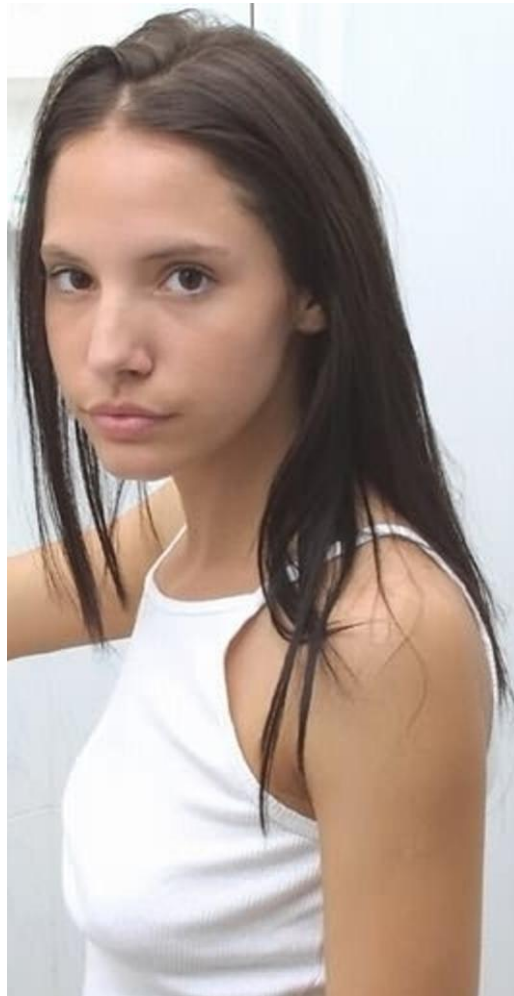


Jenny Leblanc

The Bunny Family

First Chapter of „Bed-Bunny Detectives“



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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**

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a) Saskia

After that disappointment with my first fuck within the Club of Bed-Bunnies it wasn't long before I left the club again. I didn't want to be a whore who could be fucked like a tool. I wanted to be respected. So I went to school the next day to tell my friends that I would leave the club. But instead of meeting Sarah, Annick or Anna I met Saskia.

Saskia was a good classmate of mine, who always supported me, when I had problems. She was another one of my best friends. But I wasn't often with her, because she was living at the other end of town. And it was always a little trip to get to her with bus and subway.

"Hey Jen. You don't look very happy. Are you looking for something?" Saskia greeted me and we hugged and kissed each other on the cheeks.

"Hey Saskia. Yeah, I'm looking for Sarah, Annick and Anna."

"They have gone home, because of a club. They told me, but not which club. Do you know more about it?"

"Yeah, it's our Club of bed-Bunnies. Im also a member but I want to get out of it again."

I told Saskia the whole story I had lived through the day before. Saskia calmed me down by hugging me from time to time. After I had finished my story she asked me with glistening eyes:

"Could I also become a member of that club?"

"I would say yes. If you have no problem to have sex with John."

"John? You mean the John?"

"Yeap."

"Awww I would love to." Saskia's eyes became even more glistening. I could almost feel how her body warmed up by the anticipation of having sex with John.

"What about going together to our club-room this afternoon at about 3 pm. Then we have our meeting to decorate our room?"

"Yeah, I would love to."

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At 3pm Saskia and I arrived at our new club-room at Annick's and Saskia's house. We went up the stairs and there they were already sitting on the sofa. John was also there.

They had put up a curtain for the window which had a deep red color and they had put down some very fluffy white carpets. It didn't look as if a designer had designed the room, but it looked comfy and it was cheap because everything was old stuff.

"Hey Saskia!" they all greeted Saskia.

"Saskia wants to become a member of our club. And I want to get out." I explained after Saskia had hugged Sarah, Anna and Annick and we all sat down either on the sofa or on the floor.

"Why do you want to leave?" Sarah asked.

"Because I'm not a whore and I want to be treated with respect. But yesterday I felt a little whore who was used as a fucking tool."

"I think we have to change the club a bit." Anna began.

"But how?" Sarah asked back.

"I think we have to change the fact that the boys could fuck us as they could until now." Anna explained.

"But that is the fun of the club." Sarah replied disappointed.

"We could do it nevertheless. But without it as the main purpose of the club." Anna suggested.

"What else could we do?" Sarah asked. One could feel out of her voice that she didn't agree with Anna's suggestion.

"What about some detective work?" all of a sudden John suggested.

"Yeah," I was happy about John's suggestion. "We are all within high school and we are all intelligent, so let's use it as well as our sexual attraction."

"Ok." Sarah agreed, but I want to use the club also in the old way, we had discussed it yesterday."

"You could of course." I calmed her down. "The first thing would be that Saskia had to fulfill the entering procedure."

"Yeah." Sarah became alive and turned towards Saskia and asked her: "Are you Lesbian or Straight?"

"I'm bi." was Saskia's short, cool answer.

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"I'm not in form today", John injected into the discussion. "But if you want we could have a nice afternoon fuck some other day, Saskia?"

Now it was Saskia's face that looked disappointed. One could see that she had anticipated the fuck with John and now everything went off in one second.

"Great!" Sarah broke out, "then I could test her with my black strap-on." She already took off her shirt and went up to get hold of her strap-on.

Saskia blushed. She hadn't expected that. But the sight of the dildo and the fact that John had said to her that he would do it with her some other day seemed to make her horny. She also took off her shirt and her jeans. Then she lay down on the fluffy carpet and spread her legs although she still had her panties on.

"How do you want it?" Sarah asked and one could see the big question mark on Saskia's face.

"What do you mean by how?"

"Well I could do it hard and quick or slow and sensible." Sarah explained while she put on her strap-on and fixed it at her pubic area.

"Let's do it quick and dirty. I want to get over with it." Saskia answered. I knew that this answer wasn't her real preference. Normally she was a cuddle person, but it seemed to be as if she was so disappointed about the fact that she wasn't fucked by John such that now she wanted to get it done as quick as possible.

"Ok." Sarah acknowledged and knelt down between Saskia's legs. She bent over Saskia and kissed her.

I sat down on the sofa to have a better look on the scene that now was happening on the floor.

Sarah had moved the slip away from Saskia's pussy lips, such that the way was free for the dildo to enter Saskia's inner girlhood. The two girls hugged each other and Sarah kissed Saskia's breasts and played with her nipples, while she slowly made her way with the dildo into Saskia's love-channel.

After the dildo had disappeared fully into Saskia's pussy, Sarah began to fuck her in missionary style like mad.

"You are such a wonderful fuck!!" Sarah moaned while her hips were humping up and down on Saskia's pussy.

"OOOOH, fuck!" Saskia answered on that compliment.

That scene turned me on. But I held back my emotions, because all the other friends of mine in the room also seemed to hold back their emotions. Perhaps we all held back because we wanted to honour the entrance

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procedure of Saskia.

“CCCCCUUUUUUUUMMMMMIIING!!!” Saskia groaned all of a sudden loudly and broke the silence that was only filled by the fuck sounds of Sarah's dildo going down on Saskia's wet pubic area. Saskia body stiffened and her legs clamped on Sarah's ass, as if she wanted to suck Saskia's dildo into her pussy.

Sarah made also some moves as if she would be a boy that was cuming within Saskia. Sarah's body spasmed also a bit. She also seemed to have an orgasm from stimulating her clit.

Sarah and Saskia breathed heavily and they lay there for some minutes without any more movements. After Sarah had caught her breath again she said giggling, while cleaning her strap-on:

“Saskia, you are now a member in the Bunny family. Welcome”

Sarah hugged Saskia again and we all did also. And we sat down again to talk about the changes within our club.

b) Bad Surprise

At dinnertime I was at home again. And our whole family, my parents my little brother and I sat around the table. We just talked about school as the door-bell rang. My father went up, as he always does, when the door-bell rings after 8pm.

I heard him open the door and then a voice asked:

“Mr. Leblanc?”

“Yes.” my father answered.

“Sir, I have to tell you, that you are arrested. You are accused of stealing a park-bench in 1982. You are also accused of stealing some pictures out of the gallery in 1982. You have the right to make a phone call and to nominate an attorney. If you cannot pay an attorney, you will get one from the state of Quebec.”

Then there was a small pause. Where the whole house stopped in shock and awe. My mother went white like a blanket. She stopped eating. I almost dropped my knife and my fork, as I heard these sentences.

“Sir, please, turn around.”

Soon afterwards we heard the handcuffs click around the wrists of my Dad.

“Could I say bye to my family before we leave, Officer?” my father asked in a very low voice, which really didn't sound like his own.

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"Of course Sir!" the Officer answered and then my Dad came around the corner into the kitchen again. His face was also white like a blanket. His arms were behind his back, where the handcuffs held his hands together. He whispered something into my mother's ear then she gave all of us a short kiss on the head saying a short, voiceless good bye to each of us.

The officer stood in the kitchen doorframe and looked at us with no emotion on his face. He was as tall as he was broad. He was a cupboard of man with broad shoulders and strong arms. His partner was almost for sure standing at the main entrance waiting for him to come back with my father.

"Ma'am!" the officer greeted before leaving with my Dad. He lifted his cap a bit.

After my dad had made his round to say good bye he left with the officer and we heard the door fall into its lock. Then shortly afterwards a car went off.

My mother my little brother and I were still sitting in the kitchen. My mother was the first of us three who left the state of freezing. She began to slowly go on eating.

I looked at my brother. He had big question marks on his face and he looked at my mother asking her for an explanation. I also went around to look at my mother and to ask her quietly for an explanation.

My mother seemed to feel out looks and her head went up. She put down the fork and the knife and began:

"It was urgent and it was a mistake. But we loved each other."

"But Mum! What happened?" my bother asked her and bend over the table to come closer towards her.

"We loved each other and I became pregnant. We had to get money."

Tears went down my cheeks. I was disappointed with my parents. They had become criminals to get some money for getting me up. I wasn't able to react to it. On the one side they cared about me, but in a way that wasn't ok.

"But Dad wasn't doing what the officer was accusing him of, was he?" Benjamin asked not believing that his Dad did all this. For my brother his Dad was the hero. Benjamin always went to ice-hockey games with my Dad and they were big ice-hockey fans. Now this hero had become weak and dirty in the eyes of my brother and he didn't want to believe it.

My mother had no answer on Benjamin's question. Her shoulders went up and a big question mark showed up on her face also.

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"So you don't know if Dad did it?" I asked and some hope made itself place within my mind.

My mother nodded, then she continued voiceless:

"I don't know if Dad did it. I only know that all of a sudden there was money, which wasn't there before."

"But if Dad didn't do it, we have to defend him. We have to get the best attorney for him." Benjamin became active, he seemed to see a way to get his hero clean again and now he wanted to do everything in his power to clean him.

I also became infected by that idea, because it was me that seemed to be the reason for this situation. Although it wasn't my fault but in a way I was the reason and I wanted to be a wanted child and not a mistake.

"Mum, was I a mistake?" I asked with tears in my eyes.

My mother turned her head and as she saw my eyes with tears, she hugged me immediately and said in her calming, mother voice:

"You were a welcomed baby, made out of love. If you weren't born back then, you would have been born some years later. I loved you from the first moment I felt you in my belly."

I felt a bit relieved, but I wanted to prove that my dad was innocent. So I asked my mother to tell my brother and me how everything came to be:

"Please, Mum, tell me how I came to be!"

"Ok, Jen, I will tell you both about this day in January 1982."

So my mother told us at the kitchen table the following story. I will tell the story here out of my view, because otherwise it wouldn't be understandable.

This is my mother's story:

c) The Park-Bench-Affair

"It was in January 1982 as it happened. My parents had a date in the nice flower park somewhere in Quebec City. This flower park doesn't exist anymore today. But back then it was a meeting point for young lovers in during the sunset. Although the parks were closing at 5 pm, the young couples went in by climbing over the steel fence.

So did my parents back then. They were in love with each other but because my father came from France and wasn't a native Canadian, the parents of my mother had a not so nice opinion about them. So my parents kept their relationship secret until it wasn't possible to keep it that way, because of what had happened that day.

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"Hi Francois!", my mother greeted my father whispering as they met that day in their favorite place in the park. She was wearing a white dress with no undies under it. It was a bit cold for that but they were sitting in a hothouse within that park. This hothouse was never locked. Within that hothouse there was a white wooden bench. On that bench my mother was sitting waiting for her darling to come.

Hi Sam!" my father greeted back. Sam is the short name of my mother. Nobody calls her Samantha, which is her full name. Almost everybody who knows her a bit better calls her Sam, perhaps apart from us kids, we call her Mum, which is normal in my eyes.

Francois sat besides my mother and they joined in a hot French kiss. Francois hugged Sam very tightly.

"I love you!" Francois whispered in to Sam's ear.

Sam gave him a kiss on his cheek as a kind of saying yes to him. She loved him from the depth of her heart. She admired to be hugged by him and she knew that today there would be the day where she would show him how much she loved him. Her hands slowly went down to his Jeans and she slowly stroked over the part of his jeans where his prick was hidden underneath the fabric. She felt his hard-on and she was surprised by the size his prick had already.

He also knew in advance that she would let him enter her most private parts today. They had talked a lot about it. But without words they knew that today was the day to realize it.

The air in the hothouse was warm and humid, the perfect environment for a young loving couple to deepen their love and to have some hot loving sex.

"Will you love me today?" Sam asked and François nodded while he starred fascinated on her breasts, which were showing through her white dress. He really wanted to caress them and show them how much he liked to see them. But it wasn't possible at the moment, because he wasn't able to get under Sam's dress and to put down the dress here was too much of a risk.

ZZZZZillppp

That was the zip of his jeans. Sam hat pulled it down and a hand of her went in to pull his hard on out. Knowing about it, Francois hadn't got any slip on within his jeans, such that Sam's hand directly touched his hot stick.

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“OOOh, you are without slip!” she giggled into his ear, while her hand enclosed his stick with her hand and gripped it firm. Then she pulled it softly out of his jeans. At the same time she got up and turned such that she was standing before him to cover his small guy from looks from outside the hothouse. With the other hand she wrapped up her dress, such that she was able to get over his lap.

Francois anticipated what Sam had in mind and grabbed his prick to hold it up straight, such that Sam had both hands to keep her dress up. Sam then moved over his lap and slowly went down on his male needle.

Slowly his prick entered her hot and already moist girlhood.

“Hmmmmmm” Francois moaned. His eyes were closed all his tension went into his little guy, which now were hidden in Sam's girly treasure. His prick went in completely on the first slow stroke and his balls were touching her ass cheeks. But all this was covered by her white dress.

Sam began to ride him slowly and she bent forward to join with him in a hot French kiss. Her tongue went deep into his mouth and flickered around his tongue. She wanted him and she wanted him naughtily.

Francois felt how his baby-juice was running together in the root of his prick. He felt how he was close of squirting his wet maleness into his girlfriend. But he didn't want it to end that quick. So he went under her skirt with one hand and tried to get hold of his own prick, to cut down the blood support for his prick, such that his lust and his erection would go down a bit again.

He was successful, because Sam knew what he had in mind. They had had some petting before and she knew that he was capable to hold back his squirting sensation this way for quite some time.

Shortly after he had successfully grabbed his prick with two fingers, Sam felt how his prick went limp a bit. But he was still semi hard, such that Sam was still able to ride him deep and lusty.

Sam enjoyed this ride. She had had sex before with other guys, but this was the first time that there was a deep emotional bondage between her and her male partner. Also this feeling of having him inside of her and she was on top, gave her a kind of control she liked to have, when having sex.

She now rode Francois in long slow strokes and she also had a hand down under her skirt, playing with her clit and giving her body the tension to have an orgasm herself.

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Francois saw that his girlfriend was already passionate and that her body was already preparing to explode in an orgasm. Not even the white dress could hide her nipples get rigid and stiff. They were showing through the fabric of the dress and the dress was sticking on her skin, because she was sweating. The warmth of the hothouse and the inner heating from her passion made her sweat all over her body.

“Fuck me! Love me!!” she exclaimed and rode him faster. Her strokes now became harder and shorter. Her inner treasure was now almost wet from her own pussy-juice and the tightness of her girlhood gave Francois an irresistible experience while being fucked from his girlfriend. He wasn't even able to warm her before his volcano exploded within her and he shot his loads into her girly womb. He only moaned something three times and his body froze and went hard as a wooden board.

Sam was able to feel his warm, wet shots of love within her treasure. This feeling gave her the last drip towards her own sexual high point. She began to ride him like mad for some seconds and then she stopped all of sudden and froze also, while her pussy walls milked the rest of male-milk out of his penis, which still stuck within her treasure. She showered his prick with her warm love and pussy-juice.

After the first waves of sexual explosion subsided, she almost fell forward and joined with him in a French kiss which wasn't as passionate as before but which was saying thank you to her beloved lover.

One week later my mother had to learn the hard way that this joy of passion had consequences. Francois had knocked her up and a baby was on the way. That baby was me!”

To be continued soon...