

Le Français Chapter 44-48

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Chapter 44

Sex, as with most things in life, could be broken down into a series of negotiations. May I kiss you? May I put my cock in you? Where should I come? In the BDSM community those negotiations were often much more formal - what someone consented to in one situation, or on one day, might be different the next. To an outsider, it might have seemed overly structured, 'game-breaking,' or even abusive. What they often didn't understand was that negotiations weren't where the Dominant in a relationship held their power - the Submissive had *all* the power and leverage when negotiating. What would *they* allow? What were *their* lines?

In a proper D/s relationship, or one-time encounter, the Dominant only ever had as much power as the Submissive gave and trusted them with.

The negotiations technically began when Marc presented Astrid's request originally, but that was only the opening salvo. As three experienced practitioners of their sexual art form, the true negotiations didn't need to be hard-fought or extensive. The true negotiations began at noon on the day they were to meet up, with Astrid joining Marc for a light lunch at his apartment to talk details.

Marc knew Felicity's limits, and what could be pushed a little and what couldn't, and she trusted him with that. Some of Astrid's wants were too far, or too out of left field for a one-off encounter. Some of Marc's lines were a little conservative.

For the sake of an extended session, canes were ruled out. Floggers were in play, as were paddles. Rope and ties were on the table, as were spreader bars, but Marc would be the one to do the ropework. Blindfolds and gags were allowed, but no full head coverings. Clamps of any sort were allowed. Astrid was allowed to call Felicity names, but not make negative comments about the curvy woman's body or intellect. Ass and vaginal play was allowed, as was oral, and titplay was encouraged. Astrid wanted to bring her pillory, a custom piece she'd had constructed for sexplay, and Marc was open to it but after discussing the logistics it didn't make sense. The game was going to be played in Marc's bedroom, and getting it up the loft stairs would be a bitch to accomplish without at least two more guys to help lift it.

Other, more minor elements were agreed or struck down to taste. For all that Astrid could be a nasty Domme, she also wasn't so extreme as to want some of the things that were accepted as 'fringe' even in the Kink space. The most difficult negotiating, strangely, was around what Felicity would wear and took almost a full ten minutes to get settled - she would begin the game

dressed like a college coed, dolled up but casual like she was going to class in her sweats. The game would be that she was a Sub on call, and her day was being interrupted as she rushed to meet her Master and Mistress.

“If we’re going to be Master and Mistress, we should pretend to be married,” Astrid said at the end of the negotiations. They each had a glass of wine and were sitting at the kitchen island. “I feel like it makes the most sense - when else are there really *two* Dominants in a scenario other than parent-play stuff?”

Marc took a breath and frowned a little. “We could be two Professors in her department,” he pointed out.

“No, that’s too close to your line about abusing her intelligence,” Astrid said. “I would fuck that up if I do Teacher-Student play. We should be a couple, and she’s our sub. Maybe even our shared sugar baby?”

That felt almost a little too close to home for Marc, considering the nature of his real relationship with Felicity. “I think we should keep the idea of money out of it,” Marc said. “But I can play patriarchal husband if you can play matriarchal wife.”

Astrid smirked a little. “Alright, sounds like a plan. You’re sure she’ll agree to everything?”

“I’ll go over it with her to make sure, but yes,” Marc said. “If there are any last-minute changes I’ll text you before you arrive.”

“Make sure you don’t just go through every detail with her,” Astrid said. “I like my subs to be surprised, not know the whole battle plan ahead of time.”

“I’ll mix it up and throw in some red herrings,” Marc agreed. “Was there anything else you wanted to discuss?”

Astrid took a sip of her wine, looking over the rim at Marc with a slightly hooded-eye look. “We haven’t discussed contact between us,” she said as she sat the glass down.

“What sort of contact were you thinking?” Marc said. “I’m obviously fine with incidental contact.”

“Overtly sexual, Marc,” Astrid said with a laugh. “You have a cock, I have holes that like to be pleased, too. Once we’re far enough along with little Felicity, how do you feel about me maybe sucking your cock, or even fucking me a little?”

Marc pursed his lips slightly, trying not to smirk. “You know my preferences,” he said.

"I'm aware," Astrid nodded. "But I'm not your *sub*, I'm your mutual Dominant. Or your faux-wife, in this scenario. So I'm willing to take your cock in my ass if you're willing to fuck my pussy a bit too when I ask for it."

"I think that would be mutually pleasurable," Marc agreed.

Astrid laughed again. "You could make it sound a little more fun than that, Marc."

"I'm just trying to be objective," he said, allowing himself to chuckle a little as well. "Do you have any thoughts on how it comes up, or just handle it in the moment?"

"Wait for me to ask," Astrid said. "Don't just go mounting me, alright? A little surprise oral wouldn't be unwelcome though."

"Do you want to make it part of the game? Denial and exhibition?"

"You mean don't let Felicity get any cock before I do?" Astrid asked. "That could be hot. I know she loves you fucking her, so the mental game of me getting what she wants could be fun. Let's do it."

They both drained their glasses and then shook hands as they stood.

"Good doing business with you, Marc," Astrid said. "Or should I say 'hubby?'"

"I'm looking forward to this evening, *'ma très chère femme,*" Marc replied.

Astrid smirked and used their handshake to pull herself closer to him, almost lip to lip without actually kissing. "*Je serais une femme chanceuse si c'était vrai, Marc. Si seulement tu étais un peu plus jeune et un peu plus malléable, tu aurais pu être à moi.*"

"*Si seulement tu pouvais admettre que tu aimerais m'appartenir,*" Marc replied. "*Tu serais une très jolie soumise, Astrid. Tu serais ma petite princesse salope.*"

Astrid smirked and shook her head. "And that's why we would never work," she said. "I'll see you in a few hours."

Marc gave her a swat on the ass as she went to leave, and Astrid shot him a look over her shoulder that promised if he did that again he'd get more than he bargained for.

Chapter 45

Sinead was working on a weekend. Again.

It wasn't the first time, and it likely wouldn't be the last. The problem was that she wasn't working on a murder case, or a missing child, or anything that necessitated the overtime. And Jules, of course, refused to humour her and said that if she wanted to hang out she needed to promise not to mention work. They'd spent the majority of the last two days together poring over the field that Marc had gotten for Sinead, trying to find patterns and a way to get into things in a more legal way.

Victor Barisha was into a bunch of shady shit, but parsing through the finances, legal filings and commercial deals was like trying to put together a puzzle that had been faded in the sun for a decade or two - there were some details on each piece, but most of it was washed out and hard to figure out how it would line up next to its neighbours, let alone what the entire picture would be.

"*Bonjour*, Detective," Marc answered his phone.

Sinead felt like her heart had jumped into her throat as soon as she heard his voice, and she immediately regretted doing it. Sitting in her living room with dozens and dozens of printed files spread around her had made her feel a little lost, and even a little lonely. Thoughts of their previous night, of how extravagant he'd treated her and then how she'd earned his punishment, had been hovering over her for days. In her mind this should have been easy - ask Marc for his expert opinion on putting together the financials in the files, and pay him back with... whatever he wanted. After last time she knew she would go to ridiculous lengths for the case.

And it was for the case, and not the man. She had to keep reminding herself of that.

But now that she had him on the phone, she froze. She didn't freeze when she had a gun or a knife threatening her life, held by some scumbag she had no doubt would use it on her, but Marc's fucking *voice* made her freeze.

"*Mon Dieu*, Sinead," he muttered. "Did you buttdial me?"

"No, no," Sinead said quickly. "I, um, was wondering if you were available to help with some work. Something more casual. I could bring over the files to your place, or you could come here..."

"*Ton sens du timing est impeccable*, Detective. I am unfortunately booked up for the rest of the day," Marc said.

"It's not something you could shift?" Sinead asked, already feeling silly. Of course he was busy on a Saturday. Everything she knew about him said he had a full life. Hell, she wouldn't have been surprised if he'd flown somewhere for the weekend.

"I'm sorry but no, Detective," Marc said. "And I hope you understand that I do not value your time lightly, or that I would not give up simple pleasures to help with your situation and to find a new way to play our game. But tonight is not an option."

"I... understand," Sinead said, trying to keep her voice neutral. She wasn't even sure how she felt herself - disappointed? Relieved? Happy, or melancholic, over what he was saying?

Horny?

"*Marc, I'm here,*" a voice sounded in the background of the phone call as if someone had said it from a distance.

"*Mes excuses,* I must go," Marc said. "Call me on Monday and I will see what I can do to fill in some blanks for your case. *Bon week-end, ma petite rebelle.*"

Sinead didn't even have a chance to reply before he hung up.

"Who the fuck was that?" she said to herself out loud. The voice had been distinctly female, and if she wasn't reading into things it sounded like she was familiar with him. That just got her thinking about the more concrete question she had from their last night out; the name that had kept coming up in conversations near her, but never to her. *Felicity*. Was that her, in the background?

Did Marc have a girlfriend?

She knew he wasn't married from the original investigation that had brought them together, but there was no way to know outside of word of mouth if he had a long-term girlfriend. Was he cheating on his girlfriend with Sinead? Or was the woman aware of things?

Marc had a collection of sexual tools, or toys, he'd been able to pull from. She'd been so overwhelmed in the moment that she hadn't put together that he would have a reason for owning them, and someone to use them on.

Sinead sat back on her couch, the files forgotten for the moment, and she swam in a sea of her own confusion. Who was Felicity, and was she the same woman in the background of the call? How did Sinead feel about Marc having someone else, someone... more important? Who he did 'things' with?

Or the reverse, what if it was all innocent and Sinead was his only focus... sexually? Was that... good?

It would be a long time before Sinead would stand, no closer to answers. There was only one thing she knew for sure - she wasn't going to get any work done when she'd worked herself up to her current level of horny.

“Fucking Marc,” she grumbled to herself as she hopped over some of the files and headed for her bedroom. Her dildo would help ease her nerves, and then maybe she could figure out how to make some progress without him.

Chapter 46

“*Bonjour, dear,*” Felicity said as Marc came down the stairs from his bedroom. She smiled sweetly and looked so wholesome and pretty as she poured herself a glass of wine from the bottle that he’d left out on the counter. With the way the day would go, Marc had known there was no point in corking it and putting it away - he had no doubt they’d got through another bottle or two before the end of the night.

“*Bonsoir, ma petite fée,*” Marc said, stepping into the kitchen. Felicity’s smile didn’t waver as they stepped into each other’s arms and kissed lightly. Her one hand landed on his upper arm and squeezed softly. “How are you feeling today?” Marc asked as they held each other lightly.

“Good,” Felicity said. “Fresh. A little nervous.”

“Good nervous?”

“I think so,” Felicity said. “And curious. Usually, you like me dressed up in something beautiful, not sweatpants.”

“Let me run you through what Astrid and I have come up with,” Marc said, gesturing towards the couches in the sitting space.

“First I want to know how Thursday went,” Felicity said with a small smirk that went up into her eyes.

Marc sighed and gestured again towards the seats. They ended up sitting together on the loveseat, Felicity raising her legs over his and sitting close enough to snuggle up her head on his shoulder comfortably. She was wearing a pretty burgundy knit sweater and jeans at the moment, her bag with her changes of clothes over in the kitchen still, and it made Marc think of how much they would have looked like a domestic couple to an outside observer. He the confident businessman, her the stunning housewife.

“Something is on your mind,” she said, looking into his eyes with her pretty baby blues.

Marc scoffed softly, more at himself than at her ability to read him, and then smiled. “The Detective called me just before you arrived,” he said. “She was asking if we could meet here, or at her home, to go over the files that this evening is about.”

“That must mean Thursday went well,” Felicity said.

“It went- It was interesting,” Marc said. He told her about the entire night, without sparing details including his colleagues and other socialites asking after her. That put a smile on her face, and she interrupted the flow of the story to ask after a few people, if there was any news about so-and-so’s divorce, or if someone had finally popped the question, or made the business move he’d been threatening lately. When Marc told her about what Sinead said in the coatroom Felicity tutted and shook her head, and when he outlined the way her punishments had gone she gasped at the impertinence, and the mistake, of challenging Marc again even if the Detective hadn’t realised she was doing it.

“You know, Marc,” Felicity said, setting aside her wine glass and placing her hand on his chest. “A woman could get jealous, hearing stories like this.” And with that she slipped down off of the couch, getting between his legs as she reached for his zipper.

“Felicity, you don’t need to,” Marc said. “Tonight will be-”

‘Hush, dear,’ Felicity said with a warm smile. “Tonight is tonight, and this is about reminding you of us. *D’accord?*”

Marc took a breath and nodded, allowing her to pull his pants down. As she got his cock in her mouth and started lavishing it with attention he ran his fingers through her luscious blonde hair, groaning in appreciation at her work. Sinead, especially when she was trying to prove herself, could definitely suck cock. But Felicity just knew his buttons, and how to tease him, and even without the other parts of their usual type of play she made it feel like she was worshipping him. There wasn’t any facefucking. She didn’t choke herself on it. Her eyes didn’t get red or teary, and yet still he felt like she was trying to tell him that he was a King through her lips, mouth and fingers.

When he eventually came she swallowed it all, neatly put his pants back on, and then picked up her wine glass and drained the last of it before resuming her seat and snuggled up beside and over him. She kissed him on the cheek.

“There,” she said. “Now you remember.”

“I do,” he nodded, hugging her arm around her to pull her a little closer.

“Now, tell me what’s in my future when that little devil woman arrives,” Felicity said with a smile.

“Well, the first thing is that you are going to be a college coed,” Marc said.

“That explains the sweatpants,” Felicity chuckled.

“Yes it does,” Marc said. “The scenario will be that Astrid and I are a married couple who have turned you into our occasional pet. You were on your way to class when we called, and dropped everything to rush over and please us.”

“Simple, and a little silly,” Felicity said. “It sounds perfect.”

“But?” Marc asked.

Felicity smirked just a little and shook her head. “I just can’t see you being married to Astrid,” she said. “It will work for the scene, but in real life? Girlfriend, maybe. Or mistress, in the more classical sense of the word. Not married.”

“Neither can I,” Marc said with a smile. “But that’s what makes the scene fun. Exploring what isn’t there.”

“Good,” she said, then kissed his cheek again. “Because if you *could* see her like that, I’d need to put my foot down and show her who the real woman of this house is.”

“And wouldn’t *that* be a shock to Astrid,” Marc laughed. He didn’t even feel a twinge about Felicity declaring herself the woman of his house. It just felt right.

“I could get her in line,” Felicity chuckled. “But tonight is about *me* getting put in my place. So, dear, how are you planning on doing that?”

Marc told her, and just as he’d expected Felicity was in agreement with everything he told her. The only thing he held back was that she would be getting the ‘silent treatment’ in regards to his cock for a while because that was part of the game.

Chapter 47

“That’s it, pretty little slut,” Astrid cooed as she looked down at Felicity. “Eat up and make sure you get my taste all over the pretty face of yours. Forehead to fucking chin.”

The start of the scene had begun as soon as Astrid entered Marc’s apartment. She had arrived dressed in a long peacoat under which she was wearing a leather bustier that pushed her tits out nicely and a leather skirt with slits on either side for easy movement. Her legs were clad in thigh-high stockings, and as she walked in she pulled a pair of black lace gloves out of the pocket of her coat and slipped them on.

Marc and Felicity had assumed their roles quickly. Marc was dressed in a suit, playing the recently-arrived Husband, and Felicity their coed toy who had come running at their call. Astrid had put Felicity to work immediately, as if she and Marc had spent a long day at work, getting her scurrying around to serve them wine and clean up areas of the apartment. Marc, for his part,

played detached and aloof. As Felicity dusted things that didn't need dusting, or fluffed the pillows on the couches, Astrid tutted and criticised, slowly disrobing Felicity. First went her sweater, a University of Toronto student sweater she'd brought with her. That left her in a sexy bra that Mark hadn't seen her in before, and he smiled softly when he noticed Felicity glance over at him for his thoughts. He nodded softly before resuming his aloof demeanour.

The sweatpants went next, showing off Felicity's big, juicy butt in a pair of panties that edged on being a thong. The bra and panties quickly followed and Felicity was left naked and bare, and then Astrid sat on the couch next to Marc and pretended to make small talk about their day as Felicity was made to massage her stocking-clad feet, and then Marc's in his socks.

Things progressed quickly from there to toe-sucking, and then making Felicity grind her pussy on top of Astrid's foot.

Finally, Astrid had had her fun and wanted to move on, and things moved up to the bedroom. She'd removed her skirt as Marc had put Felicity into the first position - the blonde's arms were bound behind her with rope, and a spread bar at her knees kept her vulnerable as she knelt on the floor. Astrid had stepped in front of Felicity and now had her eating her out.

"How is she doing, dear?" Marc asked.

"Barely adequate," Astrid sighed dramatically, though Marc had seen a few hidden twinges of pleasure leak through the green-haired woman's facade. "I thought we'd taught you better, our little coed slut," Astrid continued, ice feeding into her tone. "Or is it a factor of encouragement?" She looked back up at Marc. "I think she needs the flogger, 'hubby.'"

Marc fetched it from the neatly arranged display of toys they had picked out and lined up on his dresser. He came back and Astrid motioned that he should do it. "Sit up and lean forward, little coed," Marc said, adjusting Felicity so he had a clear view of her ass. It was a more difficult position for her to hold, but that was part of the game. Then he went to work with the flogger, striking his submissive's ass again and again as she rubbed her face across Astrid's pussy.

Felicity whimpered in pleasure, trying to suppress it. She was lying on the bed, her feet up in the air in a V with her ankles tied securely to a pair of hooks in the ceiling. Her arms were bound up over her head and together, pulled taught with a rope fed through the headboard of the bed. Astrid was humming to herself as she attached another clothespin to Felicity's breasts, making a solid dozen that were pinching and stinging her. Another five were lining her stomach on either side, biting into the soft skin and making her pant, while Marc was holding a wildly humming Hitachi vibrator against Felicity's pussy that was keeping her hips squirming.

“These pretty titties look so much nicer when they have decorations on them,” Astrid said in a cooing voice, smirking as she tapped on Felicity’s nipple. It was engorged and stiff but lacked a clothespin by design.

“Yes, mistress,” Felicity gasped. “Thank you, mistress.”

Astrid tutted, covering Felicity’s mouth with one hand. “Naughty, naughty, little coed,” she said. “Good girls only speak when they are given permission.”

Felicity nodded, her eyes big. Breath play had been a no-go on Astrid’s list, so Marc knew she wasn’t actually cutting off Felicity’s breathing. The last time they had all played together she’d pushed things a little far with it, which had been one of the big reasons this hadn’t been repeated before.

“Good girl,” Astrid said. “Hubby, I think you should come around here and get your cock sucked.”

Marc took a moment to loop a rope around each of Felicity’s quivering thighs, affixing the wand vibrator in place as it buzzed against Felicity’s throbbing pussy. Then he stripped off his briefs and got up on the bed, knee-walking over to Felicity’s head. Astrid took hold of his cock gently, winking at Marc as she pretended to dip it towards Felicity. The blonde opened her mouth eagerly, wanting to accept it and start suckling on the head, but Astrid lifted it away.

“Now, now,” Astrid said with a smirk. “Who said *you* were getting the treat of your Master’s cock?” Then she leaned forward, her own breasts grazing and batting against the erect clothespins and making Felicity moan in pleasure and pain as she was forced to watch Astrid take Marc’s cock into her mouth and start to suck.

Chapter 48

“Oh, fuuuuck,” Astrid moaned. “See that, little pet? See Daddy with his cock in me, in his wifey’s pussy? You know he prefers asses, but for me he’ll fuck my tight pussy.”

That line got to Marc. They’d moved Felicity around again and she was lying half on the bed, her shoulders and head off the edge. Her arms were tied to the far posts of the headboard, keeping them lower and spread and letting her hold herself up if she needed to relieve the blood falling to her head. Her ankles were in a spreader bar keeping them wide apart, and her hair had been wrapped up and tied with a rope that was connected to a dull, bulbed hook that was in her ass that meant when she leaned her head up she was pulling on her asshole. This all left her gloriously big tits to spill freely and get fondled and played with by Astrid.

The part that was the real torture, however, was supposed to be the fact that Astrid was standing almost astride her while Marc fucked her standing from behind.

The thing was, Marc wasn't against vaginal sex. It was good, and stimulating, and he'd had sex with plenty of women over his twenties. He just preferred to fuck a woman's ass. Partially because of the power of it, partially the submission, and partially the taboo. A woman surrendering her ass felt more intimate and raunchy.

Teasing Felicity with a close-up view of him fucking Astrid vaginally wasn't supposed to be an *insult*, just a tease. But what Astrid said made something burn in Marc's chest.

Felicity was currently ball-gagged and couldn't respond, though Marc was keeping a careful eye on her hands in case she made one of the signs that could mean to slow or stop. Without warning Astrid he pulled out of her and gave her pale, perky but a spank, then wrapped a hand up in her bright, green-dyed hair and held her tightly.

"Mmm, Daddy," Astrid moaned, and he could hear the grin on her face.

Marc shifted his stance lightly and pushed his cockhead between her cheeks, pressing immediately against her little asshole and making it obvious he was knocking on the door and planning to enter.

"No prep?" Astrid asked, an obvious hesitation in her voice.

"Felicity can take it," Marc challenged her.

She didn't respond, and Marc pushed into her ass.

It was hot, and tight as hell, and would take a long time to get to a proper fucking state.

Below them, Marc could hear Felicity chuckling through her ball gag.

"Oooh, fuck, Master," Felicity moaned loudly.

The ropes were gone except for the one binding her wrists behind her back. Marc ploughed into her familiar warmth, feeling her plush ass cheeks press against his hips as he groaned his pleasure.

"Back to work, pet," Astrid said, pulling Felicity forward again. Astrid was lying at the head of the bed, propped up slightly with the pillows, and had one leg pulled back and tucked behind her shoulder in an impressive display of flexibility. Her bare skin, other than her stockings, was almost as red and flushed as Felicity's.

The fucking had gotten rougher as the night wore on, less toys and teasing making way for hard thrusting, slick holds on sweaty limbs, and ferocious oral. Astrid's makeup had run when Marc had fucked her face, going ass-to-mouth on her. The green-haired *domme* had taken it gamely. Now she had her other leg hooked around Felicity's neck to pull her down to keep servicing her pussy and abused asshole. "That's it," Astrid groaned. "Lick Hubby's creampie out of me."

Marc settled himself deep in Felicity's guts and reached under her, sliding her hand down her hot and sweaty stomach and finding her clit between her legs. Felicity moaned through the slurping she was doing between Astrid's legs.

"Don't go easy on her now, hubby," Astrid said with a slightly scolding tone.

Marc rolled his eyes. He'd thought maybe the battle for who was more dominant might have ended when he sodomized her and then fucked her mouth, but she just kept pushing. Marc pulled out of Felicity slowly, feeling her ass pucker and clench to hold him inside her, and he bent down to softly run his tongue around her tender hole for a moment before sliding from the bed and moving to the dresser where the last of the toys they hadn't used were. He picked up a pair of nipple clamps that were connected by a chain and lead along with a simple bullet vibrator and some sex tape.

Back at the bed, he stroked Felicity's hair. "Excuse me, pet," he said.

Felicity pulled back, Astrid allowing it by not keeping her in place with her leg. The look she gave Marc, wide-eyed and downright loving, made him hesitate for a moment before he went to work. He quickly tore off a strip of sex tape and pressed the buzzing bullet vibrator right above Astrid's clit, taping it in place over her mound.

"Those are supposed to be for her," Astrid said with a smirk.

"Hush," Marc said firmly, then leaned in and attached the first nipple clamp to Astrid's left tit. He tightened it enough that she would definitely be feeling it, and her stiff nipple was held firm. Then he attached the other one, and she hissed softly as he gave the small chain lead a tug. "Now, back to work, pet," he ordered Felicity lightly.

She went back to it, slurping at Astrid's ass noisily. Marc got back up on the bed behind her and gave her sodden pussy a familiar, loving rub before pressing his cock back to her ass.

"*Voilà, ma chérie. Mon trou préféré,*" he groaned as he entered her again. Then he tugged on the lead, which in turn tugged on Astrid's nipples and made her tits bounce a little as the green-haired *domme* let out a long groan.

It would be another half hour before they finally finished, Marc's second load of the night landing all over Astrid's chest and face for Felicity to lick up. The final orgasm count between the three of them was easily in the high twenties.