

Le Français

By BreaktheBar

Commissioned by ThL

Chapter 1

“Come on, Mr Fornier,” the female detective growled. “We know your car matches the exact make, model and colour, and we know that you were in the Dovercourt area on the day in question. We’ve got you dead to rights on this. If you don’t start flapping those gums before the prosecutor gets back here, we’re filing charges and you won’t be heading home any time soon.”

Marc sighed, letting a little smirk slip out as he looked at the two detectives. When he’d gotten the visit from them at his office, he’d been a little surprised and had gone with them willingly down to the station. Apparently, he’d potentially been the witness to a crime and they wanted to ask him some questions. That story had quickly changed as the two women got him into an interrogation room. The angry one was a thin, attractive redhead wearing a smart pantsuit with her badge hanging from a chain around her neck, while the other one was just as thin but of some sort of Asian descent, with striking eyes that seemed to stare through him even while she smiled placidly like she was nothing to be afraid of.

“Mr Fornier, this really is your last chance,” the Asian detective said with a more even tone than her colleague. “Soon it’s going to be out of our hands.”

The only reason Marc hadn’t demanded a lawyer up to this point was because the whole Good Cop, Bad Cop routine was actually kind of fun to watch play out. “Oh, I agree, Detectives,” Marc said. “I’m sure it’ll be out of your hands as soon as you finish checking on my alibi.”

“Just admit that you’re Le Français,” the redhead playing Bad Cop said. She’d introduced herself early on as Detective Connors, but Marc liked to think of her as her role in this little play. “We’ve got you, you might as well own it. There are no outs anymore. We’ll have your finances locked, we’ll seize every car and property. You start talking now and maybe you’ll see the outside of a prison before your 90th birthday.”

“I may be French, Mademoiselle, but I am not this ‘the French’ you’re speaking of. And your accent is atrocious,” Marc said. “As I told you before, I am in Finance. I was meeting with a client for several hours in the Dovercourt area every day that week.”

“What sort of finance work do you do, Mr Fornier?” Good Cop, aka Detective Xu, asked. While she sat, Bad Cop paced and moved around the room like a caged lioness. Marc could help but steal glances at Bad Cop’s firm, shapely butt in her slacks whenever she stomped behind Good Cop.

“Considering you came to get me at my office, I would assume you know,” Marc replied.

“Enlighten us,” Bad Cop said, planting her hands on the table and leaning forward somewhat aggressively, her red hair spilling forward.

“I work in corporate acquisitions,” Marc sighed, starting to feel bored with the situation. “I specialize in financial modelling and risk management during mergers, along with auditing - what law enforcement like you might think of as financial forensics - in preparation for companies to get happily married and make little company babies.”

There was a knock on the door to the interrogation room and Bad Cop went to answer it as the other one leaned forward. “That sounds like interesting work, Mr Fornier. It also means you would likely know all the nasty little secrets needed to stay one step ahead-”

“Are you kidding me?” Detective Connors said at the door, having opened it maybe a foot and currently speaking to someone outside. She turned to the other Detective and motioned her outside, leaving Marc alone.

Marc pursed his lips and blew out a short breath. This wasn't his first brush with the police since he had moved to Canada almost twenty years ago, but speeding tickets were a little different than getting hauled into an interrogation. Still, it was certainly an interesting way to spend the afternoon. He glanced at the clock mounted high on the wall. Shit, he was going to be late if this kept up much longer.

Marc only liked to keep Felicity waiting on purpose, not by accident.

The interrogation room door opened and Detective Xu came back in, the redheaded Connors seemingly brooding outside.

“Well, Mr Fornier, it seems that your alibi did pass muster,” she said. “And your former clients seem to sing your praises and vouch for you being on site with them the entire week.”

“Good to know,” Marc nodded. “I assume I am free to go?”

“You are, though we may ask you to come back in if we have any more questions,” the Asian woman said.

“Feel to drop by my office any time,” Marc said, smiling coolly as he stood. “I'm sure the secretarial pool is buzzing with rumours about your visit today.”

“Don't leave the city,” Connors said as Marc started to walk by her.

“Is that an order, Detective?” Marc asked.

“You’re still a person of interest in this case,” Connors said.

Marc sighed and shook his head, following a uniformed cop out to the front of the station.

“Shit,” Sinead grunted as she dropped into the seat which that uptight Frenchman had been occupying. “He was our best fucking lead, Jules.”

“He was the result of a Hail Mary play,” Julia said, sitting in the seat across from her partner. “You just felt like luck was on your side this time.”

“Yeah, well, it still might be him,” Sinead said. “He fits the profile. French, wealthy, exact same car.”

“Except that everything else says he’s totally legit,” Julia countered. “His immigration papers are in order, and he’s never been associated with any sort of crime beyond a fifteen-year-old speeding ticket. His boss and his client both sing his praises. He’s even got a couple of industry awards under his belt.”

“They give out awards in corporate finance?” Sinead asked.

“Don’t all rich people give themselves awards?” Julia countered.

“Fair point,” Sinead sighed. “OK, so Marc Fornier is probably off the list.”

“He *was* the list,” Julia pointed out.

“So we start from scratch,” Sinead said. “Back to basics. We’ve got a mysterious mob boss who goes by the name ‘Le Français.’ What comes first in finding out who he is?”

“The money,” Julia said. “Always follow the money.”

“Then you have our answer,” Sinead said as she stood up and headed for the door. “We follow the money.”

“Shit,” Julia sighed, watching her partner walk out of the interrogation room. Sinead was on a tear for this case, which was usually a good thing, but the stone wall of Le Français was starting to get to her.

Chapter 2

“You’re late, Marc,” Felicity said as Marc entered his loft. She was lying on the bed up in the loft area, looking down over the main living space and towards the front door. Even from the entryway, Marc could see that the curvaceous blonde was wearing the new lingerie that he had set out for her that morning.

“I was unfortunately detained,” Marc said as he slipped off his shoes and entered the apartment proper, placing his keys in the little bowl, and then his wallet next to it. Then, as he walked past the kitchen, he slipped the white envelope out from his inner jacket pocket and lifted it to show Felicity before he set it down on the kitchen island like he always did. “And I’m being literal about that. I spent the afternoon in a police station under interrogation.”

“Wait, really?” Felicity asked, sitting up on the bed in surprise. “Did they arrest you?”

“No, no,” Marc shook his head, heading for the stairs up to the loft area and his bedroom. As a bachelor, he prided himself on his sophisticated but relatively simple aesthetic when it came to his home. He wasn’t one to collect things so much as collect experiences, so even though his finances could afford a grander apartment, with the ridiculous cost of real estate in Toronto he found it unnecessary to throw away money on somewhere ‘fancier’ or more upper class, or with more space. “I was questioned for a while by two very attractive Detectives who seemed to think I was some sort of mob mastermind or something, though. It was somewhat flattering in a ridiculous kind of way.”

Marc had reached the top of the stairs and Felicity stood from the bed and came to him, taking his jacket and folding it neatly over the plush chair opposite the bed, then beginning to undo the buttons of his dress shirt as he worked on his cufflinks. Felicity was a beautiful woman in her late twenties with a face that radiated an innocent, youthful quality that belied the darker, more sensual parts of her. She wore a cute little gold ring in one nostril and a thin black choker he had given her with a silver pendant on the front. She was curvy, not some Instagram twig, with a full body that filled out every piece of lingerie she wore. That morning Marc had lain out the newest set he’d bought for her, a delicious sheer black bustier that clearly showed off her wonderfully big, natural tits and thick nipples, along with matching high-waisted silk briefs and thigh-high stockings.

“But you’re alright now, right?” Felicity asked. “I wouldn’t want you getting locked away. What would I do with myself?”

“I’d pay you to house sit for me, I would think,” Marc smirked a little. It was a little ridiculous to think that the best person to take care of his estate if he really was locked away would be a combination of his lawyer and his escort.

“You know, you’re still the only client who’s given me a key to their apartment,” Felicity said, finishing with the buttons and taking the shirt from Marc, folding it neatly along with the jacket, and then dropping to her knees in front of him. “Are we still going to dinner?”

“We should be able to make it in time,” Marc said.

Felicity reached up and undid his belt, pulling it out of the loops of his pants and then looping it loosely around her neck before undoing his slacks and helping him out of them. His briefs went next, his semi-hard cock bobbing in front of her. Felicity looked up into Marc’s eyes as she pressed his uncut cock to her cheek, nuzzling it softly like it was a favourite pet. “Business, or your friends?” she asked.

“A mix,” Marc sighed, stroking Felicity’s blonde hair as she began kissing his cock awake, running her red lips up and down the shaft. “Jean will be there, and a prospective client and his wife.”

“Is Jean still dating that obnoxious slut?” Felicity asked.

“I think he might be,” Marc said. “But I trust you’ll behave.”

“Of course, dear,” Felicity said, putting on the airy voice she used when he brought her out as his date for any number of functions. “I would never embarrass you.”

“I know, *mon bonheur*,” Marc said. “And that’s why I trust you with a key to my home.”

She smiled to herself and started properly worshipping his cock. Felicity was, for better or worse, a cock hungry whore in the most literal sense. Marc had been seeing her regularly for almost three years now, and never once had she been anything except exactly what he wanted from a sexual partner.

It was just easier this way.

Felicity knew the power of her eyes in addition to her tricks with lips and tongue and throat. And it was her eyes that Marc paid for, more than her mouth or her huge tits or her plump ass. It was those eyes, when she turned them to him, that expressed everything.

Marc softly took Felicity with a hand on either side of her head and she stilled, dropping her jaw low and opening her mouth wide, providing exactly what he wanted without question as Marc took control of the blowjob and began to fuck her face.

“Mmmm,” Marc groaned happily, listening to the nasty sounds of her slurping as she kept looking up at him with that hungry, begging look in her big eyes.

He thrust deep, pressing into her throat, and she swallowed him on the first try and milked the head of his cock for a long moment before he pulled back out. Felicity immediately bent low and tended to his balls, knowing what he wanted again without needing to be asked, and then kissed her way back up his cock until she took the head in her mouth again and ran her tongue along the head as she jerked him off near the base.

“You make act like such a slut, Marc,” she gasped, his cock never leaving the edge of her lower lip as if she were speaking into it like a microphone. “God, I love this cock. I want it all over my face, and in my mouth, and down my throat. I want to just spend hours with it between my tits. I want the delicious cum that you shoot out of it too. All over me. Filling me up.”

It only took a look from Marc and Felicity stopped her verbal teasing and pushed her lips down his cock again, all the way to the root until her cute little nose was pushed into his public mound and she was swallowing him into her mouth again. Marc came, and Felicity gamely gulped it down. The orgasm rolled through Marc like the smell of fresh espresso in the morning, waking up his nerves and perking him up.

“Good girl,” he groaned, stroking Felicity’s hair until he was finished, and she had sucked the last of his cum and her spit off of his cock.

“Were you thinking the red dress then, or the green?” Felicity asked, smacking her lips once at the taste of his cum and then standing and heading to the closet. Marc kept a section of it for her, stocked with the dresses he’d bought her over the years to wear out to events with him.

“The red tonight, I think,” Marc said, following her into the walk-in closet.

Felicity pulled the red dress that hugged her figure so well down from the hanger and brushed it out, making sure it was clean and fresh, then hung it up on the wall and reached for her drawer. Inside were a variety of accessories, but she knew Marc would ask directly if Marc was fancying any of the more unusual things. Instead, she pulled out two plugs. “Are you taking my ass tonight, dear, or just teasing me?”

“After the day I had, I think you had better expect to be taken tonight, Felicity,” Marc said with a small smile as he went to choose a new suit for going out to dinner.

“Mmm, can’t wait,” she grinned, then snagged the little bottle of lube from the shelf and headed for the en suite washroom. “I’ll touch myself up while I’m at it. I should only take about ten minutes.”

“Take your time, *mon bonheur*,” Marc said. “Perfection is worth waiting for.”

Felicity smiled at Marc over her shoulder and then went into the washroom, and Marc chuckled to himself. She had space in his closet, a drawer in his washroom and more often than not after

a long night with him she slept over because they were both so tired from their activities. Anyone from the outside looking in would likely believe they really were dating.

“Si seulement ils savaient,” Marc mumbled to himself. Even Jean, his closest friend, didn't know the full truth behind the gorgeous blonde.

By the time Felicity was dressed and ready to go, Marc was as well, and he escorted her down to the garage and opened the car door for her to climb in. It was just another regular Tuesday night.

Chapter 3

“Fuck, shit, mother, fuck, shit, balls,” Sinead grumbled as she clicked the mouse of her computer repeatedly, imagining she was stabbing it instead.

“That sounds dubious,” Julie said as she raised her head from writing some of her paperwork.

“I’m hitting a fucking wall here,” Sinead said.

“Break it down for me,” Julie said, sitting up from her paperwork and stretching.

Sinead sighed and turned her screen to show her partner. “I followed the money. At least, I think I did, and it keeps coming back to these four accounts. But I can’t confirm that because to do that I need Financial Forensics to do their fucking jobs, and the last time I sent in a request it sat for months and then died on the vine.”

“And you’re sure this is a mob front?” Julie asked. “We can’t be wrong again.”

“We were wrong one time,” Sinead grunted. “And I still think we weren’t actually wrong, they just moved before we got there. Pure luck.”

Julie crossed her arms over her chest, looking at her partner and shaking her head. “Look, you’ve been heads down on Le Français for almost a month now, Sinead. We have other cases racked up and I can’t just carry everything else myself.”

“But we’re so close,” Sinead said. “And if we crack Le Français, it’s a career-maker.”

“Well, you’re going to need to figure out how to crack it by Friday,” Julie said. “Any longer than that and I’m putting my foot down. I’m literally drowning in paperwork here, and after that Marc Fornier debacle we don’t have any more leeway with the Captain.”

Marc Fornier, Sinead thought to herself derisively. That man had been a cocky son of a bitch and bringing him in had caused even more problems than she’d expected.

The detective turned her screen back around and debased herself low enough to google ‘How To Financial Forensics.’ She needed to track the histories and patterns of those accounts or else she’d be in the wind.

Then... it clicked. Not the case, but the connection. Sinead couldn’t get any work squeezed out of the financial forensics department of the Toronto Police Service, but she did know a financial forensic specialist.

It was going to sting. He was a cocky fucking Frenchman. But maybe, if she played her cards right, Marc Fornier really was the answer to her Le Français problem after all.