

# Le Français Chapter 25-31

By BreaktheBar

Commissioned by ThL

## Chapter 25

Marc had to take a moment to step back and appreciate his work.

Felicity's ass was striped with red from the very soft caning and she couldn't stay completely still. It was also glistening from the oil he'd massaged into her skin. She was lying out on the bed, a double layer of towels down under her to keep the oil from making a mess as well as dealing with any of her leaking juices. Her legs were deliciously bare except for the spreader bar keeping her ankles a solid three feet apart. She was wearing a black corset, and the eyering on the back had a rope tied from it to her blonde ponytail, keeping her head craned back. Her arms were also crossed and tied behind her back so she couldn't move, and she was panting desperately - not because of fear or out of difficulty of breathing, but because she was trying not to come.

Mark stepped forward again and adjusted the magic wand vibrator between her legs, nuzzling it up against her slick pussy lips a little more firmly.

"Thank you, sir," she sobbed. Her legs and ass were twitching and her fingers were flexing as she fought to maintain her control.

With a smile, Marc swung a leg over her to straddle her and leaned down, nibbling softly on her upper ear. She was still wearing the sexy drop earrings he'd presented her with earlier that night before they went to dinner at a charity function he'd been obliged to attend. They looked gorgeous on her, as most things did, and she'd been very happy with them.

Knowing Felicity, she'd be as pleased with the picture of her ass he'd taken with its red and white stripes.

"Are you ready, *ma petite fée*?" Marc asked her softly, whispering in her ear.

"I am ready for my Master's orders," she whispered, her neck clenching from her effort.

"When I enter you," Marc whispered with a smile.

"Yes, sir," she acknowledged, quivering with need.

She was already lubed up and delightfully slick. Marc adjusted his cock, hotdogging it between her meaty and full ass cheeks, getting it slightly lubed up with the oil, then he pried Felicity's cheeks apart and placed his cock at her anal ring. It was just a little gaped, perfectly prepared for him. She'd worn the larger buttplug through dinner, the one that they used when he was going to take her ass instead of the smaller, decorative one she knew he just liked to know she was wearing for him. After years of similar games, they both knew each other intimately - how well the plug prepared her, how much a certain brand or type of lube would help, and what sort of horny state she was in.

Marc pressed forward, and she pressed her ass back at him, and his cock slipped into it after only a moment of pressure. He grunted softly, grinning and pleased, and then groaned as Felicity's ass clamped hard as she followed his directions and came. It was a big one, not that he hadn't expected that after almost an hour of teasing and punishment games. Felicity only took the cane on her ass or tits, she hated it anywhere else on her body. She also hated the feather he'd used to tickle her softly, but it was a love/hate relationship. The bondage turned her on. The oil did as well.

They knew how to push each other's buttons. Marc knew how to play her like a finely tuned instrument. Felicity knew exactly what Marc liked and how to submit to him, and to only give him real responses to his activity and never fake them. They were a perfect symbiosis.

Marc pushed deeper into her ass as the first wave of his blonde escort's orgasm came down, and then he started to fuck her vigorously. He could feel the soft vibrations caused by the magic wand still clamped between Felicity's thighs working through her, and the warmth of her abused ass on his thighs. Her mewling moans and sobs of release were magical. Her fingers were grasping, and Marc let his hands find hers and held them as he drilled into her.

"Thank you, Master! Thank you, dear! Ooooh, fuck, sir. Oh my... oooh, hahahaha!" She broke into delirious laughter as her body rocked through more orgasms. It was hard to say whether it was one continuous one or she'd gone multi-orgasmic; he'd seen both with her before. Her asshole was clenching hard but he could still thrust into her, and he grunted as he plumbed her depths.

There was something about fucking a woman's ass that just did it for him. It was one of his earliest deal breakers when he'd been dating around before settling into a routine with Felicity. If a woman didn't do anal, she just wasn't going to be for him no matter what other compatibilities they had.

Felicity loved getting her ass fucked by Marc. Perfect symbiosis.

"I'm going to come in this beautiful hole," Marc grunted, pulling out of her ass fully and watching it wink and remain stretched for a long moment.

“Yes, please, dear,” Felicity panted, still twitching from the overload of sensations. “Make me your little ass slut cumwhore, Master. Fill my hole, sir. Ooooh, fuck!”

Marc fucked back into her again, all the way, then pulled all the way out again, watching her asshole wink. It was a brutal sort of fucking that most women couldn’t handle because it was punishing to the anal ring - porn made it look more common than it should have. Felicity, when she was this turned on, could handle it though. She let out heavy huffs on every entrance until finally, as Marc pulled out again and stroked his cock with the head resting on the edge of her stretched anus, she moaned when she felt the gooey warmth of his cum filling her hole.

Later, once the bonds were gone, the towels were in the hamper and she was squeaky clean from Marc tenderly washing her in the shower, she moaned more softly.

Marc was rubbing aloe vera into her ass cheeks, which were still a little inflamed from the cane strikes. Even a firm tap with the thin cane could leave a welt, and he never wanted Felicity to leave without being taken care of properly.

“Thank you, dear,” she groaned, looking back at him over her shoulder as she rested her head on her arms, lying on the bed.

“*Tout le plaisir est pour moi, ma petite fée,*” Marc said softly, leaning down and kissing her between her shoulder blades.

“Mmmm,” Felicity moaned softly. Then she took a big breath and let it out slowly. “So. Tell me about your little fox hunt.”

“You’re interested?” Marc asked with a small smile.

“Of course I am,” she said. “I’m sharing your attention with a vixen cop, how could I not be interested?”

“*Touche,*” Marc said.

“So, have you fucked her yet?”

“No,” Marc said. “It’s too soon for that.”

She hummed a soft chuckle.

“*Qu’y-a-t-il?*”

“Nothing, dear,” Felicity said. “I’m just waiting for you to realise how silly that sounds. ‘Too early.’” She shook her head as she grinned. “If that woman came back here after the first time, she wants you.”

“She thinks she does,” Marc said. “But I do not think she is ready yet. Not for what I would want to do with her. Or to her. We’ll see.”

## Chapter 26

"What are you doing on Saturday night?" Jules asked.

Sinead had her cell phone pinned between her cheek and her shoulder as she shuffled papers at her desk, a pen loosely held between her lips like a cigarette. She knew she looked a bit of a mess - she hadn't washed her hair in a few days and it was pulled back into a rough ponytail, and her rushed makeup wasn't doing her any favours. The problem was that chasing the little leads she'd gained during her 'undercover night out' with Marc had been hectic. Things moved quickly in the underworld sometimes, and if Sinead was going to get any use out of the risk she'd taken without going back to Marc, she needed to do it *now*.

"I don't know," Sinead muttered to her friend. "Working, probably?"

"On a Saturday night?" Jules asked. "Did your hours- wait, you're not still doing unpaid overtime, are you?"

"..." Sinead felt a bit of shame and didn't want to answer. That silent pause was more than enough for Jules to read her though.

"When was the last time you took a night off and had some fun, bitch?" Jules demanded.

Sinead's mind immediately flashed to sitting with Marc in one of the fanciest restaurants in the city. Dressed up to the nines, her hair and nails professionally done. She still had the dress hanging by itself in her closet. It was the single nicest piece of clothing she owned and she didn't know what to do with it. The jewellery had gotten mixed in with her various other accessories, but every time she looked at the small box she kept them in they stood out like they didn't belong with the rest.

"A while," she said. She didn't have to say 'a week,' because she'd been working that night so it didn't count.

"Well, you're not working Saturday," Jules said. "I know a guy. He's a month out of a serious relationship and he *wasn't* the problem, so he's not ready for something serious but he's fun and charming and I think you too would be good for each other."

"If he's so good-"

"It's my cousin, Sinead," Jules said. "So no, I can't date him instead."

"Oh," Sinead sighed.

"Saturday. He'll pick you up," Jules said. "Dress up nice. Feel pretty. Let him buy you dinner."

“A blind date, though?” Sinead asked. “Can’t you at least tell me his name, or his social media accounts so I can snoop?”

“No,” Jules said. “Because then you’ll convince yourself you should work instead. Saturday. You are going on this date.”

“Fine,” Sinead muttered. “I’ll go on the date.”

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“I’ve received a meeting request that isn’t associated with a contact, Mr Fornier,” Jillian said from the doorway of Marc’s office. She was slender, dirty-blonde, and the kind of pretty that would distract most of the various clients who stepped onto Marc’s floor looking to hire his services. She was also an excellent lead secretary for his division despite her youth, which made her a total package when it came to his professional needs. “The name associated was a ‘Victor.’”

“Ah, Victor,” Marc said, leaning back in his chair and tapping a finger on his lips thoughtfully. “Please do, Jillian. But push it back. Late next week sometime, I think.”

“Actually, Mr Fornier, he’s waiting down the hall,” she said, pursing her lips just slightly. It was enough to tell Marc that she was unimpressed by whatever line that Victor had used on her, but that the man hadn’t pressed his advances into something unbecoming.

“Mmm,” Marc hummed. “That changes things then, doesn’t it? Alright, keep him waiting for ten minutes then bring him back here.”

Jillian nodded and went to step back out of his doorway, but Marc held up a hand. “Actually, Jillian,” he said. “Do me a favour and send an email to Astrid asking if she could call me later today. I’ll have some work for her to do. Actually, scratch the email. Send her a gift. *Une bouteille de parfum*, I think. And purchase one for yourself as well.”

With a warm smile, Jillian nodded again. “Gladly, Mr Fornier.”

Marc had ten minutes to make sure everything was set just right for a meeting with a scheming little scumbag like Berisha, but it didn’t take him too long to get his office just right. Shift some documents out of view, shift others *into* view so he could peek and see things with big financial numbers even if the papers themselves were meaningless. Then Marc loosened his tie and used his fingers to change the neat, tight way he wore his hair into something a little more rakish. Less banker, more stock trader. He also swapped out his watch for a flashier one and affected a pinky ring to match it.

By the time he was finished adjusting himself and his office, he still had time to finish reading the report he’d been skimming through before Jillian returned with Victor in tow.

“Victor,” Marc said, standing up with a grin and coming around from behind his desk to meet the man with a firm handshake. “It’s good to see you. *Désolé* for keeping you waiting. Money doesn’t sleep, eh?”

“I was in the neighbourhood and thought I’d drop in,” Victor said with a chuckle, his eyes quickly scanning around the office and taking in the neat, aristocratic layout and decor of the room. Marc thought the man’s pupils almost turned into dollar signs. “Sorry to interrupt your day. This shouldn’t take long though.”

“*Non, non*,” Marc said. “No problem at all, my friend. Please, come, sit. Were you offered refreshment?”

“Yes, I’m good,” Victor said, flashing a grin at Jillian. Marc gestured and, out of sight of Victor, gave her a little wink. Jillian nodded and backed away, heading to her desk.

“So tell me, is this purely a social call, or can I help you with something?” Marc asked as he sat down across from Victor in the comfortable chairs at the back corner of his office.

“A little of this, a little of that,” Victor said, leaning forward. “I’ll admit, I looked you up. You do interesting work. There are whole business articles about you.”

“Ah, those,” Marc said, waving them off even though he was actually quite proud of most of them. “All work and no play, as they say.”

“Hmmm, too true,” Victor grinned. “So, here’s the thing. I work with some... quiet clientele, you could say. Folks with large operations, lots of money changing hands. Sometimes things get a little chaotic, and get mixed up, and I try to connect them with people who can help. Right now, my own finances could use a little bit of the microscope treatment; between investments and real estate and holdings and cash transfers, well, it’s gotten a little messy. I was thinking that maybe if I see how you work, I’d be comfortable with adding you to my contact list to forward to some of my bigger clients.”

Marc nodded, a smile on his lips but internally rolling his eyes. This was too easy and almost insulting. He dealt with Fortune 500 companies. Mergers that had touched the billions of dollars. Acquisitions and hostile takeovers that changed industries, at times. And Victor Berisha wanted him to try out for the chance to work with his criminal clientele.

“Sounds interesting,” Marc said with a smile. “Tell me more.”

## Chapter 27

Sinead glanced down at her plate again, then back up at Connor.

“So you’re a cop, huh?” her date asked.

“A detective,” Sinead corrected him. “Like your cousin.”

“Right, right,” he nodded. “So have you ever shot anyone?”

Sinead had dolled herself up. After her phone call with Jules, her best friend and former partner had laid into her on an almost hourly basis to make sure Sinead wouldn’t back out, so she’d decided that if she was going to do this blind date thing she would do it right. She used the tips that the hairdresser Marc had hired had given her. She’d made sure her nails with the sexy silver French tips had been in good condition. She’d tried on a dozen outfits before settling on a green dress that played well with her hair, then matched it with her leather coat and some gold jewellery.

She’d felt wrong when she’d considered wearing the stuff that Marc had bought her. Like she needed to... not keep it sacred or anything, but separate from this. Whatever this was going to be.

Connor had picked her up in his BMW. He was a surgeon, half-Japanese and sporting a chiselled jaw and wicked smile that likely would have cemented a happy end to their night then and there if she wasn’t thinking of Marc’s fucking smile. Before they made it to the restaurant she got the story on him - he just got out of a three-year relationship with another doctor, and she’d cheated on him with an admin at the hospital, it had been messy but he was trying to move on.

Not exactly the teasing, suave way that Marc directed conversation.

And there was nothing wrong with the Cheesecake Factory for a first, slightly casual first date. In almost any other circumstance, she would have been thrilled for an easy night out of carbs and sugar packed into tasty dishes. Fuck, she *loved* the Cheesecake Factory and had ordered it on delivery more than once.

But...

That night at George, and the wine, and the food. The smell of each dish even as it was just being walked by her to another table. The ambience, and the glamour. Marc, sitting across the table in his perfectly fitted suit, with that fucking smile, teasing her and encouraging her to eavesdrop on her target.

*Fuck Marc.*



"I have," Sinead said, spearing her fork into the mess of delicious, carbby noodles on her plate and twirling it to get a nice mouthful. "Is that a problem?"

"Well, no," Connor said. "I mean, as a surgeon I abhor violence, but I can understand why it's necessary for the police. I'd rather Canada leaned more towards the British way of things than the Americans, though."

"You mean we should walk around with billy clubs as our only standard defensive armament? You want us to stop people with knives and guns with sticks?"

He frowned, clearly realising he'd stepped his foot in something he hadn't seen coming. "I guess that makes sense," he said. "Still, it's my job to repair the holes people put in each other. You can't blame me for wishing it didn't need to be."

"Wishes don't make reality," Sinead said. What she really wanted to do was point out the time his cousin had gotten jumped by three tweakers while she was a street cop and the only reason she hadn't gotten beaten bloody, or worse, was that she'd had her gun.

Sinead took a sip of her wine, trying to wash out the memory from her mind, and pursed her lips.

It was... OK.

*Fuck, I'm being such a bitch, she thought to herself. Fuck Marc.*

Sinead pivoted the conversation, asking more about Connor's work and the hospital. She found herself easing into basic interrogation techniques, asking him prompting questions. Smiling to encourage more detail, nodding along as if agreeing. Connor began to smile more, leaning forward in his seat, engaged in the conversation. Talking about himself.

By the time they ordered dessert, Connor was taking glances down at Sinead's lips, and occasionally at her cleavage. She knew she didn't have much there to offer, but she also knew how to make use of what she did have. The pushup bra was doing work tonight to fill out the bust of her dress.

The dress Marc had bought her didn't need that effort though. It accented her slim frame instead of needing her to adapt to it. She'd worn it once since that night, just looking at herself in the mirror after a long fucking day at work, and it had made her feel gorgeous even with messy hair and bags under her eyes from scanning computer screens and printouts all day.

*Fuck Marc!*

Sinead purposefully started to flirt with Connor, reaching across the table to touch his arm. She even traded him bites of their cheesecake slices.

Connor was attractive. His mixed heritage gave him a beautifully handsome face. He also had nicely sized hands, and they had to be dextrous if he was a surgeon, right? And he dressed well, his suit fit him. It wasn't quite as tailored as Marc looked when he was done up, but it was nice.

She could fuck him. He was definitely fuckable. And based on how Jules had talked, that was exactly what she thought they both needed. Sinead was, to Jules' knowledge, on a dry spell, and so was Connor. Technically Sinead was on a dry spell since what had happened with Marc had only been her giving him oral and him rubbing her pussy, but she was also fucking herself a *lot* at home so it didn't *feel* like a dry spell.

"Let me pay my half," Sinead said, reaching into her purse as the waitress brought over the check.

"No, please," Connor said. "It's a first date, I have to pay."

*Marc wouldn't care if it was the first or tenth-*

"OK," Sinead said, interrupting her own thoughts because *Fuck Marc*. "If you're sure."

They didn't have any other plans. No movie, or going dancing, or even for a drink at a bar. Connor brought her home and got out of the car to open the door for her.

"Thanks," Sinead said, looking up at Connor as he huddled close to her in the cold and smiled down at her. He was definitely fuckable. Nice face, nice lips. Strong chin. Good hands.

She went on her toes in her boots and kissed him on the cheek. "Have a good night," she said and went into her building.

Upstairs in her apartment, she went into her room and stripped off her dress, looking at herself in the mirror in her lingerie. She'd been planning on fucking him. Why the fuck hadn't she invited him up? He'd been hoping for it. By the look on his face when she'd kissed his cheek, maybe even expecting it. So why was she alone?

Sinead stripped off her bra and took down the dress, slipped it on, and looked at herself in the mirror. Then she slipped one shoulder off, letting it fall and expose her tit. Then the other, and she felt it slip down her body and slither to the floor.

It didn't take long, once she was on her bed, the gusset of her thong pulled to the side as she slowly pumped her dildo into herself.

“Fuck, Marc,” she whimpered, hating that it was getting her off.

## Chapter 28

"Another interruption," Marc said. "*Cela a été une semaine chargée.*"

"*C'est toi qui m'a demandé de travailler vite,*" Astrid replied as she strutted into his office. Her green hair was up in a messy bun and she was wearing an outfit that was entirely inappropriate for the office, consisting of a loose-knit sweater that looked like it belonged to a homeless addict, it was so full of holes, and a pair of skintight jeans that might as well have been the fashion-horror that were jeggings.

"Your accent is getting better," Marc said. "*Bien joué.*"

"Rosetta stone," Astrid smiled demurely, plopping herself down in the chair across from his desk. Jillian hadn't escorted her back to his office, and Marc again wondered at how Astrid of all people could get Jillian to let her by. Not for the first time he wondered if she had seduced his secretary.

"I assume you have something for me then?" Marc asked.

"I do," Astrid nodded. "And it's good. Good enough that your little gifts won't be enough for this sort of off-the-books work."

"How much do I owe you?" Marc asked.

"No money," Astrid shook her head, leaning forward as she smirked a little. "I've dug up dirt on this Victor character that has a lot of threads coming off of it leading in interesting directions. I don't know what you're doing working with a guy like that, but for *this* kind of work I need some more... personal compensation."

Marc sighed and glanced towards the heavens for a moment before looking back at her. "Name your price, Astrid," he said.

"I want a night with you and Felicity," she said. "Like the last time."

Marc had had a feeling this was where she was going. While he and Astrid had never had sex themselves, when they had circled around each other a couple of years ago and discovered they had the same proclivities there had been one night of exploration. An exchange of sorts; of knowledge, and technique. Two Dominants, one submissive. Felicity, of course, had been willing to do as he asked. It had been one hell of a night for her, and Marc had extended the aftercare for her into a full day, she'd been so overwhelmed.

Astrid had never asked for a repeat of that night. At least until now.

"I'll need to see if she is willing," Marc said cautiously.

“Oh, please,” Astrid said. “If you ask her to, she’ll be more than happy to do it. Your little princess sub is wrapped around your finger as much as you are around hers.”

Marc wasn’t sure how he felt about Astrid thinking he was wrapped around Felicity’s finger, but she didn’t know the deal. The real deal.

“Still, a decision like that is something she deserves a say in, not just being ordered into it,” Marc said. “So I’ll make the proposal. I assume you’ll hold the information until you get an answer?”

Astrid shrugged a little and leaned back in her seat, reaching her arms up and stretching before reaching back over her shoulders and holding onto the back of the chair. She knew full well that doing so had lifted her shirt higher, revealing one of her tits through a hole in her sweater. “It’s only fair, I think,” she said.

“Unless you’re planning on me doing something with that, put it away,” Marc said, affecting a darker, more growly tone. His Dom voice.

“Mmm, threats don’t mean much if they won’t get followed through on, Marc,” Astrid smirked. “You should know better than that.”

Marc looked across the desk at her, knowing that she had thrown down a gauntlet. She’d done it flippantly, not really expecting him to respond. Maybe she even meant it as a joke. But her demand of Felicity as payment, and her general attitude, had all been a bit much, and Marc wasn’t in a mood to let the younger woman off the hook. He opened a drawer on his desk and pulled out a small remote, pressing a button. Within a moment the glass wall and door that looked out into the main work area of the floor went opaque, a silvery grey that blocked all vision both ways.

Astrid raised an eyebrow at him.

Marc stood, coming around the side of his desk, and stood next to her. “*Dernière chance*,” he said.

“*Tu sais que je ne te taillerai pas une pipe*,” Astrid said.

“I know,” Marc said. “I didn’t tell you to suck my cock though, did I? So why are you thinking about doing it?”

Astrid blanched a little at that one, flushing just slightly. Marc reached down and pinched Astrid’s nipple between his thumb and forefinger, firmly but not painfully. She had a nice breast - not massive like Felicity, or small and petite like Sinead. It was well endowed, and ruddy pink areola and nipple with a small barbell piercing. Marc twisted that piercing slightly, and Astrid only

sniffed in a little air as she otherwise didn't react.

"Good boys suck on nipples," Astrid said after a moment. Another challenge.

Marc pulled on the exposed nipple, tugging it and her forward in the seat insistently, as they locked eyes. "Put it away, or you'll be leaving here with a nipple clamp locked onto it," Marc said.

"Fuck, fine," Astrid grumbled, lowering her arms.

Marc let go of her nipple as the sweater dropped, and he leaned back against his desk.

"Do you really have a clamp and a lock in your desk?" Astrid asked.

"That's for you to wonder," Marc smirked. "Now, unless you are planning to take a walk with your shadow self and be my sub for a couple of hours, you need to leave. I have work to do, and will get you your answer."

Astrid stood and air kissed Marc quickly before heading to the door, but stopped before she opened it. "You know," she said. "I'd take a turn if you would."

Marc smirked and shook his head. "My ass couldn't take what you would do to it."

The green-haired hacker barked a laugh and left.

Returning to his seat, Marc flipped off the opacity but didn't get straight back to work. Instead, he took out his phone, his thumb hovering over Felicity's contact before scrolling down to Sineads.

*Will have something on our friend from the bar soon.*

It took almost half an hour before he got a reply text.

*How soon?* Sinead asked.

Marc considered the ask he needed to make of Felicity, and whether Astrid would take the promise of the encounter as enough forward payment.

*Soon. Next Monday, possibly,*" he sent. One week would be enough.

*I'll be ready,* Sinead texted back.

Marc smiled.

## Chapter 29

Sinead woke up with a start as the ringing and buzzing of her phone vibrated on her desk. She grunted and wiped at her mouth, blinking as she looked around.

The Financial Forensics division office was empty. Not that it was hard to get there, considering there were still only three of them working it, but Sinead still felt embarrassed about falling asleep at her desk. A glance at her phone showed it was past 8 PM, and Jules was calling.

“Hello?” Sinead answered and then wiped at her mouth again. Her desk was an absolute mess of papers since she’d been trying to find herself *any* lead before Marc texted that he’d come through on his end. She needed a reason to not go meet him, and it wasn’t working.

“Girl, did I just wake you up?” Jules asked. “You sound like shit.”

“Yeah, well... yeah,” Sinead sighed. “Look, if this is about the date with Connor...”

“Wait, what about the date with Connor?” Jules asked. “As far as you both told me, it went ‘fine’ and he liked you. Did he get weird over texts or something? Please tell me he didn’t send you a dick pic.”

“No, no,” Sinead said. “It’s nothing. And it *was* nice.”

“Just *nice* though,” Jules said. “Then I guess you didn’t fuck?”

“It’s kind of weird talking to you about-”

“Oh, please,” Jules scoffed.

“No, we didn’t fuck,” Sinead said. “He was fuckable, but not fuck-worthy.”

“So he *did* send you a dick pic?”

“No,” Sinead said. “He just... he talked about his ex as soon as we got in the car, and he was weird about me being a cop, and the only thing he liked talking about was himself and being a doctor.”

“Oh no, poor you,” Jules said. “You had to listen to a hot doctor talking about saving lives in the ER.”

“Shut up,” Sinead said.

“Fine. I wasn’t calling about your Chastity Belt of a date anyway. I wanted to let you know that we’re keeping an eye on some possible mob bosses. Full surveillance and everything. *Real* mob bosses.”

“Wow,” Sinead said. “Low blow.”

Jules snorted softly. “Sorry, I couldn’t resist. Nothing about *Le Français* if that helps. But someone *did* come up on our radar. Guess whose name popped out on one of our phone record searches?”

“Jimmy Hoffa?” Sinead asked.

“Harrharrharr, bitch,” Jules said sarcastically. “Stop being a sore loser. This one is bound to cheer you up.”

“Just tell me then,” Sinead said.

“One person-of-interest Victor Berisha, suspected fixer and potential ringleader of a dozen different crimes, had what seems to have been a series of business calls with a former person-of-interest of yours.”

“Who?” Sinead asked.

“God, sometimes you’re thick, babe,” Jules laughed.

“Just tell me the fucking name, Jules,” Sinead sighed. “I’m too tired for this shit.”

“Fornier!” Jules crowed. “That froggy fuck who danced out of our interrogation. They know each other. Maybe you were close to the mark after all!”

Sinead let her head fall forward and *thunk* against her desk.

“I’m thinking of hauling him back in here for some more grilling. It’s not like finance guys have privilege with their clients, right? You want in on this? I’m sure we could figure out how to get you in the room.”

“Don’t!” Sinead grunted, sitting back up. “Don’t bring him in.”

“What?” Jules asked. “Why?”

“Look, I’ll explain,” Sinead said. “Just... don’t bring him in until I do, OK? I’ll explain tomorrow. Dinner at my place. This is an in-person conversation.”

“Sinead...”



“Seven o’clock, my place,” Sinead said. “Please, Jules.”

“Fine,” Jules said. “For you, I’ll push it back. But you better not be jerking me around here.”

“I’m not,” Sinead promised. “My place at seven.”

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“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,” Sinead mumbled to herself. She’d put off calling him until she got home. Now she was pacing in her living room, her legs feeling stiff.

“*Bonsoir*, Detective,” Marc answered. “This call is coming late. Is everything alright?”

“Yes,” Sinead said, hating the fact that her knees went a little weak when he immediately asked if she was OK. “No, actually, it’s not. But it will be. I need you to be at my place tomorrow at seven for dinner.”

There was a moment of quiet over the phone. “*Ma petite rebelle*, I have a busy calendar and I do not yet have what I promised. If this dinner is about business, well, *je ne vais tout simplement pas pouvoir accéder à ta demande*. But if this is about pleasure, I may be able to work something out. Of course, between us, pleasure and business, they go together, *n’est-ce pas?*”

“Marc, just shut up,” Sinead hissed softly. “Please. Just... be here for seven, OK?”

After another moment of silence, which made Sinead regret her tone, he spoke again, his voice unchanged. “What will we be having for dinner?”

“I’ll cook something,” Sinead said, gesturing with her free hand as she looked at her kitchen. Her messy, lacking-in-ingredients kitchen. She’d been eating takeaway way too much recently and groceries were few and far between.

“Not haggis, I hope,” Marc teased her, and she could practically see his fucking smile.

“My family is from Ireland, not Scotland, you French ass,” Sinead said.

“My mistake. *Peu importe en fait, tout le monde sait de quel côté de la Manche la cuisine est devenu un art...*”

“Meaning what?”

“Fish, or Meat?” Marc asked. “For the wine, *ma petite rebelle*. I need to know what we’ll be eating to match the wine to it.”

Sinead sighed and stifled a groan.

## Chapter 30

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,” Sinead muttered to herself, rushing around in her apartment as she danced from the kitchen to the table to her bedroom, trying to get everything ready at once.

She’d taken the afternoon off, not that anyone seemed to care. Part of her wondered if she could even consider the dinner as working hours since she was liaising on a case. It was weird, not having a Captain breathing down her neck about cases, not caring how she dressed or what she was doing. It was like she’d fallen down the cracks of the Toronto police force and could just... do nothing, if she wanted.

This dinner was the opposite.

“Why the fuck didn’t I just make a fucking stew or something?” she growled to herself as she threw another outfit back into her closet and tried to figure out what else she could wear. She’d had people over for dinner before, and if it was just Jules then she wouldn’t care what she was wearing, but this felt more like a dinner *party* with Marc coming too and so she cared.

Shirtless, she darted back into the kitchen and slid across the linoleum in her socks to douse the slowly simmering steaks with more butter from the pan. They weren’t the amazing cuts of meat that she imagined Marc would get, but she was damn sure she was going to wow the both of them.

Back to the table, she straightened the third place setting, making sure the steak knives were clean before setting them out, then she went back into the bedroom when she heard the knock at the door.

“Shit!” Sinead grunted, pulling a simple black knit sweater down from a hanger and pulling it on. Black was fancy-ish, right?

Sinead went to the door, peeking through the little peephole to see it was Jules, and she opened the door as she was still straightening her sweater. “Hey, come on in,” she said.

“Hey, babe,” Jules said. She must have gone home after work and changed since she wasn’t in her slacks and button down blouse. Instead, she was wearing a long T-shirt with a pop art graphic face on the front and a pair of leggings.

*Fuck*, Sinead thought. She hadn’t exactly given Jules the heads up that it wasn’t going to be the two of them either, so she was dressed down.

“Whoa, what’s that smell?” Jules asked as she shrugged off her coat and started taking off her boots.

“Steak, roasted potatoes. Bacon-wrapped asparagus,” Sinead grunted, heading back into the kitchen.

“You’re making me steak?” Jules asked. “Damn, and here I was expecting some Pad Thai tonight or something.”

“Yeah, well, I can be domestic when I feel like it,” Sinead said, spooning more butter onto the steaks before peeking into the oven to check on the potatoes.

“I can see that,” Jules said, coming into the kitchen and leaning against the counter. “I think this is the cleanest I’ve seen your place since you moved in.”

“Hmm, so funny,” Sinead shot at Jules with a smarmy grin.

“What’s with the third place setting?” Jules asked.

There was a knock at the door.

“Please tell me you’re not getting me back by setting me up with someone,” Jules said.

“Nope, this is business,” Sinead grunted. “Here, keep spooning the butter onto the meat.” She left Jules to it and went to the door, stopping out of her friend’s view and quickly touching up her hair and straightening her sweater again in the little mirror in the front vestibule area. She bit her lip and adjusted the silver necklace. The one that Marc had given her. She never got to wear it, and in the middle of trying on outfits, she’d put it on and hadn’t taken it off. Now she wondered if it was going to send the wrong message or something.

Sinead opened the door. “Come in,” she said.

“Bonsoir, Detective,” Marc said with that fucking smile of his, handing Sinead a small bouquet of three orchids and showing he had a bag with a couple of bottles of wine in his other hand.

*“Merci de ton invitation.”*

“What the fuck is he doing here?” Jules asked from behind Sinead.

Sinead turned, gritting her teeth in an awkward, toothy smile, as she turned to Jules. “I can explain.”

Jules was gesturing with the spoon, staring down Sinead and Marc. “I fucking hope you can,” she said.

Sinead took the wine from Marc, and the spoon from Jules, and ushered them both over to the table before rushing back into the kitchen and pulling the steaks from the pan, and turning down the oven to keep the potatoes and asparagus warm.

“OK, the meat just needs to rest,” she said, coming back to the table.

“Really?” Jules asked. “The meat needs to rest? That’s all that’s going on?”

“I’m explaining, I’m explaining,” Sinead said, shooting a glance at Marc and hoping he went along with things. She’d rehearsed this in her head a thousand times since the night before, and she still felt like Jules was going to poke holes in it and guess what was really going on. “In the course of my investigations into *Le Français*, I ran up against some walls in terms of analytical know-how. And since the case led me to Mr Fornier at one point, I realised that his particular expertise would be helpful. But the chances of me being able to bring him on as a contractor were super low, considering his hourly rates, so I sort of... asked him for a favour. Pro bono. He’s broken open some complex files for me, and then he kind of went undercover with me when I was staking out Victor Berisha.”

Jules was staring daggers at her. Marc, on the other hand, had a hint of that fucking smile on his lips.

“Are you fucking kidding me, Sinead?” Jules asked, looking from her to Marc. “You took a civilian, a former *person-of-interest*, undercover and off the books? Is this why he showed up on our radar?”

“Almost definitely?” Sinead squeaked, smiling apologetically.

“You’ve got to be *shitting me*,” Jules grunted. Then she exhaled heavily and stared at Sinead again. “Well? That better be a damn good steak because we’ve got some shit to talk about.”

## Chapter 31

Marc wasn't sure whether he was slightly tickled at the awkwardness of the dinner, or a little annoyed. Of course, he acted the polite guest and gave Sinead her due compliments on the dinner - the steak *was* good, and the potatoes were nice and crisp, but the bacon around the asparagus had gone a little tough. Both of the women also seemed to relax a great deal once the wine was uncorked. Jules in particular raised her eyebrows at the first sip.

Marc sat back for the beginning of the meal, letting Sinead weave her little tale of partnering with him. He noticed that she didn't tell any overt lies to her former partner, and apparently very good friend, but she understandably downplayed the arrangement as a whole. By the time Jules seemed mollified, Marc was helpfully offering his own insights into what they had discovered so far.

"Alright, fine," Jules finally said, gesturing with her steak knife in a concerningly cavalier way considering how sharp it was. "I'll make this whole thing disappear in the background, at least for as long as I can. *But*, I have a serious question."

"What?" Sinead asked.

"Are you two fucking?"

Marc chuckled softly, but the look in Sinead's eyes of momentary panic concerned him. Moreover, he was annoyed by her response.

"Are you kidding me?" Sinead asked. "This, us two? That wouldn't ever work. Way too different, and it would be super weird. Seriously, I'd rather go on a date with your cousin again."

Marc clenched his teeth, just once, and then smiled. "*Pardon*, Detective, but I can assure you that the Detective and I have not engaged in sexual intercourse."

"I had to ask," Jules said with a shrug.

If Marc didn't like how Sinead had reacted in the moment, he really didn't like her satisfied sigh at having pulled one over on Jules at the expense of Marc's ego. She seemed to have forgotten who exactly was wielding the leverage and power between them, which meant a lesson was in order.

"Detective, I was wondering what your ancestry is?" Marc asked Jules. "Usually I am fairly astute at identifying Asian heritage, but your striking features illude me."

"Please, drop the Detective crap," Jules said. "I'm off duty. Just call me Jules. And my family is Japanese-Canadian."

“日本に旅行したことがありますか？” Marc asked.

Jules' eyes widened a little, and Sinead's jaw dropped. “I'm sorry, I'm very rusty at Japanese,” Jules said. “Did you ask if I've travelled there?”

“I did,” Marc said. “And it was likely my accent. I've done business with some Japanese firms and dabbled on Rosetta Stone, but I'm certainly not conversationally fluent.”

“I should probably hop on that myself,” Jules sighed. “My parents have been bothering me to take a vacation and go back with them to see extended family. Have you been?”

Marc put on a charm offensive. He had been, twice, though hadn't been able to explore nearly as much as he would have liked. He talked about the streets of Tokyo, and some of the interesting restaurants he'd eaten at. That led to talking about travel in general and he really took control of the conversation. And he could tell that, at first, Sinead was just happy things were going well and that she wasn't in deep shit with Jules.

But then Sinead started to notice other things. Her eyes widened a little when Jules touched Marc's arm. She noticed that he was paying most of his attention to Jules. Her eyes lingered when Marc took Jules' hand and traced a map on it, describing the time that he was diving around a wreck in the Mediterranean.

The first bottle of wine disappeared, and Sinead poured herself a large glass from the second. She suggested they move to her little living area to relax, but Marc insisted that he help by cleaning up, and Jules agreed, and soon the three of them were in the kitchen together washing dishes.

That was when Sinead's jealousy started to really rise, and Marc grinned internally as the booze shed some of her inhibitions.

Sinead became touchy and flirty. She reached around him, brushing her front against his back. She touched his lower back, and even his ass briefly. She giggled at anything that had a semblance of a punchline to it and played with her hair more. And Sinead wasn't the only one, Jules was certainly flirting back lightly with him as well as he paid her attention, spurning Sinead.

Finally, with the kitchen clean, Marc poured the last of the second bottle of wine he had brought for them both and got them sitting down on the couch.

“*Mes excuses*, ladies, but unfortunately I cannot extend this lovely evening any longer,” Marc said with a real sigh. “You are both wonderful company, and I regret that I have a very busy day tomorrow. Unfortunately, I must take my leave.”

They both made the polite 'Oh, that's too bad' noises, and Jules stood and shook his hand with both of hers, then pulled him into a hug. "Thank you for looking out for her," she whispered in Marc's ear, then kissed his cheek. As she pulled away she winked at him as well.

"I'll walk you out," Sinead said, then turned to Jules. "Be right back."

Sinead lingered as Marc got his loafers on, collected his coat, and then followed him out into the hallway of the apartment building.

"What was that?" Sinead hissed quietly, not wanting to be heard by Jules or any of her neighbours.

"That was a lovely dinner, *ma petite rebelle*," Marc said quietly. "Thank you for inviting me."

"Not the dinner, the... the fucking flirting," she whispered.

Marc raised one eyebrow. "Is Jules seeing someone? Should I not have flirted with her?"

Sinead worked her jaw for a moment, trying to figure out what to say, and the spark of anger in her eyes was palpable.

"Shhh, Sinead," Marc said soothingly, taking her hand for a moment. It was the first time he had used her name all night, another little trick that had certainly been setting her on edge. "Now, show me."

"Show you?" Sinead asked, screwing up her face in confusion.

"You know," Marc said. "And don't deny it. You know what I expected the next time I saw you."

Sinead flushed a lovely pink that almost made her freckles disappear. "Not here."

"Exactly here," Marc said. "Unless you want to step back inside and show me in front of Jules."

Sinead swallowed, eyes darting up and down the empty hallway. "Shit," she muttered. Then she stepped forward, right against him, and took his hand and put it on her lower back before sliding it under the waistband of her black leggings. Marc felt his palm pass over her warm ass cheeks, directed by her hand on his, and her fingers directed his between the cheeks to feel the solid little base of the buttplug she had in.

"The necklace looks good on you," he said with a smile as he tapped lightly on the base of the plug. "*C'est bien, ma petite rebelle*. I will see you again soon when I have more news for you."

He left her there in the hallway. He wanted more, but he knew he was leaving her wanting even more than he did.



And he had another appointment for the evening. All Sinead had was awkward questions and frustration waiting for her in her apartment.