

## i wanna be yours / cablanca

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## i wanna be yours / cablanca

by [valmadeamistake](#)

### Summary

Benoit's been working late at the office, so Marta prepares a surprise for him.

### Notes

Hi everyone, my name is Valerie D, and welcome to my ao3 account! I'm not going to lie, it has been a VERY long time since I've posted anything on this account and I've often considered deleting it completely. In the end, I've decided to cross-post all of my fanfiction that I've originally written on my Tumblr account to ao3. Maybe you'll recognize some of it. Maybe you won't. Either way, I hope you enjoy.

(My Tumblr is @val-made-a-mistake, if you'd like to follow.)

All my love,  
Valerie

Marta surveyed herself carefully in the mirror, ignoring her heart pumping fervently in her chest. This was supposed to be a surprise for Benoit— it was the third day in a row he'd been up late working at the office— but perhaps this was a little...*too much*?

When she looked in the mirror, she didn't see Marta Cabrera, that's all. The Marta Cabrera Benoit knew didn't wear heels and black lace, but scarves and knit sweaters, mostly to keep warm in spite of chilly Massachusetts weather.

The Marta Benoit knew didn't buy, much less wear, expensive perfume. She never wore the colour red—the colour of seduction and the colour of *lies*— on her lips.

At the thought of lying to Benoit, even in the smallest way, bile rose in her throat.

There was a sudden buzzing, and Marta looked down. Benoit was calling her.

“Hey, darlin’,” Benoit said breezily as soon as she'd picked up. She could hear the thrumming of the highway on his end. “I'm just on the way back home to the house now, y'need anything?”

It felt like an ice cube had slid into her stomach.

“Uh, no, no,” she said a bit too hurriedly, hurrying out of the bathroom and hoping Benoit couldn't hear her heels clacking loudly against the floor, “No, no, everything's fine...just waiting for you to get home, that's all.”

She could almost hear her mother chastising her in her head.

*Eres estúpido, esto es estúpido...*

“Okay,” Benoit responded with a kind of loud huff; he didn't say anything, but Marta could tell he was smoking again. “Be there soon, darlin’.”

She laughed nervously. “See - see you.”

Benoit hung up, and Marta automatically slapped a hand over her mouth to swallow her puke.

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Fifteen minutes had passed, Benoit was due to arrive any minute now. In the meantime, Marta had put on her usual knit sweater, thrown a blanket over her lacy legs, turned on the TV, and tried to overcome the urge to touch herself.

***CREAK!***

The front door swung open, creakily as always, revealing Benoit with his arms laden with groceries.

His voice was strained. “Marta, darlin’, can you come help?”

“We didn't have to get groceries until tomorrow!” she answered incredulously, hoping her attempt at stalling wasn't obvious.

“Eh, I thought I'd get 'em before the store closed,” Benoit responded, already succeeding in coming through the door: he'd waddled in sideways. “They had a mighty deal on grapefruits, y'know that? Nearly couldn't believe my eyes when I saw it in the store...”

Marta hesitated, then rose when he had his back was turned. The blanket fell soundlessly onto the couch, and she reached for the sides of her sweater to pull it off.

“Y'know, Marta, I really do think that the world has forgotten-“

Benoit turned around to deposit the groceries, saw her standing there in the lingerie, and abruptly forgot the rest of his sentence.

There was silence for a moment.

A long moment.

A *very* long moment.

“Surprise?” she tried weakly, hooking her thumbs into her garter. “I - I knew you were working late at the office and everything, so-“

Too late: he'd already sped around the table separating them until his body collided with her own, and suddenly, in a warm mess of dress shirt, cologne, and rebellious red lipstick, he was kissing her, or maybe she was kissing *him*, all she knew was the kiss was warm and deep and *good* and oh, *god*—

They stumbled, and Marta let him herd her backward while he groped at every part of her he could reach. They were fighting to hold onto each other, more desperately than they'd ever fought in their lives, wild and instinctive and visceral as their lips clashed together, but neither cared— when you were brought together by sheer *need*, you didn't care about appearances.

They broke apart, messily and suddenly, Benoit's hands tangled deep in Marta's hair and Marta's back pressed firmly against the wall, and for the smallest of seconds, there was silence.

“I want you to fuck me,” she blurted.

“I know, darlin’,” Benoit mumbled, sneaking a hand between her legs. “Filthy fuckin’ girl, comin’ in here lookin’ all - all - *Lord*, I don't even know-“

Mumbling senselessly to himself in his indecipherable Southern accent, he lowered himself to his knees, and Marta whined as he pressed a kiss to her cunt.

“Don't tease me,” she mumbled weakly, trying not to laugh as his face became fully submerged between her legs. “You know I can't - *fuck*-”

She choked out a gasp as his tongue found that very *particular* spot inside of her, and her hands jumped down to grasp a handful of his hair on instinct.

“Right there,” she breathed, tilting her face up to the ceiling as his tongue delved eagerly inside of her, “Right there...*yes*...feels so good...”

She let out a choked cry as warmth pooled through the thin lace of her panties, and overtaken by that blind electricity again, she tugged Benoit from her legs and, in a rather uncharacteristic display of bravery, crushed his mouth with hers.

*Fuck*. Marta could taste herself on his lips.

Needy again, his hands slid under her ass to lift her up and her legs wrapped around his waist as they staggered away from the wall once more, their mouths moving relentlessly against each other.

Marta tried to stifle a yelp as she was roughly deposited on the couch she'd been sitting on minutes earlier, but outright shrieked when Benoit's hand connected to her ass in a sharp slap.

“Is this what you wanted?” Benoit asked her as she rolled over to stare at him incredulously— a cool kind of electricity filled her stomach when she realized he was already fiddling with his belt buckle.

“Don't give me the eyes, darlin’,” he said when he noticed her staring— *fuck*, he was smirking. “Answer the question. Truthfully, now. You wanted me to fuck you like a dirty whore?”

Frighteningly, but not for the first time around him, Marta was lost for words. “I - I-”

For a moment she considered lying, but in her heart of hearts she knew she couldn't do that. Rushing to compromise, her brain formed a few panicked sentences in Spanish before she realized she had to respond.

*Fuck it.*

“Yes,” Marta whispered inaudibly, refusing to look him in the face.

To her horror, Benoit's smirk grew *wider*. “What?”

*He'd definitely heard her.*

“Yes,” she responded, louder, but her voice shook, ruining her resolve. “Please, *please*, I need you in me.”

“Fuckin' nasty girl. I love it.”

In a second he'd yanked her hips closer to where he needed her to be, and Marta *finally* let out that obscene moan she'd been holding in as she felt something warm and hard and *thick* press on her spasming, soaking entrance. He was always so good to her, and she was always so tentative...so nervous...

*So passive...*

Marta let out another gasp as he pushed inside of her and started moving. The stretch burned like it always had, but a deeper orgasm was already blooming in her core, vertiginous and sweet, pleasure and pain blissfully coming together at once. No denying it felt amazing: he felt great, like he always did.

But honestly, he said he'd fuck her like a whore, and Marta was expecting more than this.

Unable to keep the grin out of her voice, she met his eye and said, “Is this the best you can do, old man?”

Immediately, Benoit sunk deeper inside of her than ever before, hard and deep and hot and *deliciously* buried to the hilt— holy fuck, *that* was a mistake— and Marta let out a loud moan as he started fucking her, *really* fucking her, forceful and hard and steady and utterly abusing her soaked cunt.

The next orgasm hit her like a freight train: Marta shrieked again as an insane amount of wetness gushed out of her already soaked pussy, leaving the couch beneath them sopping and her body a trembling wreck. Sensing her overstimulation, Benoit forced a hand around her mouth to keep her from crying out again as he once again hit that vertigo-inducing spot inside of her that made her entire body *sing*— fucking her *relentless*.

This was an entirely new side of Benoit that Marta hadn't seen, and God, if he wasn't so fucking *wonderful*.

Her ears were ringing and her body was shaking, but if Marta concentrated hard enough, she could hear him muttering Southern nonsense into her ear, apparently just as vertiginous as she was.

“That's it, darlin' - *fuck* - squirt for me again, c'mon now-”

Marta let out a loud moan that was made incoherent by his hand as, sure enough, she squirted again: the dopamine rush was so powerful she barely registered the sensation, only that her legs had flushed with heat and her inner thighs had dampened considerably, but it didn't matter, not when Benoit had dipped a hand down into her legs to rub her swollen clit.

He was still rambling into her ear.

“You like this, huh? Acting like you didn't ask for it like a filthy fuckin' whore? My *God*, child-”

Marta whined into his hand as her walls clenched around him, taking every inch of him she could. Still, Benoit didn't relent.

“So fucking tight, keep - that's a good girl - *that's a good fucking girl.*”

Tears were flowing freely beneath her clenched eyelids as he came inside her, warm and hot and *deliciously* deep, but in the heat of the moment, Marta didn't care. Something in the depths of her mind was purring happily, unleashing a primal and hidden feeling she'd never felt before— she couldn't quite catch her breath.

Her head was spinning, her heart was racing, her ears were ringing. Her mind was halfway between her mother tongue and English, and with the blood thundering to her brain, she couldn't collect her thoughts.

Dumbly, she felt grateful that the Thrombeys weren't living in this mansion anymore. It was just her and Benoit in this big echoey place, two spent bodies half-collapsed on this couch.

After what felt like an eternity, the hand on her mouth relinquished and Benoit slowly withdrew from her pussy, carefully and gently, apparently back to his regular self again. The clarity had settled in.

There was silence for another long moment.

“The groceries,” he said dumbly, making her laugh.

“You deal with it, I don't think I'm going to be able to walk,” she replied as Benoit tried to summon feeling in his legs. By the looks of it, nothing was working.

He laughed up at the ceiling. “Darlin', my left leg's completely numb.”

Marta grinned as she felt his come begin to drip out of her— she angled her pussy at him so he could see. “Fuck the groceries.”

“Fuck the groceries,” he repeated breathlessly, staring at her like she was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

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