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Who Do You Love?

by [otp324B21](#)

Summary

This takes place after 03x06. Cosima wakes up in the middle of the night and needs solitude, but what she finds is what she really needs.

Notes

So I'm ignoring any promos for next week. I know this isn't going to happen because canon is shit right now but whatever. LOL. I'm a fanfic writer and I can do whatever I want.

The room was pitch black despite the light and decorative walls. She reached for her phone, seeing the blinking notification light. Scott was going crazy about his Rachel revelation, but Cosima didn't want to deal with it. She didn't want to have to deal with Rachel or Scott. She didn't want to have to deal with... her. With a shake of her head she pushed herself out of the bed, avoiding making fast movements to not wake the other inhabitant. With a soft sigh she rooted around for her clothes, stumbling in the less-than-familiar space. She really needed a shower but the last thing she wanted was to deal with Felix. He'd been unbearable since Sarah disappeared. She didn't want to wake Shay either. Not when the guilt was still there. Not when the small blonde could take one look in her eyes and see the regret there.

That's how Cosima found herself strolling into DYAD. When did the cold, uninhabited halls become a comfort for her? She shouldn't be there really, not with Delphine back. Not when she could so easily run into the tall blonde that showed up out of nowhere like she hadn't been gone

for over a week only to show up and start barking orders like she had any right to. Delphine. Delphine. Delphine. The name was a stain on her conscience. She was the angel on her shoulder reminding her about responsibility. She was the devil on her shoulder filling her heart with spite and anger. She was both and neither.

Not an angel.

Not a devil.

Nothing and everything.

Delphine was everything.

Shit.

Cosima shook her head as she badged into the lab. Her eyes instinctively went up to the platform, remembered walking in and seeing her. The feeling of her heart stopping for that one instant. For a second she forgot about Leda vs Castor. She forgot about their situation, that she was a clone and Delphine was her old monitor. She forgot about that heartbreaking scene in the hallway outside of Felix's loft that left her broken and hollow. She forgot about Shay.

The platform was empty.

The lab was empty.

She was empty.

She always kept clothes in her locker, a bag full of shower supplies. Even before she collapsed, when they first started getting equipment in, she'd kept a few extra sets of clothes there. It wasn't that long ago that she needed them, when more than once, in the vast emptiness of the building after hours, she'd convinced Delphine to christen the new surfaces... the new couch. No doubt, if this had been a real job, and not one that she had because she was a clone, she'd have been fired on the first day.

She even had memories of the company shower. The sound of Delphine's moans had echoed off the walls of the sectioned off room, only a thin shower curtain separating their passion from the public ear. No one had ever been around to hear them in the middle of the night. She could still hear the cries.

Cosima stopped halfway to one of the showers. The cries weren't a memory. She heard a gasp and then sobbing coming from one of the showers. It didn't take much for her to identify the source. Delphine. She had heard the woman cry on more than one occasion. There was no explanation for her actions, but she found herself standing outside of the shower, listening to the heartbreaking sound of her cries. "Delphine?"

The crying stopped immediately but nothing followed except a few sniffles.

Why did she do that? Why did she feel the need to make herself known? Why hadn't she just gone back to Felix's? Cosima immediately regretted saying anything. "I'm sorry. I'll... I'll leave you alone." She turned to leave.

"Cosima?"

She froze, hearing the shake in the blonde's voice. Leaning against the tiled barrier that separated the shower stalls, she looked away, not wanting to make it seem like she was trying to spy.

"Yeah?"

"Do you love her?"

Cosima didn't have to ask who she meant. Of course Delphine would know. She probably had photos or video or something like that. Nothing was private in her world so she wasn't going to pretend. "It hasn't even been a week yet, Delphine."

There was a snuffle again. "How long did it take you to love me?"

It was like a kick in the gut. Cosima tipped her head back, looking up at the ceiling. "Less than a day." It was a confession she didn't want to verbalize. It was still too raw. Too real.

"How long did it take you to stop?"

That made Cosima release a humorless chuckle. "I'll let you know when it happens." She sighed heavily. "I think it will take a while though. I'm infected. It's in every being of me and no matter how hard I try I can't scrub it away."

There was another snuffle and the water was shut off. A minute later and the curtain was pulled back.

Cosima turned, taking in the blonde. She had a towel wrapped around her torso, bloodshot and dilated eyes framed by puffy lids and dark circles took her in. How had she not noticed the dark circles? Concealer maybe? There was something else, the slight swaying in the woman's usually confidant stance. Gone was her cocky attitude from earlier. "You're drunk." It wasn't a question. Minus the makeup, straight hair, and power suit, the woman looked like crap. Such beautiful and tormented crap.

"I might have fallen into a bottle of Scotch." Delphine shrugged, leaning against the opposite wall of the shower. "I guess I don't deal well with jealousy."

Cosima had to laugh at that. "You really don't." She chewed on her lip, crossing her arms over her chest. "You know you don't get to do this." She looked away from the blonde, trying not to think about how the blonde could still look so good drunk, crying, exhausted. "You broke up with me. You're not supposed to ask all these questions or have the crying showers."

Delphine sighed. "I'm sorry." She tried not to stare. "I wasn't planning on seeing you tonight. Why are you here?"

Cosima couldn't look at her. She didn't want to have to explain herself. She shouldn't have to explain herself. "Well. We're in a shower. I can't imagine what I'd be doing here."

"Why did you not bathe at the loft? Did Felix lock you out?"

The look of concern was staggering. She suddenly felt guilt. Well, she always felt guilt, but now she was overcome with it. "I didn't come from Felix's." It was the truth without having to say it. The look of concern disappeared when realization dawned and she sighed. "I didn't think I'd run into you this late."

Delphine nodded, a far away look on her face. "I'm sorry. You should go take your shower." She looked away. "I'll be out of here in a minute." She moved to close the shower curtain again and found her wrist captured.

"You can't do this, Delphine." Cosima could feel it. The anger. It burned in her, fueled by guilt and hurt. "You broke up with me, remember?" She looked down at the wrist in her hand then back up to hazel eyes that were shaking. "You can't fault me for this. You broke my heart and

then took off in your fancy jet to somewhere in Europe suddenly in charge of everything. You got everything you wanted." Tears she never knew she still had stung her eyes.

"Everything DYAD wanted." And Delphine froze, memories of being in an elevator, those words directed at her. She pulled her wrist away.

Cosima's brow furrowed. "What do you mean?"

"Forget it. Go take your shower." Delphine looked around. She was cornered with nowhere to run. She was stuck in a corner with a very disturbed looking brunette blocking her exit. The alcohol she'd consumed earlier was hell on her inhibitions and she wasn't sure if she wanted to yell angrily or start crying again.

"What do you mean what DYAD wanted?" Cosima stepped forward, surprised when Delphine stepped back and pressed herself against the wall of the shower. "You never talk to me. You want me to tell you everything and you never talk to me." She shook her head, taking a step back. "Trust is a two way street."

"I told you. I told you everything." Delphine looked down, counting the tiles on the floor. "I told you the only way I could keep you and your sisters safe was by doing what I have to do." She sighed. "DYAD, topside...they would never let me have any sort of power if you and I..." She shook her head, still not looking up. "I never wanted this."

Cosima blinked. "What?"

"I never wanted this!" Delphine spoke loud enough for it to echo off the walls. "How could you even think I wanted this?" She felt a sob pulled from her throat and she closed her eyes, tipping her head back against the wall. "I can't be with you and still do what I need to do and it's killing me." Another sob and she felt like her world was caving in. "I want you so much that just being here... close to you... and not able to touch you... just the sight of you..." She shook her head, letting the words trail off.

Cosima didn't know what to say. She just took a breath, not sure how to even continue this. She was crying now. She didn't know when she started but she could feel the burning sting of tears in her eyes and the wet trails going down her face. What could she say? They were so both so emotionally fucked up right now. She should just leave. She should just turn around and leave and go back to the loft. She couldn't do this anymore. She was so fucking damaged.

Maybe that was why when she was suddenly pushed against the wall of the shower, quivering lips pressed against her own, she didn't fight it. She did the complete opposite, her hands curling into fists in wet blonde hair, kissing back. She registered the hands slipping around her waist, their bodies pressing together in the way they always fit together. With Shay they were nearly the same height. Body parts clashed and even when they tried, there was always space, always something between them stopping them from truly connecting. With Delphine it was natural, the way she slipped right into her defenses, fitting where no one else did, completing her when she felt shattered and stripped bare.

Shay.

God she'd just been with Shay.

It was enough for her to push the blonde away. God her body was thrumming with desire, far stronger than she'd felt when she'd showed up at Shay's, demanding attention. This was Delphine. This wasn't just a quick fuck. She wasn't a scratching post. She was everything Cosima ever wanted and she could still smell Shay on her own clothes. Nausea found a home in her stomach

and she was pushing Delphine away, the tears were unstoppable. She still had the memories of Shay's touch on her skin, the residue of her betrayal still clinging to the inside of her thighs. Worse of all, she didn't know how to explain why she was pushing Delphine away without just blurting out the truth. "Delphine... I can't." She shook her head.

Delphine swallowed, her hand moving to tighten the towel around her as she nodded. She didn't ask why, she just accepted the rejection, misinterpreting the situation.

"It's just..." Cosima felt her tongue sticking, not wanting to admit what the problem was but knew she couldn't let the blonde think she didn't want this because she did. She wanted it more than anything. "...I can still smell her on my skin." She looked away, not able to see the hurt or heartbreak on the blonde's face. "I want to... but I can't tarnish this." She looked down at her own hands before closing her eyes, remembering the feel of Shay's body. "You deserve better."

The sound of the shower curtain closing broke Cosima's heart. She could just imagine the woman leaving, unable to look at her anymore. She didn't expect the finger to curl under her chin, forcing her to look up. Lips, softer than heaven itself, pressed a kiss against her own mouth, not pushing for more, just a whisper of a touch. When she opened her eyes, Delphine had removed the towel, standing before her completely nude, a thoughtfully sad look on her face. As the woman began to strip off her clothes, she didn't fight it. When she was standing before the blonde, naked, vulnerable, and hazel eyes taking in the small bite marks on her shoulder, she crossed her arms over her chest, self-conscious. She was confused and distraught, unsure what the blonde had planned until the shower turned on. .

Delphine was moving almost robotically, not speaking, not trusting her own voice to be strong enough. She made sure the water was hot enough before stepping into the stream, pulling the brunette with her, placing soft kisses along the shorter woman's jaw as the water poured over their joined bodies.

Cosima finally understood when the blonde grabbed the sea-sponge. As body wash was spread down her neck and over her shoulders, she was confused at how her body was reacting, but at the same time not confused at all. The blonde was being meticulous, careful to scrub every inch, paying attention to each finger, a look of silent determination as she passed over the bruises on her shoulder more than once. She realized at that moment that it wasn't just water slipping down pale cheeks. The scrubbing continued down her chest, circling her breasts and down the flat of her stomach. Not sure what else to do, she slipped her arm around the tall shoulders, pulling her down not for a kiss, but to press their foreheads together, feeling the tremors coursing through the blonde as the sponge slipped between her thighs. "I'm sorry." It was a whisper, barely heard over the sound of the shower so she repeated herself. "I'm so sorry." She couldn't say the words enough.

Delphine took a shuddered breath before capturing Cosima's lips in a kiss again, this one less soft, needy and desperate as the sponge was dropped and arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her closer. Their bodies met and it was heaven again, pressed against the wall, skin against skin against tile.

This time Cosima didn't stop her. When fingers slipped between her thighs, demanding and unrelenting, she didn't step away. She welcomed the touch. She savored it. Tears spilled from her own eyes as she let the blonde's hunger consume her. She tilted her head to the side, allowing the woman to mark her, not even caring if she had to explain them later, not even caring what this meant for the future. She was in the present, feeling everything behind each touch, behind each caress. It wasn't the pleasure... well it wasn't just the pleasure. It was the soothing balm on her shattered self, being slowly pieced back together by exploring lips and knowing fingers. Quicker than she thought possible she was cresting, tumbling into a well of love and solace that threatened to drown her in its unending depths.

"Je t'aime." Delphine whispered in her ear, holding her tightly against her taller form. "Je t'aime, Cosima."

The words melted in her ears, wrapping around her and sealing her resolve. "I love you, Delphine." Cosima was moving, now pressing Delphine against the wall. She took her time, caressing slick curves, palming a breast as her lips wrapped around the other, living for the shudder of a breath that came from the blonde. She needed this. It had felt like forever since she'd held the woman in her arms and she didn't realize how desperate she was for her. She needed the feeling of the hand on the back of her neck, holding her in place and the hand covering her own as she slipped fingertips between pale thighs, finding the woman's molten arousal. Fingers guided her own, pressing against slick flesh, drawing whimpers and moans from the mouth still attached to her neck. "I love you." She repeated again, needing to say the words as much as she knew Delphine needed to hear them.

Delphine was arching into the shorter woman, releasing the hand that was moving against her, giving herself over to desire. She was sobbing, but she needed this. This was what she was working so hard to protect. This was what she was giving up everything for. Nights alone in Europe had left her cold and shaking. Tremors coursed through her body still but for a more welcome reason. Those hands that knew her so well squeezed every bit of pleasure from her, turning her inside out, exposing the rawest part of her and nourishing her with gentle whispers and touches.

Cosima met the blonde's lips in a kiss, muffling the cry that sounded from Delphine as her body began to shake, being pulled forward in a crushing embrace as after shocks continued to course through the long frame. As she broke off the kiss and leaned her head against the woman's shoulder, she moved her arms around the woman's waist, hugging her close. "I can't live without this, Delphine." It was a truth she was hesitant to admit. She didn't like the idea of anyone having that power over her, but she couldn't avoid it. Ignoring it only left them both miserable.

Delphine just sighed, placing a kiss against Cosima's temple. What were they going to do?

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