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Just Another Thursday

by [otp324B21](#)

Summary

Delphine comes home to find a special visitor. PWP

With a heavy sigh, the tall blonde opened the apartment door, laptop bag over one shoulder, purse over the other. Things at work had been the same shit storm as ever. Paperwork. Death threats. Paperwork. Extortion. Every day it was the same shit and she longed to be in the lab again. It wasn't just the desire to be close to... her, but she missed the technicality of it. A microscope would never try to slash her break lines. She shook her head as she locked the apartment door, ready to just relax as she headed towards the bedroom.

"Stop."

Delphine paused mid-step, the only reason not to panic being because the rich voice was one she was keenly aware of. It was a voice that slid sensually down her body, leaving a warm burn in its wake. A lamp flicked on and she looked over to the living area, the woman sitting in the love seat with her legs crossed at the knees, a glass of wine in her hand. Marion.

"Put your bags down and come over here."

She was in her own apartment, and yet she listened as she carried her bags to the small dining table, looking over at the figure before moving to the chair.

"Stop."

Just another Thursday night, Delphine presumed as she paused again just over a foot away, watching patiently as the woman sipped her wine. Seconds turned into minutes and still she stood there, not daring to move until the woman said so. She had patience...most of the time.

Finally Marion set her glass down, resting both palms on the arms of the love seat. "Good. You're learning." She let her eyes travel along Delphine's long frame, starting from her heels, over her skirt, up the front of her button down shirt and finally to light hazel eyes. Undress."

Swallowing, Delphine let her jacket slip off her shoulders, setting it aside. She began to unbutton the white dress shirt. What had started off as a one time event, had become something of a regular practice. She didn't fool herself into thinking this was love. That was fine. She didn't want love right now.

"Slowly."

Pausing for just a moment, Delphine dared not smile. The commands were finding a home in her panties, soaking through the thin lace material as she slowed her fingers, popping each button dramatically. The silk shirt fluttered to the ground, and she dropped her fingers to her skirt, unbuckling the belt she wore.

"Keep your eyes forward."

When the woman stood up from the chair, Delphine's fingers stilled for the barest of moments before she continued, unzipping the skirt and letting it fall to the floor, the belt hitting the wooden floor with a thud. She stepped out of the pool of material, standing in just her bra, panties, and high heels as the woman circled around her, looking her over like she was under inspection, a surprise inspection to test her will and obedience. This wasn't the first time Marion had done this. The woman had a key to her apartment, not because Delphine had given it to her, but because that's the way things worked at DYAD. Secrets had power, and when you were the Director of DYAD, your secrets had to be buried deeper than your apartment

"Did I tell you to stop?"

Delphine shook her head, reaching behind herself to unclasp her bra, feeling fingertips trace a pattern on her back. Her time overseas with the older woman had led to many similar nights, usually ending with her on her knees in front of the woman, bringing her to climax... or begging for it, whichever Marion chose. Just the thought of it sent a thrill through her body. The warm heat of the woman disappeared and she continued, pulling her panties down and freeing her feet of the soaked garment. A chair appeared behind her and hands reached around, cupping her breasts, squeezing her nipples roughly. She groaned softly as the attention continued for what seemed like just a few seconds before the hands disappeared and Marion was standing in front of her.

"Sit." Marion turned and took her own seat again, crossing her legs once more as she took a sip of wine.

Sitting on the chair, Delphine felt like her body was on fire. She was shaking, struggling with restraint. She knew not to take any liberties. Marion would certainly not appreciate it and that would just result in her delayed pleasure.

Looking over the rim of her glass, Marion smirked. "Spread your legs." She watched as the blonde hesitate for a moment before spreading her legs apart, giving her a view of the neatly manicured strip of slick blonde curls, her arousal glistening even in the low lighting. "Wider."

Delphine did as she was told, spreading her legs as wide as they would go, putting herself on display before the woman. It was both awkward and arousing, and she knew she was momentarily glad she had chosen all wooden chairs for the dining room, her arousal pooling beneath her spread legs.

Marion licked her lips, cleaning the wine from them and clearing her throat, crossing her legs a

little tighter. "I want you to touch your cunt."

Delphine wasn't a fan of that word, but she would be lying if she said it didn't hit her right in the core. She did as she was told, moving slowly for the show of it, sliding her hand down the front of her abdomen and slipping her fingertips between her legs, circling her clit. Her nostrils flared at the jolt of pleasure that radiated upwards. With her other hand, she reached down to spread her folds so Marion could get a better view. She circled the swollen flesh once, twice, and her head was lolling back on the third round.

"Stop."

It took all her strength to stop. Delphine's fingers twitched as she snapped her head back up to look at the woman. She swallowed audibly as she removed her fingers, gripping the edge of the chair. It was almost painful, sitting there, legs spread, unable to do anything but look at the woman who was obviously enjoying her distress.

"Stand up and turn around." As the blonde did as she was told, Marion stood, pushing the woman forward. "Grab the back of the chair and spread your legs shoulder-width apart."

It put her in a very vulnerable position, bending at the waist, legs spread. She heard the sound of a zipper and Marion's skirt falling to the floor. She wanted to turn around, to look behind her, but she knew it wouldn't be wise. Even as fingers slipped through her folds, circling her clit, she didn't move. She just gripped the chair harder, her head falling forward.

"Who controls you?"

Delphine's mind blanked. She knew an answer was expected, but her tongue was stuck in her throat, focusing on the fingers moving against her clit. Her world revolved around that small center of her being and the skilled finger moving against it.

"I asked you a question Delphine." A hand reached around to pinch a nipple. "Who controls you?"

Yelping suddenly, Delphine's head shot up. "You do." Suddenly she felt a pressure at her entrance and something wide and slick was pushing into here. She moaned loudly, stretched almost to discomfort, feeling the woman's hips flush against her ass. Her knuckles were white against the chair as she gripped it, moaning as the toy moved almost all the way out before pushing back in, the pace agonizingly slow.

Marion wrapped her fingers in blonde hair, pulling her head back. "Is this what you wanted?" She accentuated the question by pushing forward forcefully.

"Fuck. Yes!" Delphine cried out. When the hand released her hair, her head fell forward again. "Yes..." She groaned as the toy began to move in and out of her in a slow rhythm. "Yes..." She knew Marion had chosen a toy that was larger than she preferred, each thrust making her moan. Unable to stop, she was pushing backwards, meeting each thrust, increasing the speed to one she preferred. Suddenly she felt the thrusting stop and the toy was pulled from her and she was whimpering.

"What do you think you are doing?"

Delphine felt like crying at the loss. "I'm sorry." She was throbbing and all she wanted was release.

Marion squinted her eyes at the blonde but guided the toy back to the woman's sex, not pushing in. "If you move again, you will regret it."

Delphine nodded. "I understand." She almost disobeyed instantly as the toy entered her one agonizing inch at a time. She clenched her teeth, fighting the urge to push back, her arms shaking as she clenched the back of the chair in her hands. She was surprised she didn't snap the stained oak as the movement reversed just as slowly.

With a smirk, Marion pulled the toy all the way out, guiding the toy forward to rub the length along the woman's swollen clit.

"Merde." Delphine's whole body was shaking. It was too much and it was definitely not enough. "Please." She begged, needing relief as the woman began to slowly fuck the folds, rubbing against the bundle of nerves. "Please."

Taking mercy on her, Marion guided the toy back into her depths. This time she grabbed the blonde's hips, thrusting hard into her, starting a rough and merciless pace.

Delphine was whimpering with each thrust, feeling her walls clenching around the thick shaft of the toy.

"Who do you want?"

"Only you." Delphine answered instantly, no other answer coming to her. There was no one else on her mind. Just Marion. Just Marion fucking her from behind.

Marion could feel the pressure in her own sex building from the constant thrusting. "You may touch yourself." She couldn't let herself come without a tongue on her.

Delphine's hand flew between her legs, not needing anymore urging. She moaned loudly as she rubbed her clit desperately, unraveling almost instantly with a scream. She was panting, struggling to catch her breath as she came down. "Merde."

Marion let the toy slip from the still panting blonde, quickly undoing the straps of the harness and letting it fall to the floor. "Turn around and kneel."

Barely having the strength to move, Delphine did what she was told, if a little slowly. She watched as Marion propped one leg up on the dining chair, leaning back against the arm of the love seat. Her eyes drifted down to the woman's sex, surprised to see it was waxed completely, not a single hair anywhere. That was definitely new.

"Well?" What are you waiting for?" Marion rose an eyebrow at her.

Delphine didn't need to be told twice. She reached forward, her progress only stopped by a hand on her head.

"No fingers."

Nodding, Delphine ran her tongue along the length of the dripping wet sex. She wrapped her arms around the woman's thighs, pushing her tongue between slick folds to circle the swollen clit. A groan slipped from her throat as she greedily lapped up the slick arousal that was present, alternating broad strokes and flicking her tongue.

"Faster." Marion demanding, pulling Delphine's head closer.

Delphine obeyed easily, driving her tongue against the swollen bundle of nerves, flicking her tongue back and forth and up and down.

Marion let her head fall backwards, feeling herself getting close. "Fingers." She knew it wouldn't take much. After months of lusting after the blonde, just the sight of her on her knees, obeying her willingly was enough to get her going.

Slipping one hand around, Delphine buried two fingers into the hot cunt, getting no resistance. She quickly added a third, twisting her wrist with each thrust as her tongue continued to move against the woman's clit.

"Fuck yes." Marion groaned as her body began to shake and she was pulling Delphine tight against her. "Fuck me." She cried out just as her body spasmed and she thrust her hips forward and froze.

Delphine lapped up the liquid that dripped from the woman's sopping sex, thirsty for more. She felt the hand pushing her away and resisted, slipping her fingers out of the woman to wrap around her thigh again, anchoring herself in place.

"Shit.. Delphine stop." Marion groaned as she finally managed to push the blonde away, this time successfully freeing herself from the voracious mouth. "You..."

Unrepentant, Delphine smirked up at the woman, licking her lips, her face glistening in the light.

Dropping onto the love seat with a groan, Marion laughed. "You are so lucky I already fucked you or else I would make you pay for that."

Moving between the woman's thighs, Delphine slipped her hands up the strong thighs. "Let me fuck you again." She whispered, tracing the swollen folds. "So soft... so smooth." When she wasn't pushed away, she pressed forward to circle the abused nub, watching the woman's body twitch. She wrapped her other arm around the woman's waist, pulling her forward and to the edge of the love seat.

Her gaze softening, Marion nodded, watching as the blonde spread her open gently, a tongue moving slowly and delicately against her. "Shit." She moaned as she leaned back, deciding to let the blonde do what she wanted to do, at least for now. This wasn't love, but it was pretty fucking close.

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