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Bite Me!

by [HaughtBreaker](#)

Summary

Cosima is a morgue technician person whatever they're called. Bodies are dropping outside a club owned by a mysterious French blonde. Smut ensues.

Chapter 1

Alright guys. This was supposed to be a Halloween fic, but the size of it has turned out to be monstrous and there's no way I can finish it by Halloween. I'm hoping it won't be more than 20k but it probably will be because I have issues. Anyway... there will be blood... and crack ships... and rando shit that doesn't make sense cause I'm weird... whatever...

The steady beat of house music poured out of the back door as a man stumbled out into the alley, his state of inebriation obvious in his unsteady gait. The tall and burly man leaned against the wall with one hand, his alcohol-laden breath coming out in white clouds as he unzipped his pants. "Oh yeah " he groaned as a steady stream splashed against the wall, his head dropping forward as he relaxed his posture. It was almost closing time and the line for the bathroom had been ridiculously long with patrons having consumed too much booze. Knowing the club well, he slipped out into the alley easily. No point in wasting time standing in line when there was a perfectly thirsty brick wall.

The alley was filled with a steady beat again as the door opened and a slim man stepped out, black hair slicked back and a leather coat covering his frame. He barely stopped himself from running into the man and laughed softly.

Not bothering to look up, the man turned away from the other patron. "Eh...can I get a little privacy here?" The man grumbled with a shake of his head.

"Sorry." The man smiled, his English accent full of humor as he let his eyes travel the length of the large form.

"Whatever." He responded. He was done anyway, he thought, shaking himself off. Suddenly, a shadow cast over him as the man stepped closer, a hand covering his own. "What the fuck?" Turning, his eyebrows rose as he recognized the slim man, his own eyes fluttering as he dropped his hand, giving the man access. "Felix. I should have known you would follow me out here."

"Let me help you out with that, Teddy." He wrapped his hand around the flesh, smiling as all protests disappeared. "That's right, no complaints now, eh big boy?" He commented as he began to stroke the length of dark skin that began to harden in his grip, feeling the slowly increasing heart-rate through the warm shaft, blood pumping into the swiftly hardening manhood.

"Just one," Teddy responded as he put a hand on either of the man's shoulders, pushing down. He left no doubt of his desires.

With a grin, the slim man fell to his knees, not caring about the trash or the puddle of piss that began to soak his pants. His smile disappeared as his mouth became otherwise occupied, his tongue running along the pulsing vein before taking the flesh into his mouth.

"Oh yeah." The large man groaned, his hands gripping the leather coat that covered the bony shoulders. "Right there...oooooh...OW!" His hand dug into the shoulder, his fist closing around leather as he looked down with horror in his eyes, pain searing through his body just seconds before his scream filled the air, not loud enough to be heard over the pulsing music by any of the bodies moving to the beat in a sweaty wave of depravity.

Except for one set of light hazel eyes that closed with a sigh of exasperation, looking out over the

waving glow sticks and falling on the door that led out into the back alley.

"Dr. Cosima Niehaus, medical examiner. Patient is Theodore "Teddy" Washington, thirty two year old black male..." Switching off the recorder, the brunette wrinkled her nose, pushing her goggles further up her nose with the back of her wrist. Pursing her lips, she looked over the body of the very large and very dead man. "I can't believe I'm about to say this." She commented as she turned the recorder back on. "Upon first glance, cause of death appears to be exsanguination through lacerations into the penis, severing the cavernosal arteries. What looks like bite marks, possibly animal in nature, could signify an attack on the deceased during either urination...or what may be possible self..." She cleared her throat, trying to rid herself of the smile. "Possible masturbation considering the state of arousal." She reached up and clicked off the recorder, taking a deep breath. "This mother fucker got his dick bit." She commented before putting on a serious face, taking another deep breath before switching on the recorder again.

"I am beginning the autopsy at 3:24 am." She pulled her mask up as she leaned closer, inspecting every inch of skin starting at his head. "Injury at the posterior of skull has little to almost no blood and appears to have occurred post-mortem, more than likely a result of deceased body falling to the ground after exsanguination." Her brow furrowed at that. "That raises the question of how did Mr. Washington stay upright during the entire attack?"

With a sigh she looked over the rest of the body, lifting one of the man's hands with her own gloved hand, grabbing a small pick from the nearby tray. "There are dark fibers under the nails of one hand. I'll send them to the lab for analysis." Making sure the evidence bag was sealed, she set it on the tray before turning back to the body.

There was suddenly a loud noise from just outside the door and Cosima stood up, straightening her back with a roll of her shoulders. "Hello?" When there was no response, she reached up and turned the recorder off, snapping off her gloves and pulling down her mask. "Who's out there?" With a sigh she moved to the door when she got no response, checking the long hall in either direction and not seeing anything.

The lights flickered in the hallway, but it remained empty. She was used to the silence down in the morgue. Not many came down without wheeling a body ahead of them and this late at night... Or this early in the morning rather, it was unlikely. The halls as vacant as always, she shook her head and stepped back into her room. "Stop freaking yourself out."

Turning, she found an empty slab waiting for her, no sign of the body that had been resting on it. "The fuck...?"

"Detective Sarah Manning." The brunette spoke with authority, dropping down onto the stool.

"What can I do for you, Detective?" The tall blonde leaned against her own stool, her arms crossed over her chest.

The detective rose an eyebrow, not expecting the French accent. Having spent most of her life in Toronto after relocating from London as a pre-teen, she had been expecting a Québécoise accent judging by the woman's last name. "Mrs. Cormier?"

The blonde woman nearly laughed at that. "Oh no no no. Miss, please. Or just Delphine." She smiled at the bartender who placed a glass on the bar in front of her. "Thank you Bobbi. Would you like something to drink, Detective?"

Eyeing the glass of Scotch, Sarah shook her head, clearing her throat. One year sober and she still felt the pull of her addiction. Instead, she pulled a small leather-bound notepad out of her trench coat pocket. "So, you said that you found the body while taking out the trash?" She let her eyes travel the length of the woman's body, tucked away in a form-fitting sleeve of a dress that clung to her form in all the right places. "Do you normally take the trash out in four inch stilettos?"

"Would the Toronto Police Service prefer that I do it barefoot?" This time the woman actually laughed, a sound that was almost musical, fading away with the bite of a bottom lip as the woman adjusted her position, crossing her legs at the knees. "I can guarantee that would be far more detrimental to my health. I mean, who knows what is back there? Needles? Piss? Dead bodies?"

"That's not funny, Miss Cormier. A man was found dead behind your club."

Reaching for her pack of cigarettes, she smiled as Bobbi approached with a lighter in hand. "Merci, ma chérie." She winked before turning back to the Detective. "Must I remind you that it was I who found the body? All this trouble because I like to help my staff clean up so they can go home sooner."

Sarah blew out a frustrated breath, looking over at her partner Art who was interviewing a slim man with a petulant smile on his face, his fingertips walking up her partner's arm in an obvious attempt at seduction. "So no one else went into the alley before that? He'd been out there two or three hours."

Delphine shrugged, a very nonchalant expression on her face as she blew a stream of white smoke away. "No one says they saw anything. My people are good people, Detective. No one here is a killer and I cannot possibly identify every one of my patrons. What can I possibly help you with?"

"You're telling me that this dive doesn't have people sneaking out for a quick fuck or to shoot up for over two hours? That no one saw a four hundred pound bear of a man bleed out through his dick? I don't believe that." Sarah shook her head, closing her notebook. "I'm not slow."

Both women turned as Sarah's partner approached. "Manning. We have to bounce. Something happened in the lab."

"What?" Sarah narrowed her eyes at her partner.

"It's the body. It went missing."

"Shite." Sarah pushed off the stool and reached into her pocket. "Look, Miss Cormier, here's my card. If anyone happens to suddenly remember, my number's on the back."

The card held between two fingers, Delphine Cormier watched as the pair of detectives headed towards the door. As the door swung close, she could see the sky beginning to lighten and she looked over her shoulder at Bobbi. "Where is Felix?"

The bartender paused briefly before tossing the wet rag in the laundry. "He's turned in for the day." Turning, she found the blonde standing right in front of her, swallowing as a hand came up to cup her cheek.

"You wouldn't be lying to me would you?" Delphine leaned down, pressing her lips to those of the tattooed woman just briefly.

"N..n...No, of course not." The shorter woman moved to her toes only to have the lips keep the same distance between them. "I would never lie to you."

Delphine slid her hand down the woman's neck and over a slightly bruised throat, feeling the

strong pulse just under the skin. "Good. Hurry with your closing up. I'll be downstairs in my room." As she turned to walk towards the back, she paused just slightly to look at the woman. "Don't take too long. I'm famished."

Cosima stretched lazily, dropping her bag on the leather seat before falling onto the matching couch, a groan of aggravation escaping her as she breathed in the scent of dirty leather. "Fuck."

"You're late, today."

Turning to face her roommate, Cosima found a mug of coffee held out towards her. She scrambled to sit up, accepting the offering with a grateful groan. "Shit Scotty, you are a fucking life saver."

The lab tech rolled his eyes, moving the brunette's bag and dropping onto the seat. "What the hell happened? I thought you were going to help me talk to Meescha today." His crush on the clerk at the comic core had been painful to watch and Cosima had promised she would help, but that was before the impossible happened.

"Sorry man." Cosima cradled the cup between her chilled hands, thankful for the warmth that slid down her throat. If there was one downside to working in a morgue, it was the freezing temperatures. "You will not believe what happened... I can't believe it." Another sip and she was setting the cup down, opening the drawer in the coffee table to retrieve a wooden box. "I was starting an autopsy, some dude that died by getting his dick bit..."

"No way...What?"

Cosima laughed. "That's what I said but seriously, it looked like he was drained of blood through his man bits. Anyway, I'm doing the external inspection and I heard this weird sound." She explained as she emptied the box, rolling herself a joint with the last of her weed. "I go and check it out cause what could it be? The hallway ends up being completely empty and I go to finish my autopsy." She paused to lick the edge of the paper, the artificial strawberry flavor masking the taste of the small strip of glue. "The body was fucking gone man."

"What?" Scott narrowed his eyes in confusion.

"Oh yeah. Gone like completely missing like somehow in the thirty seconds I had left it alone, it disappeared, and boy was Sarah pissed." Cosima winced at the memory.

"How do you lose a whole bloody body, Cos? He was over 400 pounds and dead as a doorknob!" Sarah eyed the doctor. She was pissed. Cosima could tell by the way her nostrils flared and her jaw was set. "He didn't just walk out and if he did I'm pretty sure you would have seen him." She growled, leaning against the empty slab.

"I swear to god I was alone here, and there was a noise outside so I checked it out." Cosima pinched the bridge of her nose before slipping her glasses back on. "There was no one there, man. No one, but then I turn around and the body is fucking gone." She lifted her hands and let them drop again, not even sure of what to say. "I didn't even leave the doorway. No way could someone take a body that quickly with nowhere to go!"

"Then where the hell is the bloody body?" Sarah threw her hands up in the air in frustration. Suddenly, as if a thought came to her out of nowhere, she froze, turning and getting close to the woman, her eyes narrowing. "Are you high again?" She spoke in a whisper so no one else would

hear. Despite only discovering she had a twin sister less than a year ago, she felt over protective of the nerd woman who seemed a for shorter than herself despite their same height.

Cosima huffed. "What? No!" She leaned closer to whisper. "Can you not?" It was no secret, Sarah's disapproval of her recreational use of drugs, but she has enough sense not to come to work high.

"A body disappeared!" Sarah moved away, shaking her head. "The captain wants you to make a statement."

With a sigh that was half frustration, half exhaustion, Cosima let her head fall forward. "How long is that going to take?"

"Man the captain made me go over that story like 10 times." Cosima shook her head, taking a long drag from the joint. She could feel her lungs expanding, and she took a few seconds to imagine her body absorbing the THC from the smoke, finding comfort in the light fog that began to settle over her mind.

"That doesn't make any sense, Cosima." He shook his head when she offered him the joint. "Bodies don't just disappear into thin air."

Cosima coughed as she exhaled, waving away the smoke. "You don't need to tell me that, but they pulled the video feed and like one frame this 400lbs man is on the slab and the next frame it's empty." She sat back, kicking her heels up onto the table. "Fuck I don't even know what the hell happened, but I'm now tired as shit." After one more hit, she extinguished the joint, storing the other half in her box and returning it to the drawer. "Would you mind terribly if we reschedule the whole comic store fiasco till later?" She had a sinking suspicion that the object of her roommate's affection batted more for her team than his and she really didn't feel up to dealing with a mopey rejection.

Not that Scott wasn't a great guy. He was funny and brilliant and a kind soul, but unfortunately that made him appeal more as a brother or a male best friend than boyfriend material. She just needed to find him a quiet girl who thought lightsabers were a better gift than jewelry.

"It's fine." Scott hand her a sympathetic smile. "You should get some sleep. I'm gonna go meet the guys for a magic game or two."

"Don't get too wild," Cosima chuckled, pushing herself off the couch and grabbing her bag. "We're going out tonight." She called to him as she headed towards her bedroom.

"Wait, what..." Scott let his voice fade off as the door slammed shut, leaving no room for argument.

Chapter 2

*I'm sorry for this chapter... but I'm also not sorry. I swear this is a cophine fic. I really do swear. *evil laughter* Thanks to LadyZephyr for betaing this bit of madness.*

"Yessss..." The tattooed body arched off the mattress, fingers thrusting into her as lips moved away from her sex, replaced by the firmer press of a thumb circling her clit. She knew what was coming and she longed for it. "Please..." Her thighs trembled as lips and tongue caressed the flesh there.

Delphine took her time, waiting for the perfect moment. She could sense everything in the woman's body: her heartbeat, her erratic breath, the hormones coursing through her body. Over more years than she could count, this had become a science to her, a promise of pleasure for both herself and those who volunteered for such an honor.

She knew that her own blood, in small doses, had the ability to numb pain and heal. It was why she would nick her own tongue, coating her teeth that had pressed forward, emerging from her gums and coated with just enough blood as she waited for that precious moment of...

"Ung!" The bartender made a noise that was incomprehensible, being pushed over the edge of passion and pleasure as her body jerked.

Delphine was quick to bite down, making that moment of pain as brief as possible before her own blood took effect on the woman's pain receptors. The thigh contained her favorite artery, plentiful in the plasma she needed to sustain life while being discreet, the sometimes inevitable bruise being easily hidden beneath a skirt.

As a vampire, or whatever weird label society had applied to her existence, she was no longer as susceptible to intoxication as humans were, wine and drugs having more effect on her pocketbook than her mood. But this, blood infused with an overdose of oxytocin, the delightful repercussions of human orgasm, it set a blissful haze through her. It heightened her sense of touch and the desire to be touched.

Vampire ecstasy, or Vex as it was called.

As she withdrew her fangs and felt them retracting into her gums, she licked the pale flesh clean, watching the punctures heal easily. It was only in these states, when her mind was overwhelmed by the chemical, that she allowed herself to be pushed back, for her own clothes to be stripped away by the human that had regained her senses, desire evident in her eyes.

She never took too much blood, though she longed for the earlier days in her life when she would drain criminals dry. No, she took just enough to sustain her through the day, once in the morning and once in the evening, to allow herself to enjoy the feeling of lips circling her now bare nipples and the fingers that slid into her arousal, causing her body to tremble.

Every nerve ending was awake and despite the human's mediocre technique, she sighed in relief as a tongue slid between her thighs, moving against her heightened desire. Even as she felt the pleasure in waves, she always had to be aware, always careful to not lose control. Humans were so fragile and there was nothing worse than accidentally crushing someone's head between your thighs mid-orgasm.

Instead her hands flew up to the headboard, her fingers finding familiar grooves from previous nights as she felt the pressure in her gut increasing, each circle of the bartender's tongue causing her muscles to twitch.

"Merde!" She growled as her body tensed and she barely prevented herself from thrusting her hips up. It was a rollercoaster of restraint as she rode out the storm of pleasure. Finally, she was pushing the woman away with a laugh, easily dislodging the woman's body. "Could you please fetch Felix for me, ma chérie?"

"Can I not stay for just a moment? I know how good you feel right now. We can go again." The woman smiled, her fingers slipping up the length of Delphine's thigh, heading towards a target still slick with arousal.

Licking her lips and cleaning the remnants of blood from the crevices of her teeth that had returned to normal, Delphine caught her eye. She watched as the pupils dilated just a bit, the human unable to look away. "Go get Felix."

Suddenly free of the woman's gaze and wiping her arm across her lips, Bobbi stumbled backwards, grabbing her clothes in a hurry. "Yes, Mistress." She was quick to throw her clothes on, closing the door behind her as she left.

Humans were so weak. Gathering what little resolve she had before her body completely ingested the Vex, Delphine groaned, wrapping a robe around her naked form as she disappeared into the bathroom to quickly rinse herself off, the hormones she'd consume starting to be absorbed into her system and setting a humming into her blood. She was drying her face with a soft towel that sent a wave of stimuli through her when a knock came to her door. "Come in!" She called out, knowing by the steps that it was Felix, the smell of his recent feeding completely noticeable in the air. Vex and sperm. She'd grown past being disgusted.

"You rang?"

His tone was bored, on the borderline of arrogant and in the blink of an eye, Delphine had him pinned against the wall, her hand around his neck as he was lifted a few inches. When he began to claw at her arm, his teeth emerging in his state of panic. He knew better than to challenge her, but his senses and intelligence appeared dulled.

"Stop!" Delphine growled, squeezing his neck, watching his eyes bulge and refusing to loosen her hold until he complied. "Listen very carefully, petit frère."

There was anger in his eyes but he stopped clawing at her arm, knowing he could never win a fight against her.

When he calmed, she lowered him to the ground but kept her hand on his neck. "If you ever... EVER... leave a body behind my club again... Fuck the last three hundred years, I will kill you myself. Do you understand me?" When Felix opened his mouth to protest, she let her hand clamp down again. "Non! Do not even say it wasn't you. You're the only asshole that can manage to suck that much blood through arteries that small."

Instead of arguing, he nodded quickly, wincing at the pain in his neck when she let him go. "Bloody hell, Delphine. And here I thought you stopped PMSing when you became a vampire."

Stripping off her robe, Delphine almost laughed as Felix looked away. She moved to her armoire and dressed. "You are so frustrating sometimes." God she was so glad women weren't forced to wear corsets and petticoats anymore. "Was there really a point to killing him? I thought you liked Theodore."

"I do... did... Shit sorry. I do feel bad for last night but I couldn't help it." He sighed as he picked at his black nail polish. "I think Tony is falling in love with me or something. The level of vex in his system is almost agonizing, I was tripping well after. I barely even remember killing poor Teddy."

"You are so lucky Mother isn't here to see you." Delphine fastened the thick belt around her waist, looking up when the music started thumping through the floor. The club would be open soon. Looking the man over, she smirked. Despite putting on a vicious veneer, and the bad mood that Felix inspired in her, she was feeling too good to care as her body absorbed the oxytocin. "Fuck is it already time to open?"

Felix snorted, dropping into a chair. "Why you continue with this need to mingle with these lesser creatures is beyond my understanding."

"I'm not like you, Felix. I cannot just go through days drinking and fucking. I need something substantial." She commented as she pulled the zipper of her knee high boots up.

"Well obviously that just means you haven't been decently fucked in a while." Felix laughed at the look he was given. "Seriously, I know you feed but really... when was the last time you just had a decent bout of letting go? Seriously go find another vamp to get it out of your system." He gave her a lascivious grin. "When was the last time someone threw you against a wall?"

Delphine winced. "The last thing I need is to get involved with someone I'll probably run into for centuries to come." With a huff, she pulled her hair up into a twist. "Back to Tony... what are you doing with that situation?"

"We're not talking about me right now."

"You're not planning on turning him, are you?" Delphine growled as she pushed him out of her room, following him down the dark hallway. "It's bad enough I had to deal with Colin after you grew tired of having him around for a century."

Felix snorted, climbing the stairs that led to the club. "Well he got rather dull. Tony at least has a touch of fire in him." He smirked as he said the words, looking over at Bobbi who was drying glasses. "What about your human cub?"

Delphine rolled her eyes, lighting a cigarette and taking a long pull from it. "I don't play with my food, Felix." She commented nonchalantly, giving a wave to the man at the door to start letting people in.

Chapter 3

Happy Halloween everyone!!! I'm posting this without my beta's approval so... sorry lol.

"Thank you, ma Cherie." Delphine smiled at Bobbi, accepting the glass of merlot from her space at the bar. Around her a sea of people pressed in, shouting their drink orders while leaving a bubble of space around the intimidating woman. Her legs crossed at the knees, she watched as the crowd of party goers moved in tandem, pulsing to the music like a human heart.

Her senses were on overdrive. She hadn't taken enough from Bibbi, fearing her feedings had started to effect the woman. She could hear the heartbeat of every soul in the building and it was taking too much willpower to remain seated.

It didn't help that so many of the patrons were wearing outfits that revealed more than they covered. Halloween was always a "holiday" she didn't care for. If she saw one more "sexy vampire", she was going to lose it.

"Rawr! I want to such your...dick!"

Turning with a sigh, Delphine gave Felix a distasteful look. He had apparently lost his pants and shirt, wearing the equivalent of a leather jockstrap. He had also found a cape and had his teeth exposed, a trickle of blood she noticed to be all too real dripping from the corner of his mouth. "Are you out of your mind?"

Felix chuckled, sitting down on the only empty seat at the bar that Delphine had compelled the last tenant away from after he attempted to speak with her. "Come on Delphine... it's the one day of the year you can let your freak flag fly... so many people letting me bite them thinking it's just a joke." He accepted the scotch on rocks from Bobbi with a wink, waiting for her to step away. "I think you should find another blood-bag, love. Your girl is looking a little pale."

Delphine sighed heavily, having been thinking about that after Bobbi had dropped two bottles earlier. The only problem was that she detested such a feat, always having to explain herself to someone new and 99 times out of 100 she had to compel the memories away when someone freaked out. Not to mention she would have to alter Bobbi's memories, to make sure none of the attachments the woman was beginning to develop still lingered.

"Come on, Sis." Felix laughed. "I saw you watching all the sheep with that look of thirst in your eyes. I bet you barely took enough to last you completely through the night."

Delphine grimaced at that. He was right of course and she could feel the hunger gnawing at the edges of her mind, tempting her with pulsing hearts and throbbing veins. She needed to find one... her eyes fell on a small woman moving in the crowd. She was teasingly dancing with an uncoordinated boy that Delphine instantly wrote off as platonic friend after studying their movements. She tended to stay away from people who weren't alone, preferring to lure away loners, but she couldn't tear her eyes away.

"She's hot." Felix commented, taking in the brunette that was wearing a deep red dress with a low cut v neck he identified as a star trek uniform. "A little nerdy... but she does look delicious," he chuckled. "I could take her friend. Looks a little straight but I can fix that... you know no human can resist our pull. They find us arousingly intriguing... when you're not scaring them away," he

snickered. "Then again..."

Delphine looked away to see a flannel decked man approaching, hair too long for her tastes and the start of a beard breaking through pale skin. She'd guess the costume was some sort of trucker if it weren't for the fact that she knew he always dressed that way. To her horror, there was blood dripping down his throat, her nostrils flaring as she glared at Felix.

"It was just a top off... for effect." He spoke just before the man arrived, fitting himself between Felix's knees. "How'd you do, love?"

"Easy peasy, FeFe." He commented, his hand dipping to cup leather wrapped flesh as he leaned in to capture Felix's lips.

Delphine looked away, finding the woman she had been watching had moved from the dance floor to a booth, chatting with one of the servers as her hands flew through the air explaining something.

"Felix... this is Paul."

Delphine's attention was captured again to see another man suddenly appear, this one all muscles and tan skin, nothing on except a pair of tight gold shorts, his black hair horribly turned a bright yellow with canned hair coloring. She cringed at his obvious arousal, the shimmering spandex doing little to hide his obviously well endowed manhood.

"Hello Paul... well... I see someone's ready to party." Tossing back the rest of his drink, he winked at Delphine before sliding off his seat. "The night is still young, Sister," he commented before hooking a finger into the waist of both men's respective pants and pulling them towards the stairs that went down to their quarters.

"No more!" Scott winced as he dropped the shot glass, half of the shot untouched and spilling out on the table.

"Fucking party foul, Scott!" Cosima yelled with a laugh, setting her own glass down beside the 4 others she'd emptied, taking a sip from the small glass of pineapple juice she'd been using as a chaser. "No wasting booze."

The man winced, pulling his glasses off and trying to clean them on his shirt, only succeeding in streaking the lenses. "I'm done, dude."

Cosima rolled her eyes. "Don't be such a bitch, man." Her head was already spinning and it felt like her skin was boiling. She needed to use the bathroom in the worst way but she knew the second she did, it would break the seal and she'd spend half the night in the bathroom line. "At least stop being a pussy long enough for us to find you some." She laughed at her own joke, especially when the blush spread across the man's face.

Lifting her glass of juice again, Cosima looked towards the bar. It had taken all of two minutes after arriving to find the tall blonde that had been draped against the bar. She was probably the most beautiful woman Cosima had ever seen and she'd been secretly putting away enough shots in hopes of getting the courage to make her move. Maybe she was a little bit of a creeper, but she had watched gleefully as men attempted to pick the woman up one after the other since the woman's friend had disappeared with two other men.

Now that could mean several things, but her mind decided that it was because she wasn't interested in men. That had to be the answer. She had made plans to eventually approach the woman, with the assistance of a little liquid courage, but the blonde had disappeared god knows

how long ago.

How had she missed her leaving? She knew she'd drank a little too much already but she had watched the woman closely and ... god she needed to use the bathroom.

"Hey, I gotta hit the head." Cosima finally decided, slipping off her stool and grabbing her phone out of habit. "Watch my jacket." She didn't wait for Scott to answer as she began making her way through the crowd of people. Dipping around a man wearing leather chaps and a leather vest, she nearly laughed. Even with dead bodies turning up in alleyways, that didn't stop the crowds from showing up. She knew Sarah would kill her for coming out here after the murder, but she was feeling extra reckless... and it was Halloween.

Reaching the line for the bathroom, she winced at the chain of bodies that spread out along one wall. "Shit." Of course there would be a line ridiculously long when the Nile river was threatening to pour out of her. There had to be another bathroom somewhere. There was no way a club this big would have only one.

Had she been sober, she wouldn't have considered descending the dark stairway that she stumbled across, but her head was spinning just slightly and she knew there had to be a bathroom hidden down below for employees at least. Had she been sober, she would've realized how bad of an idea this was.

To her surprise, the music was barely audible from the bottom of the stairs and she pushed on, finding the first door. Turning the knob, an eerie candlelight emerged. Strangely she found herself pausing when the sound of throaty laughter and moans emerged.

Now, she'd unfortunately seen men together before, having been to a few gay parties during her time at college, but somehow the sight of three gave her reason to pause. It wasn't the way the larger man, obviously completely nude, was plowing into the man who was still mostly dressed, on all fours in the center of the bed, the low laughter obviously coming from the flannel covered form. It was more the way the thinner, dark haired man, who had been sitting beside her blonde goddess, was attached to the larger man's neck, a ruby drop appearing and sliding down the sweaty pecs as the larger man moaned in obvious ecstasy, the muscular form growing rigid and shaking. She took a step back when dark eyes looked up, capturing her in their gaze.

She knew she should step away, to close the door and give them some privacy, but she couldn't move. Her mind was commanding her legs to move and they refused to look away, even as the dark haired man lifted his lips from the other man's throat, his crimson tongue running along the equally red mess left on tanned skin.

As if he were gladly putting on a show, the slim man bent the muscular man forward so firm pecs were pressed to a flannel back, revealing his thrusting hips to Cosima's view. Somehow, a sight that would normally disgust her began to have a confusing effect. She found her body responding on its own accord, nipples tightening as she squeezed her legs a little tighter together, the need to use the bathroom momentarily pushed aside.

"What are you doing down here?"

"What?" Cosima blinked, trying to clear her mind as she was finally able to pull her eyes away, the man's gaze breaking off towards the blonde's.

The woman reached past her, looking into the room momentarily, shaking her head at the occupants before closing the door. When her eyes turned to Cosima, the woman froze, her brows growing in confusion. "Detective Manning?"

"Det..." Cosima let her mind wander away from the sight she'd just seen, her legs now suddenly listening to her. "Oh...you've met my sister."

Blonde brows furrowed again as she looked the brunette over, eyes looking slowly over the toned form, lingering on accented cleavage and the vein that pulsed steadily. "Pardon, I wasn't aware that she... You are twins..."

"And you're totally French." Cosima groaned, looking up the length of the immaculately dressed woman. "Hot and French. Where have you been all my life?" Holy Fuck did she just say that? Cosima winced internally, but her mouth seemed to not want to cooperate. What was going on with her inability to control herself. "You must be French cause ma-DAMN." She laughed at the horrible joke before bowing. "I'm Cosima."

Delphine rose an eyebrow at the small woman. She tried not to laugh as she curled a finger under the brunette's chin, tipping her face up. Such frail creatures, she thought, seeing the level of intoxication in the depths of dark hazel eyes that seemed to reach out to her.. "Enchantée, Cosima. I'm Delphine, but what are you doing down here." She forced her will onto this tiny woman, urging her to speak the truth, knowing there were things humans shouldn't see here.

"Enchantée... I like that." Cosima grinned. "Sorry, I was looking for a bathroom." Now that her mind seemed to work again, the feeling came back with a vengeance. "I really have to pee and wow you have such beautiful eyes." Looking into starbursts in a field of green, Cosima smiled. "Maybe you shouldn't be down here too."

Pulling back in surprise, Delphine laughed, "I own this club. I go where I chose."

"Oh... cool... Hey then you would know if there was a bathroom down here? The line upstairs is ridiculous." Cosima asked as she stepped around the blonde, looking down the hallway.

Utterly taken back yet completely curious, Delphine nodded. "Merde." She cursed as she followed the tiny brunette, catching up to her and turning her around. "There is an employee restroom upstairs. Come."

"Oh I don't think I'll make it upstairs and I'd hate to be a kindergartener and have an accident. Totally embarrassing."

No, the prospect was definitely not one she wanted. With a sigh, Delphine led the woman to her own chamber. The last thing she wanted was a puddle of piss on her floor.

"Do you like live here?" Cosima asked as she exited the bathroom after finishing her business, looking around the room, very aware of the blonde who was watching her closely. Her eyes fell on the bed that was a mass of rumpled sheets. She felt her normal confidence coming back, and she let her eyes rake over the blonde for the hundredth time. She was even more perfect than she thought. "Is this where you take all the girls?"

"Non." Delphine shook her head, feeling the hunger rising, her own teeth slowly extending, reminding her of her nature.

"Your friend back there... does he have like some sort of blood fetish?" Maybe the alcohol had given her a little too much courage because she found herself closing the distance between them, not touching, but close enough to feel the heat of each other's bodies.

"In a manner of speaking. It's all consensual." Unable to fight herself, Delphine let her eyes travel along the pulsing vein, her hand coming up to caressed the length of the brunette's neck. "He's not the only one."

Swallowing loudly, Cosima let her hands slip up covered hips. "Is that even sanitary let alone painful?"

"You have nothing to worry about regarding sanitation... and the pain only lasts a quick moment." She was licking her lips in anticipation, inching the woman's dress up.

"Wait..." Cosima stopped her, a hand pressed against the center of her chest. "Are you really asking to drink my blood?"

"Yes." Delphine responded simply, "But I also plan on fucking you."

The French accent was like a warm silken blanket that wrapped around her, caressing her body, reminding her that she'd brazenly left her panties on the floor in the bathroom. God she wanted her, but the blood thing was a little weird. "How about we skip the blood thing for now and go straight to the fucking." Cosima commented as simply as if she were ordering her lunch in a diner. "Hookup with a strange yet super hot club owner... sure... but blood... I just don't know how down I am with that... yet."

Delphine felt herself warring internally. It would be so simple to compel the woman to agree and to take what she wanted, but as dark hazel eyes watched her, she felt another resolve within her falter, the one that appreciated the small brunette for her body and not just her blood. The question was... would she be able to resist?

She was hungry and her high had faded hours ago.

The brunette was beautiful and quirky.

She felt her own arousal soaking her panties, a feeling she'd rarely felt without a system full of vex.

Try as hard as she could, she wasn't able to force her half-emerged teeth back. She could always... With a smile, she pressed her lips to Cosima's. "Ok... just give me a quick second to check on things upstairs and I'll be right back." She whispered, reaching for the door.

"Yeah... totally." Cosima grinned, reaching for her phone. She could just text Scott, telling him to go home and she'd see him later. It was a dick move, but the alcohol was cutting off her sensibility.

Delphine, on the other hand moved faster than any human could see as soon as she closed the door behind her. She found them just as they'd been not long ago with the exception of Tony having moved to the corner chair, watching with a bored expression as Felix took his time with Paul... or he would have been had he not been interrupted by the sudden presence of Delphine on the bed, her lips pressed against the man's throat.

"What the hell, Delphine?" Felix scrambled away, pulling a blanket up to cover himself as the limp form of the stronger man slipped from Delphine's hands and slumped to the floor, pale and unmoving.

Licking the blood from her lips, Delphine snatched the half empty glass of scotch from the nightstand. "Dispose of that once Tony finishes you off." She washed the blood from her mouth before moving to the door.

"Are you kidding me?" Felix protested, getting a glare from Delphine. "You could at least say please and thank you."

Her hand on the doorknob, she gave him a smile. "Please, and thank you."

Returning to her own room, she found Cosima laying stomach down on her bed.

Texting.

And completely nude except her glasses.

Dark hazel eyes looked up from the bright screen, a smile spreading. "Everything ok?"

Her thirst sated, Delphine felt another hunger course through her body and settle in her core. With a lick of her lips, she nodded. "Completely."

"Then why are you still dressed?" Cosima asked matter-of-factly, pushing herself off the bed and meeting the blonde at the door.

Delphine swallowed, the scent of the woman taking over all of her senses. "Good question."

Chapter 4

Thanks for reading guys! Thanks to ladyzephyr for making this look slightly more like English.

There was something different, Delphine decided as she exhaled softly, mesmerized by the lips travelling down the length of her throat, teeth gently scraping over her skin. The brunette had taken to straddling her lap and fire seared across her back as nails raked down her sensitive flesh. Every inch of her body was humming and she ran one hand through brunette dreads, tugging the woman's head back to bring their lips together again as the fingers of her other hand pressed deeper into slick depths, the heel of her palm brushing against the swollen bundle of nerves.

Paul's blood still coursed through her system, yet with the woman in her arms, she could feel temptation pulling at her. She had consumed what had been left in the large man's body after Felix's feeding, feeling the organ in his chest beat its last beat, yet with the pulsing veins so close to her demanding thirst, it was hard to hold back.

Felix had been right. Goddammit he had been right. She had been holding back for so long that it had become second nature to her. Every encounter she had was a science of resistance, of keeping her strength at bay, but that restraint was wavering. There was something about this brunette, this small human centuries younger than herself, that challenged a discipline she'd maintained within herself for so long, a scent in her veins that was intoxicating.

Breathing in deeply, she picked up everything on the woman, from the marijuana she'd smoked, to the perfume lingering just behind her ears. Her senses detected the arousal that coated her fingers and she could smell the hormones in her blood and hear the quickened pace of the woman's heart.

It was a strange predicament to be in. The chance meeting in the hallway, the brunette's not so subtle plan of seduction no doubt fueled by Delphine's vampiric magnetism. She had been captivated, watching the woman dancing, planning on feasting upon her lifeforce, yet the brunette had simply refused and offered fulfillment of another sort.

Sex without feeding. What the hell had she been thinking? She should have just moved on to another, someone who would be more than willing to provide for her, but she'd wanted the brunette to a level of insanity. She knew nothing about the woman whose body writhed against her own, fluid hips shamelessly rolling against her hand, nothing but the tiny noises that surfaced from the human's lungs: a whimper, a moan, a muffled cry.

They moved in an odd synchronicity that surpassed their premature connection, the small form pressing against her, matching her thrusting hand as her name emerged from the brunette's throat, causing the flesh Delphine's lips were pressed against to vibrate just slightly.

As if on their own accord, her teeth partially emerged and Delphine buried her face in the smooth neck. She could taste the salt of perspiration on the tip of her tongue as it moved along a pulsepoint, feeling the erratic heartbeat coaxing her to cast aside her own morals, a siren song trying her will to resist. It was so tempting, the thought of sinking her teeth into the soft flesh, to taste the rush of the crimson ambrosia over her tongue.

But no, she'd left her own monstrous past behind, back in her darker days when she would simply feed off humans without their permission, leaving behind half conscious victims compelled into

ignorance, if they were lucky, and casting herself into a spiral of self loathing.

That was before vex had been fully explained to her. That was before her sire, the "mother" that had turned her and abandoned her to survive on her own, had returned and showed her what eternity could be. What feeding could be. It wasn't the curse she'd once thought it was, but an impossibly delightful promise of perpetual ecstasy fueled by simple hunger and hormones.

And yet here she was, bordering on her past sins, foolishly thinking she could enjoy the physical entertainment while ignoring her thirst. And for what? A girl she knew nothing about? A human that was an infant in comparison to the centuries that marred her personal history. Cosima was a stranger that coaxed her way into a world she knew nothing about.

It would be simple. Already she could feel muscles clenching around her digits and her teeth emerging in reaction. Her enhanced senses were a burden, each breath bringing in the scent of the hormones she craved, the addict in her knowing a fix when it was near. Oxytocin flooded the small frame that began to tremble against her, luring her to press her lips once more against an erratic heartbeat, the vein begging to be milked for its treasures.

"Holy fuck." Cosima's laughter sounded as her head tipped back, her body melting against Delphine's as the waves of her orgasm left her weak and spent. As her eyes found the blonde's, she froze.

It wasn't intentional, the compulsion that took hold, but Delphine's hunger announced its presence, bringing out the worst in her no matter the internal struggle. She watched as, caught in a hypnotic daze, the brunette tipped her chin to the side, revealing the expanse of her neck and offering herself up to the eternal creature before her.

"Is this what you want, Delphine? Take it."

The monotone voice shook Delphine from her own daze, knowing that despite what her mind attempted to convince her of, this was as far from consent as possible. Looking away, she broke their stare and with it the trance that left the brunette blinking in confusion.

The hunger was still there, gnawing at her, tempting her, yet she seemed to have found the control that had been slipping. "You should go."

"What?" Cosima pulled back slightly, confusion growing. "Don't you want..." Her hand traveled down the blonde's chest, through the valley between pale breasts, over the expanse of firm abs.

Delphine captured the woman's hand, moving faster than she probably should have, bringing the trespassing digits to her lips. "I do, but I have responsibilities to tend to. Maybe next time, if you want." She gave the woman a reassuring smile.

Cosima pursed her lips, a thoughtful expression coming over her face. "Is it the whole blood thing?"

Freezing in uncertainty, Delphine shook her head slowly. She didn't need to hear the word blood coming from the woman, especially when she could barely hold back. "Non..."

"Hey, it's cool if it is." Cosima twisted her wrist, intertwining her fingers with the blonde's. "To each their own, right?" She grinned, her nose wrinkling. "I don't know if I'm ready for that yet but you have... really great hands..." She closed the distance between them, placing what would have been a chaste kiss at the corner of Delphine's mouth if not for her tongue peeking out to taste the woman's lips. "I think... maybe we should get to know each other... past the physical of course. But I'm definitely up for more physical."

Delphine groaned, her own need taking over. She wanted nothing more than to feel the brunette's hands sliding over her skin, but the strength of her hunger was starting to wear away at her restraint. The last thing she wanted was to lose control and hurt her. "I do like the sound of that."

"So what's your schedule like?" Cosima slipped off her lap, rooting around for her clothes. "I work graveyards so I'm more of a night owl. Is that going to be a problem?"

"Non." Delphine chuckled as she watched the brunette dressed, licking her lips. The way Cosima just assumed she had a strange blood fetish and just accepted it as fact, it was definitely the weirdest encounter she'd had. As much as she enjoyed the show, her hunger was beginning to take over, tempting her to take hold of the small form, to press her fangs into soft flesh. "Has your friend left already? If so I can have my driver take you home."

Cosima paused, tilting her head with a grin, her tongue pressed against the back of her teeth in a look that Delphine found completely adorable. "You have your own driver?"

Pushing herself up from the bed, Delphine grabbed a card from her nightstand before she ran a hand through her hair, sorting the mess of curls. "I hate looking for parking." Catching the brunette watching her, she smirked, moving to capture the form around the waist, bestowing a feather-soft kiss against her lips. "Maybe you could stop by tomorrow, closer to closing? We could get some coffee... maybe some pancakes."

Cosima giggled at that, running her fingertip along the woman's clavicle, her eyes tracing the length of Delphine's naked body. "I dunno... I'm more of a French toast type of person."

Delphine groaned at that. "You know French toast is no more French than french fries, right?" She reached behind the woman, helping her zip up her dress. "The earliest recipe was found in a Roman cookbook."

"Shhhh." Cosima pushed herself up to her toes, capturing Delphine's lips again in another kiss. "No history lessons." Pulling away, she grabbed her phone and slipped on her shoes. "I really do like French toast better than pancakes." She offered her phone to the blonde. "Plans are better arranged when I have your number."

With a snort, Delphine sent herself a text from the phone, handing it over. "At the door, there is a man named Rudy. Give him this card and tell him I said you could get a ride home." Scribbling across the back of the card, she blew on the ink for a second before handing it over.

Flipping the textured black card over in her hand, "Club DYAD" stamped in the middle of it. Across the back, scribbled in silver ink was a strange symbol, something that looked like an elaborate combination of Delphine's initials. "Would you be completely appalled if I sexted you all night?"

Her nostril flaring, Delphine shook her head, leaning down for one last kiss, this one deeper, settling in her gut and churning the hunger that she'd barely kept at bay. All too soon, but out of desperation, she pulled away, putting a little space between them. "I look forward to it." Clearing her throat, she smiled. "Don't go poking around any doors, please."

Cosima at least had the courtesy to laugh.

Watching the brunette leaving, Delphine sighed, drumming her fingers on her chin. The hunger still lingered, tempting her to call Bobbi down. It was still a couple hours before closing which would leave them lacking a bartender.

"Are you serious?"

With a sigh, Delphine slipped on her robe, turning to find Felix leaning in the doorway of her room. "Did you dispose of that body?" She didn't really want to deal with him, and there would be no hiding the truth from him.

"Really?" Felix stepped in, closing the door. "Of course I did." His eyebrows narrowed at her as he stepped closer. "You're still hungry." Giving her a disgusted look, he stepped back. "Did you just shag her without feeding? What the hell, Delphine?"

"I don't have to explain myself to you."

Hands on hips, he scoffed. "Well considering you killed my dinner..."

"Felix..." Delphine sighed softly. "I'm really not in the mood." When her phone vibrated in her hand, she saw a message from Cosima, the brunette deciding to make good on her promise. "Merde... could you please fetch Bobbi for me?"

Chapter 5

One by one I'm getting these stories updated. Sorry it's taking so long.

"You have got to be kidding." Cosima growled, arms crossed over her chest as she regarded her sister.

"I wish I were, Cos. Got a call about a floater but lucky for us it doesn't look like he's been in the water long." Sarah toyed with the tray of sterile equipment, getting her hand slapped away by her sister.

"Don't touch that." Cosima pinched the bridge of her nose, a small headache having tormented her since she woke. Waking up in her bed that morning, head still spinning from the alcohol, she dwelled on the memory of blonde curls and piercing hazel eyes. What in the world had come over her last night? She wasn't the type to just screw some random woman in the backroom of some club.

Even if the woman was as beautiful as the French club owner. A French club owner with soft hands and delicious lips.

And god her body still thrummed at just the memory of Delphine's hands sliding down her body, pressing into her as lips and teeth raked over her skin. She'd had to check her phone to make sure she hadn't imagined it, finding less than innocent photos of the club owner that she'd been sent after about two hours of texting back and forth. She closed her eyes and imagined the hot body pressed against her own...

"Are you listening?"

Her eyes shooting open, Cosima licked her lips, nodding. "Yeah yeah." In the morgue was really the last place she wanted to be, so much so that when her sister's name had come across her phone, she'd ignored the first set of rings, expecting the detective to just leave a message. When another set of rings came, she knew there was no escaping the woman and it was only her own professionalism that had convinced her to show up. "Today is my goddamn day off." Despite her protests, she was already in her scrubs and doctor's coat, dreads tied back in a bun.

Another day, another body.

"Yeah well you're also on call, Cos." Sarah signaled the paramedics to bring the gurney in, a black bag being wheeled in upon it.

"This is the second body in two days." Cosima commented as she pulled the zipper of the body bag down, freezing when the corpse was revealed. The muscular form was pale and water logged, several breaks in his skin around his neck. The memory of a single rivulet of blood running down the now cold chest came to her before fading away into a darkness. Her brow furrowed.

Where had that come from? He was so familiar, but she couldn't place him. Focusing on his face, she had just a fleeting memory, one that danced away as soon as she tried to examine it.

"What? You know him or something?" Sarah's brows came together in confusion as she took in her sister's tense posture.

"No." Cosima shook her head as she reached for the box of gloves. "He looks familiar but I can't place him. Maybe I saw him at the club..." She was speaking more to herself than to her sister until she felt a hand grab her arm.

"What club?" Hazel eyes the same shade of her own narrowed at her.

Cosima cringed internally. She hadn't meant to let the detective know she had gone out to the club that the last body had been found at. And here, another body shows up and she was vaguely remembering seeing him... maybe on the dance floor? Maybe dancing with another man? God why couldn't she remember? Yeah she'd had a few drinks, not enough to blackout. And she still had the memories of Delphine.

She felt her phone vibrate in her pocket, no doubt the very blonde responding to the less than innocent message Cosima had sent before she'd been called into work. Nothing ruins a good self-exploration like a phone call from your sister.

"Cos... please tell me you weren't at DYAD last night..." Sarah gave her an exasperated look, already knowing the answer.

"Fine... I wasn't at DYAD last night... and I also am not going to be there tonight on a date with a super hot blonde and..."

"Blonde?" Sarah's eyes narrowed. "What blonde?"

Picking up one of the man's hands, Cosima lifted a small pick from her tray, getting scrapings from under each nail. "You know what, Sarah. I don't get involved in your business. I'm here to do this autopsy and that's it."

Eyeing her sister, Sarah knew that arguing would help nothing. Instead she sighed. "Just... be careful. I don't want to be pullin' you out of the river." Sniffing, she stepped back and squared her shoulders, taking on a more professional stance. "And get me fingerprints when you're done inspecting so I can ID the body."

It took longer than Cosima had hoped to finish the autopsy, noting that cause of death was exsanguination... just like the body she'd worked on the day before. Two bodies, both dying from blood loss. Possibly both involved with Club DYAD. She was missing something. Or was she avoiding something? Where was the blood going?

"Are you alright?"

Jumping just slightly, Cosima accepted the drink that was set in front of her, the sound of the club flooding back into her mind. "Sorry, just work stuff." She smiled, spinning slightly on her stool and bumping the blonde's knees with her own. "So... do you normally just kick everyone out once 3am hits?"

Delphine smirked, accepting the glass from Tony. "Well, we've already called last call, people start to trickle out after that and then we call last song."

Sipping the martini, Cosima looked out at the crowd, noticing that it had indeed thinned out and there were more people heading towards the door. "Where's the cute bartender girl?" She asked curiously, letting her eyes drift over the bearded man who was tending bar. There was something about him that was picking away at her memory, but she couldn't get ahold of it.

"Bobbi had to take the day off."

The cold response caught Cosima's attention and her brows furrowed. "Oh."

Sensing the change in the woman's mood, Delphine let her hand drop to the woman's knee, her thumb grazing over the soft skin. "She was just feeling a little under the weather. She should be back and scowling tomorrow." Concentrating on her own drink, Delphine tried to hold back the desire that coursed through her. In truth, she had taken too much from Bobbi, but the woman was resting comfortably at home with several attendants keeping watch over her.

Cosima nodded, swallowing the rest of her drink before she slipped off her stool. "Come dance with me." she slipped her hand into Delphine's, tugging only to find a solid resistance. "Hey!"

Her mouth curling into a smirk, Delphine pulled the woman back to her, finding lips eager to meet her own in a kiss as she wrapped an arm around her waist. It was a slow exploration and she felt the brunette melting against her for an agonizingly long moment before Cosima was pulling away, reaching up to fix her crooked glasses.

"Or not." Cosima traced the blonde's clavicle with a fingertip, mischief in every bit of her expression. "Would you rather dance... downstairs?"

Delphine chuckled, standing in a fluid motion, her arm slipping around the compact form. "Oui, but we can do both." She pulled the brunette onto the dance floor.

This close to the blonde, the music pulsing an intoxicating rhythm, Cosima understood her previous night's actions. As the woman began to move, she had to take a breath, exhaling slowly as her eyes locked on the sensual sway of hips.

Illegal. It had to be illegal the way the tall frame moved, Cosima thought as she began to move. What was it about the French woman that was able to take hold of all her inhibitions and toss them out the door?

"Your friend back there... does he have like some sort of blood fetish?"

Her own voice came to her like a ghost, a memory that seemed detached in her mind. She remembered the conversation, but not the friend the memory was associated with. Who had a blood fetish?

"He's not the only one."

Delphine's voice rang clear in her mind, close to her ear, a wave of arousal coursing through her. Cosima mulled on that thought as they moved. Why had she forgotten that conversation until that moment?

Blood fetish...Blood loss... exsanguination... her mind began to connect dots as the memories surfaced, her panic starting to kindle within her until a hand settled on her hip and she looked up into light hazel eyes.

Almost instantly, it was as if the woman's gaze was pure sex, a wave settling between her legs and all she could think of was the intimate caress of long fingers. "How about we take this downstairs?" She found herself suggesting into a pale ear, nonchalantly dismissing the previous train of thought as if it were no longer relevant.

No, with those eyes that seemed to bore straight into her, Cosima led the way towards the hidden stairs, getting no resistance from the blonde.

Delphine was at war with her inner self. She had been in control for centuries, years of honing the finer aspects of her vampiric nature to manipulate and lure in her victims, but she was losing control. She was trying her best, not wanting her ability of compulsion to influence the woman's

behavior, but one look in her eyes and she was finding herself drawing Cosima in. Whoever this small woman was, when around her, Delphine was losing the battle with her own restraint.

Walking down the dark hallway, Cosima's eyes fell on the first door, something in her mind telling her it was important. She was tempted briefly to twist the knob to find what mysteries could lurk behind it. Her brief hesitation was interrupted by the long frame enveloping her from behind, an arm wrapping around her waist as they moved together to another door, one she had little trouble remembering.

"Don't think that this is absolving you from treating me to French toast." Cosima joked, her hand easily finding closures, wasting no time in stripping away layers of unnecessary clothing. "French toast and your life story, remember?" She allowed the blonde to lower her to the soft mattress, sliding backward to the center as the tall woman crawled towards her on all fours. There was an almost primal cat-like grace to her, the way her shoulders rolled with each movement.

Delphine smirked, leaning down to brush her lips along Cosima's jaw. "Do you know what the French call French toast?" she eased her thigh between the brunette's, feeling a heated arousal against her skin.

Cosima groaned, tilting her head back to give the blonde more room to work with. "No...What?"

"Toast."

Cosima laughed, tangling her fingers in blonde curls. This close, all thoughts of work and dead bodies escaped her mind. She no longer cared about fragmented memories or the confusion she was feeling earlier. She could only think about the woman that was brushing kisses down her neck. "God...That's pretty lame."

Delphine chuckled. She was trying to keep her more basic instincts in check, attempting to ignore the beating pulse that lured her in, moving instead to a breast. "I'll show you lame."

Chapter 6

Ok... so this chapter gets a little... squeemish I guess. If blood is your achilles heel... well I don't know what you're doing reading a vampire story... but I apologize in advance

Something awoke Delphine from the light slumber she was in, a nagging feeling she couldn't explain. She hadn't really been sleeping so much as laying in bed, her eyes closed as she listened to the soothing sound of the brunette sleeping. But there was something... something tugging at her senses, trying to lure her away from the warm nest of flesh she was wrapped in.

Like a siren's call she felt but couldn't hear.

She blinked her eyes open, her senses needing no time to adjust to the darkness, making out every shape in the bedroom. They were alone and nothing was amiss, so perhaps it was the strange circumstance of having a living, breathing human in bed beside her.

Delphine took a long moment, observing the passed out woman closely. She was beautiful, soft skin and well toned muscles spread out under the comforter. She could hear the soft thump of the woman's heart, the tempo slowed by her slumber, calling to her, tempting her.

Her memory lingered on the sight of the woman writhing in her arms, the symphony of her moans still playing through Delphine's mind like a soundtrack of the desire she felt.

She could feel an odd sentimentality settling in her as she watched the brunette sleep. What was it about this woman? This was the second night in a row she was acting out of character, choosing instead the fulfilment of lust and desire over the necessity of blood. When the woman was moving against her, whimpering in pleasure, her hunger gnawed at her resistance, luring her in, willing her to sink her teeth into the soft flesh easily within her reach.

Alarmingly, the only thing stronger than her sexual need and hunger was her need to protect the woman. More than she desired the woman's hands in her body, bringing herself pleasure, she wanted to keep Cosima safe, even from herself. The brunette had wanted to bring her pleasure, but just the slight touch of the brunette's hands had nearly caused her teeth to emerge, so instead she saw to wearing the woman out.

There was still a very real fear, however, that her resistance would soon be overpowered by a hunger that settled within her, and it reminded her that she did not have access to her normal post-closing feeding. With each breath she took, she could smell the hormones coursing through the human, even if the brunette had last climaxed almost an hour ago.

Maybe that was it. Maybe it was the call of hunger urging her to remove herself from the safe haven.

Not wanting to risk Cosima's safety, Delphine escaped the prison of limbs and bedding, donning a robe before slipping from the room. She needed to feed. Bobbie was out of the picture, but she could easily find someone and compel them to forget. It was something she did only out of necessity these days.

It was only then, when she was no longer distracted by warm skin and a steady heartbeat, that she felt a presence, one she recognized easily.

"Delphine..."

The voice came from behind her, thick as honey, seeping into her will and she was turning before she could think twice.

Tall and sleek, skin the color of fresh cream greeted her. Hair as dark as night was pulled up into a twist and sharp eyes caught her gaze.

"Marion."

How long had it been? Years? She'd stayed off the woman's radar, making sure that she would be allowed the freedom to do as she pleased, but something had drawn her here.

"Why have I heard news of a murder?" Marion's voice oozed out as her eyes flashed with anger.

Of course. She had warned him about this. Their mother did not approve of the spotlight being shone on them. They were trusted with the secret of their existence and the woman did not tolerate that trust being tested. "There was an accident... Felix..." she let her voice trail off, not wanting to get him in trouble. "I'm handling it."

There was a look of distrust as eyes moved from Delphine to the bedroom door, the woman's head tilting in curiosity. "Who is your guest?" Marion stepped closer, close enough for Delphine to see the dark blue veins just below the epidermis, spidering around the edges of her face and at the corner of her eyes.

As a hand came up to caress her cheek, Delphine turned away only to find her face in a solid grip, being forced to look into chocolate color eyes that were rimmed with crimson.

"You're hungry." It was a statement, not a question. "There is a human in your bed that reeks of sex and you're still hungry which can only mean you did not feed on her...why?" The accented voice washed over her like blanket of death, bringing with it a fear she rarely felt.

Delphine shivered as a chill coursed through her, seeing the subtle shift that happened behind the woman's lips. She knew what Marion saw, the desire and hunger, the beast she tried so hard to contain. The fight against her own nature.

She knew it was coming and she couldn't stop it. She had no power against Marion, the oldest of their kind. Her mother. Her sire. She had no means of defense as she was pulled forward, teeth sinking into her throat in a flash of pain. It was the briefest of moments, but her body quivered, her hand wrapping around the woman's wrist. She felt a rare moment of weakness, a moan slipping from her lips as she focused on the tongue brushing against the wound on her throat, feeling her life force seeping out of her in an agonizingly slow trickle.

"When was the last time someone threw you against a wall?"

Felix's words crept into her mind as she suddenly felt a wall against her back, the air leaving her lungs at the impact, her hand falling from the woman's wrist as she gave herself over without resistance. There was a slight chill as her robe was untied, fluttering to the ground and revealing her nude body to anyone that should stumble across the silent tableau.

It was unreasonably intoxicating, knowing she had no power, knowing she was at the mercy of this creature who had taught and shaped her. This was an honor, that Marion would bother with her. At least that was what her mind tried to convince her of.

How many times had she begged for this herself, the hand sliding down her body, setting her soul on fire as it dipped between her thighs. How many times had she begged for release as Marion managed to draw out the blood-letting, fingers caressing her intimately in time to the tongue that

flicked against her throat.

She had no resistance, not when a flash of pale skin spread before her, Marion revealing herself in a way she rarely did, a mother offering herself to her child to be suckled. Even the memory of Cosima still fresh in her mind couldn't combat the hunger in her and the addictive pull of her sire's blood, her teeth emerging of their own accord.

Her resistance was shattered as fingers pressed into her and she sunk her teeth into the soft flesh before her.

Marion's blood was an explosion on her tongue, her senses instantly awakening a thousand levels deeper than usual. She could feel every inch of contact against her skin - the scrape of the wall against her back, the fingers that pumped skillfully into her; Marion having the ability to wring every ounce of pleasure from her body the way a skilled chef added flavor to their meal.

With each swallow of the viscous, crimson lifeforce, her experience deepened. Each speck of dust that settled on her skin was an impact she felt within her and it was like the world slowed down. Her sense of hearing amplified the sound of Marion's heartbeat, pumping slower than a human heart, calm...controlled... unlike her own.

She couldn't stop herself from moving against the woman, unleashing her desire without the fear of hurting her present lover. Her legs wrapped around the strong waist, enjoying the rare moment of unkempt passion and taking her fingers deeper into her. Together they moved at a speed only possible because of their vampiric nature, knowing any human eyes that might catch them would see nothing but a blur of flesh tones. While time slowed for them, each movement feeling like an eternity of hunger and pleasure, it was just seconds before she felt herself cresting, unable to stop herself from withdrawing her teeth. She threw her head back in a gasp as her body shuddered uncontrollably, her arms wrapped around the woman's shoulders as her inner muscles milked the invading digits for every last drop of pleasure. She cradled the back of her sire's head, wanting her to keep drinking, wanting to please Marion in any way possible so this might never end.

She focused on every aspect of the moment, even the slow agonizing feel of teeth withdrawing from her throat, the steady beat of Marion's heart as her tongue lapped up any trace of blood from the wound that she knew was already healing over.

It was only then, still wrapped around the woman's frame with fingers buried in her sex, her senses fully awake and revealing everything around her, that she heard it, the rapid beat of a human heart. Her eyes blinked open as the fear that drifted through the air in an alarming wave emerged from a crack in her bedroom door where dark hazel eyes met her gaze.

Chapter 7

So when I started this, I did point out that this wasn't going to be some novel-length story, really just closer to 20k, so... there are only a couple chapters left in this story... I'm sorry for that and... well for this... but I'm not really...

A silence had fallen over the area as they gathered in Delphine's room. Delphine stood off to the side, feeling helpless and at a disadvantage as her sire stood before her lover.

"This is a problem, Delphine." Marion tipped the shorter girl's chin up, looking into dark hazel eyes. She let her eyes rake over thick frames and brunette dreads. What was it about this small woman that kept the attention of her most prized creation?

In the years since she'd created her, Delphine had always been the most level-headed of her children, never one to revolt, always putting the secret of their existence above everything else. The blonde was never one to cause waves and yet here she felt a tsunami on the horizon, threatening everything.

"I can handle it." Having re-adorned her robe, Delphine watched nervously as her sire ran a fingertip along the woman's throat. She could see the way the doctor twitched, her muscles quivering in an attempt to move.

It was no use. Under the compulsion of Marion, the human would have no ability to fight. She was completely powerless, and so was Delphine. Marion was her sire, the creature that had created her and given her eternal life, and the woman had about a millennia of time on her. Yet, for the first time in her life, she found herself wanting to challenge that authority. For the first time in her life, she wondered how Marion had any right to interfere in her life.

What was happening to her?

Her lips twitching into half a smile, Marion rose an eyebrow. "This is what you call handling things?" She circled the nude brunette, her eyes raking over the sleek lines of her body, noting the dark red marks along the woman's throat, evidence of Delphine's restraint. "How many times have you bed this woman and left the comforts of her arms still famished?"

"Marion..." Despite her need to please her sire, she feared for the doctor. She'd seen the wrath of the tall brunette in action before, and it was the last thing she wanted to happen. She had to find a way to defuse this situation, before anything happened to Cosima.

"How...many?" As if sensing the blonde's hesitance, Marion stepped away from the brunette and moved in front of her child, tipping her head up to catch her eye. She didn't have to resort to compulsion, not yet anyway. Delphine could still prove her allegiance with honesty and action.

"This is the second time." The room was disrupted by an added voice.

Marion looked behind her to find Felix leaning against the doorway of the room, his hair dishevelled, obviously having been awoken.

Delphine looked over the woman's shoulder at the man, having seen him as a brother for so long yet now feeling nothing but betrayal. How many times had she covered for him only to have him

turn on her now. Was she really so much in the wrong that Felix would double cross her for no reason whatsoever?

"The second time." Marion rose an eyebrow, her tone laced with an acidic humor that spoke of no warmth at all.

"Felix..." Delphine warned.

"Don't Felix me..." The man pushed off the doorframe. "I told you this was dangerous. She's a bloody cop, Delphine."

"A cop?" Marion's eyes now turned angry. This was too much. The last thing she needed was someone investigating their existence that had the means of technological support to look into their pasts. "You dare bring the authorities to our doorstep."

"No, it was Felix that left a body in the open to be discovered... and she's not a cop, she's a doctor." Delphine turned the tables on her brother, knowing that was the real reason their mother was in town.

Raising an eyebrow, Marion turned to Felix and saw him look away. "Well... we'll deal with that later. That still doesn't excuse you bedding her."

"She doesn't know anything, Marion. I've got this handled."

"Like hell you do." Felix added finally. "I've already had to compel her once because she was snooping around and then you bring her back here to catch you feeding?"

Delphine froze, her eyes narrowing in his direction. "You what?" The idea that he had been messing with the brunette's memories without consulting her first set her blood on fire.

"She saw me feeding, Delphine. You may have been so willing to let her go with that knowledge but I couldn't."

In the blink of an eye she had him pinned to the wall, her hand on his throat with her nails digging into his skin. "What gives you the right to..."

"Silence!" Marion growled, suddenly prying the two apart, giving Felix one last look before turning her eyes to Delphine, her eyes narrowed in suspicion. "The question is... why didn't you compel her?"

Delphine could feel it, the pull on her consciousness, her will giving way as she was captured in the gaze of chocolate eyes. It was impossible to resist, impossible to deny the brunette. "I don't want to invade her privacy." It was the truth. She respected the brunette too much to toy with her mind. She'd seen how the compulsion could hurt people on occasion, turning their mind into susceptible slaves that would do anything asked of them, having lost a will of their own.

"Have you developed feelings for this... human?" Marion spit the word out as if it left a horrible taste on her tongue. She despised emotions. It weakened the spirit of people and she wanted nothing to do with it.

Her mouth moved without her permission, her own tongue betraying her. "Yes." It came out a breathy whisper. She let her eyes move sideways, seeing Cosima watching her in confusion, eyes laced with fear and a million other emotions.

Catching the exchange, Marion rose an eyebrow. "Are you planning on turning her?" Her words were incredulous.

"No." Delphine spoke, shaking her head. It was the last thing she wanted to do.

"Why?" There was an obvious curiosity in the older woman's gaze.

Delphine struggled against answering. Marion would not like the answer. She would not approve of Delphine's need to protect the humanity still inside Cosima. She wanted to protect her from such a thing. Her own immortality was filled with death and the brunette was filled with love and life. That was the last thing she wanted to destroy. But still, as Marion's gaze became intense and she felt her mouth moving without her permission, she closed her eyes as she answered. "She doesn't deserve to be tainted like this."

The room seemed to stand still.

Marion was in shock that her creation would think such a thing.

Felix was in shock that she dared say such a thing to their sire.

Cosima was in shock by not only the situation, but Delphine's apparent defense of her.

Delphine could feel the tears welling in her eyes, not even remembering the last time she'd been overcome by such a thing as emotions. She couldn't bear the thought of something happening to Cosima and it was a completely ridiculous thought. She'd only known the brunette for a few days and yet she was willing to challenge her sire's wishes for her?

No matter, she felt what she did and she had no control over it. "Marion, please. Let me handle this. You've trusted me before. Trust me now."

Dark eyes narrowed in challenge. "You have always been my favorite, Delphine." Reaching up, she ran her hand through the dishevelled blonde curls. "You've always been the level-headed one of my children, and for that reason..." She took a step back. "I'll let you handle this situation."

Delphine felt relief flood through her and she moved but realized she was still stuck in place, the compulsion controlling her body. "Marion?"

A smile spread across Marion's face as she moved to Cosima, moving behind her, an arm slipping around the bare waist. "I really don't know how you could resist her." She pushed aside the woman's dreads, tilting her head to the side. "You know... she's already falling in love with you." Marion dipped her head against the brunette's throat, inhaling softly. "I can smell it in her blood. It's not just the sex."

She fought against the hold, but Delphine couldn't move. She couldn't avert her eyes from the scene in front of her, or the terrified look in dark hazel eyes. She struggled against Marion's power and found herself lacking.

"Two nights with you and already her blood is on fire in your presence." There was a shift in her mouth as her fangs emerged. "Nothing is more delicious than love."

"No!" Delphine watched as Cosima's body tensed, teeth sinking into the side of her neck. She fought, channeling centuries of power to fight against the hold that was on her, feeling herself begin to move in slow motion. Every inch of her body was in agony, stress overwhelming her as she fought the compulsion, somehow managing to take a step forward. She powered through the pain, willing herself to inch forward even as Cosima's eyelids grew heavy, her form no longer rigid or twitching with the urge to move.

Just as Cosima's eyes fell shut, her body limp, Marion withdrew her teeth, letting the smaller form

slide to the ground, surprised to see the blonde had somehow managed to approach slightly. Licking her lips, she smiled. "I trust you can handle this situation."

Suddenly, Delphine felt the compulsion on her dissipate as Marion disappeared in a blur of motion. Part of her wanted to chase after her, the rage within her taking over, wanting revenge. But there was another part of her, the part that overruled everything else that brought her to her knees, lifting the unmoving brunette into her arms.

Marion hadn't bothered to heal the wound and Delphine pressed her hand against the mess that was Cosima's throat, attempting to stop the bleeding. "Cosima..."

"Delphine..." Felix stepped forward.

"Get out." Delphine counted the beats of Cosima's heart, the pulse slowing and growing weaker. When she heard Felix take a step closer, she turned and glared at him, unable to stop a red tear from slipping from her eye, leaving a crimson streak as it coursed down her cheek. "GET OUT!"

Turning back to the brunette, she knew she had to stop the bleeding, had to find a way to protect her. Biting a slice into her fingertip, she spread her own blood along the length of the wound, watching as the flesh slowly began to knit together, the crimson stream halting from the bite that was beginning to heal over. Still, the damage had been done. Marion had known exactly how much blood to take and despite stopping the blood loss, the woman was dying.

Chapter 8

Sorry for that bit of a cliffhanger in the last chapter. I'd like to say I didn't do it on purpose... but I did cause I'm evil.

"How long has she been unconscious?" An exasperated Irish accent came from tall woman who cleared off the table as the woman was laid down on the surface.

"About 3 minutes." Delphine stepped out of the way of the rapidly moving woman, her hands shaking just slightly. Whether it was rage or her inability to do anything for the brunette, she wasn't sure. "Can you help her?"

The older woman sighed, returning the blood testing device back to a drawer on her way to refrigerated cabinet, grabbing 2 bags of blood that hung there. "She's in hypovolemic shock. I need to get some blood in her and even that might not help."

"Siobhan..." Delphine's voice had an edge in it, one that spoke of her refusal to accept anything except complete success.

"Don't you threaten me, Delphine. This is your doing."

"It wasn't me." Delphine could feel the lie in the statement. Whether it had been Marion or herself, Cosima wouldn't have been in the position to be attacked if it weren't for her.

It didn't matter. She didn't know why she was defending herself against this human. Knowing the woman was the only one that could help was forcing her hand. "Just... help her... please."

"There's only so much I can do." Siobhan taped the needle in place, snapping her gloves off. "It's all up to her. I'm surprised, Delphine. Why didn't you just kill her... or turn her?"

"Why would I kill her?" Delphine scowled at that, moving to the brunette's side. "You can count the amount of people I've turned on one hand, Siobhan. It's not something I take lightly." Unable to stop herself, she reached up and straightened the woman's glasses, contemplating removing them but deciding against it. "She deserves a chance to live her life to it's fullest."

Dark eyes narrowing at the blonde, Siobhan crossed her arms over her chest. "I've never seen you so..." When light eyes looked up and narrowed at her, Siobhan shook her head. "Nevermind. Let me know when the bags get close to empty. I'll be in the other room catching up on my stories."

There was an overwhelming feeling of guilt radiating through Delphine as she pulled up a stool and sat beside the table. She tucked the sheet closer around the pale form, having wrapped Cosima in it for the quick trip to the Irish woman's place.

"...she's already falling in love with you."

Delphine sighed. "Foolish girl." Despite her own feelings having been growing, she knew it was hopeless. Investing any more than just sexual interactions was bound to end in disaster. After all, she was eternal, cursed to walk the lands for all time while Cosima would wither away in a matter of decades. This current event spoke volumes as to what could happen. She lived in a world where humans were nothing but food and entertainment.

But she suddenly found herself so obviously alone. Felix had turned on her. Marion had turned on her. Who else was there?

There weren't many of her kind in the area. She'd only run into a few small groups of other vampires. They had a tendency of steering clear of her. Being the second oldest of her kind on the continent did that. She wouldn't be surprised to hear even those few would scatter with the presence of Marion in the area.

She had been so careful, making sure neither she nor Felix rose too many red flags. Making sure Marion had no reason to visit them.

With age came skill and power, and Delphine preferred to be the most powerful person around. She didn't like the idea that Marion had a hold over her.

Thinking back on the events that happened back in the club, her brow furrowed. She remembered taking those few staggering steps towards her sire, and the complete look of surprise on Marion's face. In all the centuries she'd been alive, she'd never been able to fight back against the woman's control.

What made this time different? She remembered the desperation that flooded her, knowing she had to get to the two women. Maybe it was because of her recent feeding, but she suspected something else.

In all her centuries of living, she never had a reason to fight as hard against the older woman and yet here she was, dealing with the results of not being strong enough or fast enough. Cosima had suffered this because of her.

With Marion's blood still coursed through her system, her senses were still heightened and she detected not just the Korean arguments coming from the television in the next room, or Siobhan stirring her tea, but also the faint sound of Cosima's breathing changing as she began to wake.

How was the brunette going to act? People generally freaked out. 99% of the time she had to compel the memories out of them. What she had told Marion was true. She didn't want to play with Cosima's mind like that. She had unintentionally caused permanent harm on more than one victim in the past. Weak minds were so easy to break if you weren't careful, and with a system full of vex, you were never careful.

There was a small groan and dark hazel eyes blinked open, a confused look coming over Cosima's features. There seemed to be a mask over her face, hiding her emotions as she turned her head, eyes locking with Delphine's, the depths of color seeming to process all the current information they could gather. "Mmm... your girlfriend is a bitch." She settled on, looking away and around the small room that was loaded with haphazardly stored medical supplies.

It was the last thing Delphine expected her to say. She wasn't even sure how to react. "Marion is not my girlfriend. She's my sire." Perhaps honesty would work best to explain everything?

"Not your girlfriend..." Cosima seemed to think a little more about that, no doubt lingering on the sight of Marion's fingers buried in her sex, teeth embedded in her throat. "But I saw you two..." Her voice trailed off.

"I'm sorry you saw that." Delphine reached up to push blonde hair back. "What you saw... that was..." she wasn't even sure where to begin. "It's not about love or even affection. With Marion... Sometimes I hate her and what she's turned me into, most of the time I'm terrified of her, but... I was starving and..." with a shake of her head she let the words drift off. "I'm sorry. I wish I could explain it further, but it's complicated."

"Complicated... Mmmm. I suppose." Cosima closed her eyes. "I'm pretty sure I'm going to hurl." She sighed heavily. "The room is spinning." She swallowed audibly, taking deep breaths as she tried to soothe her unruly stomach. "That and I could take a nap for like... a century."

Delphine snorted at that. Memories of being stuck behind a brick wall began to surface. One of the reasons she feared Marion and the woman's idea of *teaching her a lesson*. "It's not as appealing as it sounds, sleeping for a century."

Dark hazel eyes blinked open again, looking at her. "So... you don't get any older, do you?"

"Mentally I do, but physically no. This is what I'll look like... forever I guess." She felt a little uncomfortable about the situation.

There was a moment of silence that seemed to last forever before Cosima spoke again. "How old are you?"

"I don't remember the exact number..."

"Ballpark it."

Delphine sighed, wanting to lie. She had made the choice not to, the brunette deserved honesty. "Well, somewhere around 650 years... give or take a decade?"

Cosima rose an eyebrow at that. "Wow..." She didn't really know what else to say. "So... are you going to make me forget everything?"

"Non."

"Ok." With a nod, Cosima exhaled, closing her eyes again and shifting slightly under the sheet.

Delphine's brow furrowed in confusion. She expected fear, anger, anything other than just passive acceptance. She knew how to deal with those, but this was harder to interpret. She wasn't sure if the woman was internally cursing her or if Marion's compulsion had done some permanent damage. "You're taking this really well..."

Cosima sighed, looking down at the needle that was taped to her arm, tubes filled with crimson dripping from bags. "I'm too tired to get worked up right now. Besides... you didn't attack me. It was your... non-girlfriend." She sniffled, her hand lifting to touch the side of her neck that was still stained with dried blood. She felt no pain and the wound had completely closed. "I have a million questions but... you still owe me French toast and... it's not something I take lightly."

Finally that got a smile from Delphine. "I'll buy you all the French toast you want." Her hand came up to caress a chilled cheek, and when it didn't cause an adverse reaction, she leaned down and brushed her lips against Cosima's forehead. "You need to rest."

"Are you going to be here? Doesn't... your kind like evaporate in the daylight?" She had yet to say the word, the one that held with it a certain absurdity that would thrust this situation into the unbelievable.

Delphine chuckled at that. "Don't believe everything you see in movies. It's a myth perpetuated by a simple matter of natural adaptation. It's easier to hunt at night. I'll be here when you wake up." Unable to stop herself, she yawned, feeling her own adrenaline beginning to seep away, reminding her of how late into the day it was. She couldn't sleep though. She needed to protect the brunette. She could sleep later.

Chapter 9

Sorry for such a long delay. Serious shout out to all those who were kind beyond words and supported me through my [patreon](#). Super special shout out to Sam, TheTravelingKid, Okimafan, and mmrae. You guys rock so much and I appreciate you beyond words.

"So... you do eat food." Cosima narrowed her eyes at the blonde as a plate of pancakes was delivered to her companion, accompanying the French toast being set in front of herself. It had taken a lot to convince the woman to venture out in her weakened state, but she was glad to be out in the open after the events of the previous night.

Pouring a liberal amount of syrup over the stack, Delphine smirked. "Technically I don't have to, but it doesn't mean I don't enjoy it. It won't make me sick or anything." She wiggled her eyebrows as she licked a bit of the sticky substance from her fingertips. "Seriously... eating is one of the purest pleasures of being alive."

"And you don't burn up in the sun."

Chewing on a square, Delphine gestured to the sun pouring in the window, the answer obvious.

"What about garlic? Churches? Holy water?" Cosima listed off, each question getting a negative shake of her head. It seemed like everything she knew about vampires was completely wrong. Did that mean that maybe she wasn't a vampire? Maybe she was something completely different? What other creatures were there that drank blood and lived forever. "You're not the chupacabra are you?"

Delphine was glad that they were in the corner of the diner, away from the rest of the patrons, allowing the brunette to ask what she wanted. "Cosima... the chupacabra drinks goat blood. As for the other things, seriously... you watch far too many movies, ma cherie."

Cosima contemplated that, pouring a small river of syrup on the plate of powdered sugar covered triangles. Here she was, having breakfast with a woman she'd known for a couple of days, who had sex with her...mind blowing life-altering sex... then had sex with another woman, who then attacked her by drinking her blood. Her mother had always told her that between she and Sarah, she was the one more willing to accept things, to breeze through life in a carefree manner as the older woman always said... but at that moment, she was far from carefree. She was still feeling weak from the blood loss, and as a doctor, there were at least half a dozen tests she wanted to run on herself, but this was her chance. She could detect the guilt in the blonde, and horrible as she felt monopolizing on it, she knew it was her best chance to get the answers she needed.

She had been trying to block out the previous night's events in order to keep her sanity, but she found herself thinking about the conversation that had occurred between Delphine and the two other vampires... well she could only assume that the man, Felix or whatever his name was, was a vampire as well.

"She saw me feeding, Delphine."

His voice reverberated through her mind and she was starting to put together fragments of thoughts. She had a vision of a muscular man, a small river of crimson slipping down his bare chest, rooting from where Felix had been attached to his throat.

That man.

Her mind flashed on the two bodies she'd inspected, both having been drained of blood. The second was beginning to grow in familiarity, the bare muscular chest pale and waterlogged. It was too big of a coincidence. "When you... feed or whatever... do you kill people?"

Delphine briefly looked up from her pancakes. Centuries had allowed her the time to hone her own reactions, but she felt a stirring inside her that prevented the lies from springing forth. It was almost as though those dark hazel eyes held the power of compulsion within them, far stronger than any power Marion had over her. "I do my best not to, but I cannot say I have not before. 650 years is a long time, by any standard." It wasn't a lie, but it wasn't the complete truth.

Cosima pursed her lips, thinking about that. "Recently?"

Delphine blinked. Honing her senses, she could hear the increased heart rate. There was something there beyond curiosity. There was... an accusation with need for confirmation. It was then that she remembered the Detective and Cosima's profession. Of course she knew about the deaths... at least one of them. She wasn't exactly sure how Felix had disposed of Paul. "You're wondering if I killed the man in the alley. I did not." She shifted uncomfortably.

"Was it your non-girlfriend?" Cosima felt a small weight lift from her shoulders as she took another bite of her French toast.

"Non." Delphine shook her head as she took a sip of coffee. Despite Marion's blood that had kept her energized through Cosima's recovery, she was feeling herself begin to wear down. Soon she would need to feed again and she had to get Cosima home before then. "So... your sister is Detective Manning... but you do not share her name. Which one of you married?"

Cosima snorted. "Not me, thank you very much. Sarah did... but she's divorced now." She shrugged. "I'm not really the marriage and kids type."

Delphine thought about that as she sat back, cradling her cup of coffee. "I don't know... I've always been envious of those that had the ability to find that... bond... to say they found the person they wished to spend their life with."

There was a loneliness in the blonde's tone that Cosima picked up on. "650 years is a long time. Have you never...?"

"Non." Delphine quickly cut her off with a shake of her head. "Love and marriage are human luxuries." She set her cup down, the aftertaste suddenly bitter on her pallet. She didn't really feel like talking about it. Being eternal meant watching everyone die, or being forced to live for an unmentionable amount of time with someone you grew to detest. Humanity didn't have the burden of eternity.

It was strange, Cosima decided, the way those words were like a dagger, cutting her deep. "Do you not believe yourself to be human?"

"I started off that way..." Delphine contemplated her answer. She had once thought the answer was so simple, because she had no desire to be a part of the weaker species, but lately there was something within her that craved something more, an incessant need that only blossomed when in the presence of a certain brunette. "When I changed... and every century that goes by... I lose a bit of what humanity I have left. I don't think I'm even capable of that kind of bond anymore."

Cosima thought about that, her mind reeling. This creature... this woman was far more human than most people she met. The blonde was intense and passionate, gentle yet aggressive... to think that the woman doubted her own humanity because of some... abnormality... she shook her head. "I think you're wrong." She spoke certainly, smiling when surprised eyes looked up. "You are the

gentlest soul I've ever encountered." Reaching out, she intertwined her fingers with the woman's tapered digits. "Someone who wasn't human would never have tried to protect me from that crazy bitch. I could see it in your eyes, Delphine. When she bit me, it was as if she were biting you."

"Well..." Delphine cleared her throat, lifting her coffee again. "You are too cute to serve as someone's dinner."

Cosima rolled her eyes, pulling her hand back to continue eating. "Deflect all you want, but you're totally human. You're just...afflicted." Cosima lingered on the last word, her mind beginning to spin with theories and possibilities. Her eyes narrowed as she took in the woman, theories budding in her always curious brain.

Delphine caught the strange look in the brunette's eyes. "What?"

Sucking the syrup off her fork, Cosima pursed her lips. It couldn't be possible... could it? "Have you ever tried looking for a cure?"

Her brows furrowing, Delphine gave her an incredulous look. "A cure? For vampirism?" She shook her head. It was insane. There was no way. "It's not just some disease, Cosima."

"But isn't it?" Cosima sat up a little taller. "I mean really, times have changed in the last 600 years, Delphine. Science can explain significantly more these days. When was the last time you saw a doctor?"

"A doctor?" Delphine couldn't help but looking at her like she was insane. "I can't just see a physician. I'm over 600 years old. Where would I even find a doctor that wouldn't try to commit me?"

Her eyebrows furrowing, Cosima gave her an exasperated look. "Delphine... I'm a doctor..."

There was a brief pause just long enough to become uncomfortable. "Oh..." Over 600 years, and Delphine had accepted the transformation she had fallen victim to. There was nothing but the vampire left. All humanity was gone, and she truly believed that. "Cosima... I'm telling you... there is no cure for this."

"Will you at least humor me?" Cosima gave her a pout, her eyes glassing over in the most puppy dog expression on the planet. "Will you at least let me just... take a blood sample? Just... a couple vials and I'll be happy..." When Delphine's arms crossed over her chest, she tried another approach. "I mean... that woman did attack me... it's the least you could do..."

Delphine blew out a loud breath. She had a feeling the woman wouldn't give up.

What was a little blood? If the woman wanted to waste time trying to find a cure...

"Fine."

Her eyes doubling in size, Cosima seemed to jump in place, not believing the club owner was actually giving in. "Yesss. Thank you." Her mind began racing, mentally going over possible tests she could do from work. Maybe she would need a lab... a much bigger lab than the morgue offered.

Scott had access to a lab... and a major in immunology.

Chapter 10

I have no idea how much longer this story is going to go on. I keep thinking it will end but it keeps going and going and going. There's a tiny time jump from the last chapter. Enjoy.

"Delphine..." The name spilled from Cosima's lips like a prayer to an ancient deity, their bodies moving together in perfect sync as fingers pressed deeper, seeking... coaxing... loving. The sheets that had pooled around their waists were tattered and damp, having been witness to the hours of unending desire the two women had when in each other's company.

Three months had passed and Cosima still had not gotten used to the sexual magnetism the blonde exuded from every pore of her delicious body- the absolute need to feel her close.

Delphine, to her defense, had attempted to explain it in terms Cosima could understand, blaming the addiction the brunette had on the natural pheromones of an eternal.

"That can't be it," Cosima had whispered in a pale ear as her own fingers had sought out to explore heated depths, fuelled by the soft purr of desire she was rewarded with. "If it were purely pheromones, I wouldn't dream of doing this to you all day and night, even when we're not together."

"Shit." Cosima whimpered, her body arching into the touch as her desire overflowed, her muscles trembling as she bit into the soft flesh of Delphine's shoulder until the waves subsided and she was laughing in exhaustion, her body slumped against the blonde's. "God..." Two nights a week, when Cosima wasn't at work, seemed to never last long enough for either woman's cravings for each other to wane.

With a soft chuckle, Delphine eased her fingers out, laying the limp woman on the bed. "God has nothing to do with this." She could feel the need inside herself gnawing in the back of her mind, a hunger that was not sated by sex or food. For the time being, she ignored it, stretching her own body along the length of Cosima's, smiling as the woman burrowed into her embrace.

Her body was at war with itself as it had been since first seeing the woman. She could smell the hormones flooding the woman's blood, reminding her of just how long it had been since she vexed...a choice she made willingly out of respect for the brunette...and herself. For the first time since becoming what she was and learning the mechanisms of enjoying the hunt, she felt guilty about her feedings.

How strange it was that just over three months had passed and she felt so connected to the woman, that being without her 5 nights a week was almost painful. What were three miniscule months in 650 years? It was but a fraction of her long life, yet long enough to coerce a strange attachment from her... one strong enough to undermine her other desires. She wanted no one but the tiny doctor and that want seeped into her feeding.

It had come as a surprise to her, the first morning it had happened. Cosima had just fallen off to sleep and Delphine regretfully had pulled herself from the warm safe haven of her bed. She had dressed slowly, not wanting to miss a second in the woman's presence, but she was distracted by hunger and need.

She had found herself stalking a victim in the predawn darkness, finding a man stumbling

drunkenly down the street. She should have realized at that moment that something had changed. She hadn't enjoyed feeding from a man in quite some time, their often over sensitive egos easily bruised by a woman they could not dominate, and perhaps that was the reason she chose him, a subconscious decision in an attempt to no doubt lessen the possibility of his climax derailing her own resistance. It wasn't hard to convince him to follow her into a dark alley, a few whispered words and her natural vampirism making him abandon what little good sense he had left.

As she allowed him to press her against the wall in the darkness, his excitement at his impossibly good luck showed as he fought with his belt in an attempt to free the arousal evident in the skinny jeans he wore. She convinced herself she had no desire to bring him pleasure, that this was purely a need to feed. Even knowing that the oxytocin she desired would flood his system with just a few skilled strokes of her hand along the length of the cock suddenly freed from his pants, she knocked away the fingers that were reaching to lift her skirt, slamming his back against the wall.

Sinking her teeth into his neck, she allowed the bitter taste of alcohol-laden blood to fill her, finding no enjoyment in the feeding. She reminded herself that she didn't want to enjoy this, that she just wanted to take what she needed and return to the warm embrace of the woman waiting for her.

The embrace of the woman who loved her.

A woman she loved.

Her body, however, seemed to disagree, her hand moving on it's own accord to wrap around his hardness, bringing him to his release in record speed and flooding his blood with the hormones she desired. Her hunger had nearly consumed her, a devil whispering in her ear how easy it would be to take everything he had to offer. It was a miracle that she found the strength to pull away and he was falling to the ground, his arousal slipping from her hand. Staring at the viscous smear across the front of her skirt, she suddenly realized what she had done, a rare wave of panic overcoming her. She hadn't felt so out of control since that night Marion had visited. Reaching for his throat, thankfully she found a weak pulse, just strong enough to know he would survive the night.

Her head had begun to spin, the sinking feeling she normally enjoyed from the vex only a reminder of what she had just done. She felt her stomach beginning to reject the rewards of her betrayal, her guilt compounded by her enhanced senses, but she clamped her jaw shut, refusing to give in. The last thing she needed was for this feeding to be in vain.

What would Cosima think of the situation, now that she knew of Delphine's nature? The sex was not necessary for survival, but there was a part of her that still craved the oxytocin she knew was so easily attainable. There was a part of her that clung to it, never wanting to free her from the sirens call that had become so much a part of her nature as the feeding itself.

"If you have to go, I understand." Cosima's voice interrupted her thoughts, a quiet resignation in the statement.

Delphine gave her a sad smile, caressing the softness of the brunette's jaw. "I'd rather stay with you until you fall asleep." She pressed her lips to Cosima's forehead, tasting the salt of sweat on the heated flesh.

"I'm never asleep when you leave."

It was a confession that sunk into Delphine like a knife in her gut. She had thought she was sparing the woman, thinking she could show the brunette that they could live a close to normal life, that their relationship wasn't between predator and prey. Little did she know, her own hunger

had blinded her senses from picking up the fact that the woman had only pretended to be asleep. She should have known. She should have sensed the difference in the woman's heartbeat and breathing. Why hadn't she noticed? "Cosima..."

Pressing her lips to Delphine's in a soft kiss, Cosima shook her head. "I know what you are, Delphine. You don't have to pretend when you're with me." Dark hazel eyes stared into her own, the fear of compulsion that had lingered after her attack finally gone, leaving nothing but trust there. "This... it's a part of you and... on some level I'm thankful for it. Without it, I never would have met you."

Delphine didn't want to mention the fact that Cosima was still trying to find a cure for the very aspect of her that the woman was commenting on. She couldn't help but feel the words were just an acceptance of fate, as the constant tests her lover had been doing continued to fail. Delphine knew there was no cure for her predicament, and she could only hope that this was Cosima's way of finally accepting that fact.

But what was that fate? The hope Cosima clung to was contagious, infecting Delphine with a false sense of the future. If she could be cured, would it allow her and the brunette the opportunity to grow old together? To know her life would eventually end having lived a life worth living? Without that future, eternity served more as a threat - a lonely damnation of knowing how it felt to truly love and eventually experiencing the inevitable loss of that love.

Cosima nudged her gently. "Get going so I can get at least a few minutes of sleep before you come back and ravage me for another few hours." There was a mock accusational tone that was ruined by the smile on her face.

It brought a soft chuckle from Delphine as she captured Cosima's lips in a soft kiss, one that spread an affectionate warmth through her entire being. How could she live without this in her life? "I'll be back before you even get a chance to miss me, mon amour."

"Not possible." Cosima complained as the bed shifted and the blonde disappeared into the bathroom, grabbing Delphine's now freed pillow and hugging it to her chest.

As she dressed, Delphine caught the slivers of dark hazel watching her and she felt the familiar guilt settle in her gut. It wasn't until she escaped the club, the crisp cold of the night chilling her skin, that she felt the hunger in her beginning to take over.

Her hunting style had changed since Cosima had been attacked by Marion. It had been unavoidable, having to look into those open and caring eyes and face her own sins. Every night she made the trip, it was the same, her dress revealing and tempting, hoping that she might attract the attention of someone's less than wholesome intent. With each alley she passed, she wished someone might creep from the shadows, hoping to take advantage of a beautiful woman walking alone in the early morning hours.

At least then she could claim self defense, feeding from a would-be attacker.

So with each step she took, her boots hitting the pavement loudly, she prayed for the depravity of men. With each step she took, she was disappointed when nothing happened. It had been that way for almost a month now, apparently even criminals learning their lessons. The three mile length of street was now the safest section of the city thanks to her, which was why she unfortunately made it to the familiar door without incident.

It was better this way, she reminded herself as she knocked on the cold surface.

It took two knocks before the sound of dead bolts unlocking echoed in the empty street. When the

heavy door opened, tired grey eyes raked over her form. "Morning, Siobhan."

"You're late." The older woman stepped aside, letting Delphine in before locking the door behind her.

"Sorry. Cosima and I were...talking." Delphine shrugged.

"Is that what the kids are calling it nowadays?" Siobhan countered, leading the way to the couch. "You've been here pretty frequently the past month... does Cosima know?"

Shaking her head, Delphine sat on the soft surface the woman gestured towards before disappearing into a different room. "Non. She doesn't need to know about this."

"You should tell her." Siobhan called from the other room.

Delphine didn't want to talk about Cosima, not when she felt her hunger beginning to get the best of her, her fangs already beginning to emerge as she looked up and saw the aged woman returning. "She doesn't need to know about my feedings." There was a definitive tone in her voice, leaving no room for argument.

"Well, soon we're going to have to take a break so I can replenish." Siobhan commented, taking a seat beside her on the couch. "Bottoms up, I suppose."

No longer filled with hesitation, Delphine sunk her teeth in.

Chapter 11

Hey all, sorry for the long wait before posting. Hopefully you won't hate me too much.

The acrid taste of anticoagulants clung to Delphine's tongue as she dropped the second blood bag onto the coffee table, struggling to keep the cold substance down. She knew it would just be a moment before the nausea subsided, but time seemed to slow, each second feeling like a century as her stomach threatened to rebel. She hated this. She hated every moment of this. Feedings had always been the highlight of her day and now she dreaded it.

"Not getting any easier, is it?" Siobhan sipped her tea as she kept a cautious eye on the vampire.

Light hazel eyes narrowed in the direction of the Irish woman, the question not even deserving an answer. She had to fight back the urge to snap at the woman, knowing who exactly was doing who a favor. "650 years of getting it straight from the source..." She shook her head in disgust. "Blood should never be consumed at anything less than body temperature."

"Well if you come a little earlier, you could spend some time warming it up slow enough to not destroy it, but in the dawn hours, you accept what you can get."

"It wouldn't help the taste, though." Delphine picked up the cup of tea Siobhan had brought her, washing away the residual taste from the chemicals added to the blood. Donated blood always tasted so... bland beneath the artificial elements. There were never any emotions behind it, beside an occasional batch laden with bitter sadness. No one was ever happy to give blood, but there were many that did so out of desperation. Maybe to assist an ill family member, or a surgery that could go awry, but never was it the same as blood straight from the source mid-intercourse.

"Besides, I've been away from Cosima for too long as it is. I've been hesitant to leave her alone in the club for too long since..." She let her words trail off. She and Cosima hadn't spoken much about the incident in the time that had passed and she was fine to let it fade into the past for now.

"Since your sire attacked her?" Siobhan commented, her words having a bite to them. Of course the old woman had no hesitance in bringing it up.

"Watch your tone, Siobhan."

"Or you'll what? Rip my throat out? Go ahead." The woman's eyes narrowed. "Then who will you get to fetch your blood bags?" Taking a sip from her tea, a smirk pulled at her lips. "Would cause a bit more distress with the Doctor now, wouldn't it?"

Delphine growled as she pushed herself off the couch, angrily grabbing the empty bags and taking them to the kitchen to dispose of. She could feel the hunger subside but her body was not happy. Despite the blood beginning to be absorbed into her cells, she still felt the craving... the desire to feed from a live source. She still longed for the wash of hormones over her tongue. Closing her eyes, she could remember the taste of vex, the way it would waken all of her senses while removing her inhibitions. It would be so easy to just... no. Delphine shook her head. She could stay strong. "Thank you, Siobhan."

"Don't forget, Delphine. I'm not getting another delivery until next week Sunday."

Delphine winced at that. It was... now Monday morning. A week... The blood Siobhan had given

her would last two, maybe three days. "I will see you then." She would have to find another way that didn't risk the restrictions she put on herself.

She didn't trust herself. Years of habit were difficult to break. She wanted nothing more than to roam the streets, to capture someone unaware, to bring them to the point of ecstasy and drain them until they passed out, but she knew better. She knew the difference between hunger and desire and this was purely the addiction. Until she could detach feeding from sex, she would have to abstain. She remembered the way those dark eyes had watched her as Marion claimed her body. She didn't want to hurt Cosima any more than she already had.

Stepping outside, the sky was beginning to lighten and she blinked, used to already being back in bed by then. With the number of joggers that were out, she couldn't risk speeding home so instead she walked briskly, cursing herself the entire way back. It gave her too much time to think. She couldn't risk being around Cosima, but luckily the brunette worked through the week, leaving little time for their relationship. Normally it bothered her, but now she was grateful for it... even if it meant she had to stay away.

A sudden gloom overshadowed her mood, perhaps a side effect from the blood, but she wasn't looking forward to the next week. She didn't want to be away from Cosima. She didn't want there to be an entire week where she couldn't be trusted around the small doctor that she'd grown quite fond of.

Who was she kidding? She loved the woman. It was an idiotic infatuation and she couldn't stop herself. Just the presence of the doctor made her nights more pleasurable, and not just sex... though there was a lot of that. It went beyond that. It was... watching Cosima hum softly in enjoyment while eating French toast. It was sitting on Cosima's couch with the brunette's head in her lap as she read over reports from her recent attempts at a cure.

It was someone trying to find a way for them to grow old together despite the impossibility of it.

As she finally slipped into her room, she breathed a soft breath of relief to hear the brunette's even breathing. She took a minute to watch the woman sleep, laying on her stomach with one arm slung over the pillow. She could see the red marks along one shoulder, where she had barely kept her instincts at bay, wanting nothing more than to break through the tanned flesh and taste what lay within.

With a shake of her head, Delphine stripped out of her clothes once more, slipping into bed. Instantly sensing her return, the brunette's form turned and wrapped around her own, an arm and a leg being thrown over her in a possessive move that was beyond adorable.

"Mmmm. I missed you." Cosima mumbled sleepily, her lips brushing against Delphine's shoulder.

Delphine smirked as a hand began to wander, the compact form moving closer, attempting to extinguish any bit of air between their forms. "You need your sleep, ma cherie." She spoke as she turned on her side, much to her lover's dismay, pressing a kiss to her forehead. Instantly, she found her lips captured in a lazy kiss as she felt the woman beginning to wake even more. She chuckled softly into the kiss, rolling back when an incessant hand pushed against her shoulder, allowing the woman to cover her body. "Aren't you tired?"

Eyes still closed, Cosima shook her head, nibbling along the line of a pale jaw. "Power naps are an amazing thing."

"Power nap, huh?"

"Yeah." Cosima chuckled, pressing her lips to Delphine's once more. "I'm totally awake right

now."

"Okay." Delphine easily flipped the woman over and pinning her to the bed, finally watching as eyelids opened to reveal trusting eyes that were dark with desire. She couldn't risk losing this. She would find another solution. "And what is your desire? I'm at your service, ma chérie."

"Ooo." Cosima chuckled as lips moved down her neck, giving way as she felt Delphine's hips sliding between her thighs. "I like that." She tipped her head back to give the woman more access as she tangled her fingers in blonde curls. "I'd like it even more if..." Her words were cut off with a soft gasp that was accompanied by the blonde's chuckling.

The sound of the AC kicking on echoed off the morgue walls, but it only added to the bass beats that poured from the bluetooth speaker. The night had been fairly quiet, leaving the doctor to her preferred research, reviewing the reactions of the newest serum Scott had assisted her with. "Fuck." Cosima growled as she pushed away from the microscope, settling her glasses on the bridge of her nose again. Looking over her notes, she scribbled angrily across the white surface.

Another failure.

How long had she been working on trying to find a cure, hitting walls left and right. Nothing worked. The white blood cells in Delphine's blood were twice in number than a human's would be and resilient to say the least. The red blood cells were like none she'd ever seen. Delphine had no use for oxygen, breathing out of habit and the need to speak, so the red blood cells died quicker, introducing the need to be replenished by consuming new blood.

She wasn't even sure how Delphine's body processed ingested blood.

Despite all the help from Scott and the access to her own small lab at work, she didn't have enough information. There was so much unknown about her lover and it was impeding her ability to find a cure. She refused to believe this was the end... that Delphine would be forced to live forever and she would...

"Nope." Cosima stripped off her gloves as she sat up straighter, stretching her back. She wasn't in the mood to deal with failure. Looking at her watch, she sighed heavily. Less than an hour and she would be free to head home. Reaching for her phone, she found a photo waiting for her, one that earned a soft groan upon its opening. "Miss Cormier... you are going to be the death of me..."

She hadn't seen the club owner since Monday morning and after two nights of poor sleep, she was cranky as all hell, her body missing the warmth of her lover. To prove it, she took a selfie of her pout, typing a quick message before sending it off.

It was strange, she thought as she let her eyes travel over the blood samples she'd been going over, the stack of reports Scott had sent her. All of this proved that Delphine was... not human... but she behaved like any human would. She looked like a human. Her body was warm like a human. There was nothing that made her look at the French woman and label her as inhuman. Her strange biology didn't make Cosima want her any less.

The sound of her phone buzzing against the desk caught her attention and she reached for it.

"How can I help you?"

Chewing on the corner of her lip, Cosima hummed softly. They had non-verbally agreed to spend weekends together and weekdays apart. It was an arrangement she had been feeling the strain of

that more and more lately. Maybe it was time to change that...

With a grin, she typed in her response, hesitating for a small moment before hitting send. Did the club owner feel the same or was she just being clingy? She tapped her phone on her thigh, wondering what the blonde would respond with. When her phone vibrated again, she nearly dropped it in her eagerness.

Another picture and she groaned loudly. "Oh that is so not fair." Unable to stop herself, she hit the dial button, waiting for the few seconds it took for the line to be picked up.

"Dr. Niehaus... should you really be on your phone at work?"

Cosima smirked, leaning back in her chair, her eyes drifting over the wall of doors with its refrigerated secrets. "The dead don't care who I talk to... besides... this really hot woman I've been seeing just sent me a picture of her naked in bed... and I don't know how I feel about that..."

"Is that so? I believe I know how I would feel... but I couldn't be sure, of course... if only..."

"I'm not sending you a nude picture." Cosima laughed. "There are security cameras, but... you can come see the real thing in about an hour..."

There was a long pause before the blonde responded. *"Cosima... I really want to but... I can't."*

Cosima frowned at that but she tried not to let it show. "Why's that? Got another hot date tonight?"

"No... of course not. I just... I haven't fed yet."

Looking at her watch, Cosima frowned at that. "It's almost 6, Delphine. What's going on?"

There was another long pause. *"It's complicated. I um... I'm... on somewhat of a diet?"*

Cosima looked at her cell phone, verifying that she was talking to the French blonde. If there was one thing she knew from studying the woman's blood, it was that she couldn't just... not feed.

"Can you... how... why would you do that?"

There was a soft sigh that came over the phone, and she could imagine the perturbed look that often crossed the woman's face. The look she often saw when someone would dare hit on her in the club. *"I've made a few changes lately and... my supplier is unavailable at the moment."*

"Changes?" Cosima sat up, looking at her watch. "What changes? What supplier?"

"Cosima...don't"

"No... you can't tell me you're starving yourself and expect me to just mind my own business. I've been looking at your DNA for a while now and even I know that at this moment you can't just..." Cosima was up on her feet, packing her bag in frustration. "I'm coming over"

"Cosima..."

"Don't *Cosima* me." Cosima mimicked the woman's accent. She could feel the aggravation coursing through her. She couldn't believe the woman would be so careless.

As Cosima gathered her belongings, there was a long pause before Delphine responded. *"I do not sound like that, Cosima."*

It was enough to reignite the humor in her. "Yes you do." Cosima had to smile at that, moving to

the bathroom where she stripped out of her lab coat and scrubs. "I'm coming over, and that's the end of it." She spoke with no room for argument before hanging up.

Delphine sighed as she pushed herself out of bed, sliding on a robe. She hadn't planned on this happening, but she knew she had to tell Cosima about her recent activities. She should have told her long ago but she didn't want to feel the embarrassment if she were to fail.

It was too late for her to venture out, the sun having risen not that long ago. Chances of being caught were significantly higher when alleys were not as dark as they needed to be. If anything, she was more upset with herself for allowing herself to be in the situation. She had an endless supply of funds, what was going through her mind in not getting a backup?

Cosima.

She hadn't prepared herself for Cosima. She'd never imagined she would stoop to such a human concept as monogamy. It was so... unnatural for her. 650 years and she'd finally lost her damn mind.

But could she trust herself in the presence of the brunette? This was the third night since she'd last fed and she could feel the incessant tugging from within her, the one she knew would soon turn to pain. It was a thirst, a hunger, and an addiction wrapped into one neat nagging presence. It made her skin crawl... and now Cosima was coming over.

She was starving and now a four course meal was about to be dangled in front of her.

And still... her body was craving the woman's touch in a way that had nothing to do with the blood that flowed through her veins. Maybe it was the hunger that drove her, deceiving her into believing the pull was not related to her biological needs, but just the thought of being in the presence of the small doctor was making her heart race. She needed the woman closer, and it was causing her to make the worst decisions.

650 years and she'd never been so careless.

"Imbécile." Shaking her head, she took her time making her way upstairs. The club had been empty for hours, the staff having meticulously cleaned the area before leaving. She had stayed downstairs, too tempted by the waves of moving flesh to risk being among them. What had her plan really been? What was she going to do when the pain consumed her and her mind began to weaken? What was she going to do when she had no control over her compulsion?

Delphine sighed as she slid behind the bar, preparing a drink for herself.

This was turning out to be her worst idea ever. She needed to fix this.

Surely she had some time. The risk of being seen had far less consequences than being in her lover's presence while infected with the hunger. She could sneak out before Cosima got there. She'd survived feeding for over six centuries. She could get it done and be back before...

The door of the club opened, letting in the small brunette who tucked her keys in her bag before heading across the room. Her steps echoed off the tall walls as she neared the bar, shoulders squared and a determined look on her face.

Delphine almost groaned. Her heightened senses could pick up the scent of her lover the second the door had opened. She never had any doubts about the woman's feelings for her. Oxytocin.

The familiar scent coursed through her veins, clinging to every inch of the woman who took a seat. No, there was no doubt of the love the woman felt. "Hey." Her fingers twitched slightly around the glass she held.

Cosima tilted her head to the side. "I haven't seen you in days and the best I get is a *hey*?"

Delphine smiled weakly. "Well... you just stepped into the presence of a very hungry vampire, so..."

There was no fear as Cosima reached into her bag, removing a joint. "So... talk to me about that. Why are you on a *diet*?" She lit the tip, taking a long pull from it.

Even through the rising smoke of the marijuana, Delphine could see the serious look on the woman's face. "I've... been abstaining from... live feedings." Delphine searched for the words that would best explain what she was going through as she reached under the bar for an ashtray, setting it on the smooth surface before the small woman. There was no better explanation than the truth, she decided. "Siobhan has been supplying me with donated blood... unfortunately her supply has run out and she won't get a restock until Sunday."

Cosima seemed to process that for a long moment before commenting. "Why?"

"Why is she out or why have I been abstaining?" Delphine smirked, knowing exactly what the brunette wanted to know. The wry look she got was mildly entertaining at least. "Well, there's a very long explanation about hormones and the altering of blood chemistry that I could get into which I'm sure you'd love... or I could summarize it to say that I have a significant difficulty disassociating feedings from sex."

Of course the scientist in Cosima perked up. "Can you explain a little more?"

Delphine sighed. "You smoke pot." She emphasized by taking the joint from the woman's fingers, lifting it as she leaned over the bar towards the woman. Over the herbal scent, the siren-song of blood called to her, and she barely stopped her teeth from emerging. "If someone were to put a regular cigarette and a marijuana cigarette in front of you, you would choose the one that makes you feel better, non?" At Cosima's speculative nod, she smiled. "The same goes for blood. Donated blood has been processed, devoid of any sense of humanity, but with a live feeding, there are emotions and hormones that alter the chemistry of blood." Unable to stop herself, she leaned forward, and brushed her lips against Cosima's, attempting to keep it light when the brunette was pushing to deepen the kiss.

"Mmmm. See..." She broke off the kiss, pressing her forehead to Cosima's. "Even now, I can smell the changes. Dopamine... serotonin... and most importantly... oxytocin." She kept her eyes closed, not trusting herself not to compel the brunette. "It's one of the few chemical reactions that can effect a vampire..." She smiled. "It has a similar effect as ecstasy does on humans, but certain aspects are a bit stronger. It heightens our sense of touch... our emotional response... and dulls our inhibitions."

Swallowing audibly, Cosima attempted to reclaim the lips that suddenly moved away.

"Désolée." Delphine felt her own responses spiralling out of control. "Your blood... it calls to me..." She could feel an invisible chain tugging her towards the brunette, luring her in.

"So you can..." Cosima felt a small shock course through her. "You can smell oxytocin in my blood?" They hadn't really talked about it, of course, but she couldn't deny her own feelings. She didn't need Delphine to tell her that she had fallen in love with the bar owner, but she'd been hesitant to admit the depths of it, especially with each of her attempts for a cure failing.

Where was the sense in falling for this beautiful creature that would never age a day... that lived in a world filled with danger and death...

But how could she not?

Cosima could see the strain in the woman's pale features, very aware of how much the woman was holding back. "So... you haven't been feeding because feeding involves sex?"

Delphine could feel the embarrassment. She rarely wanted to admit it to herself, let alone the brunette, but she needed the woman to understand. "It doesn't have to... but... at the moment I cannot disassociate one from the other. It has become second nature to me and I do not trust myself to feed from a live source and not..." She shook her head. Even hearing it out loud, she couldn't believe what she was saying.

"So you haven't been feeding because you cannot stop yourself from having sex with the person you're feeding from... and you are doing this because..." Cosima swallowed audibly. She remembered the night clearly, seeing her lover being pleased by the older vampire. She remembered the hurt and rage she had felt witnessing such a thing and she suddenly understood. Delphine was struggling because of her. "It's because of me..."

In the blink of an eye, Delphine was on the other side of the bar, taking Cosima's cheeks in her hands in a caress that was soft and delicate. "Not because of you, Cosima... but for you." She leaned forward, brushing her lips against the brunette's briefly. "For you, I would suffer the pain of a month-long starvation if need be. I never want to see that look of hurt in your eyes again." She pressed her cheek against the woman's, savoring the warmth of her. "Je t'aime, Cosima." She whispered into a tan ear, as if speaking the words too loudly would ruin the sincerity of them.

The breath caught in Cosima's throat as her hands settled on the woman's hips. There were a thousand emotions that washed through her... doubt... fear... enlightenment... elation... futility... acceptance... but most of all love. There was no denying it. "I love you too, Delphine." It was a natural response that slipped from her lips easily, leaving her with a sense of almost relief. How long had she been avoiding the admission that she didn't even realize the strain it was putting on her?

With her hands on the woman's hips, she could feel the blonde's body trembling and she pulled back. The eyes she loved so much were hidden behind pale lids, a pained look on the woman's face. "Hey... Come on." She slipped her hand into the woman's, easily tugging her towards the stairs that led to the lower floor that held Delphine's bedroom. "Let me make you feel better."

As if suddenly sensing what the woman was doing, Delphine pulled her to a stop, her eyes blinking open in panic. "Cosima... I can't. I want to but... Not until after I've fed..."

Cosima smiled, squeezing the hand gently. "Then let's get you fed."

Chapter 12

Hello all. I know it's been a while since I've updated but since the finale, I've found it hard to be inspired at all to write Cophine. This story was always meant to be a short piece that got away from me last year. There is only one more chapter after this, and I'm hoping I can post it before halloween. I'm sorry it's been forever and I'm sorry for... well... yeah

"Open your eyes." Cosima brushed her lips along the woman's jaw, her body absorbing the delicious warmth of the form hovering over her. "Please." She ran her fingers through blonde curls, pushing the locks back.

Delphine felt her body trembling, as if there was a weight on her entire being. She turned her head to capture soft lips in a quick kiss. It hadn't taken much convincing, the blood song calling to her so strongly, she's surprised she hasn't ravished the naked woman under her. "I can't." Her voice was a whisper, running the tip of her nose along the length of Cosima's, breathing in the scent of her blood. It was laden with hormones, a scent stronger than any she'd ever encountered. She wished she could explain to the brunette just how dangerous this was. She could already feel her teeth shifting, preparing to feed. "I can't trust myself around you." The truth of that statement terrified her, and she didn't scare easily.

"Well I trust you." Cosima knew Delphine was strong enough to have control... she had faith in the woman. As she fisted her hand in blonde curls and pulled her down, their bodies melted together, legs tangling. "I want you."

Delphine knew there was no fighting it. It was strange, being at the mercy of something like love. How many centuries had she lived and here she was, under the control of the small brunette. It was almost as if the human had the ability to compel her instead of the other way around, working her love magic in a way Delphine couldn't resist. So instead of capturing the woman's gaze and possibly compelling her against her will, she moved down the strong frame.

It was a long and agonizing voyage, tasting the brunette's skin on her tongue, capturing a nipple between her lips and flicking her tongue against it. Delphine was careful of her own teeth, knowing she could so easily nick the sensitive flesh. Every inch of skin was a new labor for her self-control. All of her senses were overwhelmed. She could hear the way the small ministrations drew a barely hidden whimper from Cosima, music to her ears. She could feel the way nails dug into her scalp as the brunette tried to maintain some semblance of control.

And then there was the ever present scent of Cosima.

With a smile, Delphine breathed in the scent of the doctor and it was intoxicating. She wanted to sink her teeth in, but instead she allowed her tongue to sneak out once more, tasting the subtle saltiness on her skin. Her heightened senses have long ago detected the arousal that waited for her, drawing her attention and luring her in.

"Delphine... please." Cosima groaned.

Delphine didn't nod, didn't agree, she just kissed her way down Cosima's body. Delphine had known for a while that Cosima was falling in love with her, she didn't need anyone to tell her. Not even the woman herself. The amount of oxytocin in the doctor's blood was immeasurable. She made it a habit of never letting people fall in love with her. Unfortunately, every now and then one

of her blood suppliers would begin to develop feelings for her and she never hesitated to sever the arrangement, but with Cosima... there was no way she could do what she normally did. She refused to touch a single memory in the brunette's head.

Instead, Delphine settles between spread thighs. She can feel the quick but steady pulse against her lips as she brushed a kiss along the arterial vein on Cosima's thigh. She was so tempted to sink her teeth in. There's a pain that's been nagging inside her, a dryness in her throat that no drink could quench, none but... With a groan she shook her head, ascending the strong form until her lips met Cosima's as her fingers pressed into molten heat.

No, she would never need to be told, not with something as simple as words. Cosima told her with every moan, every gasp. She said it with the way her nails dug into Delphine's shoulder, and the way her teeth raked over Delphine's bottom lip. "Je t'aime." She whispered, capturing an earlobe between her lips.

"God." Cosima groaned.

Delphine smiled against the woman's skin, kissing her way down the brunette's neck. Hips moved against her fingers and she couldn't resist sliding her arm around the woman's waist as she shifted their position, sitting up and settling the woman on her lap.

Cosima used the new position to her advantage, wrapping her arm around the blonde's neck as she moved against fingers that still pressed into her.

Delphine reached up with her other hand, pushing aside dark tresses to reveal the expanse of delicate flesh, her eyes tracing the line from shoulder to ear. She noticed the way Cosima tilted her head to the side, offering herself even as she continued to ride Delphine's hand, her breath coming out in soft whimpers.

Cosima pressed her body closer against the blonde's burying her face in the crook of Delphine's neck as lips brushed along the side of her own. She's removed all space between their naked forms, her hips rolling against the invading digits as the heel of Delphine's palm pressed against her, sending shocks of pleasure through her body.

Delphine had never known hunger like this. In all the years she'd been alive, nothing could touch the craving spurred on by the hormones flourishing just beneath the surface of the Doctor's skin. She can feel the shorter woman's body begin to tremble. She knew it would be just a bit longer, the perfect moment frozen in time just after her lover would plummet over the top and the chemical composition of her blood would be altered with the flood of hormones. It was just a breath away and she would have waited if not for the teeth that bit down onto her own neck. It was almost reactionary, the way her teeth sunk into the soft flesh of Cosima's trembling neck.

The rush of warm blood washed over her tongue and she had never known a sweetness like Cosima's life force. It hit her throat and it was like she hadn't fed in decades. She drank slowly, hoping to draw the moment out as she drove her fingers deeper into the woman, hearing the startled gasp as the form in her arms froze. The orgasm came suddenly and hit Delphine's tongue like a freight train.

If she was hungry before, then she didn't know the meaning of the word because what hit her suddenly was a famished beast. She felt the world slipping from her, a sudden disassociation that consumed her. It wasn't just Vex. It was an infinite loop of vex altering her senses and her inhibitions.

There was a reason she refused to feed on those that were in love, and yet as she continued to drink, she couldn't understand why she refused.

As she swallowed another mouthful, felt the thick substance sliding down her throat and impregnating her cells with the human hormones, she lost herself. The more she consumed, the more she wanted, the more she needed. She didn't notice the nails digging into her shoulder for a moment, just seconds before fingers began to lose their grip. She didn't notice the way hips stopped rolling against her hand or the form that had suddenly lost all tension. All she could focus on was the crimson flood against her tongue.

"I love you." The words were nothing but a soft and strained whisper ghosting past her ear, but in her heightened state, it echoed through her mind, reverberating through her skull.

"Cosima." She gasped as she withdrew her fangs, using her own blood to seal the wound on instinct. Her vision warped from the effects of vex, and it took her a moment longer than it should have for her to focus on the doctor. The form in her arms was pale and limp. She struggled to hear the woman's heartbeat over the pounding of her own heart echoing in her ears. Finally she could detect it, the thready and uneven thump that laid beneath the shallow breaths.

"No no no." Scooping up the woman, she struggled to stand, feeling an overwhelming vertigo that made her topple over. Her mind was spinning from the chemicals taking over her body one cell at a time. She pushed herself to her feet, closing her eyes to try to focus only to find it made the spinning and warping a hundred times worse. She knew she had to get the brunette to Siobhan's so she could...

It hit her suddenly, remembering exactly why she was feeding on Cosima. Siobhan's blood supply was depleted. There was no way the older woman would be able to help her lover. Not that it mattered. At the moment, Delphine couldn't stop the spinning. The blood in her system was poisoning her ability to think clearly and her ability to even stand longer than a few seconds.

A paranoid panic took hold of her. There was no way she would be able to make it to the hospital in her current state and she knew the reality was that they were alone. Felix had always been a constant part of her support system and even he was gone now, his betrayal still fresh in her mind.

Like Marion had betrayed her and disappeared. Delphine realized she was destined to have everyone leave her, but this time she had been the one to betray someone. She had betrayed Cosima's trust in her, had taken more than that woman had to offer and now there was no fixing it.

"Mon amour." She felt her eyes brimming with rare tears, feeling completely helpless as she pushed a brunette dread free of the woman's pale face. "Please don't leave me." For the first time in her long life, she felt the inevitability of an eternal life spent in solitude without the gentle laugh she'd grown used to, without the warm body pressed against her own in sleep. She was going to spend eternity without this small brunette and she felt a darkness taking over her.

There was no way she could continue on, no way she could look to the future without the woman that was slowly drifting away in her arms.

"I'm sorry." She whispered, knowing Cosima couldn't hear her.

Chapter 13

I tried to get this done before Halloween but I was off by a couple days lol. Well, this one-shot sure took the long way home didn't it? Hope you don't hate the ending.

The first thing Cosima felt was pain, not just the lingering tease of a bruise, but the overwhelming agony of a thousand deep cuts on every inch of her skin. It was as if her skin was splitting open and her revealed nerve endings were being drug over burning embers; as if she could feel every cell in her body dying.

She couldn't breathe. She couldn't gasp or cry out in pain like she wanted to. Her throat was on fire, razorblades making their way through her system. A touch landed on her arm, or at least she thought it was her arm as she pulled the limb back towards her curled form. The sound that came from her was a strangled growl, one she didn't recognize. One that sounded strange to her ears, echoing through her mind.

She wanted to throw up. She wanted to cry, to scream, to do anything except writhe in pain, but she couldn't.

She thought surely this is what death felt like, what hell felt like. This was what she was going to endure for all of eternity as penance for every poor decision she'd ever made.

And then, just when she thought she would go mad from the agony, all at once it stopped.

It was such a sweet relief to not feel pain that she wanted to cry. But then, the world opened up before her. She felt different, as though the world she'd lived in had previously been a foggy, muted swamp. In confusion, Cosima took in a deep breath and it was like no breath she'd ever taken before. She felt her lungs expanding, and with it she tasted a thousand things she'd never tasted before: fear, anticipation, worry. How she knew that, she wasn't even sure. It was as if she'd somehow learned to detect each emotion through a form of osmosis.

Her skin was no longer on fire, but in its wake there was a raised sense of awareness. She could feel the chilled temperature in the air but she wasn't affected by it. She knew she was naked and it took a moment before the memories came back to her.

She remembered the feel of Delphine pressing into her, soft lips moving along her neck. She had felt just a split second of pain before it disappeared completely. It had been so strange, the feeling of being drained. She hadn't expected it to be as... calming... arousing... There were no words for it. She hadn't expected her orgasm to hit her so hard, hadn't expected the blonde to hold her tighter in an almost suffocating embrace as she felt her limbs growing heavier.

Things had gone black, an almost disconnect from the world until she was put right back into it, but it wasn't her world. Her mind was overrun with images, ones she couldn't possibly see, but she wasn't just seeing them. She could feel the bones of a corset digging into her skin, smell the horrible scent of human waste as she strolled down a street at night.

She could feel the iron grip on her as she was grabbed from behind, a hand falling over her mouth as teeth sunk into her neck. The event happened so quickly, yet she felt every second of it going by. Suddenly, she wasn't the victim but the hunter, her teeth sinking into the throat of a man while a woman watched in the darkness. She recognized Marion the second she stepped into the light

and Cosima finally understood.

Somehow she was trapped in Delphine's memories, experiencing centuries of killing and guilt and ferocity until... She saw herself dancing on the floor, felt the way Delphine's breath caught in her throat and the instant connection she felt. She felt the way Delphine's heart raced when they were together, the internal struggle.

She could taste her own blood on Delphine's tongue and Delphine's bite hadn't just been soothing or arousing, she'd felt a connection she'd never thought possible. It had been as though they were joined as one, an unexplainable sensation of knowing she was capable of supplying Delphine with what she needed most and in this stream of memories, she could feel it from both sides.

But then she'd felt the turn of the tide, when her orgasm had hit and she'd been overwhelmed by desire and pleasure for a long moment before she found it near impossible to breathe. The way hormones had taken root in the blonde's self-control, shattering it instantly. She felt the surge of need and insatiable hunger, as if Delphine had gone mad, unable to think of anything beyond the intoxicating flow of blood that washed over her tongue, drinking deeper while hugging her tighter. She remembered her weakness that had taken over and the darkness consuming her as Delphine finally heard her.

"I love you."

And then pain, not just her own, but Delphine's inescapable anguish. It was accompanied by a dizzying disassociation from the impact the hormones had on her. She didn't know how long the pain had lasted, but it had felt like an eternity until finally she was in the present, eyes closed, breathing steadily.

"Cosima?"

Cosima instantly recognized the voice and yet she didn't. She knew who it was, but it was like she could taste the words in her own mouth, feel the soft warmth of it on her lips. When she opened her eyes, even the darkness was too bright, assaulted with too much information.

"Slowly, Ma Cherie." The voice sounded, startling her before the richness of the familiar voice washed over her like a soothing balm.

Cosima blinked again, her eyes landing on Delphine. The blonde was sitting on the edge of the bed wearing a robe, the silk material making the most interesting sound as it slid across Delphine's skin with each breath. Her eyes were glassy with tears, pupils dilated, and she looked a bit frantic. "Delphine?" Her voice sounded strange, at least to her ears. It was louder than she intended, layered beyond her own comprehension. "What have you done?" Her voice rasped, a dryness in her throat suddenly evident.

She knew what Delphine had done. It was obvious to her but she reached up with her hand, feeling her neck. She could feel a stickiness there, her hand coming away stained by nearly dried blood.

"I'm sorry, mon amour." Delphine was sitting away from her, her voice wavering, trembling with emotion. "I'm so, so sorry."

Cosima moved, suddenly finding herself bumping into Delphine. She hadn't expected to move that quickly, hadn't realized she was capable of it. Delphine's arms wrapped around her on instinct, catching her and keeping her from toppling over.

"Careful."

Cosima's brow furrowed as she ran her fingertip over Delphine's arm, feeling a delicate softness that was smooth like porcelain. Delphine felt nothing like Cosima remembered and she wasn't sure if it was the blonde's skin, or her sense of feel. "Am I dead?"

Delphine gave her a sad look. "I'm sorry. I couldn't stop and I took too much." She took a shuddering breath. "I couldn't lose you and I did the only thing I could."

Her fingertips sliding down Delphine's forearm, Cosima found the dark red streak. There was no wound, but the evidence of one was there. Was that how it worked? Like the movies? Had Delphine fed her her blood? Even thinking of it, she felt a shift, one that was reactionary instead of intentional. It wasn't painful, but it was surprising as her teeth realigned, a set of fangs emerging from her gums like a cat's claws. She felt a sudden pain her gut, the first bit of pain since the agony stopped before, and a panic ran through her. She couldn't take anymore of what had crippled her for god knows how long.

"You're hungry." Delphine must have deciphered from the look on Cosima's face. "You need to feed."

Cosima's eyes grew round. Speculating was one thing, but having Delphine confirm it was something else. She couldn't imagine such a thing, drinking blood. "No..." But even as she said it, she wanted to pain gone. Was she going to have to kill someone? Was she going to have to hunt?

"Yes, Cosima." Delphine spoke sternly, moving closer. "I know you are in pain. Please let me help."

"I don't want to hurt anyone."

"You don't have to." Delphine spoke calmly but Cosima could see her shaking. She could feel the subtle vibrations through the mattress, through the arm that lingered around her. "I can help you."

Cosima looked up at her. "You hurt me." She saw the wound her words inflicted instantly in Delphine's eyes and she regretted it. "You didn't want to, but you did. I know that... How do I know that? I felt it as though I were you. How is that possible?"

"It won't happen again. It's... it happens during the change. I don't know why or how, but you take on the memories of your sire for that moment. They will fade with time." Delphine swallowed audibly, shame in her eyes. "So you know now. Everything I am. Everything I've been and done." She took a deep breath. "I understand if you hate me."

"I don't." Cosima spoke quickly. The talking was doing very little to distract her from the pain. "I know what you felt. The guilt with every life you took. The desire you felt for me... the love." She cringed, reaching for her stomach. "Oh god..."

Delphine gasped. "Let me help you, Cosima. Please."

"I don't want to hurt you."

"You can't. You won't."

Cosima sniffled. She had felt the way Delphine had lost control. How it was the last thing the blonde wanted but still she'd lost it. She finally understood why Delphine had begged her to leave when she felt what she was feeling right now.

"You need to feed." Delphine said one final time before she was biting into her own arm, drawing blood to the surface. "Don't think about it," she commented as she held her arm out to the brunette.

How could she not think about it? Cosima's eyes settled on the crimson drip that slipped off Delphine's arm, landing on the dark sheets. She could smell the metallic tang in the air, her mouth watering. Her mind was warring with her body. She was a vegetarian. She didn't believe in killing animals for food and yet here she was, leaning forward on instinct. She didn't want to hurt the blonde, but she didn't have the strength to stop herself as she ran her tongue over the pale skin, collecting the dark red stream.

She'd tasted blood before, a paper cut, a pulled tooth, and a thousand other ways humans came across it. Of course she wasn't a stranger to the taste of blood, but something changed. She could taste the metal in the substance as it rolled over her tongue, but there were a million flavors in every drop. Words like sweet, salty, bitter, sour...these weren't the flavors she experienced. Anxiety had a flavor, sorrow hit her tongue and as she swallowed her first mouthful, all the love Delphine felt pooled in her belly, impregnating her cells. There were no words that existed to describe it further, but she needed more. Even as the wound healed seconds later, and her tongue swiped over the once again perfect skin, she was still hungry.

Delphine winced as she felt teeth bite down, reopening the wound that her vampiric nature healed over. She had never wanted to see this, never wanted the Doctor to have to experience this thirst, but it was better than the thought of eternity without her. It was beyond selfish, and she had expected some anger, screaming, anything but what appeared to be a calm acceptance. She blamed that on the transference. It was because of her empathetic nature that Cosima trusted her. Even knowing what she knew about Delphine's past, she still trusted her. She reached out and pushed aside a dark dread, feeling every drop that escaped her body, fully aware of what she could spare. She would give it all if that was what Cosima wanted.

Cosima felt it, the resigned surrender and in a panic, she felt her fangs withdraw, tucking back into their hiding place in her gums as her normal teeth slid back into place. With the intrusion no longer present, the wound closed within seconds and she ran her tongue along the pale skin, cleaning away the last drop. Having tasted the blonde, she wanted more. She wanted to sink her teeth in again and continue drinking but instead she watched as the final remnants of a bruise cleared and it was as if she had never bit down at all. A hand caressed her cheek, bringing with it a heat she never felt before. A finger curled under her chin and she turned her head to find sad eyes watching her.

"I can sustain you for a while, but eventually you will need unaltered blood or you will begin to grow weak."

Unaltered blood. Cosima knew what that meant. It meant human. It meant someone that wasn't Delphine, someone that might not be able to protect themselves from her. It meant someone possibly ending up in the morgue like the bodies she had been working on.

What was she going to tell Sarah? Would she be forced to watch her twin grow older? Eventually dying while she herself was stuck in her current form for... how long would she live?

"I'm sorry." Delphine apologized again, pressing a kiss to her temple. "I'm so sorry."

How did she think this would end? Cosima turned and ran her hand through blonde curls before caressing a soft cheek. She brushed away a tear that fell with the pad of her thumb. It was always going to end this way. Either this way or a way that would break her heart completely. The moment she discovered what Delphine was, that had been the moment that had decided her fate and she had refused to let the woman go. It was as much her own fault as it was Delphine's. "Stop apologizing." She finally spoke, just before capturing Delphine's lips in a kiss.

So they had eternity together. It would allow her to keep working on the cure, Cosima decided,

discovering the blonde no longer had the benefit of strength over her. Pushing the woman back onto the bed and covering the longer frame with her own, Cosima brushed her lips down the woman's neck, feeling the beat of her heart through the soft skin. And if she didn't find a cure, well... there were worse things than spending forever with the person she loved.

One Year Later

"Dos mojitos, por favor." The brunette sat down on the stool, dark shades covering half her face as she grinned.

The young female bartender smiled, nodding as she went to prepare the drinks. A warm breeze floated through the open cafe, bringing with it the scent of something spicy and mouth watering. There weren't many people in the area, the early morning unsuited for most alcohol-ingesting patrons.

"You didn't order one of those grass drinks for me, did you?"

Turning on her stool, her grin widened at the sight of the tall woman, blonde hair pulled up into a loose bun. "You bet your sweet ass I did." She hooked her finger into the waist of the woman's jeans shorts that were way too short for her stunningly long legs and pulled her forward. "I doubt their selection of reds is to your satisfaction anyway."

"It never is." Unable to resist, Delphine leaned forward to press a kiss to the woman's lips, just briefly before taking her own stool.

"Senioritas." The bartender slid over two glasses and a bowl of chips.

"Gracias." Cosima watched as the blonde made a face as she swished the straw around the glass. "You are such a child sometimes."

"Must I mention exactly how much older than you I am?"

"Go ahead and tell me...Fucking cougar." Cosima laughed as eyes narrowed in her direction. "Did you..." She let her question fade off.

Delphine nodded as she waved the bartender down, holding up one finger. "Peligroso añejo?"

The bartender nodded, retrieving a bottle and pouring a healthy serving of the amber liquid into a glass.

"We've got about... 2 minutes." Delphine slid a bill across the table before picking up the glass, ignoring the one Cosima had ordered for her.

"Mmmm 2 minutes. We could do a lot in 2 minutes." Cosima smirked, her fingertips running up the length of Delphine's thigh.

"Yes we could." Delphine's fingers circled the brunette's wrist moving it from her leg. "But I would prefer spending a great deal more than 2 minutes with you."

Cosima smiled at that. "I guess you're right." She quickly finished off her drink.

Delphine set her own empty glass down and slipped her hand into Cosima's, pulling her out of the cafe and down the crowded streets. Tourists were walking through the outdoor market, purchasing colorful souvenirs to bring home and street foods that would no doubt restrict them to their hotel rooms for the rest of their vacation.

"When are you going to take me to Paris?"

Delphine rose an eyebrow, looking to the side at the brunette. "I wasn't aware it was something you wanted..."

"Mmmm. I'm curious about your history." Cosima commented. A year later, there were many details that still lingered from her transition, things she refused to let go from what she'd learned about Delphine. When they hit a more secluded area, their speed increased, covering a larger area in no time at all.

"You know it's not the same. Centuries have passed."

"I know."

Delphine led her through a forested section, property that was secluded and away from the main city. "We can head there after this if you like."

Cosima huffed as they scaled a wall, still getting used to the new strength that made the task easier than she would think possible. Landing without a sound on the other side of the wall, she pulled Delphine back to her, reaching up to caress a soft cheek for a moment, thankful they were obscured by the thick landscaping.

"You sure you want to do this?" Delphine wrapped an arm around Cosima's waist, pulling her closer. She was worried, but she tried not to linger on it.

Cosima nodded. "I'm not going to risk losing you." She tried not to think about the changes that had taken place in her. She never thought of herself as a hunter... a predator... but there was something that came with the transition the changed subtle things about her personality, like the lengths in which she would go to to protect what was hers. And Delphine was hers.

Delphine nodded, pulling Cosima to the spot she had scouted, ducking down in the foliage.

A minute later, a loud squeak sounded as the gate opened, letting in a single car. The expensive vehicle parked in front of the large mansion, the stuffy driver scrambling around to get the rear door open.

"Thank you, Ricardo." The tall woman spoke, wincing into the bright daylight. The sun hit her dark hair, highlighting the slight bits of red in it.

Delphine could see the exhaustion in her sire's shoulders from traveling all night, just what she had been hoping for. She could feel the anger bubbling up inside her, remembering the sight of Marion's teeth sinking into her lover's flesh. She wasn't ever going to let that happen again.

"So me, you, coffee in Paris tomorrow?" Cosima whispered with a grin.

Delphine could hear the nervousness, but there was not an ounce of doubt. Leaning forward, she brushed a quick kiss against her lips. "You're on." She commented before stealthily making her way towards the building.

Cosima watched her move for a moment, feeling the wave of affection flow through her. Paris sounded nice. Maybe she could convince Delphine to go on a history tour, see if anything from her own childhood still lingered. She smiled at the prospect as Delphine gave her a signal and she followed in the woman's footsteps.

They just had a little matter of revenge to take care of.

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