

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/) at <http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/3860050>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Orphan Black (TV)
Relationship:	Delphine Cormier/Cosima Niehaus
Character:	Cosima Niehaus , Delphine Cormier
Additional Tags:	cophine - Freeform , jesse's girl - Freeform , songs as fic
Stats:	Published: 2015-05-02 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 6311

A Woman Like That...

by [otp324B21](#)

Summary

Cosima's in love with her best friend's girlfriend. Insert cliché double pining and some heartfelt confessions in the rain ala Nicholas Sparks. Yeah I hate summaries.

Chapter 1

So...I just felt like writing something that was one of those cliché things...a fic version of the song Jesse's Girl. Although the original by Rick Springfield is amazing, this actually goes with the cover by Mary Lambert which is a stripped down version of the song. This is part one of two.

The diner was packed as usual, late teens and early 20s from the nearby college monopolizing the tables. The day had been overcast and most of the students had chosen to head indoors and away from the ominous weather. One table was taken up by two students, the table half covered with partially-eaten remnants of burgers and fries while the other half was covered with textbooks and notes. On one side of the table, a girl just a year out of high school, hair locked in dreads and thick framed glasses, pulled her book away, shaking her head.

"Come on, Cosima. Give me the answer." On the other side of the table, a boy gave her a pleading look, his muscular build overshadowing her tiny stature. "I've been stuck for like an hour and you're supposed to be helping me out here."

Cosima laughed, reaching over to steal a fry from his basket, having already eaten all of her own. "Jesse, Jesse, Jesse." She sat back, twirling the fry before popping it in her mouth. "Helping is not giving you the answer. You're gonna have to learn to solve it yourself. No one's going to be there to just give you the answers on the test."

"Dude, you suck." He laughed.

"Come on, man. We've known each other since kindergarten. When have I ever given you the answers to a test?" She laughed, scribbling a few notes on her own notebook.

Jesse shook his head. "I fucking hate you."

"As if anyone could ever hate Cosima." A French accent filled the air as a third dropped down beside Jesse, blonde curls bouncing as she folded her long frame into the small booth. "Everyone loves her." She winked one of her light hazel eyes at the brunette. "Hello."

"Hey Delphine." Cosima's lips tightened into a smile as she watched Jesse throw his arm over the girl's shoulders.

"Babe...babe...can you please, please tell Cosima she needs to give me the answers." Jesse pleaded.

Delphine looked up from the basket of fries she'd been picking at, her nose wrinkling in distaste before she turned to the student. "Cosima..." She gave the brunette a pleading look. "Please...don't give him the answers. He needs to work it out for himself."

Cosima couldn't stop the genuine smile that spread across her face, looking at her friend and sticking her tongue out at him.

Jesse groaned, shaking his head. "Fucking traitors. Both of you." He gave Delphine a love-stricken look. "You're so lucky you're the most beautiful girl in here." He leaned forward for a kiss and was rewarded with a quick peck before the blonde pushed his notebook back towards

him.

"Study." Delphine cleared her throat before turning to Cosima again who was doing her best not to stare at them. "Have you finished your assignment for Psych class yet? I haven't had a chance to look it over."

"Yeah." Cosima nodded. "It's easy, it should only take you like ten so don't worry." With a grim smile, she packed her bags quickly. "Sorry guys, but I gotta go."

"Hey wait...dude." Jesse held his hands up. "Aren't you coming to the game tonight?"

Cosima wrinkled her nose. "You know I hate football. So boring." She shouldered her bag, grabbing the guitar case that was leaning against her seat. "I've got a prior engagement. Good luck against...whoever."

Delphine sighed as she watched the brunette leave, biting her bottom lip. Jesse was saying something about the game and she shook her head, trying to focus on what he was saying. "Yes. Of course I'm coming." She cleared her throat, focusing on him, and not the short brunette that had left.

It wasn't supposed to be this way. A year ago she had been just a normal girl, excited to be starting school in America, San Francisco of all places. Berkley had a great science department and she had carefully chosen her classes to put her on the best path to get her heading towards her dream of a PhD. First day of class, when her eyes fell on the brunette, she was lost. She'd never been attracted to women before, but when that girl sat next to her, all cocky bravado and a huge smile, she'd fallen almost instantly.

So she'd decided to try to work up to it. She wasn't even sure how to proceed. They'd started hanging out, Cosima and her best friend...Jesse. She found herself fitting right in with them easily and it had seemed like Cosima was interested. Delphine had told the girl everything, her life in France, the boyfriend she'd broken up with over the phone after arriving. She felt like they had so much in common.

It wasn't until about a month later, when Delphine had finally managed to build up enough confidence to approach the brunette, that she found her leaning against one of the buildings, engaged in a very serious game of tonsil hockey with someone else. The tiny girl with bleached blonde hair and a hipster way of life. Shay. Delphine hated her. God how Delphine hated her. Apparently the little leech was an old high school girlfriend, still clinging to the vestiges of the past by trying to keep a long distance relationship despite being an art student at NYU, and Cosima was very interested in her.

Of course like any other college girl with a broken heart, she went out and found the first party she could get drunk at...too drunk. She didn't remember much of that night, but there had been a fight, and then Jesse was carrying her out of the party. Had Jesse not been there, she no doubt would have been in some serious trouble. One thing lead to another, and the next thing she knew, Jesse was asking her out, and like any other heart broken college girl, she clung to the one person she could trust.

It wasn't that she didn't love him. She adored him and he was amazing to her, but some days she'd catch Cosima looking at her and she felt like the world stopped rotating for that one moment. For that one split second, it was like everything made sense and she was complete, but then those dark hazel eyes would dart away quickly. The world would continue moving and she would still be with Jesse and Cosima would still be with Shay.

"Babe?"

Delphine jumped in surprise. "Sorry, what?"

Jesse laughed. "You're totally spazzing today." He shook his head as he gathered his books. "I said I've got to fly. Gotta prepare for the game. Now, you promise you'll be there right?"

"Yes, of course." Delphine nodded, slipping out of the booth. "Make sure you drink enough water this time, ok?" She kissed him on the cheek before grabbing her bag, set on getting her homework done before the game. She didn't much care for football, but despite never being able to fully give him her heart, she would be able to at least be the best girlfriend possible.

Intending on spending the time before the game to finish up some last minute homework, the drab text she had to read for her English lit class was exhausting. To her surprise, she woke up in her dorm room hours later using her textbook as a pillow with the sun already set. "Merde." She quickly changed into something warmer, running her hand through her curls to hope to make some sort of semblance out of them.

She was exhausted. Mid-day naps always had the opposite effect as intended, seeming to drain her of all her energy instead of replenishing it. She just needed some coffee. It was too late for her normal cafe that closed after lunch, so she was forced to walk the four blocks to the next non-chain cafe that was still open. Of course with her already late, there would be a crowd.

Checking her watch, she cursed as she tried to slip her way between the people that were standing around, obviously listening to the performer that was playing the guitar in the corner, singing.

And she's watching him with those eyes

And she's lovin' him with that body, I just know it!

And he's holding her in his arms late, late at night

Finally reaching the register, Delphine rolled her eyes, trying to speak over the music as she leaned over the counter and placing her order. She had to repeat herself a few times for the barista to get it correctly. With an exasperated sigh, she swiped her card, stepping to the side to wait for her coffee, reading one of the calendars stapled to the wall. Apparently it was open mic night. Well that explained the depressing acoustic music.

I play along with the charade.

That doesn't seem to be a reason to change

You know I feel so dirty when they start talking cute

I wanna tell her that I love her but the point is probably moot

Delphine found herself unable to concentrate on the calendar she was reading. The song sounded vaguely familiar but she couldn't place it. The voice of the singer was hauntingly painful, finally drawing her eyes to the corner. To her surprise, Cosima sat on a stool in the dim lighting of the corner. Was this the prior engagement that the brunette had spoken about? Since when did she perform in cafes? Why hasn't she told them?

'Cause she's watching him with those eyes

And she's lovin' him with that body, I just know it!

And he's holding her in his arms late, late at night

Delphine could feel the sorrow in the words, and seeing the student in such obvious pain left an ache in her own heart. The brunette was obviously lost in the song, her eyes closed as she sang into the mic, her voice wavering as she broke into the chorus.

You know I wish that I had Jessie's girl

I wish that I had Jessie's girl

Where can I find a woman like that?
Like Jessie's girl
I wish that I had Jessie's girl
Where can I find a woman...
Where can I find a woman like that?

When Cosima's voice cracked on 'that', the world froze. Her mouth went dry as she watched the brunette dragging her fingers over the strings, obviously knowing the keys by heart. How many times had the brunette played this song? How many times was required to memorize the words and keys and play them with such emotion?

And I'm lookin' in the mirror all the time
Wonderin' what she don't see in me
I've been funny; I've been cool with the lines
Ain't that the way love's supposed to be?
Tell me, why can't I find a woman like that?
You know I wish that I had Jessie's girl
I wish that I had Jessie's girl
I want Jessie's girl
Where can I find a woman like that?

Delphine's eyes filled with tears. This wasn't happening. There was no way this was happening.

Like Jessie's girl
I wish that I had Jessie's girl
I want, I want Jessie's girl

As the notes died, the entire room broke into applause. Delphine watched as Cosima stood, a nervous laughter as she humbly accepted the praise. It was too much. Delphine knew that she had to get out of there. She couldn't let Cosima see her. She could just forget she saw it. She was with Jesse. Cosima was with Shay. That's all there was to it. It was just a song. It didn't mean anything. If she left now, Cosima wouldn't know she was there.

Just at that moment two things happened at the exact same time. The audience calmed down, leaving a comfortable silence in the room, and suddenly her coffee was ready.

"Delphine!" The barista called out loudly, her voice almost echoing off the walls of the room.

Delphine watched as Cosima froze in the middle of packing up her guitar. Dark hazel eyes looked up, searching for just a second before finding her, and it was like the world froze again except this time Cosima didn't look away. This time the shorter girl stared straight at her, straight into her, and Delphine couldn't stand under the pressure. She did the only thing she could think of. She ran out.

Of course it had started raining in the five minutes she'd been in the coffee shop, and it wasn't a small Autumn shower. Of course it would be pouring on the worst day of her life as she started heading back to the campus. She was late. Her boyfriend expected her to be at his game.

Her boyfriend.

God she suddenly hated that word. She hugged her arms to her chest, suddenly feeling the tears burning hot streaks down her cheeks in stark contrast to the chilled rain.

"Delphine!"

No. God no. Despite her own quick pace, she heard the sound of running behind her, and

suddenly Cosima was in front of her, hands up and stopping her progress.

"Delphine, please wait."

"Wait for what?" Delphine was surprised by her own anger. She was angry at everyone. Cosima. Shay. Jesse. Herself.

"Can we talk about this please?"

"What do we have to talk about?" Delphine pushed past her, not wanting to stand in the rain, her mood just as cold as the downpour.

Cosima was in front of her again. "I'm sorry, Delphine. You weren't supposed to see that." She shook her head. "You were supposed to be at the game."

Delphine stopped, taking in the shorter form. Cosima's glasses were spotted with raindrops, her hair dripping water off of each dreaded lock, her knitted sweater starting to darken as it absorbed the rain. One look into the pleading eyes and Delphine closed her own. "How long?" It was all she could get out between clenched teeth.

"What?"

Shaking her head, Delphine spoke louder. "How long have you felt this way?" When there was silence, Delphine opened her eyes.

Cosima was looking down at the ground, her hands dropped to her side clenched into balls.

"Cosima...how long?"

"Since day one."

Again her world was ending. How many times was this emotional apocalypse going to ruin her life? "Day one? You're lying." She shook her head, again pushing past the brunette. "I can't listen to this bullshit. I have a fucking boyfriend and if you have forgotten he's your best friend." Everything was cold and numb, outside and definitely on the inside.

"Don't you think I know that?" Cosima called after her, obviously just a few steps behind. "Don't you think it killed me when the two of you started dating? Knowing that he could be with you in a way that I never would be able to?"

Delphine stopped, turning to face the brunette. "And what about your girlfriend? Were you thinking of me when you were fucking her against the wall of the chem lab?" She spit out bitterly. She advanced on the brunette, taking advantage of the fact that the girl was frozen in place. "Were you thinking of me every night she had her head between your legs?"

That seemed to break through the stoic look. "How dare you?" Cosima had a fury in her eyes now, obviously no longer intimidated. "The entire first month I knew you all you talked about was your ex-boyfriend and how you left him in France." She was shaking now. "I wanted you so badly and you just kept reminding me how straight you were. So yeah...maybe when Shay showed up I was thankful for the distraction. FUCK!" She raised her hands to her forehead, looking on the verge of losing her shit. "She was a psycho bitch but at least I knew she wanted me."

Delphine wanted to scream. She wanted to pull the brunette to her and kiss her, but she also wanted to turn and run from everything, to never talk to her again. But there was no going back from this. There was no pretending everything was ok. Things weren't going to be ok. "I wanted

you too." She was surprised the words passed her lips, but once she said them, there was no way to take them back.

Cosima froze. "What?"

There was no going back. "I wanted you beyond measure." It was a blessing and a curse to finally say the words out loud. "I wasn't trying to tell you I was straight. I was trying to let you know that I was available."

There was an agonizing silence between them for an eternity before Cosima suddenly barked out a laugh, her hand quickly covering her mouth, water splashing out the sides of her cheeks as she obviously wasn't able to keep the laughter at bay.

"It's not funny, Cosima."

Cosima gasped, trying to catch her breath. "Oh my god. You chose the worst fucking way to do that."

Delphine nodded. "I know." And suddenly she was laughing too, not sure of what else to do. When the laughter began to die off, Delphine sniffled, shivering from her clothes already soaked through. "What now?"

Cosima shook her head. "Nothing." She swallowed loudly, looking down at her own crossed arms. "In the end...you're still Jesse's girl. He's been my best friend since I punched him in the face in kindergarten, and there's nothing else I can do about it."

Despite the feeling of her heart breaking, Delphine nodded. There really wasn't much else to say was there?

"You should go." Cosima finally looked up, a sad smile on her lips. "You're late for the game."

Looking down at her clothes, Delphine laughed a bitter laugh. She was soaked. There was no way she was going to show up at the game like this. Looking up into dark hazel eyes, she could see the pain there. She couldn't stop herself from stepping up to the smaller form, her hand cupping a chilled cheek, wishing there wasn't this barrier between them.

"Please don't." Cosima closed her eyes leaning into the touch despite her verbal protest.

Delphine traced trembling lips with her thumb. "If I could go back in time..." She let her voice trail off, dropping her hand and taking a step back. "I...I'm going to get out of these wet clothes. You should do the same. You don't want to catch a cold." She tried to sound nonchalant but her heart had fractured into a million shards, tearing her apart from the inside.

Cosima nodded, unable to speak.

Turning, Delphine was glad when the brunette didn't follow her, but for the same reason she was disappointed. Why didn't Cosima want to fight for her? Part of her respected the brunette's integrity, but part of her was distraught that the woman had chosen to honor a friendship over her. Things couldn't be the same. There was no way she would be able to sit across from Cosima in the diner and not think of this.

God she'd been so stupid.

She was still stupid.

Getting to her dorm, it was thankfully empty. She guessed her roommate was at the game that she

was supposed to go to. She was already an hour late. Catching a glimpse of herself in the full body mirror, she almost laughed. God she looked horrible. She ran a hand through her hair, the usual bouncing curls weighed down by the rain that still dripped from the tips. With a grimace she kicked off her boots and stripped off her sweater, hearing it fall to the ground in a plop. "Merde." Her eyes were puffy from crying and she sighed heavily. Grabbing her towel, she was in the process of drying her hair when there was a knock. Taking a deep breath, she opened the door.

Cosima stood there, tears mixed with rain dripping down her cheeks. "I..."

That was the only push she needed. Unable to stop herself, Delphine pulled the woman forward, dropping down to press her lips against Cosima's. For the briefest of moments, she expected the brunette to push her away, but hands found their way into her hair, the body leaning into her. A soft whimper escaped Delphine's throat as she closed the door, pulling the brunette woman to her. To her surprise, her arm slipped all the way around the small frame, not used to holding such a petite form in her arms.

It was a blur of limbs as clothes were shed, left on the floor in puddles that led to the bed. As Cosima settled onto the blonde, Delphine whimpered, the smaller woman's hips settling between her thighs.

Cosima held herself up with one arm, looking into Delphine's eyes as she caressed the warming skin of her cheek. "Are you sure about this?"

Delphine nodded, reaching up to run her hand along the length of Cosima's neck. "Are you?"

"There's no going back from this." Cosima spoke, saying the words out loud as if she needed to hear them herself. "But no matter what things will never be the same." She smiled softly, shifting her hips to press against Delphine's core. On the blonde's moan, she dipped her head down to capture soft lips, her own moan being smothered in the contact. Breaking off the kiss, she kissed her way along the blonde's jaw, rocking into her. Legs wrapped around her waist, pulling her body closer.

Moaning softly, Delphine knew she should feel alarmed or confused or maybe a dozen other things considering she'd never been with a woman, but this was Cosima. Cosima was the one she'd dreamt of night after night. She didn't need to dream anymore. She didn't need to wish she were with someone else. As fingertips slid into her, lips wrapped around a nipple and her back arched into the touch. It was too much and not enough as her hips began to roll against the digits.

It was different in ways Delphine couldn't explain. Cosima was soft and smooth and smelt of sweet spices and marijuana. Cosima was gentle but firm and every touch left her skin burning, her body craving an intimacy she never thought possible. How was it that something as simple as fingers could wring out such delicious pleasure, she had no idea. Tears stung her eyes again and she was pulling the brunette up to her, needing her closer.

Cosima kissed her way up to the woman's lips, her fingers still moving as hips continued to move against her. "You still with me?"

Delphine nodded. "Oui. It's just..."

"Tell me what you need." Cosima whispered, kissing away a tear that slipped out.

"I have you." Delphine whispered reverently.

Cosima smiled. "And I have you." She curled her fingers, her smile widening as the blonde gasped.

Too soon she felt herself being pushed over the edge, tender lips capturing her own as tremors courses through her body. She couldn't stop the tears that suddenly began to fall as she hugged the smaller form to her.

"Are you okay?" Cosima asked in concern, wiping away the blonde tears. "Please tell me you're not full of regret right now."

Delphine immediately shook her head. "Non. Never." She reached up to caress the brunette's cheek. "I could never regret this, no matter what."

Running her fingers through damp blonde hair, Cosima smiled, leaning down to kiss her gently. "Ditto." With a soft sigh, she pushed herself up, smiling when she found herself straddling the blonde's hips. "I should go."

"I wish you could stay." Delphine sat up, meeting bruised lips in another kiss.

Just then there was a knock on the door right before it opened.

"Delphine are you..." Jesse stopped in the open doorway.

"Shit Jesse." Cosima pulled the comforter up, trying to find a way to at least disguise the fact that she was straddling his girlfriend.

His eyes went back and forth between the two, all three caught in a silent stalemate of love and betrayal.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Wow. I'm totally floored at the response to pt 1. Thank you all for your awesome reviews. I'm glad people enjoyed the first half. Well...here's the wrap up.

Cosima sighed heavily as she tossed her pencil down on the table. She couldn't concentrate, looking across the table at the excruciatingly empty seat, the basket of fries beside her textbook left untouched.

Twenty seven days. That's how long it had been since Jesse had talked to her. That's how long it had been since that night.

Straddling Delphine's legs with the blonde pressed against her, there was no rational explanation but the truth.

"The game got cancelled...lightning." Jesse stared unblinkingly at them, still in shock.

Cosima was stumbling, finding her clothes while Delphine was still in shock on the bed, the blanket pulled up to her neck. "Dude...I can explain."

Finally Jesse's features cracked, anger and hurt coming over his features. "What the fuck, Cosima?" He didn't even look at Delphine. His eyes were locked on the brunette.

Cosima was tugging on her sweater, slipping her glasses on. "Hold on. Let me..."

"I trusted you!" He screamed, turning and storming out of the room.

Only halfway through putting on her boots, Cosima cursed. "Fuck." She tried to tie them as fast as she could, the water-logged laces fighting against her.

"Cosima..." Delphine moved to slip from the bed.

"I got this Delphine. This is between me and Jesse." Finally she took off out of the room, running down the hallway and down the stairs, hoping she hadn't lost him. She found him in the quarry, punching the trunk of a tree, his knuckles already torn as it impacted against the wet bark. "Jesse, stop!"

"Stay the fuck away from me Cosima." He punched the tree one more time, screaming as he pressed his forehead against it.

Cosima blinked away the rain that still fell. "That tree didn't do anything to you."

Blood running down his fingers, Jesse turned to the short girl, his eyes almost as red as his knuckles. "Yeah, the tree didn't fuck my girlfriend behind my back. The tree didn't betray my trust, but I can't punch you can I?"

"Do it!" Cosima stepped closer. "Just fucking do it. You you know you want to." For a second,

she thought he was going to. She could see his hand rolled into a fist already, his teeth clenched. "I deserve it don't I?" The emotion broke her voice, the weight of what she'd done pressing down on her. She did deserve it. Not for loving Delphine, but for betraying her best friend. "Hit me!"

Jesse took a step back. "I can't..." He shook his head. "How could you?" He looked down at his hands as if seeing the blood for the first time, his eyes closing in pain, both physical and emotional. "Fuck." He pulled his shirt off, wrapping it around his hand, wincing."

"Dude..." Cosima stepped forward and Jesse took a step back.

"No..." Jesse shook his head, the anger replaced with hurt. "Don't Dude me..." He was walking backwards, away from Cosima, Delphine, and the betrayal. "Just...leave me alone. We are not friends."

She hadn't spoken with him since. He'd avoided her gaze anytime they crossed paths. She had noticed the cast on his hand, but she never got the opportunity to speak with him. She wished he would just talk to her.

The problem was, she wasn't sorry for what had happened with Delphine. She didn't regret loving her, remembering the way she had moved against her, crying out in pleasure. Delphine was everything to her. The only thing she did regret was that they hadn't talked to Jesse before it turned physical. Maybe they could have explained it to him. Maybe they could have explained everything and he wouldn't have been upset... or just less upset.

"Bonjour." Delphine dropped down beside her, a soft smile on her face.

"Hey." Cosima smiled, leaning forward and getting rewarded with a gentle kiss, a hand coming up to cup her cheek as the blonde pressed closer, tracing her lips with the tip of her tongue.

Twenty seven days and despite everything, she didn't regret her decision. Delphine was worth it. Delphine was worth all the emotional drama in the world. Sure there had been some awkwardness at first due to the situation, but once they got over that hump, they grew closer every day.

They were sitting in the middle of Delphine's bed, going over the recent psych assignment. It had been a week since that night and both girls had been keeping a bit of a distance between them, the intimacy they had shared that night almost completely gone.

Cosima was slowly dying on the inside. She had just lost the best friend she'd ever had and Delphine had trouble looking her in the eyes most of the time. It was almost as if it had all been for nothing. One night and her entire world had been flipped upside-down. She heard a heavy sigh and looked up to see Delphine staring out the window, a faraway look in her eyes. "Hey."

Delphine jumped slightly, turning to give Cosima a tight-lipped smile. "Sorry, what?" One hand held her pen in a death grip as her other hand was balled into a fist around the comforter.

"What were you just thinking about?" Cosima swallowed audibly, afraid of what the blonde might say. She knew what she was thinking about. It was all either of them could think about, but she knew they had to talk about it eventually.

With a shrug, Delphine closed her textbook, setting it on her nightstand along with her notes. "Jesse... you... us." She took a deep breath, releasing it steadily. "Pretty much anything except psychology."

Cosima nodded, not exactly sure on how to respond. They hadn't talked much about that night. The blonde had said she didn't regret it, but Cosima could see the regret in the light hazel eyes, the rare times they would meet her own before darting away. "Did you want to talk about it?"

Biting her bottom lip, Delphine reached over and closed Cosima's textbook, setting it and the brunette's notebook with her own. "I was just thinking that there hasn't been a lot of 'us' in the past week."

Shrugging, Cosima tried to play it cool. "Yeah, I...I wasn't sure..." She blew out a long breath, trying to fight the emotions that threatened to overrun her. "A lot happened that night. One could chalk it up to being in the moment..." She swallowed. "I mean...if you regret it...I understand."

Delphine didn't respond for a long moment, her brows furrowing as she looked down at her hands which had moved to lock together nervously. "Is..." She shook her head before starting over. "I... I do have regrets."

Cosima felt like her world was crumbling down. Those were not the words she wanted to hear, but she couldn't let that show. She would respect the blonde's decision, even if it meant losing her. "That's to-totally understandable." Her own voice was betraying her, wavering with emotion despite the effort she was putting into staying calm. A hand cupped her face and she was looking into those hazel eyes again, not expecting to find the adoring look turned her way.

"I don't regret this." Delphine traced her lips with a thumb. "I don't regret a minute of your touch. It was...like nothing I'd ever felt before." She smiled sadly, dropping her hand. "The only regret I have is that we didn't speak with Jesse sooner...before we..." She shook her head, licking her lips. "You are everything to me and I feel like I've been losing you this past week."

Her brows furrowing, Cosima closed her eyes to fight against the tears that were threatening her calm exterior. "I was giving you your space. I...I didn't want to rush you. I mean everything kinda happened at the same time... you kinda just got forced into breaking up with your boyfriend."

Delphine sighed softly, shaking her head. "Jesse and I were dating for a year. The two of you have been friends for most of your lives." She was moving closer, minimizing the space between them. "It's not a small thing, losing your best friend...and I'm sorry I caused you that pain. I can understand you not wanting to..."

Cosima cut her off with a tentative kiss, unable to resist with the blonde so close. When the kiss was returned, she felt like a weight lifted off of her shoulder and she tangled her fingers in the soft curls. The lips against her own was the most intoxicating sensation in the world and she pressed closer, needing more, or she would have if the blonde hadn't pulled away.

Breaking off the kiss, Delphine pressed her forehead against Cosima's, her breath ragged. "We have to stop doing this, Cosima." She pulled her forward, brushing her lips against the brunette's once more. "We have to start talking to each other or this isn't going to work." Her hands reached up to remove the black framed glasses, turning to place them on the nightstand. When she turned back to the brunette, her lips were captured again, this time the intent behind the kiss was less than tentative, a soft tongue teasing her lips. This time when the kiss broke off, the lips continued moving down her neck and Delphine moved to straddle the brunette's lap. "Since we're talking... and we haven't talked about that last time... which as you know was my first time with a woman... there was one thing last time that I did not enjoy."

The words were enough for Cosima to stop what she was doing, leaning back with an alarmed look. "What? You didn't say anything. What didn't you like?" Her brow furrowed in confusion, trying to think about what she'd done that the blonde wouldn't like.

With a smirk, Delphine reached for the bottom of Cosima's top, tugging it up and off. "I never got to touch you." She looked down at the breasts that were covered in dark red lace, licking her lips as she reached for the front clasp. "You got to touch me, and then you were going to leave

without me touching you. I find that very unsatisfying."

Cosima grinned as she shrugged off the lace. "I didn't want to rush you. You know...baby steps."

With a soft chuckle, Delphine pushed the brunette onto her back, leaning over her. "I'm not a baby."

"How much more homework do you have?" Delphine reached over her to steal a fry, wrinkling her nose when she realized it was cold. "Cosima..."

Cosima gave her a small smile. "Sorry...I thought I was hungry, but I guess I was wrong." She leaned forward for another kiss, her smile widening against the blonde's lips. "Maybe that's just not what I wanted to eat." She nearly laughed at the pink that flushed against her cheeks.

Delphine slapped her arm lightly but leaned towards her, whispering softly in her ear. "Maybe if you finish your homework quickly, we can get back to your room before your roommate's afternoon class is over." She nearly laughed when Cosima quickly picked her pencil up and started scribbling. Delphine took the time to order a sandwich and fries, pulling out her own textbook and starting her own work.

Both girls jumped when a stack of books fell on the table. Jesse slid into the seat across from them, pulling his math book out from the stack and grabbing his notebook from his bag. He took his time sharpening his pencil which looked rather awkward with the cast that went from his hand to halfway down his forearm. With a grunt he dusted the shavings off the table. Noticing the pair looking at him in surprise, he rose an eyebrow. "What?" He shook his head, opening his text book. "Dude, I'm failing math so you need to help me with this shit."

Swallowing, it took a minute before Cosima looked over at his work, shaking her head. "You have to isolate the fraction exponent BEFORE you try to raise the reciprocal." Her voice sounded strained, emotions almost getting the better of her.

Jesse either didn't notice, or was actively ignoring it. "Well what the fuck does that mean?" He looked at his notepad, scratching his head in confusion. "Can you just tell me what the answer is so I don't get another fucking zero on my work?" He erased his answer. "Bad enough I can't play ball with a fractured wrist, but if I fail another test I won't academically qualify to be on the team when it's healed."

Cosima gave him a small smile, feeling Delphine's fingers intertwine with her own under the table. "Sorry, man. You're gonna have to learn to do the work. No one's gonna give you the answer to the test."

The server appeared, depositing Delphine's order on the table.

Jesse quickly snagged half of the sandwich, taking a bite. "Delphine, can you please tell her to help me out." He spoke around the mouthful of food, raising his eyebrow when she just stared at him.

"Oh." Delphine cleared her throat, returning the smile. "Sorry, Jesse. She's right."

"Damn traitors." Jesse looked up from his notes, locking gazes with Cosima. "No wonder you two are perfect for each other."

Cosima swallowed loudly, fighting back the tears that threatened to spill. "Dude...if you're going to eat all our food, we should probably order more."

Delphine nodded, signalling the waitress.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!