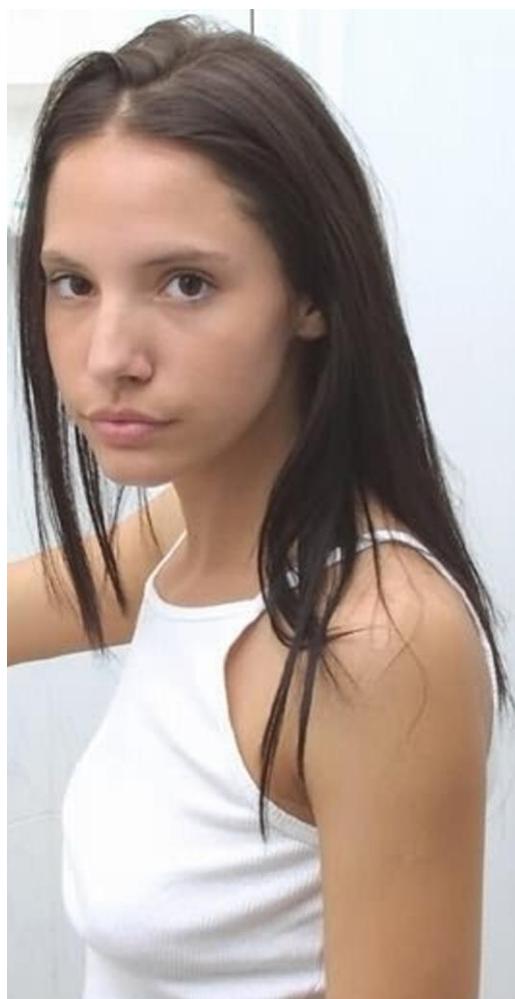


Jenny Leblanc

Bed-Bunny Detectives

Second Part of „My Teenage Adventures“



Bed-Bunny Detectives

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WARNING

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

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1. The Bunny Family

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. I'm 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.

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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 procedure of Saskia.

“CCCCCUUUUUUUUMMMMMIIIING!!!” 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.

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"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.

"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 brother 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 Francois 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 had 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.

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!"

2. 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.

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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 wasn't 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.

"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.

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“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.”

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.

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"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 won't 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:

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.

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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.

"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

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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.

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.

Sweety, 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."

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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."

"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. I'll 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.

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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 mounts 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 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.

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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

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.

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!”

3. 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.”

Bed-Bunny Detectives

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.

“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 to 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 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?”

Bed-Bunny Detectives

“I’m Jenny Leblanc. Am I talking to Mrs. Smith?”

“Yes. Why?”

“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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"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 wont leave you alone only because it gets a bit strange."

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

"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."

Bed-Bunny Detectives

“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.

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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

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.

“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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

“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.

“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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

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.

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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"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.

"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.

4. 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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

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.

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."

Bed-Bunny Detectives

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 feel 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 a 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.

“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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"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.

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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

“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.

“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.”

Bed-Bunny Detectives

“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.

“Sweetie 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.

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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

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 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.” Annick surprised me. “ I will ask my dad tonight to give us a look into the whole thing. I think he can manage something, such that we get a bit more information and a few more names to ask for information.”

“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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"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.

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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

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.

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!”

5. Girl-Power!

a) Emergency Meeting

After a night of barely sleeping and thinking of Sarah I went to school the next day. But I wasn't really able to follow the things going on in the lessons. I was physically there but not mentally. I felt frustrated not to be able to do more for Sarah not only because I was short of money, but also because I didn't know where she was at that moment. I hoped she was fine and I would see her again soon.

In the afternoon I went to our club home at Annick's house, where all club members met for an emergency meeting. As I arrived all the other members were already there. Only Sarah was missing.

"Hi Jen!" Annick greeted me and hugged me closely. I felt how some hot tears ran over her cheeks.

"Hi, what's up?" I asked, not knowing what would come next.

"Nothing. I just miss her!" Annick replied and tears were still running over her face and her bit of make up on her eyelids was all over her face. It looked scary and a bit funny. But I wasn't able to laugh about it at that moment.

I hugged her again and whispered in her ear:

"Come on let it out. You have to let it out, otherwise it destroys you mentally."

Annick didn't answer. I only heard sounds of a girl weeping in my arms and I felt the hot tears on my cheeks as they ran over her face.

"I miss her so much!" she whispered in her broken voice in my ear and tears were filling her voice. I really had trouble to stand it. But I had had a hard night and my tears were dried out. I had wept all night and now I wasn't able to weep anymore. I just stood there and gave Annick my shoulder.

Anna and John also hugged each other and the moves of Anna showed me that she was weeping also. Only Saskia was sitting quietly on the couch. She knew Sarah and she looked also not very happy, but her weeping was different. If Saskia was weeping she went quiet and stiff like a stick.

In case an outsider would have had a look at us at that moment, he or she could have thought that Sarah had died, because we all were weeping and depressed. But Sarah was alive, at least we all believed it, but we didn't know where she was and how she was.

"I know it's hard." John began slowly talking. "But shouldn't we begin to talk about what to do next?"

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"Yeah I think we should." I agreed with him and tapped on Annick's back to show her that she should slowly calm down and sit down.

Slowly everyone sat down and John as the man between us chickens began to take the lead in the talk:

"Annick, do you have any news from your Dad?"

Annick shook her head.

"Will he give us any news?"

Again she shook her head and said:

"He told me that he isn't allowed to talk about, because of police work." She paused to get her voice clean of tears again.

"But he promised to keep us informed with the things he's allowed to say."

"Well, that's not much but at least a bit." John resumed Annick's statement then he turned towards me:

"What about your Dad?"

"He's out on bail, but I don't know what he has in mind. He makes a big mystery out of the things that happened back then. I also don't know what he has in mind to do now. I only know that he said that it's some kind of mafia he had joined as he did what he did back then."

"Have you talked to him?" John asked to get more information, but I had to deny his hopes.

"Yeah as I was in hotel with him, the night before we returned, but he kept quiet about it. I also don't know what he will do now or if and how he will pay the bill to Sammy."

"So he's a risk, for himself and us all." Saskia intervened.

I nodded.

"Anna, do we know where in Colombia Sammy is?" John asked.

"They think that he is probably in Bogotá because that's where he seems to have his friends." Anna replied. Her face looked as horrible as Annick's. Sarah hadn't lived in Annick's and Anna's house for long. It was only a few days ago that Sarah moved from her dad's house to Annick's house, but Sarah had already become an integral part of their family. Annick and Anna already talked of Sarah as their sister although Sarah wasn't even their step-sister or anything else.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

“Does anyone know someone who knows Colombia a bit better than we do?” John asked and got silence in return. None of us knew anybody who knew that country better than the stuff everybody was able to read in dictionaries and other books.

“I think our first goal has to be to find Sarah!” Annick cried out, “I don’t give a damn shit about this Sammy.”

“But Sammy is the key to finding Sarah.” John explained to her calmly, forgiving her the rough language she was using.

“Shouldn’t we first look for her in Vancouver before looking for her in Colombia?” Saskia asked.

Anna and Annick nodded hard immediately.

“What about if we do both things at the same time?” I suggested. “I’m going to Vancouver again, when my Dad has his law suit in court. So I can look for Sarah then.”

“Yeah”, John agreed, “and the rest of us can take care of this Sammy.”

“I would like to come with Jen! I lived in Vancouver for some time during my childhood, I think I’m able to be of some help.”

“But we couldn’t afford to loose another member of our club in this.” Anna threw in.

“Yeah, but I think some help would be nice, because I have to be also in court. So a second person besides me would be nice to have.” I supported Saskia’s suggestion.

“Ok, I will do some research on Colombia.” John stated. “And Annick and Anna will press on their Dad. I think with this everyone has his thing to do.”

b) Mc Stupid

After our club meeting I went to a fast food restaurant. I often go there not only to eat some burger. I also go there to be on my own and to watch people. I was always trying to write stories in my free time and I read once that Hemmingway also sat in cafes and bars while writing his stories. So I did the same in a way. I sat down in a fast food restaurant in Quebec Ville and while I ate my stuff, I watched people going by. I also watched people behaving in the restaurant and talking about this and that.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

Young families having their free time there. Young mothers bringing their kids in and having trouble to keep them under control. Dads coming in with their kids and doing the orders. It was always different and I was able to think about the world and nothing. Most of the time I was alone. In a way it became an addiction. Don't know if it was the food or the fact that I was there watching other people and listening to their talk.

"May I have a seat?"

I was really surprised as suddenly someone began to talk to me as I sat there in a fast food restaurant after our club meeting. Normally the only talk I have in there is with the person behind the counter, when I place my order. But now someone was talking to me.

I looked up and saw a boy about my age, with a Latino look. He smiled at me and had a tablet in both his hands.

"Of course." I answered and thought: "What do I do here? I don't know him and I offer him a place near me although there are still other places in the restaurant where he could have a seat."

"I hope I don't offend you. But I saw you and you reminded me on Angelina Jolie."

"Thank you!" I smiled and checked him out with my eyes.

He seemed to be my age and his body seemed to be slim and slender. His skin and face had a Latino touch and a big smile was taking place all over his face. I didn't know why, but I felt positive about him and although he was a stranger to me I wasn't able to think badly of him.

"May I ask what your name is?" he asked me between two bites of his burger.

"I'm Jenny. And you?"

"I'm Jose. I'm from Colombia!"

My burger fell almost out of my mouth and my hands. I went stiff and only stared at him.

"Really?" I asked him not believing what I just heard.

"Yeah, my parents came here some years ago, cause my Dad has an engineering job at a Canadian oil company."

My knees went limp and I fell almost off my chair.

"Do you know Bogotá?" I asked him as I went back to earth.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"Yeah, I was born there. Why?"

"Because I and my friends need some help and we need some information about Bogotá and its inhabitants."

"Well, I'm your man." he answered and went a bit taller while sitting up.

"So, you will help us?" I asked him.

"Depends on what you want and how we will match."

I shrugged back. "Match?" What had he in mind? I thought he perhaps wanted me to have a relationship with him.

I checked him again with my eyes. He was cute and not bad. But apart from his body there was no feeling within me that could be described as love. As it seemed to me now, he was pretty straightforward and he wasn't making a big thing out of it.

"May I ask how old are you?" he asked and blushed, cause he seemed to know that that question could cause trouble when asked to a girl or woman.

"I'm 16, and you?"

"I'm 17, but will become 18 in November."

"Were you born in Colombia or here in Canada?"

"In Colombia. I came here when I was 15."

I looked at him with some question written all over my face, so he went on:

"Before working here in Canada my Dad worked in Venezuela, but I lived at my grandparents in Bogotá, because they had the time and the wealth to give me a good childhood. At least my parents told me so."

"Strange story!" I thought. But I replied: "Cool story!" to give him a nice feeling. I wanted to hold him a bit, such that he would help me with Sarah. Although the story seemed strange I needed his help and I didn't care about his background at that time.

"Were you born here?" he asked.

"Yeah." I answered. "My Daddy came here from France and my mother was born in Vancouver. I'm able to talk French and English. At home we talk English most of the time."

"Wow. I only know Spanish by heart in French and English I only know the everyday stuff."

Bed-Bunny Detectives

“I could perhaps help you. If you want to?”

“Yeah that would be nice. I think I have already seen you in school. Aren’t you going to high school.”

“Yep, I do.”

“Cool.”

I told him about our club and told him what happened. He agreed to come over tomorrow to our club and promised me to help as much as he could.

c) Lovely Sleepover

In the evening the phone rang. It was Saskia, she asked me, if she could come over for a sleepover.

“It’s a bit short notice, but I think it will go, if you want to sleep on my couch.”

“Yeah, I have no problem with that.” Saskia replied. “I’m used to that, cause my bed is in fact a couch.”

This surprised me, because I knew that Saskia’s Dad was earning good money. He was a programmer at Oracle.

“Ok. When will you be here?” I asked her.

“In about 15 minutes, I think we should talk about our trip to Vancouver and should get to know each other a bit better before the trip, don’t you?”

I agreed after I had a short chat with my mother and my mother also agreed.

As Saskia came over she had some chips and coke with her and we went to my room, to have a nice time.

“So what do you want to know about me?” I asked her after we had made ourselves comfortable on the couch. My eyes flew over her body. She was almost skinny in her outfit. She had a sweet face with a big smile on it. But her face had also a boyish feeling to it. I assumed that this impression of mine was coming of her new short haircut. She had short dark blond hair.

“When do we will go to Vancouver?” Saskia asked me and her feet touched my legs and stroked them.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"I think it'll be next Wednesday. Next court session is set for next Thursday. My father has already agreed that I and one of my friends can come with him." I explained to her, while I still felt her feet at my legs, stroking and caressing them softly.

"And how do you think we should do it in Vancouver?"

"I think, I will go with my dad in court and listen to what is said there. I also think, you could go where I was with Sarah and Sammy and look there for any information about Sarah. I will give you the address of Sammy's office and his apartment. I don't think he'll be there, but perhaps the people around there know something. Perhaps we will have to use our girl power, perhaps we won't get anything. But I think we have to try it."

Saskia nodded.

Her feet went higher and touched my thighs. My pussy made herself heard by tickling a bit. I really felt a bit of lust coming up. She touched me so softly and so innocently that my body couldn't resist, but to give in.

"May I sit besides you on the couch?" I asked her and she nodded again. She took off her pullover and an innocent white top showed up. Her body was really skinny. She had almost a-cups as breasts and a very boyish look.

"Wow!" I exclaimed, " You look really cute. I like your outfit." I slowly and softly stroked over her straight belly that wasn't even there.

She had a soft, white skin. The white skin that had a little rosy shine to it, made her look even younger than she really was. If she hadn't been a girl, I would have said, she's a boy and would have fallen in love with her body.

"Have you ever done it with a girl?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Do you like my body?"

I nodded again and slowly moved forward to give her a kiss. She allowed me to kiss her and we joined in a first shallow kiss. We had never really kissed each other, only kisses of friendship on the cheeks. But this kiss was different. It was a kiss of passion and directly on the lips.

She hugged me and pulled me close. I could feel her warm body on my skin and I could feel how her legs moved again up my leg to get me into mood.

I allowed her to take off my pullover. I had also a white top beneath it. It was a bit ridiculous but in undies we seem to be almost twins. We seem to have the same taste. We hugged again and I stroked and caressed her back head.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

I felt so comfy in her arms. It was almost as if I was cuddling with a boy. But she knew instinctively how to touch me and how to stroke me to start the feelings I needed to enjoy our sweet little love session.

“Do you have a dildo?” she whispered in my ear.

I nodded.

“Could you please get it, I need to be fucked.”

I slowly released her from my hug and turn around to take my red dildo out of my desk.

As I turned around again she had put taken down her trousers and slip. Her pussy showed openly at me. She had slightly spread her legs.

“I’m all wet, could you please be my guy.” she moaned.

It really hit me like a hit of sexual passion. My own juices began to flow and I had to open my own trousers first to get some fresh air to my pussy. It was already cooking hot and soaking wet. My girly tingle was working and one of my hands went instinctively between my legs to check out what was going on down there.

I knelt before Saskia and licked her with my tongue to taste her sweet pussy juice. I saw out how she began to play with her tits and she moaned like a cow. But the voice that was moaning there, wasn’t fitting to the body that was laying in front of me. It was a strange scene. But it made me hot and horny.

“Enter me!!! Fuck me!!!” she begged me moaning and spread her legs even more.

I slowly touched her pussy with my dildo and slowly pushed it into her pussy. After her pussy had sucked up the whole dildo I slowly removed it again. The dildo was all wet from her pussy juice. I sucked it into my mouth to taste her juices. They were all sweet and girly.

These juices were the reason why I liked to taste females; they were sweet and so sexy. Although they were sweet you couldn’t get fat from them. I began to giggle as this thought went through my mind.

“Fuuck Fuuuck me haaard!” she begged me again.

I began to fuck her rhythmically and in a suitable speed. Her pussy was so wet that it was no problem to fuck her. The pussy juice was as good as oil so that I had almost no resistance to overcome when I fucked her.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

She had closed her eyes and moaned like hell. Her slim, skinny body was moved under the effect of passion and lust. Her hands played with her tits like mad and squished them as if they wanted to squeeze them for juice.

I also so horny that I tried to play with my clit while I fucked her with my dildo. It wasn't easy but I got it to go. I was able get over her and present her my own pussy.

She began to lick me and finger my clit in passion.

I fucked her like mad and licked her sweet shaved pubic area together with her clit.

The warmth of passion and lust hugged our bodies and we were lost in satisfying our deepest desires. I felt the lust of days without sex building up in my body and a big wave of orgasm passion build up in my lower body and my pubic area.

"You are so sweet!!!" I exclaimed. And I only got a "Yessss,yessssss yessssssss!" as answer.

Saskia's body shook from orgasm and I pressed the dildo deep into her shaking body. I wanted her to enjoy these minutes of lust and passion as I enjoyed the orgasm she gave to me seconds later.

6. An Afternoon with Jose

a) Latin Boy

I met Jose the next day in a cafe.

He was a nice looking young guy. His face had a latin touch and his voice was warm and dark for his age. If he wasn't so young, I would have thought of him as a latin lover but for that image he was a bit too young and didn't look wild enough. His look was more cute than wild, nevertheless I was fascinated by him.

As he got to see me, he smiled at me and nodded to tell me that I should sit down.

"You look fabulous today." he said in a soft, low voice.

I felt how the blood rushed into my head and I could almost feel how I blushed.

"Thank you." I replied. "But you also look very smart and the business."

He smiled and thanked me. I could feel his feet rubbing at my leg.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"Not only does he look like a boy. He also behaves like one." I thought by myself. I tried to ignore his advances, because I wanted some information from him, such that I perhaps could find Sarah and bring her back home.

"Do you know a guy called Sammy, who lived in Vancouver?"

"Probably." he smiled at me with this cute smile of a young boy, having only one thing in mind: Sex.

I could see the fire in his eyes. His lust almost dropped out of his head and every little inch of his body was telling me that he was only thinking of sex.

Of course if I had met him in a different situation I also would have had that thought. He was cute and his cuteness mad him sexy he would have been my latin lover boy. But that situation wasn't given and I had really no intention to have sex with him, nor had my body.

"May I ask how long you lived in Colombia?" I asked him to get to know if it really would make sense to ask further questions. But I had forgotten that I already had asked him about that.

"I told you. I was 15 when I came here." he replied a bit bored about my style of interviewing him.

"Do you know if American and Canadian girls are hijacked here to work there for someone."

"No." the answer was short and he fired it like a gun.

"Were you in touch with drugs as you lived in Colombia?"

"No." I noticed how his face closed and his interest in me went to zero. His face was an open book to me. I knew that I wouldn't get any answers now.

"Do you have a girl-friend here?" I asked him to relax the situation.

"Why do you want to know?" he replied like a little boy, who wanted to have a little toy car from his Mum but haven't gotten it.

"Cause I want some information from you and I see in your face that you are not in the mood. So I thought we could first have some small talk."

"Why, small talk. Let's have some fun?"

"Sorry?"

"You are so cute and you have a latin look to your face. I fell in love with you as I saw you."

Bed-Bunny Detectives

I began to laugh and his face turned into a big question mark.

“Do you make fun of me?” he asked me and was close to leaving.

“No!” I tried to calm him down. “ I’m just surprised how fast you are with your feelings and your actions.”

I paused, and then I continued to explain what I meant:

“I sat down here and you didn’t really know me. But you made advances by touching my legs with your feet. You also tell me that you love me because of my look and you want to have fun with me. Don’t you think that this is a bit fast?”

“Perhaps, but I’m horny.”

“Sorry, but you are at the wrong address. I want to secure my best friend from hijacking and I sense that she is perhaps in Colombia. That’s the only reason I’m sitting here with you having this much patience. But you don’t seem to be interested in helping me. You only seem to be interested in fast, quick sex.”

“Yep, I’m a sex athlete.”

I almost broke out laughing.

“Are there now world championships in fucking?” I asked him grinning all over my face.

“No, but I love to have long sex. Fucking for hours. I keep my own records. My best result is 12 hours uninterrupted fucking.”

I burst into laughter.

“Sorry, but I think I better go.” I excused myself while standing up. I left him without the normal kissing on both cheeks for people I like and friends.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

b) Italian Dinner

I have to admit I love Italian food and I know almost no one who doesn't. With Italian food it's almost as with tomatoes there are only a very few people who don't like it.

Unfortunately I don't like wine, which is a pity, because I was told that Italian wines are also very good. It's a pity, because I always have to think of a candlelight dinner with hot pasta and a good wine. A burning fireplace in the background and almost no light in the room apart from the candles. That would be the image of romance. But as soon as I put myself in the picture, I have to replace the wine by something like coke or tea or whatever without alcohol and that destroys the whole picture like a soap bubble in the air.

As I came home my family was already standing there and waiting for me. They asked me if I wanted to join them to go to an Italian restaurant. My Dad had invited us all. Who could say no to this? Especially when you are a member of the family.

We went to a restaurant near by, which had a nice atmosphere to it. I was almost able to smell the pasta and the sauce as I entered the guestroom. The room was nicely decorated and there were big pictures in there from landscapes in Italy. Due to the fact that the owner of the restaurant had some family members in the region of Florence all pictures were from that region.

"Let me guess: Jen orders lasagna!" my brother said while he was reading the menu.

I didn't give him an answer on that, but in a way he was right. I often ate lasagna, cause it was one of my favorite meals. Perhaps I'm a living Garfield. I like lasagna. I hate Mondays. I love to lay in bed and sleep and I love to make fun of dogs. But I'm not a cat. I'm not fat and most important of all I'm a girl whereas Garfield is obviously a male cat. Bad luck!

I shortly thought of ordering something else than lasagna, just to prove my brother wrong but I didn't. I felt too much grown up for these little games of revenge. Although I have to admit that sometimes it is a nice feeling to prove someone wrong who teases you with something.

"Have you got in touch with Sammy, Dad?" I asked my dad as if I was asking about the weather outdoors.

"No, I couldn't get him on the phone."

"But we will show up in court in time, won't we?"

"Yes, my dear! We will." he acknowledged.

"So, what will you tell them?"

“The truth.”

“The truth? Which truth, you weren't even able to tell your family the truth.” my mother interrupted us.

“If I tell you anything, you all become a target for very dangerous people. But as long as you obviously know nothing, it makes no sense for them to harm you.”

“But they don't know if you have told us or not, do they? So perhaps we are already targets. And by the way Sarah has been hijacked by Sammy so they already have a target in us.”

Silence. My Dad wasn't able to reply on that. Due to his own logic he had to keep silent about everything.

“May come with you into court? I want to listen to what you say.” I asked him and expected that he would give me a positive answer, but I got a short no.

Again silence. The waitress came with our drinks: coke for me and my brother and a bottle of red wine for my parents.

“But it's a public session. So anyone can listen to your 'truth'. But you deny me to go there. Do I have to understand that?” I became a bit angry, but tried to face the argument as calmly as possible. But my voice showed everyone that I wasn't calm at all. In fact I was just short of weeping, because I wasn't able to understand my Dad. He was so closed about everything and he didn't share anything with us. I was able to understand that he wanted to save us from any harm, but for that it seemed to be too late in my opinion.

“And what do you think should I do?” I asked him like a little girl.

“Go shopping! Isn't that what you always wanted to do.”

“Go shopping?” I had really some tough moments to keep calm. “Sarah was hijacked by Sammy and you haven't told us anything yet. And now you think I am able to go shopping, while you tell the court your truth. What's going on in your mind?” I asked my Dad, while some silent tears ran down my cheeks and destroyed the bit of make up I had on my eyes.

The waitress came again with plates with the meals.

“Sweetheart, I think you have to tell us a bit more. You want me to trust you, but how should I trust you, when you don't tell me anything?”

My Mum paused then as she saw that my Dad didn't have any intention of replying she sighed and went on:

“I think you should know, that I'm thinking about a divorce.”

Bed-Bunny Detectives

That sentence from my Mum went in like a bomb.

“Mum!!!” my brother and me cried out chorus.

But Mum did not react; she wept silently and ate silently from her plate.

“Dad?” I asked him and tried to catch his eye with my eyes. But he looked only on his plate.

I began to hate the situation and was close to standing up and leaving but the way home was too far for just taking a walk. So I had to put up with the situation, although my instincts told me to flee like most people do in these situations.

“I thought this would be nice. But now it's just horrible.” My brother stated and stood up.

“Where are you going?” I asked him, looking at his face. He was all red in his face and he also had tears in his eyes.

“Out! I need fresh air.”

“Should I come with you? Would like to talk?”

“No tanks, sis. I need to be alone.”

He left and I was alone with my parents both eating like little kids, who are angry at their parents.

“Dad, don't you see what you do to our family? Is it worth it?”

No answer.

“Mum, please think about giving this family up. You make it worse.”

No answer.

“Am I talking to myself?”

Silence.

I had something in my throat and I knew that feeling. It was the beginning of me crying but I didn't want to weep before my parents. That satisfaction I didn't want to give them. I took a last bite of my lasagna then I stood up and joined my brother outside the restaurant.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

c) Saskia's News

After we had returned at home I threw myself on my bed and closed my eyes and wanted to sleep. To sleep for at least as long as it took for this thing to go. I wanted my old family back from when I was a kid.

The happy family which was laughing and having fun all afternoon, when Dad came home and Mum had finished her work. I knew that also back then there were some not so nice days, because I had trouble with my parents, but in the end it was a happy family.

Now it was different. My dad lived in his own world, trying to get back to normal. I tried to get back my friend Sarah and my Mum was just sad about the silence that my Dad kept about his past.

I felt how hot tears ran over my cheeks. I covered my eyes with one arm and let them flow. I wasn't able to hold them back anymore. This whole thing was just shit.

Someone knocked on my door.

“Jen?” it was my brother's voice. “Jen? Could I come in, please!”

My feelings told me to stay silent and let him go again, but my growing up made me say:

“Come in.” I dried my tears with my arm and sat myself up to face my brother as he came in.

“Jen, Saskia is on the phone. For you.” he gave me the portable phone and went out again.

I cleared my nose like a little kid with a cold, by pulling everything up. Then I answered the phone.

“Jen, are you ok?” Saskia asked and I could hear that she was concerned about me.

“Yeah, I'm ok. Just some family issues.”

“Did Annick already tell you the news about Sarah?”

I immediately went stiff and was right to jump forward in case something had happened that would call for immediate action.

“No, what happened?”

“They have found her.”

My heart took off through the ceiling and I thanked everything that was up there.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

“Where is she?”

“She's secure. She's in police custody. She went there after she found a way out of her prison.”

“Did they catch Sammy also?”

“No. They went immediately to her prison; after they had made sure that it was really Sarah. But the whole apartment was empty.”

“Damn.” I swore to myself in that minute that I would look for Sammy, due to the things he had done to Sarah and me. At the same time I felt a need to hug everyone at the Vancouver police and most of all I wanted to hug Sarah. I wanted to feel her and hear her voice. I needed this to really believe and feel that she was secure.

“When will she be back?”

“Annick said, that she would fly back here, tomorrow. A police officer will join her and Annick's Dad will look for her at the airport, such that nothing could happen.”

I squeaked like a little pig or perhaps like a little girl seeing her pop idol. My whole body went into movement and I jumped up and down like a little kid before the big surprise on Christmas.

“What happened?” my brother asked. He had heard my sounds and my talking and was curious what it was that made me so happy all of a sudden.

“They got Sarah and she is well.” I almost shouted at him, because I was so excited. But I wasn't able to finish the sentence because he began to hug me so hard that almost lost my ability to breath.

“Hallelujah!” he exclaimed and went on to ask the same questions as I did some moments ago.

“What about if we buy her a little present?” I suggested. “I feel a bit guilty and I think she would appreciate it.”

Benjamin nodded and Saskia was also ok with it.

“Let's buy her something crazy.” Saskia suggested.

I agreed.

“What about a tie?” Benjamin suggested.

“Now you lost me.” I replied and made a gesture as if he was crazy himself.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"No, last week I saw a shop in town, which sold some crazy ties for women and teens. Some of these ties look really crazy and Sarah loves to be a bit crazy, as I know her."

"Good idea." Saskia reacted first. She was able to listen to what my brother had said.

"Huh??? A Tie? For Sarah? Are you two drunk?" I had to laugh out loud. But they both stayed serious. So I stopped laughing and gave in.

"Ok the tie it is, but let's have also something else, because I'm not really sure about it." I went on.

"Well", Saskia began to suggest, "we all know that Sarah has a strong lesbian part to herself. What about a female plastic doll for her?"

We tree began to laugh and tears shot again into my eyes. But this time those tears were tears of laughter and not of sadness.

"That's really crazy!" I tried to begin to talk again. "Imagine her fucking the doll with her strap on."

"ohhhh my Goood" Saskia laughed though the line. Benjamin's head blushed and he laughed also. But in a way he seemed to feel caught.

Saskia agreed to buy the plastic doll tomorrow morning and Benjamin said he would buy the tie. We all agreed that we would welcome Sarah at the front door of Annick's home.

I just had finished the phone call, as the doorbell rang.

My Mum opened the door.

"Mrs. Leblanc?"

"Yes."

"Quebec Police Department. We have to arrest your husband."

"But he's out on bail."

"I'm sorry Ma'am but the bail was revoked."

"That's not possible."

"I'm sorry Ma'am but I have my orders."

Then I heard the voice of my Dad:

"It's ok hun. The officers are just doing their job."

7. 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:

Bed-Bunny Detectives

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

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"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 10th time.

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

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"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 devided.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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"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."

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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

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 herslef 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 ouch 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.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"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.

8.Back in Court

a) Dangerous Vancouver

Although I never had heard a gun go off in real life, I knew immediately that someone had shot. I put on my pyjama again and went next door, to look for Sarah.

As I opened the door I got shocked. There she lay unconscious with a big bloody wound in her left thigh. I stood there in shock for some seconds, that seemed like eternity.

But not for long. After these seconds of shock I opened the front door of our hotel-suit, but there was no police-man. I began to squeak and ran back to grabb the phone and dial the 0 for the reception.

"How may I help you?"

"Call an ambulance and the police! My girl-friend got shot!" I wasn't able to control my voice. I almost shouted into the phone with a squeaky, female voice.

"Ok, calm down...." I didn't hear the rest, because i smashed the phone back and ran to look after Sarah. She lay there unconsciuos and the blood poured out of her hit leg.

I'm not good in seeing other people's blood and I almost also lost conscious. I remembered a first aid show on TV. I stood up and grabbed the cover Sarah wanted to use on her sofa-bed. I assembled all my strength and tried to get strips out of it, such that I was able to limit the amount of blood Sarah would loose over time. The situation gave me immense power. Under normal conditions I would never be able to this, but in this condition it was like running for life.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

After a few minutes that seemed like a small eternity for me, i heard the sirens of the police and the ambulance. Seconds later the hotel director entered the room together with two ambulance men.

“What the hell, happened?” he asked me.

“Dunno,” I answered him after the ambulance men had took care of Sarah. “I head a shot and as i came over I saw her laying here wounded.”

“Do you know her.”

“Damn yes, she is my friend and we were in police custody here.”

Seconds later came two police officers came in. I jumped at them:

“Where the hell were you?”

“Ma'am please let us first do our job.”

“You already have failed. We were here in police custody and no one was in front of the door.”

“Ma'am, please.”

“Damn, that's my friend and your colleagues weren't doing their jobs.”

“Ma'am!”

The taller one of the two forced me back in my room and forced me to sit down on my bed.

“Please stay here, Ma'am. We will come back to you and then you may tell us your story, but first let us do our job.”

Now, the hotel director entered also my room within the hotel-suit.

“May I talk to you, Sir?” he asked the police officer.

“Not now. In a minute, Sir.”

“Ok, Ma' am, stay here and prepare yourself to leave this place.” Then he turned around and towards the hotel-director.

“Ok, Sir, what's up?”

“These girls were placed in here to stay in police custody, but the two policemen left at 10 pm this evening. And this thing isn't good for the image of our hotel.”

Bed-Bunny Detectives

“Sir, we will investigate this thing and we will find the person reliable for this.”

“The police is reliable for this mess. If they would have stayed, it wouldn't have happened.”

“Sir, please, calm down.”

The rest of the conversation I was't able to understand, because the two left my room and I put together some things and went into the bathroom to put on some cloths, because I wasn't in the mood to stay in this room over night. At least not this night. I also packed Sarah's things to take care of them. I asked the reception to give me another, smaller room and to take care of Sarah's things.

On the following day i visited Sarah in hospital and brought her all the stuff she needed to stay there for some days to recover from her injury. I also had called Annick's parents such that they would know what happened.

As I visited Sarah, she said thank you for calling the police. She wasn't able to tell who shot her, because the bullet came through the window and she hadn't looked through the window as it happened. I apologized for being a bit rude to her in advance of the things, but she told me that it as ok. We hugged each other and everything seemed ok again concerning our friendship.

But there were other issues that weren't ok yet. One of these issues were the issue fo my father.

b) Dad in Court

Two days after the incident with Sarah my father's first day of trial was set up and I had stayed in Vancouver to watch his trial in court. Not because I was interested in trials per se, but because I was interested in his view on the things that happened back then. In a way I was as interested in the truth in this matter as the judge of my father's case was supposed to be.

As I entered the court room I was surprised by the number of people interested in this case, but I was also surprised by the fact that my father was sitting there alone on the bench. No counsel for his defense.

I should have remembered that Sammy was his defense counsel and Sammy seemed to have good reasons for not showing up.

Bed-Bunny Detectives

I sat there in the back of my Dad. He didn't seem to look for me and he didn't seem to look, who was showing up to watch his trial. I had mixed feelings about my dad's behaviour: On one side I could understand him, because he had more important things to do than looking out for people he knows in the lines for observers. On the other side I was a bit disappointed about the fact that he not even looked around to see if I was there, cause he hadn't been happy about it at all as I talked to him about me being present at his trial.

We were ordered to stand up as the judge came in. He asked my Dad where his defense attorney was and my dad said that he didn't show up. The judge ordered that my Dad would get an assigned counsel and that the trial would go on in two hours time.

There was no way to talk to my father because he was before the barrier of court and he also was talking to the assigned counsel. So I left to have a coke in the cafeteria of the court.

All of a sudden my mobile rang.

“Yeah!”

“Hi sweetheart, how is Daddy?”

It was obviously my Mum.

“He's ok. The court ordered to give him an assigned counsel, cause Sammy didn't show up.”

“Good. How are you sweetheart?”

“I'm ok Mum. Sarah is also on her way back to normal. She lays in hospital, because of the shot, but she's ok.”

“Good, But be carefull and follow the orders of the police.”

“Yeah Mum!”

“Don't talk to me in this tone. I only try to give you advice, because I don't want you to get hurt.”

“I know Mum, but I'm old enough to take care of myself.”

It was nerve racking. I knew my Mum was taking care of me and I loved her for that, but sometimes she was going too far. Yes I was still a teenager with 16 years, but I was old enough to make these trips to vancouver and back alone.

“Ok, take care. When will you be back.”

“Don't know Mum. Perhaps soon.”

Bed-Bunny Detectives

"As soon as you know give me a call. Ok?"

"Ok Mum."

"Kiss you. Bye sweetheart."

"Bye Mum."

I sighed. I knew that my Mum would call me, but these talks were always pure stress to me.

"I know that teenagers are not always as easy to have as some adults wish them to be. But sometimes parents think their teens are still little kids and then they go to far." I thought by myself. By now I know that my Mum was right by caring about me that much. Although she sometimes also today cares a bit too much. But for parents you stay always the little kid you were once.

After some time of watching people go by and looking around in court, it was time to go back into the court room.

The court session resumed and the assigned counsel of my Dad said, that my Dad would like to make a statement before court. The prosecution objected that my Dad would have the chance to make his statement later, when he would be asked both by his own counsel and the prosecution. But the judge denied the objection and gave my Dad the power to make his statement.

My dad rose from the bench and stood there as if he had swallowed a stick. He had a piece of paper in front of him and he seemed to read out what was written there:

"I wanna state here," he began to read, "that I'm sorry for what happened back then. I admit that I did take part in that part by driving the car. But I DID not do any harm to anyone. I will take responsibility for what I did, but I won't ..."

"Mr. Leblanc if don't have anything to say that brings this case forward, then please stop."

"I only wanna say that I'm not the only one who should sit here. And that it is unjust..."

"Mr. Leblanc would you please keep your opinion about this trial for you. If you don't have anything to say in this matter that is relevant, then please keep quiet."

"Your honor, I have the right to defend myself and I wanna do it my way."

"Mr. Leblanc, you have of course the right to defend yourself. This court will honor this right to its fullest. But this court has not and will not listen to irrelevant statements about this trial."

I was surprised the habit my Dad was showing. Normally he was a man of law and order and he was a man of logic. But at this moment he was behaving like a little kid. I shook my head slightly and covered my face with my hands. I couldn't believe what was happening in front of me. I was ashamed, that that person was my Dad.

The judge called my Dad for order and he ordered the assigned counsel to inform my Dad about the proceedings and that he should stop his comments about this trial.

I left the court room. The whole thing was too much.

"How could a person I thought I would know change that much?" I thought by myself. "What the hell happened to him? Does he have anything to cover or is he afraid of anything or anyone?"

I made my way back to my hotel.

I thought long and hard, if I should stay in Vancouver or not to see a bit more of the trial. But I decided not to. It was just too depressing to see my Dad behaving like a kid and running into the wrong direction.

c) Surprise at home

"Yeah."

"Hi Mum, Jen speaking."

"Oooh, how was the trial?"

"Don't ask. Dad behaved like a little kid. He said he wanted to make a statement, but he only said hot air. Nothing what we wouldn't know already."

"hmmmm." I could hear how my Mum went sad and silent. She seemed to have hoped that my dad would say the truth and tell everyone who was with him and how everything happened. But instead these statements which say nothing.

"Perhaps Dad should have become politician. As a politician he would have gotten an A+ in court today,"

"hmmmm" my Mum agreed.

"Will you stay and watch the rest of the trial?" she asked me after some seconds of silence.

"No, I'll return home tomorrow. I can't help Dad and due to his performance today in court I don't have much hope that he will get away with it without

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having to go to prison for some years to come."

I heard my Mum beginning to wheep.

"Mum, please, you know it and I know it. He will go to prison, there is no way to prevent that. It's only a question of how long he will have to stay there. And he doesn't make any effort to shorten his time in prison. Atleast not till now!"

"Yeah I know."

Silence.

"When will you be back tomorrow?"

"I think in the evening. The plane goes at about 2pm, I think."

"Ok take care and cu then. Kiss"

"Kiss, cu then."

As I arrived home, my brother smiled at me, as if there was something he knew but I didn't.

"Are you so happy to see me or is there something you wanna tell me?" I asked him trying not to be rude, because I wasn't really in the mood to play his games.

"Didn't someone tell you about me and Anna?"

"No. What?"

"Well..."

"Boy, I haven't got much time. So if you wanna tell me something, you have to do it now."

"And what do I get for it?"

"Huh?"

"You want to have an information I have and so you have to pay for it."

"Huh? Back you parten?"

I left him behind and went to my room, where I opened my case and began to put my things back where they belonged.

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It was nice to be home again, but sometimes it could be really neveracking to have a sibling. Although sometimes I wished myself to have a sibling, but the other way round: me having a bigger brother. I always got a bit jealous when other girls were able to say that they would tell their bigger brothers and then...

In a way it was childish, but sometimes it would have been nice to have a shoulder to lean on, when in trouble. This way around, I always had to be the one with the brain, so to speak.

I was just half way though with emptying my case as my brother opened the door of my room and came in.

“What?” I asked him pretty angry.

“I wanna tell you something.”

“But I dont wanna listen. I’m buisy cant you see it.”

“Jen, you have to listen to me.”

I stoped emptying the case.

“Why the hell should I listen to you. You wanted to sell me some information, but I dont wanna buy them. So what?”

“Because what I wanna tell you has also implications on you.”

“Oooh really. Well, then I will get to know it anyway. So why should I then listen to you now?”

“Jen, you are not very nice.”

“Hey I have just come back from Vancouver. My dad is in a mess and sarah was shot. Could only estimate in which state I am?”

“No. But What I wanna tell you, is something that concerns me and you.”

“Oooh, really. Nice to know that you are concerned about Sarah.”

“No not Sarah. It’s something about me. And Mum shouldn’t know.”

“Aha.” I resumed emptying my case. “And why do you wanna tell me then?”

“Because it has also something to do with Anna and you and Anna are friends and you are a girls as Anna is.”

“You are talking in symbols.”

“Well, it’s not that easy to say.”

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"If I should know you have to tell me, otherwise I wont get it, because i cant open your head and fetch it myself."

"Yeah." he giggled, but then turned serious again.

"Perhaps you know that I loved Anna."

"No I didn't but now i know."

"Yeah, and I still do. And she does love me also."

"Cool so where is the problem."

"Well you know the incedent with me and Anna."

"Yeah i was at the gynocologist with Anna. She got medecin and everything should be fine by now."

"Yeah, it should." He bowed his head.

"No, you haven't?" all of a sudden I guessed what happened.

He nodded.

"You idiot! How stupid has someone to be!"

"Well, it happened by accident. We loved each other. And..."

"And your brain stoped functioning!"

He nodded.

"Well did she go to the doctor again."

He nodded.

"And?"

"Too late. She's pregnant."

I droped the empty case on my feet.