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## You and Me and the Bottle Makes Three

by [otp324B21](#)

### Summary

Delphine and Sarah share a drink while lamenting over Delphine's place in the clones' lives, but is that all that they share?

### Notes

I'm sorry to the cophine fans that follow me. This is me being angry at canon.

# Chapter 1

Delphine sat in the bar nursing a glass of scotch, a stack of photos on the table as she stared off into nothing. She hadn't asked for the photos to be taken. Yes she'd asked that the woman be tailed, for anything suspicious to be reported on, but she didn't even think this was going to arise. If she'd known Cosima was going to react like this, she would have told the tail to not get this on film. If it had to happen, she didn't need to see it.

"Y'all right, Delphine?" Bobby gave her a sympathetic smile. She knew heartbreak when she saw it. She also knew about Cosima's date. It was her burden as a bartender. She knew about all the scandalous situations, and that included Felix and Sarah's weird family...her sister...sisters... That was a weird story in itself. Long lost siblings? That was the type of shit they made tv shows about, not real life.

Delphine gave the girl a grim smile. "Absolument." She tipped the glass back, her throat not even burning anymore as it slid down to settle in her gut.

"Next one's on me, Bobby."

"Hey Sarah!" The bartender gave the woman a relieved look, pouring up the scotch for both Sarah and Delphine, dropping two ice cubes in Sarah's glass before heading off to help someone else.

Delphine side-eyed the Leda clone before picking up the glass. "Merci."

Sarah let her eyes drift over the blonde, noting the tension in her frame despite the drink in her hand. She looked like she hadn't slept in ages. "I take it you heard." Sipping her own scotch, she winced at the burn from the cut in her lip, her body still aching from her recent adventures into the desert prison. She looked down at the stack of photos, noticing Cosima and Shay in them. "Figures." She laughed into her glass. "That's a big stalkerish, yeah?"

Shaking her head, Delphine stared into the amber liquid. She didn't want to look at Sarah, so afraid she'd see Cosima in those eyes. "They were supposed to track her, protect her. If I'd known she would be..." She shook her head again. "I would have told them to back off."

Sipping her drink more carefully this time, Sarah nodded. "Yeah, funny thing that, breaking up." Sarah stared off at the bottles lined up on the wall. "Just...don't hate her. Sometimes when someone breaks your heart, you don't think too clearly... make a lot of bad decisions."

Delphine nodded. "I wasn't doing it to break her heart... or maybe I was. She can't be involved with me right now."

"I wasn't talking about her."

Only then did Delphine dare to look at Sarah, surprise on her face.

"I know you're hurting... I just don't want you to do anything rash. She doesn't understand, Delphine." Sarah looked at the blonde, a grim look on her own face. "Look, I get it. I know why you did what you did, and if I'd been here I would have slapped Felix silly for convincing her to do this." She shook her head. "Cosima is grieving and that 'healer' bitch is just taking advantage of it." She downed her drink before signalling Bobby for another. "She doesn't understand the sacrifice... giving up someone you love for the bigger picture." Sarah cleared her throat, giving the blonde a shrug.

Delphine sighed. The alcohol was dulling her senses enough that she didn't want to talk about it anymore. She didn't want to talk about Cosima or DYAD or anything else. She grabbed the photos and shoved them into her purse, not wanting to see the evidence of Cosima's indiscretions any more. "I'm not going to do anything. She's free to live her life." The nonchalant tone was ruined when her voice cracked on life. Clearing her throat, downing the rest of the scotch. Why did she even come to this bar? Everything about it reminded her of Cosima. "I should go." Dropping a few bills on the bar and slipping off the stool, she stumbled slightly, grabbing Sarah's arm to stop from tripping. She hadn't had that much to drink had she? Three? Or was it four...doubles? Merde.

"Shite, Delphine. I don't think you should drive." Sarah gave her a concerned look. "Let me call you a cab."

Delphine waved her off. "I'm fine. I cannot leave my car in this neighborhood. It will not be here in the morning."

Rolling her eyes but not able to dispute the claim, Sarah downed her own drink. "Give us your keys. I'll drive you home, but you're paying for my cab ride back."

Hesitating for a minute, Delphine forked the keys over, able to at least make the walk to the car without stumbling. She wasn't that drunk, but the woman was right. She couldn't drive. Not like this.

The ride was awkward at best. Delphine sat, turned sideways, staring at Sarah, the Cure playing softly from the speakers as background music, the GPS giving commands every now and then.

"What are you staring at?"

"Je suis désolée." Delphine gave her a half smile. "I was just thinking, you don't look anything like her." Shaking her head, she looked away finally, turning her body to look out the front window. "It's so strange... maybe it's epigenetics, maybe it's that I've spent so long staring at her, but you two look nothing alike."

"Epi what?" Sarah's brow furrowed. "I don't understand all that science shite."

"Just one more difference between you." Delphine cleared her throat. "You don't have her smile, but really that could just be the way you were raised to smile. You don't have her eyes, but how much of that is make up? You don't have the same nose, but maybe that's the piercing." She shook her head as they turned into her parking lot. "But I've seen her without makeup and without her piercing. I've seen her without her glasses, and she still doesn't look like you." She sighed as she pointed to her assigned stall.

"Well, I'm glad I'm an individual." Sarah slipped out of the car, coming around the passenger side to make sure Delphine didn't fall on her ass as she stepped out. "Come on. Let's get you inside."

Stepping inside, Delphine dropped her bag at the door, kicking off her heels and beginning to strip off the power suit on the way to her bedroom. "Please, have a drink. There is a bottle of Scotch in the cabinet." She dropped her jacket on the ground carelessly, forgetting to close the bedroom door as she began to remove her shirt.

Sarah retrieved the bottle, nodding internally at the 30 year old scotch as she got two glasses out. "Did you want another drink?" She called out, looking up and realizing she could see into the woman's bedroom, catching sight of Delphine just in a pair of lace panties, pulling a shirt out of her bureau. "Shit." She shook her head, feeling the blush spread across her cheeks as she poured the two drinks, quickly downing hers with a cough before filling it up again. She did not need to

see that. No she did not need to see that. She found herself downing her drink once again, refilling her drink.

Delphine appeared with a smile, wearing a long sleep shirt, hair pulled up into a ponytail and her face free of makeup. "Thank you for driving me home." She commented as she lifted the glass set aside for her, sipping it with a smile. "You've been... kinder than I could imagine." She leaned back against her counter, legs crossed at the ankles as she looked down into her glass. "It's really, really great..." *to find someone who gets it.* "to talk to someone who understands." There was a hint of sadness in her voice and she felt the sting of tears in her eyes. "Someone who doesn't just see... the monitor."

Sarah looked at her in surprise as she watched a tear fall down the pale cheek, the alcohol burning in her own stomach, dulling her inhibitions, dulling her common sense. "Hey, don't start crying on me." She shook her head. "Ignore Felix and Cosima's rubbish. I see what you're doing. No one else knows about Helsinki or Ferdinand. None of them know about you risking everything to save us." She snorted as she took another sip of her drink. "You're the bravest of the lot of us."

Delphine looked up through long lashes, surprise evident. "You think I'm brave?"

"Well...yeah." Sarah shrugged, setting her glass down, her hand came up to wipe away the blonde's tears. They both froze when she realized what she was doing and quickly dropped her hand. She'd already had way too much to drink. The thought of Delphine naked kept running through her mind and she swallowed, suddenly remembering the feeling of lips pressed against her own at that damned party. Suddenly the memory was refreshed and lips that tasted of scotch pressed against her own, a tongue teasing her lips. She was twice surprised, first at the feeling of lips against her own, and then again when she caught herself returning the attention. It took more strength than she understood to pull away from the lips, breaking off the kiss with a gasp. "Delphine... I don't think..." Her lips were captured again, the blonde moving into her space completely.

This kiss wasn't anything like the one at the party. This kiss sent a jolt through Sarah, mingling with the scotch and telling her body she wanted this. Delphine was warm and smelled of sweetness. She was demanding without being controlling and Sarah didn't fight it when she felt hands pushing the leather jacket off her shoulders, the sound of it hitting the floor echoing in the silence of the room. Her lip stung but she didn't care. She pulled her own t-shirt off, dropping it to the ground as her lips were captured again, stumbling slightly as she was pressed against the counter, fingers unfastening her pants. She wasn't sure what she was supposed to be doing, one arm wrapping around the woman's shoulders, but the next thing she knew there were fingers pressing against her. She groaned into the kiss as a hand covered one breast, massaging through the material of her bra.

Delphine wasn't thinking anything. All she could feel was the lust in her veins, the feel of a body so similar to the one she already knew. Her fingers found the woman's clit, circling it once, twice, and a third time before she felt the flood of arousal that she dipped her finger into, pressing two fingers into the slick opening.

"Shite." She yelped as she pulled away from the kiss, finding hazel eyes watching her closely, groaning as the fingers burried inside her stilled. "What are we doing Delphine?"

Delphine blinked, as if suddenly realizing what she was doing. "Merde." She pulled her hand back, shaking her head. "Sarah... mon dieu.. I'm sorry." She was pacing, crossing her arms over her chest. "I... merde." The smell of arousal hung in the air and Delphine quickly turned the sink on, washing her hands in a panic.

Sarah took a moment to clear her mind, her heart beating erratically. "Shite." Her body was

protesting, the alcohol singing the song of desire, but she fought against it. She fastened her pants before reaching down to grab her shirt and jacket. "I think we've both had way too much to drink." She slipped on her t-shirt, clearing her throat. "Calm down, Delphine." Even as she said it she was reaching for her glass, refilling it and taking a drink with a shaking hand.

"I don't know what's wrong with me." Delphine leaned against the counter, feeling sick suddenly, alcohol and a spinning room bringing up the acrid taste to her mouth. She barely reached the trashcan before she was emptying the contents of her stomach into it.

Sarah grimaced, glad the blonde had pulled her hair back already. She pulled another glass from the cupboard, this time filling it with what she was pretty sure was water from the container in the fridge, sniffing it cautiously as she tried to ignore the sound of retching. She looked around for some paper towels, finding a roll hanging under one of the cupboards, pulling off a few sheets. Hearing the sound of water running, she found Delphine leaning over the sink, rinsing out her mouth. "You should drink this." Sarah held out the glass and the paper towels.

Feeling so tired all of a sudden, Delphine accepted both, patting her face dry before sipping the water.

"You cannot hold your liquor." Sarah joked, deciding on humor at the moment.

Delphine looked over her glass with a regretful look. "Sarah I'm so..."

"Yeah yeah yeah." Sarah waved her off. "It's not the first time someone from DYAD shoved their hand down my pants." She laughed at the grimace that got her. "Seriously. Don't worry about it." She tried not to think about the jolt of white hot pleasure from the thin fingers, clearing her throat. "Hell it's also not the first time I've taken my shirt off..." She let the thought trail off. "Just...sleep it off. Forget tonight happened. Get some sleep." She pat Delphine on the arm.

Delphine nodded. "You... you should stay the night. The couch is not terribly uncomfortable. You'll never get a cab to come out here this late."

Sarah nodded. It made sense, but her body was still humming.

Drinking the rest of her water, Delphine disappeared into the bedroom, reappearing with a pillow and a blanket, setting them both on the couch. "I... I'm going to bed." She stood awkwardly in front of Sarah before pulling the woman into a hug. "Thank you, Sarah."

"Yeah yeah." Sarah pat the woman on the back, clearing her throat. Watching the woman disappear into the bedroom, Sarah took a deep breath, running her hand through her hair as she dropped onto the couch. The memory of the finger slipping over her and the hungry kiss on her lips. "Shite." She threw her arm over her eyes after settling the blanket over her, willing herself to sleep. The visions of Delphine filled her mind, fingers slipping between her legs, lips pressed against her own. She tried to call up visions of anything else, maybe Cal, the feeling of his hands on her. It must have been the alcohol because the next thing she knew, her fingers were pressed against her own slick flesh, Cal's lips turning softer, sweeter in her mind, her fingers moving fiercely against her clit turning into Delphine's, the soft and warm body pressing into her, kissing her. She bit down on the back of her hand as she came undone, her body trembling against her fingers. As she came down she pulled her hand out with a growl, struggling for breath. "FUCK." She cursed softly. She was way too drunk for this.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

ok this is the last time I'm writing for this ship lol

Sleep couldn't come to her. Sarah sighed heavily as she adjusted her position. She had removed her bra and pants to try to get more comfortable sleeping. The silence was something she was not used to, having spent so many nights at Felix's where there was always neighborhood noises filling the empty void of night. The doctor's apartment was the opposite of that, nothing to distract her from her over-imaginative mind but the steady ticking of the clock on the wall.

The alcohol was as prevalent as always, if not worse than before, her stomach having digested the many drinks she'd downed earlier. With a heavy sigh she pushed herself into a seated position, resting her elbows on her knees. God she could feel her skin buzzing with arousal. Her self-ministrations had done little to relieve the stirring in her gut and she could feel the wetness still soaking her panties and she thought about the blonde's hands.

Would it be so bad? She'd done worse on a drunken night before. She'd done a lot of questionable shit when she was with Vic, but she was working on changing her ways.

Cosima didn't need to know.

She and Delphine weren't talking anyway and she knew her sister had her head wedged between the legs of a certain healer. Delphine had seemed interested. Standing up, she moved to the kitchen area, pouring herself another drink as she stared at the door, or the outline of it considering how dark the room was. She didn't remember crossing the room. Maybe it was the alcohol, or maybe it was her mind already beginning to blackout the situation, but she stopped at the bedroom door, her hand lingering on the doorknob.

"Merde."

The voice was a soft moan, coming through the door and settling in Sarah's groin. Could it be that Delphine was doing just what Sarah herself had been no more than an hour ago. She imagined the woman's fingers, slipping between her own folds, pleasuring herself. Unable to resist, she quietly opened the door and the scene was much worse...or better depending on what she planned to do. The blonde was laying in the bed naked with her knees bent up, her legs spread wide in perfect view of the door. With the door open, she could hear the soft sound of the toy the blonde was moving in and out of herself, her eyes squeezed shut as she bit her bottom lip.

Sarah's nose flared. She could smell the musky scent of the blonde's arousal thick in the air and she wondered how long the woman had been at it. She watched as the toy disappeared into the woman's cunt quickly and Sarah had to bite her own lip to stop from moaning.

"Fuck." Pulling the toy out, Delphine gave a frustrated sigh, her finger working lazily at her clit.

Unable to stop herself, Sarah found herself beside the bed. "Delphine."

Hazel eyes shooting open in shock, Delphine sat up, pulling the comforter up to cover her. "Sarah...I..."

Sarah leaned down to kiss her, her lips covering the blonde's easily. She found no resistance as her tongue pressed past the woman's lips and dipped into her mouth, the blonde's tongue tentatively moving against her own.

Delphine pulled away suddenly, confusion coloring her face. "Sarah..."

Pursing her lips, Sarah stripped off her t-shirt, leaving her just in her panties. She saw the eyes rake over her body and she captured the blonde's hand, pressing it against the soaked lace. "Stop talking" She pressed the fingers closer, closing her eyes against the sensation. "One night, Delphine. No strings, no mention of it to anyone."

Looking up at the brunette, Delphine bit her bottom lip. This wasn't Cosima. This wasn't her Cosima, but this woman was here. She couldn't sleep. The alcohol had put a fire in her veins that normally Cosima would take care of, but there was no Cosima. There was only Sarah who was now looking down at her with eyes that were almost Cosima's, but not quite. She made up her mind, as if it hadn't been made up already earlier in the kitchen. She pulled her hand away, instead peeling the lace down the woman's legs.

Sarah wasted no time in pushing the blonde back, pressing her lips against the blonde's roughly, her hips settling between Delphine's legs.

Delphine broke the kiss off, her head tilting back as lips coursed down her neck. "Have you ever...merde." She groaned as fingers brushed against her clit as a tongue brushed against her nipple. Her hands tangled in brunette hair, her back arching into the touch. This time, when the toy pressed into her, it was guided by the thrust of the woman's hips, causing her to moan loudly. She began to rock her hips, meeting the brunette's thrusts easily, finally feeling the pleasure radiating through her body. Sarah's mouth found her own again and she pressed her tongue past the woman's lips, taking possession of her mouth as her hands moved to cup the woman's breasts, pinching the hardened nipples as their hips continued to meet thrust after thrust. Having already been halfway there, she could feel the tightening in her gut and abandoned one breast to drag her fingers down to her own sex, working her clit eagerly. It didn't take long to push her over the edge, feeling the toy pumping into her even as she cried out her release, her own rocking hips stilling as she collapsed onto the bed, the toy slipping from her sex.

Sarah was surprised to find herself flipped over so soon, the weight of the blonde pressing down into her.

Delphine captured a nipple between her lips, running her tongue over the tip. Her fingers slipped through slick folds, finding the swollen clit easily. Her arm was already straining from trying to please herself earlier and she thought about her options, kissing her way back up to the woman's ear. "Do you want me to fuck you?"

Sarah groaned, nodding as she licked her lips. It didn't matter if it was Paul, Cal, or Delphine. She needed anyone to touch her.

"I want you to touch yourself." Delphine led the woman's hand to her sex, waiting to make sure the woman was indeed touching herself before slipping from the bed. With practiced ease, she slipped into her harness, choosing a different toy. "Roll over and get on your knees." She commanded as she applied the lube to the toy, moving to kneel on the bed. She got no arguments from the brunette who did what she was told, positioned in the center of the bed on all fours, her head dropping down with a moan as Delphine slipped the toy into her without preamble.

Being taken from behind like this, it was easier for Sarah. Easier to pretend that she wasn't in bed with her sister's ex. It was easier to rock back with each thrust, the hands on her hips pulling and pushing to help her keep rhythm. "Fuck...faster."

Delphine growled, pumping hard against the woman's body, burying the toy in the woman's cunt with reckless abandon, each thrust sending a jolt through her own sensitive sex.

"Fuck yes." Sarah groaned, her back arching to allow the toy to rub against her inner walls at a different angle. She could feel herself getting close, feel herself being filled from behind and she reached down between her legs, feeling the arousal pooled there. Her fingers moved easily against her clit, getting almost no resistance as she rubbed furiously against the bundle of nerves. "Shite... fuck me." She cursed as the blonde continued to drive into her. She could feel her body beginning to tremble, her muscles clenching against the toy.

Delphine could feel the resistance and it made her pump harder, almost on the edge herself from the harness causing friction against her sex.

It wasn't long before Sarah groaned as she was pushed over the edge, thrusting her hips back hard against the toy, burying it as deep as possible and screaming into the woman's pillow.

Delphine's hand slipped between the harness and her skin, pressing into her own sex quickly, two thrusts of her fingers sending her plummeting into her own chasm of pleasure. It wasn't as strong as her first, but as she came down from the high, her hips seemed to be looking for more, beginning to slowly work the toy into the brunette's cunt again. Cosima loved to go all night long, if Delphine had the strength to. She was not a stranger to bringing the brunette to orgasm three or four times some nights.

Sarah whimpered, her chest heaving. "No..." She pulled her hips away, rolling onto her back. "Shite." She was staring up at the ceiling, gasping to catch her breath. She could hear the buckling and the sound of the toy falling to the ground before she felt the woman settle beside her. "That... shite." Words failed her as she laughed, dragging her hand over her own body, feeling the light sheen of sweat.

It was just another thing that reminded her this wasn't Cosima. Delphine felt sleep coming over her. She was so tired. She didn't even want to think about the morning, about what this meant for the future. Would she have to tell Cosima? Sarah's voice saying "no mention of it to anyone" and she knew she couldn't say anything. She was tired, but still she wanted more. She missed Cosima, the taste and feel of her. She missed the woman pressed against the front of her, kissing her neck as they both fell asleep. As much as her body craved to be sated physically, it did nothing to touch the part of her that was all Cosima. She could feel the sting of tears in her eyes and she sighed softly, pulling the comforter over her body. She didn't really care if Sarah stayed in the bed with her or not, she needed to get to sleep where hopefully Cosima would be waiting for her in her dreams.

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