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Come Back to Me

by [otp324B21](#)

Summary

Back from Frankfurt, Delphine has to cope with her actions and decisions.

Notes

Ok, so this is...a response fic to 3x01. There be many spoilers so be warned. I know this isn't going to happen, but I needed to vent a little.

There was a soft flutter of material as the light grey coat slipped off of proud shoulders. As it was hung on the hook near the door, the shoulders slouched and a forehead was pressed to the wall. So much had happened in 24 hours. 24 hours ago Rachel still had a pencil in her eye. 24 hours ago she had been in Frankfurt. 24 hours ago she was one half of a perfectly flawed pair. Monitor and clone. Doctor and Patient.

'Your minute is up. You should go.'

Of all the things she'd done that day, that had hurt the most. She'd put off the inevitable for so long, knowing the only way she could do what she needed to do was if she didn't have to look Cosima in the eye. In the eye...in the eye. Rachel. God what had become of her. She'd been in the moment. Cosima was in danger. That had been obvious from one look in that man's eyes, the look he'd shared with Sarah thinking she was the DYAD-raised clone. She'd swallowed her nausea and did what she needed to do, willing her hands to stop shaking as she pressed for the answer.

That face...there was so much pain on that face that looked just like Cosima. Not talking, not

ordering her about, the blonde could easily pass for her lover. Her cheeky and sometimes extremely bitchy lover who was the reason behind everything she did.

Merde. She shook her head and moved to her kitchen, opening the fully stocked fridge. Someone must have stopped in and filled it for her. She knew she should be surprised, but that wasn't something she could feel anymore, not being with DYAD as long as she had been. Of course they knew what brand and flavor of frozen yogurt she liked the most. Why wouldn't they. Her entire apartment was probably bugged as well. She was in charge of DYAD, but she had no power. DYAD watched over LEDA, but Topside controlled DYAD. Marion had told her as much. She was climbing a ladder to nowhere.

A frozen dinner found it's way into a microwave and wine found it's way into a glass. A week ago, she'd shared a similar meal with a laughing brunette, but the Italian food had been fresh, picked up from the small Italian restaurant a block away. It hadn't been covered in plastic. It hadn't required her to remove the plastic after 5 minutes and stir the noodles.

The wine did little to dull the throbbing in her chest. It felt like she was ripping at the seams and her soul was slipping out through the cracks one agonizing second at a time.

'I love you.'

She'd wanted to say the words back. She wanted to reassure the brunette that this was only temporary, that they could be together once everything was safe. They all had a part to play. Didn't Cosima understand? She was playing a part in this game that they were forced to play. Leda vs Castor. Dyad. Topside. They were all just pawns.

She was halfway through swallowing her dinner when there was a knock at the door. To say she was eating would be a gross misconception. She couldn't taste any of it. She didn't even feel the burn from the wine that she washed it down with as she moved to the door. She should have expected the visitor, but her mind had been so preoccupied with her day, it hadn't occurred to her. "Cosima." Why hadn't she known this was going to happen?

"You have no right." Cosima stormed into the apartment, all fire, all storminess hidden behind colorful patterns.

"Please...come in." Delphine spoke softly, closing the door and locking it. No doubt it would take a few minutes for the woman to voice her opinion. She took a struggling breath, fighting back the emotions that threatened to surface. She didn't have the strength for this. She had wasted all of her energy putting that front up all day. Ferdinand. Rachel. Cosima. She'd held a straight face, held a strong front to get through the day. Now she was faced with a ball of anger and she didn't have the strength for it. "Why are you here, Cosima?"

"This is not your decision to make, Delphine." Cosima was pacing, her hands on her forehead as she moved. "You can't just disappear to Frankfurt and then reappear to break up with me. That is the bullshit cowardly thing to do."

"Cosima...sit down. You don't have the strength..."

"Don't you dare tell me what to do." Cosima stopped, her hands on her waist as she looked at the blonde.

Delphine didn't dare meet her eyes. She was so tired. "It is my decision and I made it." She shook her head, moving back to the small table and refilling her wine glass. "You will continue looking for a cure. That is your job and you would be best to remember that." She could feel the heat of the body behind her and she willed the woman to walk away. She willed her to stop and turn, to

leave and not press the matter. Didn't she realize that learning the truth about things, the whole truth from Marion, left her less of a person. She'd only been gone for a couple of days, and she felt as though she was a hollow shell of herself. She was broken and everyday she managed to put a cast on, to hide the cracks behind layers of plaster, but towards the end of the day, when everything was said and done, the plaster chipped away to leave her broken and alone. Or just broken, considering she wasn't given the peace of being alone. Looking up, she realized that Cosima had said something and was waiting for her to speak.

"Why won't you tell me the truth?" Cosima was breaking. She could hear the crack in the voice that had been laughing a week ago. "I told you I loved you and you brushed it off." A tear slipped down her cheek and Delphine just barely stopped herself from reaching out to wipe it away. "Don't treat me like a child. Tell me you don't love me and I will leave. Tell me you don't love me and you'll never have to worry about me again."

It was so simple, but was it. Delphine knew it was exactly what she had to do. She tried to force her lips to form the words, but the air was robbed from her. She couldn't force the syllables out no matter how hard she tried. She couldn't look Cosima in the eye and callously say there was no love in her heart. "This isn't about love, Cosima." She shook her head, trying for reason over emotion. "Why won't you listen to me?" She looked down at her hands, remembering the feel of gauze giving way to her thumb, the red stain left in its wake, her ears filled with the whimpers and unintelligent grunts of the injured clone. "It's for your own good." She emptied her wine glass again before just carrying the bottle to the couch, falling onto the leather surface.

Cosima watched her sit, silent for the first time since showing up. It took a minute before she moved, sitting carefully on the coffee table that faced Delphine, taking the wine bottle from her and taking a long pull from the bottle. "Our first date...well...not really a date. We stole those bottles of wine and I almost forgot you were a spy." She took another sip. "You were so bad at lying..lying to me and lying to yourself."

"I was distracted by a girl with a cheeky smile." Delphine felt the memories squeezing her heart, causing a pain in her chest. "It was supposed to be so simple. You weren't supposed to be that charming."

"You mean I wasn't supposed to be that gay." Cosima smirked, handing her back the bottle.

Delphine took a long drink, feeling her head spinning already from too much wine and not enough food. "That was a surprise." She tried not to laugh at the memory of soft lips against her own, the Merlot still on her tongue. "Then again, I wasn't supposed to be so gay." She almost laughed at the way that sounded. She wasn't gay. She'd tried looking at other women. Cosima was the only one that broke through her defenses. There was no other woman that made her feel that way. "You blinded me with science." Finally a laugh emerged as the cheesy 80s song played through her mind.

"You still love me, right?" Cosima's voice was small and unsure.

It broke Delphine's heart again. "Of course I love you, silly girl. I will love you until the day you die...until the day I die." She corrected herself, taking another sip from the bottle. "But when does love mean we get our way?" She shook her head, not even putting up a fight when the bottle was taken from her. "I can't do what I need to do to keep you safe, and worry about you finding out." She had to be strong. She had to do what needed to be done. If she didn't, they were all at risk.

"I don't care about any of that bullshit, Delphine."

Delphine shook her head, finding the last bit of her resolve as she stood. "No! I need you to leave." She leaned against the arm of the couch. "So, please, in the words of my brand new ex-

girlfriend...get out."

"No."

Delphine's brows contracted on that. "No? You can't say no."

Cosima stood to her full height, getting within inches of the blonde. "No." Her hand came up to caress a cheek, a fingertip tracing her bottom lip. "Not unless you tell me you don't love me, because that will be the only thing you can say to make me leave." She leaned forward, stopping just a bare inch from the woman's mouth.

Her resolve shattered and Delphine closed the distance between their lips. She was gentle at first, her hands coming up to cup both cheeks. She wanted to push her away, but she wanted to pull her close as well. The brunette made her mind up for her as the smaller form closed the distance between their bodies, an arm wrapping around her shoulders and pulling her closer. She could feel herself being led to the bedroom. There were so many things going through her head, but one by one they fled as her clothes were removed and she watched as Cosima slipped out of her own, laying on the bed and pulling her down to cover her.

Cosima was always like this in bed, urging Delphine to take the reins without actually giving up any control. She guided Delphine into place, whispered soft requests in her ear, telling her when to press into her, begging her for more once they started moving together. Cosima needed the control in a world where she had control over nothing else.

Delphine was more than happy to defer to her. She was tired of being in charge, tired of "running" a company that she really had no control over. As the woman unraveled beneath her, hands clutching at her biceps, she met the soft lips again, feeling them tremble against her own. Tears fell, mingling with Cosima's as the tremors in the smaller form subsided. Rolling to her side, she pulled the woman into her arms, both lost in their own sorrow, both knowing the truth of their situation. "This cannot happen again, mon amour, not when you and your sisters are not safe."

Cosima nodded, not daring to speak.

"I love you more than life itself, but us together, that is a risk I cannot take. I cannot do what I need to do and still look you in the eyes at the end of the day." She brushed her lips against a sweaty brow, willing the woman to hear the words she was saying.

Nodding, Cosima slipped a hand up the woman's body, turning her face to look into her eyes. "You do what you have to do, Delphine, but come back to me." She pressed into the longer body, moving to cover it with her own. "When you're done, I'm going to need you."

Delphine found her voice gone, nodding because that was all she could do.

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