

Le Français Chapter 32-38

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Chapter 32

As Marc closed the door to his apartment behind him, he sighed softly and smiled a little to himself. Leaving Sinead like that had been harder than he'd thought, but played right into his game with her. The fact that she'd had him feel the buttplug she was wearing, in a semi-public spot like the hallway outside her apartment, told him a lot about how things were progressing. The challenge she'd thrown down was another signal - that she denied him vehemently to her friend Jules, that she wasn't accepting what was happening between them yet, showed the game was still on.

Marc wondered if Sinead realised it was a game between the two of them or not. He knew she knew something was going on, but did she know how it ended, or was she still telling herself it was all for the good of the work?

"Good evening, dear," Felicity said as he walked down the hall into the open area of the lower level of his home. She was lounging over in the sitting area, just closing a thick text of some sort as she sat up and smiled at him.

"*Bonsoir*, Felicity," Marc said, shrugging out of his suit coat. Felicity quickly stood and came to him, taking the coat before he could hang it on the back of the chair himself so she could fold it neatly. He smiled at the little gesture, taking her chin between his finger and thumb and pulling into a kiss that she willingly deepened as she smiled against his lips. She was dressed in a silky, pearl-coloured blouse that was already unbuttoned halfway, showing off the bustier he'd bought her the previous year. It was a beautiful thing, likely meant to be wedding lingerie for a bride, but then what was the point of lingerie purchased for just one night?

"Something is on your mind," Felicity said as the kiss ended. She had her hands flat on his chest, looking up at him with those baby-blue eyes of hers.

"You know me well, *ma petite fée*," he sighed.

"Come," she said, taking his hand and leading him over to his favourite seat. She quickly, efficiently, undid his belt and hung it around her neck, then undid his slacks and dropped to her knees, pulling off his briefs along with his pants. She folded both neatly and set them aside as Marc sat, and then she looped his belt through itself and tightened it around her neck, leaning forward to press her bosom to his knees as she offered him the long end of the belt like a leash.

“Not that,” he said, frowning a little as he shook his head. He gently pulled the belt loose and raised it over her head before cupping her cheek and brushing his thumb over her cheek. “I don’t think tonight is a night that we’ll play like that.”

She smiled softly, and Marc thought he saw a flicker of sadness in it, or maybe it was compassion. “Then, my dear, allow me to help you reach clarity.” She sat forward and soon her lips were around his shaft, and Marc was groaning as Felicity lovingly bathed his cock with her lips and tongue. She was slow and smooth, but as the saying went, ‘slow is smooth and smooth is fast.’ It didn’t take long for her to bring his orgasm to the fore, and she kept him there for a few minutes on purpose, not tipping him over until the pressure had built enough that he put a hand into her hair. Then, with a smile as she looked up at him, she tipped him over and slurped up every ounce of cum that he gave her.

When he was finished, Felicity quickly cleaned him again with her mouth before standing and moving to the kitchen. First she rinsed her mouth - something that, in the passion of the moment, Marc didn’t always care about, but appreciated now - and then fetched down a wine glass and the latest bottle he had opened. She returned with it, handing him the wine, and then slid onto his lap and curled up with her head resting on his shoulder. Her cleavage was well within view, a tantalising sight that she knew she was providing, but wasn’t the point.

“Talk to me, Marc,” she said softly.

Marc, for his part, took a sip of the wine and hummed softly in his chest as he revelled in the warmth of her on him, the flavours in his mouth, and the light-headed clarity in his mind. When he swallowed he was tempted to take another sip, but he wasn’t one to avoid uncomfortable topics for himself.

“Astrid has done something for me,” he said. “A favour, that has to do with our dear Detective. Instead of her usual compensation, she’s asked to spend a night with us. Like last time.”

Marc could feel the hesitation in Felicity’s body. Not fear, or panic. Just hesitation. “I assume that you have reservations, if you aren’t simply ordering me to do it,” she said.

“Many,” Marc admitted. “But they boil down to a few. Last time we tried this, it was a bit much. For both of us. And I certainly don’t like not having total control of our games. I don’t like seeing you in distress and not being the immediate relief.”

“Oh, Marc,” Felicity said, stroking his chest through his dress shirt. “I understand. I trust you.”

“And I appreciate that trust immensely, *ma petite fée*,” Marc said. “Another of my reservations is that I’m asking you to do this for the sake of the Detective and my game with her. You have no reason to help with that.”

“Marc, please,” Felicity said, shifting slightly to sit higher and look at him more on an even plane. “Is the information that Mistress Astrid has going to help the Detective with her real work?”

“Likely,” Marc said.

“Then it isn’t for the game,” Felicity said. “She *is* a policewoman. If it took Mistress Astrid to get the information, then it must be important and difficult to procure. Does the Detective know?”

“Not about this,” Marc said. “I don’t-”

“Shhh,” Felicity hushed him. “I appreciate that you are worried for me, Marc. And that you respect me. I’ll do it as long as you are there too. I wouldn’t spend time with her alone, but with you there I trust it will be fun, even if we push my limits again.”

Marc was surprised to find a denial on his lips. A declaration that he was thankful for her willingness, but that they wouldn’t do it. That he wouldn’t share her with Astrid. He felt... was it jealousy? Was he possessive of his escort? The arrangement was specifically designed to be free of that, and until this choice, he’d never felt particularly possessive of her.

Years together, however... he was invested in her, he realised. Invested in what they had built between them. His mind went back to the first day he’d met the Detective, and his admission that if he *were* to suddenly come under some sort of criminal indictment, or illness or some other issue, it would be her that he trusted with his home.

He was invested in her. As a Dominant, certainly, but also as a man. She didn’t just serve his sexual appetites, she served his social needs, and his emotional release. He was *invested* in Felicity and didn’t like the idea of risking that investment.

“Felicity...” he said, but decided not to say it. This was, after all, a job for her and not part of the agreement. “I’ll ask you again, just to be certain. This is an opportunity, but not the only one, for my ongoing game with the Detective. Are you interested in spending a night in submission to both Astrid and I, separate from whatever I might gain from it?”

Felicity smiled softly and kissed him. “I will submit, my dear,” she said. “As long as you are there, I’ll always trust you have my safety and pleasure in mind.”

He kissed her back. “Tonight, I think we relax,” he said when their lips finally parted. “No play. Tell me about how your thesis is coming along.”

Felicity smiled and rested her head against his shoulder again as they cuddled on the plush easy chair. It wasn’t the first time she’d spent telling him about her life - a taboo for most escort-client relationships, Marc was sure - and it wouldn’t be the last. It was these moments, these emotional payments, that built the trust he was finding he relied on more than he’d realised.

Chapter 33

“So, that was something,” Jules said as Sinead re-entered her apartment.

Sinead could feel herself flushing in a panic that Jules had seen what she’d allowed Marc to do out in the corridor, but that was impossible. She tried to keep a straight face, just raising an eyebrow. “What do you mean?”

“What do you mean, what do I mean?” Jules asked, gesturing to the table where they had just finished dinner. “Marc Fornier, person-of-interest in your case and now *my* case, was here for dinner in your apartment.”

“Yeah, I know,” Sinead said. Jules had moved over to the couch, and Sinead flopped down onto the other end and let out a big sigh. “We explained it to you.”

“You explained *some* of it to me,” Jules said. “I get the feeling that you were holding some shit back. And the fact that I’m getting that from you but not him either means he’s a better liar than you, or he doesn’t know you’re crushing on him.”

“I am not,” Sinead said, maybe too loud. She softened her voice. “I’m not,” she repeated herself. “He’s an asset. A volunteer. There’s no quid pro quo going on, he’s not getting paid.”

“After the whole ‘dinner under cover’ it sounds more like he’s paying you,” Jules said and pursed her lips.

“Oh, fuck off,” Sinead sighed, thankful that Marc hadn’t mentioned the makeover. Or the dress and jewellery. That would look bad. “What about you? You were flirting like crazy with him.”

“Well, he *is* charming,” Jules said with a little smirk. “And hot in that, ‘Sexy friend of my older brother’ kind of way. Like he’s out of reach, but also right there. You’ve seriously not fucked him?”

“No!” Sinead said. “Jesus fuck, Jules. No sex. Not even a handy.” It wasn’t a lie, since that first time had been a blowjob. “I’m not seeing him, I’m not dating him. Yeah, he’s attractive, and yeah, he’s charming. If you want to go after him, you can.”

“Well, I can’t exactly do that while he’s an official person of interest,” Jules sighed. “I’ll do what I can, but you should let him know I’ll probably need him to come down to the station to chat again so we can clear it up officially and no one else tries to go after him. How helpful was he, really?”

Sinead frowned and shrugged. “Enough that I’ll stick my neck out for him,” she said. “And I’m trying to keep him helpful, so don’t mess with him.”

“I won’t, I won’t,” Jules promised, then smirked again. “At least not until he’s cleared. Then I might look to mess around with him a bit.”

“Do what you want,” Sinead said and hated the fact that she was angry she was saying it. Marc was still leveraging her in ways that were dangerous to her and the case if they came out, and she knew it was wrong. Knew that the way she was thinking with her pussy was the wrong move.

“Well, we’ll see,” Jules sighed.

They changed the subject, and the evening wore on, and Sinead felt like maybe the whole thing would blow over. Jules would clear Marc, and Marc would see that he had more eyes on him and would cool off on whatever he was doing. Things could normalise, and maybe he’d just be an asset, or maybe Sinead would ask him out. Do things properly.

*Marc would probably be a good boyfriend, she thought to herself errantly while half-listening to Jules talk about some of the internal politics happening back in her old precinct. Then she shook her head, grimacing at herself just a little. **What the fuck am I doing? He’s a fucking sexual predator, playing me along. How would that make a good boyfriend?***

She realised she was playing absently with her necklace as she and Jules talked, and had to force herself to stop by thinking of Marc’s smarmy, know-it-all, better-than-you smile.

Fuck Marc, she thought to herself.

And then, when Jules had left for the night, and the kitchen was clean and the dishes were away and the lights were off in the apartment except for the washroom, Sinead took the buttplug out of her ass and cleaned it in the sink before setting it down on a towel on the counter to dry.

“Fuck, Marc,” Sinead sighed, looking at the little plug.

Chapter 34

"We're on," Marc said over the phone. He was in his office - he hadn't wanted to interrupt his quiet night with Felicity to text Astrid, and this felt like a more personal communication than a text anyway.

"She consented?" Astrid asked, her warm smile clear over the call.

"She has," Marc said. "We can discuss particulars and schedule the date later, if you don't mind. For now, I was wondering if you would be willing to forward the information you gained."

"Mmm, Marc," Astrid said, her voice a little husky as she revelled in her mild amount of power over him. "You know I work with payment up front."

"Astrid," Marc said sternly.

"But I know you're good for it," Astrid followed up. "Should I run it down to you myself, or have it delivered to your little detective friend?"

It wasn't a surprise to Marc that Astrid would know about the Detective. Likely she'd already hacked Sinead's personal social media accounts at the very least and done some snooping. It was a sort of collateral damage to keeping a woman like Astrid on a regular retainer. Marc was still a little proud of himself that Astrid didn't know about his arrangement with Felicity; that was only between the two of them and would remain that way.

"Does it all fit onto a thumb drive?" Marc asked.

"It does," Astrid replied. "It's almost entirely text and banking documents. No audio or visual mistakes for your boy. At least in his cloud or personal records. Lots of photos of naked women though - he's quite the playboy. And he had a particularly hot little housewife."

"Just messenger the drive over please, Astrid," Marc said. "You can seduce the housewife once the main thrust of the Detective's efforts land, alright?"

"Hmhmhmhm," she chuckled in a hum. "*Tu me connais trop bien*. Wouldn't it be delicious, though?"

"You have your games and I have mine," Marc said, shaking his head lightly. In all likelihood she didn't mean it or would lose interest before the time came. "Unless there is anything else?"

There were other matters to discuss, but they were more on the up-and-up in terms of her regular work for Marc. Almost half an hour passed before Marc hung up with Astrid and had time to text Sinead.

'The information will be in my hands soon. Are you ready for our next adventure?'

Marc didn't have long to wait until she responded five minutes later.

'That depends on how good the information is,' Sinead replied. *'Your 'adventures' are a little much.'*

Marc smirked to himself and quickly typed his next text. *'You can always refuse to play the game, ma petite rebelle. Make sure you are free Thursday evening.'*

'Done.' Sinead agreed.

His smile didn't slip as he left his office for lunch, walking a block away from the building in the cold of a Toronto February to reach the little deli he liked. He had his purchase and was just sitting down to eat, deciding his plans for Sinead, when the bell on the deli door jingled and Marc had to raise an eyebrow.

"Detective," he said, standing back up straight. "I wasn't expecting to see you again so soon."

Jules, dressed in a tailored pantsuit that gave her a feminine charm without showering off her assets, was tightly laced up with her hair in a bun and her posture straight. "Fancy meeting you here, Marc," she said, though she'd obviously planned it.

"Would you care to join me?" he asked, gesturing to the other seat at his table.

"Actually, I was wondering if you'd be interested in going for a ride with me," she said. "A courtesy, so we can clear up some things."

He'd expected a phone call, or some other form of summons, if Jules was going to follow through on protecting Sinead's plan for him as a contact. Marc had certainly *not* been expecting to get picked up again. At least this time it wasn't him getting pulled out of his office in front of his staff. Explaining away one such instance had been manageable. Two would cause irreparable repair as the rumours would gain more traction.

"How long of a courtesy might this be?" Marc asked. "I do need to get back to work, Detective."

Jules smiled a little lopsidedly, the beautiful Asian woman looking like she could have fit into any cop drama as an experienced detective who used sarcasm to deflect the things around them. "I thought you were the boss, Marc. Doesn't that mean you can take off whenever you want?"

"If that's how your bosses work, it explains some of the issues with crime in the city," Marc said with a little sigh. "May I at least bring my sandwich?"

"Of course," Jules said. "Just no eating in my car."

Chapter 35

The ride to the precinct was quiet. Not because Marc was feeling particularly put out, but because when Jules put him in the front seat and then walked around to the driver's side, she pointed to the dashcam. Marc assumed that it was just a caution and there wasn't any serious trouble, but he decided to let her take the lead and they made the twenty-minute drive in silence.

Jules escorted him into the precinct and led him to an interview room. He still had his phone, so he quickly texted the office to let them know he was in an impromptu meeting and to push a couple of calls he had scheduled. It took almost half an hour for Jules to come back, and when she did she was carrying a pair of coffees. She set them down on the desk, then took a remote out of her jacket pocket and pointed it at a camera in the upper corner of the room and the little red recording light turned off.

"We're in the clear to talk openly," Jules said.

"How open?" Marc asked with a smile, accepting his coffee with a nod and a raised eyebrow. His fingers brushed hers as he took the cup from her, hinting at the flirting they'd been doing the night before.

"Open enough, Marc," Jules said, rolling her eyes slightly. She sat back and took a sip of her own coffee, her posture relaxed as she crossed her legs. "I have a couple of real questions for you that should clear up anything and lead to another more serious talk in here, but first we can just chat a bit."

"Just chat, hmm?" Marc asked. "Is that what was on your mind? *Juste une conversation informelle?*"

"My French isn't that good, but I got that," Jules said. "Yes, informal. Casual. Personal."

"Then, my dear Detective, please suggest a topic of conversation," Marc said. "Travel, cuisine, perhaps the weather?"

"Tell me about you and Sinead," Jules said.

"What is there to tell?" Marc asked. "She asked me for help, I gave her help."

"Why, though?" Jules asked. "What do you get out of it?"

"Why should I receive anything in return, beyond spending some time with a beautiful woman?" Marc asked. "And you must admit, your former partner is quite striking."

“That’s the problem, Marc,” Jules said. “And you’re a charmer. So I want to make sure that you’re on the up and up here. Have you two had sex?”

“Bah, *non*,” Marc said, wagging a finger at the Asian detective. “*Pourquoi tu demandes ça?* No, the Detective and I have not slept together.”

“Well, that’s good.”

“*Pourquoi?*” Marc asked. “Not to be so forward, Jules, but are you perhaps asking not because of concern for Sinead, but out of... personal interest?”

“Are you implying something?” Jules asked.

“Only that our rapport over dinner was quite pleasant,” Marc said with a smile. “And that I would not mind the idea of another dinner. Perhaps more intimate, so we can discuss you instead of me.”

“You *are* dangerous,” Jules said with a little smirk and a shake of her head.

“*Le danger, c’est le sel de la vie,*” Marc said, then cocked his head to the side as Jules made it clear she didn’t quite catch that one. “Danger can be fun,” he simplified. “A little bit.”

“It can,” Jules said, and for a moment she indulged herself and looked Marc up and down. He didn’t shift, and simply sat and sipped at his coffee as he let her look. She was a beautiful woman and he didn’t mind being appraised and appreciated - perhaps things would have been different if he weren’t so wrapped up in Sinead. Jules certainly had as strong a personality as the Detective, she just lacked that fiery temper that Sinead could show occasionally. As it was, Marc was having fun but knew that whatever banter was going on between them, Jules was only having some fun as well. If one of them were serious the tone would be different.

“So, Detective,” Marc said after a long moment of silence. “If you are feeling more assured that your former partner and I are not ‘an item,’ as you Canadians say, perhaps there is something else you would like to ask me?”

“And what if I’m not more assured?” Jules asked. “Should I keep asking questions?”

“Absolutely,” Marc said, opening his arms a little wider to invite her to continue. “I would rather you decide I am trustworthy in all things, rather than none.”

Jules shook her head, again eyeing him as she smirked. “Something tells me I should be careful around you, Mr Fornier. You are altogether too good-looking and too flirty for your own good.”

“Ah, if I were flirting with you, Detective, you would know it,” Marc said with a smirk of his own.

“Oh, I know it,” Jules said. “But I can handle your flirty ass. Let’s talk about why you’re really here though. Where were you on the afternoon of January 7th?”

Marc was allowed to refer to his calendar on his phone to answer Jules’ questions about a series of dates that didn’t seem connected to him or his whereabouts, though he did have an answer for each of them. Then the detective had questions about the business opportunity that Victor Berisha had brought him. Nothing that had transpired between Marc and Victor had been illegal, as of yet, but Jules agreed that the hints he’d made in their conversations certainly suggested there could be some in the future. Victor was careful though, a middle-man protecting his clients and therefore his paydays.

In the end, Jules wrapped up scribbling some notes in a notebook and shut it. “That should clear everything from my end,” she said. “You’re no longer an official person-of-interest, but I can’t keep you out of the reports entirely since your name shows up in our surveillance of Berisha. I’ll label you as a cooperating witness and that should keep you clear.”

“Actually,” Marc said. “If at all possible, I would prefer to remain unlabelled. While I trust you, and I certainly trust Sinead, it is entirely possible that some of my business associates would be... unfortunately suspicious if information was leaked.”

“Snitches get stitches, even in the lofty heights of the city,” Jules sighed.

“Not so dangerous, but it could lead to a loss of business,” Marc said. “So, if you don’t mind...?”

“If that’s how you want it,” Jules said. “No labels for you. That does mean that anyone else looking at the case might flag your name though.”

“I would rather deal with that if it comes, Detective. *Merci.*”

Chapter 36

Sinead hated being in the dark about Marc's plan. She spent the next few days switching between grinding her teeth and clenching her fists, her nails digging into her palms. There was almost no movement in the Financial Forensics department - her two 'coworkers' only spent about half their time in the office, and the other half off doing audits somewhere. She continued to lack any formal assignments from the Captain, and she was starting to think she could probably just stop showing up to work and keep collecting her pay indefinitely. Or at least until someone else took over the department and actually looked at the timesheets.

But she wasn't that kind of woman, so every day she showed up to work and did her best to comb through reports and financial records.

Her first attempt at finding out what Marc's plan was had been to ask what she should wear - he'd told her to come ready to go out but to wear casual clothes. That did little to give her any hints. The next day she asked if she should wear the jewellery he'd given her, and he answered yes - all of it. That got her blushing in her office chair, thinking of the buttplug that was still sitting on the towel in her bathroom at home. She'd resisted the idea of putting it in during her masturbation sessions, though she knew from the one time she *had* done it that it gave her an achingly full feeling that heightened the sensations.

She just couldn't lose that battle to Marc right now.

Her last attempt, earlier in the day when she was supposed to meet him, was to ask what sort of shoes she should wear. That, finally, got her something she could guess with - elegant black heels. That meant they were going out... but did it? Sinead could picture any number of reasons Marc would want her in heels. He could want her to strut around naked in his apartment as his maid for the night. Or maybe he wanted to pin her against the wall and fuck her, and the heels would bring her ass up to a better height for him to enter her. Or it could be a dinner party at his home, and he was planning on showing her off even if it was casual.

Sinead's imagination, she knew, was likely her own worst enemy. The one thing she decided on was that if Marc planned on sharing her in some sort of weird gangbang scenario, that was definitely over the line of what she was willing to do. Marc, she was willing to compromise herself with. Not other people.

So, nails biting into her palm, she knocked on his apartment door at 6 PM just like he'd asked.

"Detective," he greeted her with that fucking smile as he opened to door. "*C'est si bon de te voir.* Please, come in."

"Marc," Sinead said cautiously, stepping in and letting him close the door behind her. She couldn't hear anyone else in the apartment.

“Let me take your coat, *ma petite rebelle*,” Marc said, and she let him take her leather jacket from her shoulders so he could hang it up. “Keep your heels on though. We’ll see if they suit your outfit, yes? I’m sure they will.”

Marc led her into the open kitchen area, finding it blessedly empty, and accepted a small glass of wine he poured for her.

“So, you have the information?” she asked.

Marc tutted softly. “Straight to business, Sinead?” he asked. “I was hoping we were building a better rapport than that.”

Sinead fucking hated that she blushed. “Sorry,” she said. She hated that she apologised, too. “I’m just under the gun at work and whatever you’ve found could be a big help.” She hated that she was lying, and that she *wasn’t* under the gun. She should have been. She should have had a Captain breathing down her neck to get results. She hated that no one seemed to care what she was doing *except* for Marc.

“Ah, yes,” Marc said. “Well, let me assure you, this should help.” He pulled out a small thumb drive and took her hand, pressing it into her palm. “Everything is here. I have included some of my own notes.”

“How did you get this?” Sinead asked. “If it was obtained illegally, it’s not admissible in court.”

Marc hesitated. “A... friend did a favour for me, *un petit service*,” he said. “So no, I doubt it would be usable in court. But it will certainly point you in the right direction.”

Sinead grimaced as she looked down at the thumb drive in her hand, but clenched her first around it and nodded. Then she looked back up at Marc. “It was just a favour? Did it cost you anything?”

Another uncharacteristic hesitation from him, which made Sinead wonder what he wasn’t telling her. “What I paid, *ma petite rebelle*, is not important to you. What I ask is much more so.”

“And what’s that?” Sinead asked quietly.

“Come,” Marc said, setting down his wine glass and leading her towards the stairs up to his loft.

Sinead swallowed the last of her wine and followed.

“Fuck me,” she muttered to herself ten minutes later, looking at herself in the mirror. The dress, another new one that Marc had presented her with, was fucking gorgeous. There weren’t any tags on it but she could tell it was designer *something* and it was like someone had made it for her. The black cocktail dress hugged her small curves like a glove and lifted her tits to look like

they were two cup sizes larger. It was elegant and sexy and as she looked at herself in the mirror she knew she looked absolutely stunning. Like a femme fatale in a Bond film.

The only disruption to the process of her being given the dress and putting it on was Marc reminding her he needed proof that she was wearing *all* her jewellery. She'd bent over slightly, wearing nothing but her heels, and had peeled one of her ass cheeks aside to show him the plug was firmly planted in her ass. That had simply brought a positive hum of acknowledgement from Marc as he'd stepped back into his closet, mid-changing himself.

He came out again now, walking up behind her as she watched him in the mirror. He softly shifted some of her hair from her shoulder and leaned down, planting a delicate little kiss on her shoulder. "*Très bien, ma petite rebelle,*" he said. "You look stunning as always."

"Where are we going?" Sinead asked him, resisting the urge to lean back into him a little as he held her upper arms gently and looked her over in the mirror.

His smile - that *fucking* smile - was as cryptic as usual. "Just a little party."

Chapter 37

“Marc, this is too much,” Sinead murmured. He’d driven them, and she hadn’t figured out where they were going until they pulled up in front of the Royal Ontario Museum and a valet had taken the keys to park the car. A red carpet was rolled out from the main entrance to the big, old building and spotlights were illuminating it like there should have been celebrities taking photo ops and interviews before a movie premier or award show. There *were* plenty of people, and some of them might have actually been celebrities, but the signs all proclaimed the event to be some sort of a fundraiser.

“What do you mean, Detective?” Marc asked. He’d offered her his arm and she’d taken it, and now they were waiting in line to have their invitations checked.

“All of this,” Sinead said. “The dress, and the event. We shouldn’t be seen together in such a public place?”

“Why not?” Marc asked.

“Because it’s not right!” Sinead hissed. Despite the chill in the evening air, she could feel her cheeks flushing.

“It’s not right that I bring a beautiful acquaintance to a fundraising event as my guest?” Marc asked.

Sinead ignored the fact that her stomach knotted when he called her an ‘acquaintance.’ “So this isn’t a date?”

“*Ma chère*, none of what we have been doing has been dating,” Marc said quietly. “You made it very clear, that first time I invited you to dinner, that you were not interested in such a thing. This is simply another of our adventures.”

Sinead grimaced and looked away down the street. Part of Avenue Rd, leading down to Queens Park, was blocked off and had Paid Duty officers manning the traffic directions. She didn’t recognise any of them immediately and hoped that would stay true. The last thing she needed was someone asking questions. Well, beyond Jules.

That worry was a distraction from what she was feeling about what he said, though. All of this - this trading, and the teasing, and the fucking buttplug, was because Sinead had refused to sit down and have a dinner with the man. She’d blown him off. Now she kept thinking of when she’d blown him, kneeling naked in his living room.

Sinead had acted like a cunt, and now she was being treated like one.

“Sinead,” Marc said, snapping her out of her thoughts. “Tonight is about having fun. You look like you’ve sucked on a lemon.”

“Maybe that’s what it’s like, getting dragged places without being told where we’re going,” Sinead retorted, letting her frustration bubble over. She knew it was a mask, one of her defensive mechanisms, but she did it anyway. “Did you consider that maybe I wouldn’t want to come to something like this?”

“No,” Marc said flatly. “And don’t be absurd, *ma petite rebelle*. You look astounding, half of the men around us are stealing glances at you, and we are about to have a lovely time drinking exquisite drinks and eating unnecessarily complicated hors d’oeuvres as we make small talk and, most importantly, take in some of the exhibits. Now stop being childish, your pouting is unattractive.”

Sinead flushed again and found herself standing a little straighter, feeling like she’d just been dressed down by one of her teachers back in the Academy. The last time someone had talked to her like that had been her ex-husband, and she’d never let him get away with it. She wanted to blow up at Marc and tell him where he could stuff his attitude *and* his buttplug, storm away and take an Uber back to get her car. She had what she needed from him. This could all stop.

But... she *had* been pouting. And she *was* being childish.

Fuck you, she thought at Marc. But when he glanced at her again she smiled apologetically, and she wasn’t entirely sure if she was faking it or not.

The real problem was that this was exactly the kind of event she would have died to be attending if she’d been the cop on the corner directing traffic, working some Paid Duty overtime and imagining herself all dressed up. She was living out the reality of her own desires, and she was ruining the experience by being... not spiteful, but something.

Her smile stayed in place as Marc presented his invitation to the man at the podium, and they were gestured onto the red carpet. There were a few photographers present, snapping shots for the organisation running the fundraiser, but Sinead doubted anyone would care about her or Marc when local politicians or a few Toronto-born entertainment stars might be in attendance.

Inside, the ROM was brightly lit and decorated to match the high-class event. Marc said hello to some folks, leading her deeper into the building, and soon she felt herself falling back into that persona she’d affected while they were undercover with Victor Berisha at the bar. She laughed and made jokes. She spoke with women of all ages, all dressed to the nines and completely comfortable with the setting, and that made *her* feel comfortable. Marc introduced her as his companion and guest for the evening, and no one blinked an eye, and everyone seemed friendly. Several folks, when it came up that she was a police detective, were impressed and curious. Only two asked if she could help handle their parking tickets.

“She’s very lovely, Marc,” said one woman. Sinead had been separated by Marc as they were drawn into different conversations, though they were only a few feet apart. “But please tell me things haven’t soured with Felicity? I was so hoping to see her tonight. I just adore her.”

“No, no,” Marc said. “Nothing like that. She had plans of her own tonight, and I was blessed to have a connection to the Detective and she agreed to accompany me.”

The woman continued the conversation, but Sinead missed whatever was said.

Who the fuck was Felicity?

Chapter 38

Marc couldn't help but smile, glancing over at Sinead as she socialised with a gaggle of men and women as they looked over several of the exhibits at the end of the hall. Even though the fundraiser wasn't a dinner, it was still full of food and drink and Marc popped another bacon-wrapped something with a something-something sauce into his mouth. He had no clue what was inside that little bacon tube, but it burst with flavours and he had to admit it was good.

Sinead had, once she got out of her own head a bit, adapted quickly to the social strata Marc had pulled her into. He'd known she would - she contained multitudes, as they said, and after the way she had adapted in the bar and faked her way through their first conversation with Barisha he knew she would be fine here. Dressing her was always a pleasure, too. Felicity, with her curves, was no less fun to buy for but her figure simply couldn't handle certain kinds of clothes, just as Sinead's couldn't handle some of the things that looked most ravishing on the escort.

Something had changed, however, at some point in the evening. *She* hadn't changed, really. She was still acting the same way with everyone else at the fundraiser, and when he approached to join her she was welcoming and held his arm politely to signify that they were companions for the evening. He'd seen more than a couple of the younger men approach her and flirt when Marc wasn't with her, but she'd turned them all down. And that said nothing of the stares of the older generation.

But he'd caught Sinead glancing at him a couple of times, and the look in her eye was different.

As the night wore on, Marc made an effort to circle back into her sphere more just as he'd started the night as she got comfortable. The food trays being carried around slowed, and speeches began in the main 'ballroom' for the evening. Most people filtered in that direction as that was the polite thing to do, but Marc made no move to join them and ended up standing with Sinead just inside the entrance to the First Nations art exhibit.

"Shouldn't we go?" Sinead asked him.

"They won't announce anything meaningful," Marc said with a little smile and a shake of his head. "They will thank the museum staff, and applaud the directors and themselves. And then they will remind everyone how important the museum is, and give statistics like how many children come through every year and so on. They hold this fundraiser twice a year."

"If you don't care, why do you come?" Sinead asked. "Or is it all about business contacts for you?"

"I *do* care, *ma petite rebelle*," Marc said. "And I buy the overpriced tickets to do my part, even if it is not my culture they are preserving. But speeches are like leftovers - the more of them you have, the more unmanageable your refrigerator becomes. Best to only have one or two, not a

dozen, and this is the sort of event that aggrandizes people who feel overlooked much of the time, so there will be many speeches.”

“Sounds like any other award show,” Sinead sighed. “I worked Paid Duty for the TIFF a couple of times. The egos there were out of control.”

Marc chuckled. “Creatives are almost as bad as curators and critics,” he said. Then he took her hand. “Come.”

She hesitated just a moment before following. Marc led her deeper into the First Nations exhibit, and then down a side corridor that looped around the entire exhibit and back towards the main entrance.

“Where are we going?” Sinead asked.

“Shhh,” Marc said with a little smile. He stopped at a heavy wooden door that was unlabeled and, after glancing up and down the corridor to make sure they weren’t being watched, he opened the door and gestured for her to enter. It was immediately obvious that they had entered one of the coat rooms where the winter jackets of the guests were being stored. Each one was hung with a plastic numbered tag on the hanger, ready to be retrieved at the end of the function by the staff.

“Are we leaving?” Sinead asked.

“*Non, ma petite rebelle,*” Marc said, placing a hand on her hip as he looked into her eyes. “Now we have our little brush with danger.”

Sinead licked her lips, her eyes widening slightly as she glanced around the room. It was longer than it was wide, and mostly filled with the racks of coats. “Marc, I’m not going to fuck you in a coatroom,” she said.

“I’m not asking you to, Detective,” Marc said. Then he took her chin between his thumb and forefinger, keeping her looking at him as he placed the pad of his thumb against her ruby-red lips. “You are going to suck my cock.”

Her nostrils flared a little as she locked her eyes with his, reading that he was being serious. “Here?” she asked.

“Here,” he nodded.

She swallowed, and Marc could see the fight behind her eyes. If she had been worried about being recognized and associated with him, getting caught sucking his cock in a semi-public place would be disastrous.

Marc leaned back and, with his free hand, flicked the lock on the door closed.

Sinead opened her mouth and sucked on the tip of his thumb for a moment, then let it slip as she went to her knees. She quickly unzipped Marc's slacks and fished out his cock, and the look on her face as she held it again for the first time in weeks was one that Marc revelled in. She desired it. She wanted it. Yet she still fought that urge to submit.

Then, looking up into his eyes, she took him in her mouth. Maybe a little buzzed, but certainly not tipsy or drunk. Her mind was clear, her decisions firm. And, apparently, she still remembered that little barb of a comment he'd given her that first time because she didn't warm up into the blowjob. She went at him quickly, slurping and sucking, jamming his cock into her mouth.

It was fast. Faster than Marc even thought it would be. He'd been in this sort of situation before - it was a favourite little game between him and Felicity when they were at a function like this. Find a quiet place and have some fun, with none of the high society guests being the wiser. They'd come across some of those various guests in compromising positions themselves more than once.

Marc grunted, holding back his orgasm, and locked eyes with Sinead again. "I'm going to come, *ma petite rebelle*," he said quietly. "Swallow it. We don't want you looking a mess."

She just sucked him harder, her tongue lashing across the bottom of his cock, and he groaned before releasing into her mouth. Sinead took it all, swallowing as it entered her mouth, and when Marc was done she slid her lips off of his sensitive cock and smacked them lightly before licking the tip again.

"That it?" she asked cockily. Challenging him.

"Put it away," Marc said gruffly, using his Dom voice. She did, carefully zipping him back up before he offered her a hand up to stand. "Good girl," Marc said, keeping that tone of voice. "Now, let's find you something to wash down your meal, hmm?"

She let him take her hand, and he led her back the way they had come.

Marc had a lot to think about. That little challenge couldn't go unanswered.