

Le Français Chapter 8-12

By BreaktheBar

Commissioned by ThL

Chapter 8

Sinead was distracted, and Jules knew it.

“Get your head out of your ass, girl,” her partner said. “That or take the day off. You are seriously bugging out.”

“Fuck, sorry,” Sinead grumbled, shaking her head. They were supposed to be investigating a strong-arm robbery but had run out of leads fairly quickly since it had happened the night before in a dark area, and the mugger had been wearing a mask and gloves. Their only useful piece of information was that it was a he, and he was white. They were down to canvassing the area for witnesses and Jules had been taking the lead as usual since Sinead was known to be the abrasive one. She was still supposed to be paying attention though.

“Is it what the Captain said this morning?” Jules asked as they walked down the sidewalk towards the next house in the neighbourhood. The hope was that even if someone hadn’t seen something, there would be a security or doorbell camera that someone could give them access to.

“Well, obviously,” Sinead sighed. “Apparently I’m a fucking failure if I can’t pull magic out of my ass on this. ‘Come on Connors, every CI on the street says something is about to happen. Shit or get off the pot.’” She mimicked the gruff voice of their Captain pretty well.

“Well, maybe you *should* take a step back from it. Let someone else take a crack,” Jules said. “That or work that tight little ass.”

“What?” Sinead said, glancing at her partner in shock and a bit of panic. How did she know about Marc!?

“And pull magic out of it,” Jules said, stopping before they headed up to the next house. “Seriously, Sinead. What is going on with you?”

“Nothing, nothing,” Sinead said. “Let’s just do this work, OK? My head is scrambled with all the numbers and I need to focus on something other than the pressure.”

“Alright. Think you can handle this one without tearing someone's head off?”

“Probably,” Sinead said, thinking more of tearing Marc a new one than anything else. She couldn’t *believe* what he’d proposed.

The problem was the Captain's voice was still ringing in her ears, and she could *taste* how close she was to cracking the case and figuring out how the money was being moved around.

‘*Shit or get off the pot.*’ Right. She needed to do... something.

* * * * *

She flashed her badge at the front desk, which got her to the elevators. It helped that she knew her way already. The last time she’d been in the building she’d been on a mission and hadn’t noticed the little things. The elevator was spotless, even the stainless steel around the buttons was completely smudge-free. It was also tastefully decorated without being garish like some conference hotel; it screamed *real* money.

Up on the 35th floor there was another secretary, but Sinead didn’t stop to check in and strutted past with a purpose.

“Excuse me?” the woman, a sleek blonde thing that probably flirted with the clients, said. “Miss? Miss!”

Sinead stuck out like a sore thumb here, even wearing her decent sports jacket and slacks. Everyone here was in suits or immaculate, business-appropriate dresses and she had a t-shirt on under her blazer and her shoes were lacking about 3 inches of heels. She ignored the click-clacking of the secretary rushing after her as she made a bee-line to the back of the offices.

Marc, of course, saw her coming through the glass wall of his office. He was speaking to a couple of people sitting in the chairs in front of his desk.

“I need to speak with you,” Sinead said, pushing through the glass door without knocking.

“Of course, Detective,” Marc smiled softly. “I’ll be with you momentarily.”

“No, I need to speak with you *now*,” Sinead demanded.

Marc’s face grew... she wasn’t sure how to describe it. Somehow he got colder even though nothing changed and she felt like she could sense his dissatisfaction with her. It was a *weird* feeling. “I understand, Detective,” he said. “You can wait outside until I am finished.”

“...Fine,” Sinead had to say. She didn’t have a warrant. She wasn’t even really supposed to *be* there. She stepped back outside and wanted to slam the glass door, but it resisted her and smoothly closed. Marc waved to the secretary, who left Sinead alone. And then she just stood

there. Waiting. With an office worth of people watching her stew. She desperately hoped she wasn't flushed, cause she was definitely feeling embarrassed. She came here to give him an answer and he made her *wait*?

And God, was he taking his time or something? Marc went back to his conversation, and Sinead stewed in her annoyance as the two people in the chair actually laughed at something he said. He kept her waiting for almost ten minutes before the two in the chairs stood up and Marc walked them to the door. They left, not even looking at Sinead.

"Alright, Detective. I'm free for a moment. Please come in," he said, gesturing her into his office. He shut the door behind her. "What can I do for you?"

"I need you to tell me exactly what you want," Sinead said.

Marc raised an eyebrow and looked her up and down, clearly suspicious.

Sinead grunted and rolled her eyes, pulling her phone out of her jacket and showing him it wasn't recording before setting it on his desk. Then she untucked her t-shirt from her slacks and tried to casually lift it enough to show she wasn't wearing a wire. If she *was*, she wouldn't have been so stupid as to use something he could spot easily, but this wasn't something she wanted any proof of even in her own position.

"I want one hour," Marc said.

"One hour of *what*, Marc?" Sinead asked. "What am I agreeing to?"

Marc gave her one of those infuriating smiles of his. "One hour of sexual surrender to me. Sixty minutes. I promise it won't be anything heinous."

"Thirty minutes," she countered. "And I say what we do."

"What would be the point of that?" Marc asked. "One hour. That's the price. I assume you've been sexually active in the past, and it won't be anything you wouldn't have done before. I can be adventurous, but I'm not looking to make you uncomfortable."

Sinead pursed her lips, trying not to sneer. "Fine," she finally said. "One... Fuck, one hour. At your place. No filming it or anything."

"Agreed," Marc nodded. "Come to my apartment tomorrow at 7pm and bring a clean STD test. I'll provide you with the same."

"What about the work?" she asked.

“Send me the files at your convenience,” Marc said. “Now, I *am* a busy man, Detective. If you don’t mind?” He gestured for the door.

Sinead let him usher her out of the office, and he shut the door after her and went back to his desk. She walked out, less sure of herself than when she’d come in.

She’d just agreed to...

God. What a mess.

Chapter 9

Blowing out a breath, Sinead tapped the folded paper against her thumb as she sat in her car looking up at the apartment building.

“What the fuck am I doing?” she asked herself.

Going to get the test had been agonisingly embarrassing. Not that there was anything *wrong* with getting an STD test, it was the reason that she was getting it that made her stomach knot up.

Am I really doing this? She thought to herself.

She was stuck between a rock and a hard place on the case. Or it felt that way, at least. Maybe it was that Irish blood that her father had always said she’d inherited even though her family hadn’t set foot on Irish soil for a good century. She *could* just walk away. Someone else would find something else about Le Français at some point. No criminal network could last forever.

But the trail was going cold, and God she wanted to grab this tiger by the tail and try to wrestle it.

This, though...

Marc was an attractive man. She’d recognized it when she’d first seen him. Sinead couldn’t deny that she might have been willing to hook up with him under different circumstances. And this was only one time, for one specific goal. It wasn’t wrong, it was... expedient.

“God, fuck,” she grunted and got out of her car before she could circle back on herself. She was cutting it close to being late and Marc wasn’t the kind of guy who was wishy-washy on timing.

The fact that she recognized that and felt herself care about it, even a little, made her stomach knot a little bit again.

She went up to the floor where his loft was and rang the doorbell, and he answered dressed in one of those suits that were cut so well on his frame. They were probably ridiculously expensive, but they looked good. His black hair was perfectly quaffed just like every time she'd seen him, and it looked like he might have freshly shaved the stubble on his cheeks.

"Detective," he said. "Come in, please."

She stepped in and felt like one weight had lifted from her shoulders but another had settled in her chest. The decision was made. She was here. She was doing this.

Sinead followed Marc to his kitchen, where he reached for an envelope on that expansive kitchen island he had and he handed it to her. "As promised, so you know we can have some good, clean fun."

"Same," Sinead said, handing him her folded test results and then opening the envelope. She scanned down the printout quickly. He didn't have anything.

"Lovely," Marc said, smiling softly as he checked her paper and then re-folded it and set it down. "I find, when engaging with a new partner even for a short time, it's best to put things out in the open for everyone's comfort. No judgement intended, of course. I don't know what sort of sexual history you have."

"I'm divorced," Sinead said and wasn't sure why she blurted it out. "I mean, I'm not seeing anyone regularly. There's been a couple of casual hookups since then, but nothing major."

"I wasn't asking, Sinead," Marc said with that fucking smile of his. "Though I appreciate the honesty."

"So what now?" Sinead asked, leaning back into her frustration at him, and at herself, to try and ground her. "We head up to your bed and get busy?"

"No," he said, shaking his head. He stepped around the kitchen island and opened his laptop before turning it to her. "As I said, I find everyone being comfortable to be very important when headed into a sexual encounter. I've finished my analysis and I believe it should fill in some answers for you."

"You've finished already?" Sinead asked, stepping forward and leaning down to scan through his write-up.

"You gave me the where," he said. "I just had the how. You should be able to pick up the mastermind behind the financial firewall system whenever you can get your warrant."

"This is big," Sinead muttered. Marc had pinpointed a few new names associated with the money and even a physical address for the IP that a lot of the orders were routed through. One of the names was highlighted with a note that they worked for a bank. "This is really big."

"Happy to be of service," Marc said.

"What now, then?" Sinead asked, standing back up. Part of her wanted to slam the laptop closed and run out of there with it. But she knew that would be wrong. She'd already backed out on one deal with Marc, if she did it again...

If she did it again, nothing would happen. He couldn't exactly report it. She would take what she'd learned and life would go on.

But it felt wrong.

"Now, I'm going to set this timer," Marc said, walking into his kitchen and taking an egg timer out of a drawer and bringing it over to show her. It was a stupid little yellow chick with a bright red timer front on it, and he twisted it all the way around to mark 60 minutes and it started ticking. "One hour."

"One hour," Sinead agreed. She felt like her stomach and her heart were trying to switch places inside her, but even more confusing was that she could also feel herself getting horny.

"Now that we've started, Sinead," Marc said. "I think first you should undress me."

"Really?" Sinead asked. She'd been expecting that *she* would be the naked one.

"Detective, if you're going to question everything, this hour is going to be a lot more tedious than it needs to be," Marc said.

"Sorry," she said and hated that she felt the need to apologize. He was practically blackmailing her for this, for crying out loud!

"You may begin," Marc said and spread his arms out a little bit.

Sinead hesitated, but reached for his tie. It was silk, of course, and there was a tiny part of her that wanted to just yank it tight and run. But she didn't. She pulled it loose, her fingers running over the fabric of it, and then folded it neatly and set it on the kitchen island. Then she started on the buttons of his shirt. He had chest hair, though she'd known that from the time he'd been wearing his robe when she came here. His chest was also nicely defined without being overly muscled and fit - he kept himself in shape. Sinead unbuttoned down to his stomach before realizing that she should have taken his suit jacket off.

He smiled as she went behind him and helped him out of it.

Fuck that smile!

Chapter 10

Undressing Marc was a process. His cufflinks had to come off, and then she had to untuck his shirt to finish unbuttoning it. He had nice arms, a little hairy but not a gorilla, and strong shoulders. She took off his shoes, feeling silly kneeling in front of him, and then his socks which were an annoyingly silly pair with little karate-kicking figures embroidered into them.

She stood back up and looked him in the eye as she quickly unbuckled his belt and pulled it out of its loops, then undid his pants and let them drop down his legs. She hesitated at his briefs, her fingers just grazing their elastic waist, as she glared up into his eyes.

Damn you, she thought at him. *Damn you for making me want this somehow.*

She dropped to her knees again, pulling his briefs with her, and tried to ignore his cock as she got them and his pants off his legs. She stood back up, folded the clothes, and set them with the rest on the kitchen island. She didn't intend to look at it, but a glance down had her lingering.

He had an uncut cock. She'd never been with a guy who wasn't circumcised. It looked odd to her but also sent a little thrill of want through her to figure it out. It was also a good size.

"Very nice, Detective," Marc said softly, and Sinead realized she'd been staring and blinked, looking up at him and then over at the egg timer. Almost five minutes gone.

"What now?" she asked.

"Now I think it's your turn," Marc said, always with that fucking smile that made her so fucking mad.

"Fine," she said. She stripped herself, trying to make it as unsexy as possible. She did it quickly, forcing herself not to hesitate. Willing herself to just get it done. She didn't bother folding her clothes like she had his - she'd done it with his automatically because they were so *nice*, but her's were just normal clothes. They would have ended up on the floor of her apartment if she were at home, eventually making it into a clothes hamper in a couple of days.

She was naked. Her tits were out. She wanted to cover herself, to put a hand in front of her to block his view, but that felt like she would be showing him weakness. Like she would be ceding him power in this. So she stood with her fingers curled nervously but her hands at her side as he just *looked* at her. His eyes travelled all over her, lingering in this way like he was appreciating some statue in a museum or something. It made her skin crawl, but she didn't think

it was from being creeped out. It made her feel... It felt odd, but it made her feel valued. Like he was appraising her and she was worth something surprising.

He took a moment to step around her and Sinead stiffened a little, but he didn't touch her. He just kept looking at her. Examining her.

Sinead knew her ass was her best feature. It was firm and tight and she worked to keep it that way, along with her legs. She'd always been a runner. In comparison her tits were small, and depending on the time of the month could be almost non-existent.

"You are absolutely stunning," Marc said gently as he stepped back around her. "Truly, Sinead. You're entirely beautiful."

She didn't know how to respond to that, so she didn't and just bit the inside of her cheek. "What now?" she asked, glancing over at the clock. Getting naked had only taken a minute, but he'd just looked at her for longer. Almost ten minutes down now.

"Now, Sinead," Marc said. "I want you to kneel."

"To suck your cock?" she asked.

"Eventually," Marc said. "But first I need to see if you can kneel properly."

What the fuck did that mean? She thought. Sinead went down to her knees, looking up at him like he was crazy.

Marc tutted and shook his head a little. "That's what I thought," he said.

"What? There's a problem with how I kneel?" Sinead asked.

"Yes, actually," Marc said. He went down on one knee next to her, his casualness about his own nudity somehow frustrating her even more as his cock just hung there. "First, Detective, you'll be much more comfortable if you spread your knees just slightly." And then he touched her for the first time. It wasn't a grope, or a soft pet, or a squeeze. He simply pressed his flattened hand between her knees, which were firmly pressed together, and she naturally spread her legs until they were maybe two inches apart. The tension left them once she wasn't pressing them together with her nerves.

"Good," Marc said, then reached behind her and softly put his hand on the small of her back. "Now straighten up here. Your posture is horrible."

Sinead wanted to grumble but did what he asked. It was nothing to question, really. She *did* have bad posture. She sat up, straightening her lower back, which also brought her shoulders up and back a little.

“Better,” Marc nodded. “Now, loosen your shoulders.” She did. “Good. And your hands can rest here.” He took her hands and placed them on top of her thighs. “How does that feel?”

“Comfortable, I guess,” Sinead said. “I mean, my ankles will probably ache at some point, but it's comfortable.”

“Well, you won't be like this for too long,” Marc smiled that fucking smile. He stood and ran two fingers through her hair, pulling it back over her ear. Then he turned and walked away from her, his firm ass weaving away deeper into his apartment until he was in the comfortable sitting area underneath his lofted bedroom. He sat in a comfortable-looking chair. “Come to me,” he said.

Sinead went to stand, but Marc held up a hand. “Ah,” he said. “Come to me.” Just the way he said it made her flush with embarrassment as she knew what he wanted. She leaned forward and started to crawl towards him on her hands and knees.

Chapter 11

Marc was walking a knife's edge with Sinead. If he pushed too hard, she would balk and the game would end. If he pushed too little she would try to grab the upper hand again and the game would change. She was stubborn, and fiery, and God was she gorgeous. She was like a sleek redheaded nymph, a wild thing that he should have found out in the forests somewhere.

Sinead's breasts were small, and he had become very used to the natural expanse of breasts that Felicity offered him to play with, but Sinead was something new and different. He didn't mind at all that they were small, and he took particular delight in how well they were formed. No over-sagging or floppiness. They were high and just slightly plump, with soft pink areolas and nipples that looked almost like pastel candy. Her body was tight and toned, her legs were long and sleek without being too thin, and her ass...

He didn't have plans for her ass at the moment, but he wished he did.

Sinead slunk towards him like a cat on all fours, though a timid one rather than the confident tigress that Felicity posed when she did the same. Her ass still wove side to side, though, and her small tits hung a little between her legs. Most of all she looked at him with a fierce defiance to mask her nervousness.

“Lovely, Detective,” Marc said, freely switching between what he called her to keep her off balance. Reminding her of her position pushed her buttons. Using her name pushed other buttons, assuming a closeness between them. She had reached him in his chair. “Now, kneel again.”

She assumed the position he'd shown her, only taking a moment to fix her posture before she looked up at him.

"Very nice, Sinead," he said. "You look delectable. Now I want you to be Ready. First, you need to spread your knees wider." She did it, exposing the front of her cunt and her close-cropped little shock of ginger pubes, but not enough. He used his foot to put pressure just on the inside of her knee and she spread them further until she was in a proper position. "Excellent. Now put your hands on the ground in front of you between your legs." She did, which made her lean forward towards Marc more, her tits pressed just slightly between her upper arms and making them more prominent. "Good. And finally look up at me, just like that, open your mouth and stick out your tongue."

Sinead hesitated at that last part, but did it.

"This is what it means to be Ready," Marc said. Different sexual partners had different variations of the positions that a submissive partner would take. Some called them slave poses, or BDSM poses. Marc was a little more simple, especially after he and Felicity had developed their own repertoire and shorthand. "What do you think you're ready for?"

Sinead raised a sarcastic eyebrow. "I'm going to assume your cock?"

"Hmm, yes, but no," Marc said. "It means you're ready to service someone. That could be a cock, yes, but could also be a cunt. Your ass is also nicely displayed, so it wouldn't even necessarily need to be your mouth that you're using to provide the service. In this case, though, yes. You are going to be servicing my cock. Are you ready for that?"

Sinead obviously didn't know how to respond to that.

"Detective," Marc repeated himself, a little more sternly. "Are you ready to service my cock?"

"I am," she said and then licked her lips.

Marc sat forward on the seat, bringing his ass to the edge of the cushion and his cock to within inches of her. "Then, Detective, I would like for you to service my cock with your mouth. We have... about forty-two minutes left, so you can take your time."

Sinead hesitated, obviously conflicted about the scenario. The way her nipples were hard and her areolas were slightly crinkled, and the way she kept licking her lips, said she was turned on but her brain was telling her she shouldn't be. She took a breath, then leaned forward and gently took the tip of Marc's cock into her mouth.

"You may use your hands, Sinead," Marc said.

One hand came up and soon she was cautiously exploring. Marc realized very quickly that Sinead had likely never been with a man who still retained his foreskin, and she took her time exploring the extra skin with her lips and tongue, and pulling it back to reveal the head of his cock. Marc didn't mind at all, as the light teasing was pleasurable and he slowly grew to full size and hardness.

Then, once she'd figured out the mechanics, she started to properly blow him, taking his head between her lips and applying down suction and a little bit of tongue as she squeezed his shaft with one hand. Marc gave her a minute of doing that before he scoffed.

She looked up at him for the first time since she'd touched his cock with her lips, clearly confused.

"Detective, if this is how you blew your ex-husband, I can see why you two split up," Marc said. "I had a better blowjob from my first girlfriend in high school."

It was a risk, pushing her like that, but the fire in her eyes as she shifted her grip a little on his cock and deliberately took him into her mouth and ran her tongue along the underside of his cock head told him he'd pushed it properly. Her suction became stronger, and her tongue worked harder. She stroked his cock as she sucked him in.

And most importantly, her eyes would dart up to his, checking his reaction. Opening the lines of communication.

Marc groaned and nodded, looking down into her green eyes. "Better, Sinead," he said. "Now worship my cock."

Chapter 12

Despite her stubborn glares, Sinead took Marc's challenge and applied herself fully.

She sucked and slurped. She used every part of her tongue. She gagged, drooled and slobbered. She kissed and nibbled. She even took his cock out of her mouth and stroked it quickly, playing with his foreskin and then slapping his cock on her cheeks.

It was all good, but the thing that elevated it were those eyes. Sinead's eyes were much like Felicity's in that Marc could fall into them and felt like he was reading her mind, and she was reading his.

Sinead and Marc didn't trade any more words. They communicated in grunts, groans and moans. He ran his fingers through her hair. She massaged his balls lightly. She took him deeper, stretching her lips lower onto his cock and gagging as she reached her limit.

Finally, when his crotch and her face were a mess of her spittle and her face was flushed enough that her freckles almost disappeared, Marc groaned. "I'm getting close, Detective."

Suddenly Sinead swapped from worshipping to being on the hunt. She could feel his cock swelling that little bit more as his orgasm approached. Could feel his big, full balls starting to tighten, getting ready to fire off their loads. She took him deep into her mouth again, losing a loud slurping as she jerked the last couple of inches of his cock with her hand roughly.

"Fuuuck, Sinead," Marc groaned, his fingers running through her hair and on the side of her head and softly holding on.

Dingalingalingaling.

The egg timer went off in the kitchen.

Marc could see Sinead hear it, process it, and ignore it. She rotated her head a little, jamming the head of his cock into the back corner of her cheek, and bobbed ferociously as she fucked her face on his cock. He groaned and released.

Sinead moaned deep in her chest as she started gulping down each rope of cum as he jetted it across her tongue. She slurped it down as fast as he could pump it out, and Marc threw his head back and groaned to the ceiling as he emptied his balls and felt that warm ache travel up from his legs to his chest.

As Sinead sucked the last strand out of him she popped off of his cock, panting hard. Marc, despite his body feeling emptied, slid down from his chair next to her. "*Veux tu que je fasse jouir petite rebelle?*"

Sinead look up at him in cloudy confusion.

"Do you want me to get you there? He asked her again breathlessly.

She nodded, not able to form the words.

"Ready," he ordered her. She adjusted her position, leaning forward and putting her hands on the floor between her knees, though she didn't raise her face and stick out her tongue like she was supposed to. He would forgive that considering how hard she was panting.

Marc slid a hand down from her lower back to under her ass, finding her hot pussy blindly and immediately starting to rub his fingers over his lips firmly. She was wet and groaned when he started to work her hard and fast.

"Shhh, *laisse-toi aller,*" Marc hushed her as he diddled her, feeling her nub of a clit hood under the pads of his fingers and pushing a little harder on it.

She tensed, loosened, and fell towards him, leaning against his bare chest as she sucked in deep breaths.

“Go when you’re ready,” Marc told her, and she nodded.

She came without warning, her back arching as she pressed her cunt down and back towards his fingers and she groaned loudly through her gritted teeth.

“Good girl, Detective,” Marc grunted. “Good fucking girl.”

The orgasm was big but didn’t last long. Sinead collapsed a little more heavily onto him as her body let her go, and he pulled his fingers from her and rested his hand on her back as he softly rubbed her smooth, hot skin.

“Shhh,” he hushed her softly again, soothing her. “There we go. There we go, Sinead. Just breathe slowly.”

* * * * *

Sinead left Marc’s apartment with his thumb drive in her jacket pocket. He’d offered her use of his shower, but she’d just gone into his washroom and cleaned her face and tied back her hair into a messy ponytail. Looking at herself in the mirror she almost hadn’t recognized herself. She’d looked like a slut, her spit all over her cheeks and the taste of his cum in her mouth.

But it was the satisfaction in her face that had been the most disturbing.

She hadn’t had an orgasm like that in ages. And he’d done it to her with, what, a couple of minutes of playing with her pussy?

Leaving the bathroom had almost felt harder than getting undressed at the start of it. She’d nearly wrapped one of his towels around herself but managed to steel herself and walk out with what confidence she could muster. He’d put on his briefs, but nothing else.

Getting into her car, Sinead shook her head and felt in her pocket again to make sure the thumb drive was there.

It was a golden nugget. What Marc had given her would push the investigation forward and clear several hurdles. It could change the trajectory of her career. And it was thanks to him.

“God. Fuck,” Sinead groaned, leaning forward and resting her forehead on the steering wheel. She still felt hot all over. Her fingers were tingling.

At the door, she'd fought the desire to kiss him like it was the end of some date. She hated that she wanted to kiss that stupid fucking smile off of his lips. And she hated that her nipples tightened, and her pussy fluttered, when he'd said what he said.

"You were an excellent partner tonight, Sinead. I'm jealous of whomever you spend time with next. If you ever find yourself in need of some financial... advice, I look forward to some future adventure into the underworld with you."

He was willing to do it again. To... trade. To adventure with her.

God, that fucking smile!

"Fuck," Sinead groaned again, feeling herself getting just a little wet. She realized she'd left her panties somewhere in his apartment. "God- Fuck!"