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## Cophine One-Shots

by [otp324B21](#)

### Summary

Cophine one-shots inspired by the Cophinefluffathon going forward. These will all be around the 1k words variety so quick to read.

### Notes

This is a canonish piece, Delphine and Cosima escape to Cal's cabin for a little alone time.

## Celestial Bodies

"Ok, what about that one?"

Cosima laughed as she leaned closer to the protruding arm, trying to find what the woman was trying to question her on. "Which one are you pointing at? You realize there are like, literally billions of stars up there." The fire crackled loudly as Cosima moved closer to the woman, wiggling into the embrace of the stack of fluffy blankets they were laying on. "Describe it."

Delphine pursed her lips. "Well, you see right there, the bright one there. Not the square but beside it." She bit her bottom lip, hoping she was being descriptive enough.

Another laugh and Cosima squinted, staring at the stars the doctor was describing. "That one's easy. Theta Pegasi." She took the blonde's hand in her own, guiding it from the star in a pattern around it, playing a sort of celestial connect the dots. "That is your constellation Pegasus. You know, the winged horse." This close she could smell the sweet scent of the shampoo Delphine used. She barely resisted the urge to pull her into a kiss. At the blonde's nod, she released the hand, trailing a fingertip down the long arm. "You know as the myth goes, Pegasus was born from the frothy water caused by the castrated genitals of Cronos."

With a cringed look, Delphine playfully slapped her arm. "Cosima that is disgusting." She shook her head, looking up at the pattern.

"Don't blame me. I didn't write the mythology." Cosima laughed, a sound that Delphine could never tire of. "You have to try a little harder, Delphine. That one was too easy."

They had been at it for about half an hour now, Delphine pointing out stars in the sky and Cosima easily blurting out the names. They had taken up Cal's offer of a weekend at his cabin to get away from all the nonsense that always took over their lives. Clones. DYAD. Scandal. Betrayal. So many things came between them when they were dealing with such life or death situations that it was a relief to not have to worry, if only for a few days, just getting to know more about each other. Apparently, to Delphine's surprise, biology had not been the brunette's only interest in science. She'd learned that from an early age, one of her favorite past times was studying stars and constellations. Looking to her side, she smiled at the look of absolute contentment on the brunette's face.

Sensing the eyes on her, Cosima turned, her grin taking over her face, her tongue poking out just slightly. "What?"

"You're beautiful." Delphine blurted out, instantly feeling her cheeks redden. "I don't get to tell you often enough, but you are breathtaking."

Her own blush taking over, Cosima intertwined her fingers with Delphine's. "Flattery will get you everywhere, Miss Cormier." She chuckled. "Besides, you are the gorgeous one." She snuggled closer, the warm body and heat from the small fire protecting her against the unusually cold Summer night.

Pressing a kiss against the brunette's temple, Delphine stayed close, her lips trailing down the warm cheek. "Which star is your favorite one?"

It was impossible to think straight with the feather-soft kisses being trailed down her neck and over her shoulder. "My favorite star?" She swallowed, turning to meet soft lips in a kiss. Her hand came up to lock in blonde curls, giving a silent thanks to whichever powers that be that convinced

the blonde to deter from her short venture into the land of straightening irons.

As if sensing the woman's trouble thinking, Delphine moved to cover the smaller form, straddling her hips. "Tell me about your favorite star." She repeated as she slowly slipped her top up and off, letting it fall to the blanket. Eyes behind glasses focused on her body and she leaned forward, her hands slipping under Cosima's top. "Which star Cosima?"

Sitting up, Cosima smirked as her own top was removed, joining Delphine's on the blanket, she brought her hand up to caress the bra covered form only to get her wrist captured.

"I asked you a question. No touching until you answer." Reaching behind her own back, Delphine undid the clasp of her bra, letting it fall to the blanket as well.

"Um. Question?" Cosima trailed her fingers over the jeans-covered thighs on either side of her hip.

With a laugh, Delphine nodded, her hands slipping up warm flesh to capture her face, pressing a quick kiss to her lips. "Which star is your favorite?"

Without looking, Cosima's arm pointed in the same direction as the Pegasus constellation, shuddering as teeth raked over her bottom lip.

"I don't know what star you are pointing at. As you said, there are like, literally billions of stars up there." Delphine mocked in her best American accent, her lips moving down the length of her neck.

Pulling back just slightly, Cosima gestured to a barely visible set of stars. "That's my favorite. Alpha Delphini." She smirked as the blonde sat back, raising an eyebrow. "Part of the constellation Delphinus." With a laugh, she ran her hand up the woman's bare torso and over the swell of her breast, enjoying her reward for answering the question.. "You, however, are far more interesting to look at right now." She hummed in delight as her lips were captured again for the briefest of moments before a crack from the fire made them both jump. "You know, this is how horror movies always start." Even as she said it, she felt her bra slipping off her shoulders.

Pressing the shorter woman back into the blankets, Delphine brushed soft kisses over her cheeks and along her jaw. "Don't worry, Cosima. I'll protect you."

Cosima laughed at that, imagining the half-naked doctor fighting off a would-be serial killer. "If you say so Delphini...ow ow ow." She laughed as teeth sunk into her breast, running her hands through blonde hair.

Looking up between the valley of her breasts and into eyes dark with desire, Delphine smiled. "Cheeky girl." She whispered against soft flesh before continuing her journey south.

# Whipped

## Chapter Summary

This is Cophine/Whip It AU

"You have to be careful, Delphine. If you get too many scars, how can you expect to become Miss Universe?"

The words of her mother rolled through Delphine's mind as gentle hands dabbed at the skinned section of her thigh. It was just the newest injury in a long string of minor injuries she'd acquired in the past 2 months. "Ow." She gently tugged on the brunette dreads of the woman belonging to the probing hands. "Cosima!"

Pushing her glasses up her nose, the woman grinned. Her smile stretched from ear to ear, the points of her canines adding to the effect of mischievous cuteness. "Stop being a wuss, Ruthless." She accentuated her skating name in a mocking tone. "It's just road rash." Leaning forward, she blew gently on the wound, dark hazel eyes looking up through dark eyelashes. "Better?"

Delphine swallowed audibly as she nodded, unable to tear her eyes away. It was completely absurd how quickly she could go from in pain to aroused when the shorter woman was near.

With a smirk, Cosima rinsed off the fresh welled blood before covering it with neosporin and then a bandage. She pulled off her gloves with a snap, tossing them in the trash. "As much as I love you in your uniform, and I do cause this skirt really shows off your ass, how about you get changed and we can go celebrate coming in second place."

"Second place out of two is not something to celebrate, ma cherie."

That grin reappeared as hands slipped up strong thighs. "Oh I don't know about you, but I certainly don't mind...coming second."

"Merde." Delphine pushed the woman away, wincing as she rolled off the padded table. She could still feel the soft, lingering touch on her skin as she made her way to her locker, pulling out her duffle bag and dropping her roller skates into them. The touch became physical again around her midsection as a warm presence appeared behind her, hands slipping around to unbutton her uniform. "Cosima..." She protested even as she leaned back against the touch with a sigh, completely unable to resist the lure of the teammate she'd met just a couple months ago.

She had been shopping with her sister, both preparing for the most recent pageants that their mother had enrolled them in when her life had changed forever. Four women, dressed in torn clothes and rambunctious attitudes, had come into the vintage store she'd been lingering in, feet strapped to roller skates. They had playfully pushed each other, nearly crashing into the register as they dropped off the stack of fliers.

Roller Derby.

Delphine was pretty sure that all her mother's insistence on working out was not intended for the dangerous contact sport, but there she was, one of the fastest skaters in the league thanks to the constant work outs, lured in by the promise of adventure and cemented in by the strong arms of

one particular team mate. Lips brushed down her neck as the buttons of her uniform were undone, the material slipping off her shoulders.

"Goddamn it you two!" A voice from the locker room door shouted, echoing off the walls of the empty room.

Jumping just slightly, Delphine felt the lips on her skin laughing. She covered her face, embarrassed. This was all so new to her and she was definitely not used to the constant teasing they were subjected to on behalf of their team.

Cosima turned to face the voice, finding the remaining members of the team making kissing faces at them, two of them pretending to make out with exaggeration. "Very funny guys." She laughed, finding a nearby helmet to toss at the group. "Why don't you guys go on ahead to Hot Tub's? We'll catch up with you."

"Sure you will." The brunette with a British accent snickered as they turned and left.

Delphine cleared her throat, tucking her uniform into her bag. Just another thing her mother would completely be against if she knew about it. She'd never thought about bi-sexuality, at least not for herself. While she always found women to be beautiful, she never found herself attracted to any of them...until she met Cosima. Looking back now, she knew it had been an instant connection the moment her eyes fell on the quirky woman with the glowing smile that lit up her entire face. It had been less than a week after meeting that she'd found herself sitting in the brunette's car, bashfully confessing her growing confusion and attraction. That of course was two months ago and she'd since then accepted it as a part of who she was.

"Now...where were we?" Cosima appeared suddenly.

Delphine turned, her own grin tugging at her lips as she found herself pinned to the lockers suddenly, strong hands pinning her wrists above her head. In just her bra and a skirt, the delicious heat of Cosima's body pressed against hers deflected the chill of the cold metal against her back and she leaned down to bump her nose against the smaller woman's, smiling.

"Guess what."

"What?" When the hands released her wrists in favor of slipping around her waist, Delphine let her arms rest on the woman's shoulders, her fingers toying with the short hairs close to her neck. She hummed softly as lips brushed along the line of her jaw.

Cosima smiled against her neck. "I love you."

The words slipped into Delphine's ear, filling her with warmth that radiated outwards. Was this what love felt like? The flutter of anxiety was overshadowed by the pure joy she felt. No wonder there were so many cheesy songs and poems about it. Everything she'd been feeling for the past 2 months made sense suddenly. "Je t'aime." She whispered as she turned, capturing soft lips in a kiss.

No matter what happened in the future, pageants or championship matches, nothing could take this away from her. Not her mother, not her rambunctious team mates. None of it mattered except the hands that were now tangled in her blonde curls and the soft moan that she wasn't sure belonged to herself or Cosima.

Cosima broke off the kiss, chuckling softly. "We should probably head to that party." Even as she said it, her hands slid down along the long expanse of pale skin.

"Yeah..." Delphine felt her own body betraying her as the hand unfastened the skirt, the material

fluttering to the ground silently. "We probably should."

Her hand slipping down the front of the tiny spandex shorts Delphine wore, Cosima nipped her way to soft lips. "Totally...in a minute." She mumbled just before lips crushed against hers hungrily.

# What Makes You Happy

## Chapter Summary

Canonish Cophine planning a wedding.

"Cosima?"

"Shhhh."

There was a soft ruffling of the comforter and the bed bowed slightly. "Cosima?" The voice was right in her ear.

"Shhhhh" Cosima pulled the comforter over her head, burrowing into the quasi darkness.

There was a rich laughter as hands slipped under the covers, caressing the closest bit of skin they could find. "Cosssiiiiimma."

There was a groan as Cosima trapped the hands between the mattress and her body. "Go away."

"You are on my hand, mon amour." There was more laughter.

Throwing the covers back, Cosima glared at the blonde who was fully dressed in a white blouse and a black skirt. "Why are you dressed?" She sleepily reached out a hand to caress a bare knee.

Delphine shook her head, gold curls shaking slightly in the sunlight pouring in the windows.

"You are impossible to wake up some times." She leaned forward and brushed her lips across the shorter woman's. "We have an appointment with the caterer." She smoothed back the wild dreads, trying to get her sleepy companion to wake up.

"I don't care." Cosima grumpily snuggled around the form on the bed.

"Yes you do care." Delphine rolled her eyes, pulling the comforter away, her eyes lingering over the form that was just in a sleep shirt that had ridden up high enough to be highly inappropriate. She couldn't stop herself from reaching out to pinch the soft flesh, getting rewarded with a soft swat.

"Ouch, asshole." Cosima pulled the blanket back over her body, rolling away from the blonde.

"Merde." Delphine rolled her eyes, moving to the foot of the bed. She grabbed the edge of the blanket and with one firm tug, yanked the comforter off the bed and its occupant.

"What the shit!"

Hands planted firmly on hips, Delphine gave the brunette a look that could melt steel. "Cosima you will get out of this bed right now or I will go to the caterer alone and tell them you would like the entire reception to consist of foie gras and escargot!"

Sitting up instantly, Cosima glared at the woman. "You wouldn't dare."

"Oh yes I would." Delphine dared. "I haven't had foie gras in ages. Ce est magnifique!"

Now Cosima pouted. "All those poor ducks."

Rolling her eyes, Delphine began gathering an outfit for the brunette. "They're geese, not ducks."

"Still..." Cosima sighed heavily. "I'm marrying a murderer."

"If you don't get your ass out of bed, you may not be." Delphine took the outfit into the bathroom, returning to Cosima sitting on the edge of the bed. "Cosima...come on. We are going to be late."

"All this wedding stuff is exhausting, Delphine. Do you know what I had to do yesterday? I had to get poked and prodded by a very not nice old lady threatening to stab me with sewing needles everytime I moved."

"I was there, Cosima. I heard you complaining from the other room." Delphine blew out a long breath of air. "I thought you wanted this, Cosima. I asked if you wanted the big wedding with all our friends and your sisters..."

Cosima shrugged. "I can't say no to you, Delphine."

Biting her bottom lip, Delphine knelt in front of the woman. "Cosima. Why didn't you tell me this? I just want you to be happy. Tell me what you want. If you want to have a big wedding with a huge party and elegant meals, we can do that. If you want a small gathering with just a tower of doughnuts in the backyard, we can do that too."

That got a smile out of Cosima. "I just want to marry you."

"Ok." Delphine took Cosima's hand, running her thumb over the engagement ring she'd purchased months ago. "So what do you want? Do you just want to go to the magistrate? Or we can have a small party? Anything you want, Cosima." Delphine grinned, bringing the woman's hand to her lips. "What do you want, Cosima?"

Tilting her head to the side, Cosima grinned, a sudden idea coming to her. "You're gonna laugh."

Delphine captured the woman's face, pulling her in for a soft kiss. "If I laugh I laugh, but I will still do it." She bumped her nose against the brunette's. "Now tell me what your silly idea is."

Two Weeks Later

Five shot glasses slammed down on the table at almost the same time, joining 25 other glasses in neat rows of 5.

"I win!" Cosima yelled, throwing her hands up in victory.

"No way!" Sarah shook her head as she threw her own hands up in protest. "I fucking won that one."

"Dreads totally won." Tony sat back with a grimace, signalling the waitress as he threw his arm around Felix. "We gonna go another round?"

Delphine grimaced, sipping her water. "Non, I cannot."

Cosima laughed softly, leaning over to brush her lips against Delphine's, tasting the whiskey on them. She wrinkled her nose. "You taste like liquor." She could feel the warmth of the drinks they'd been racing through starting to spread through her body, lifting any inhibitions she already had. She leaned in for another kiss, her tongue darting out to explore the woman's mouth. "Yeah you definitely taste like Jamesons'."

With a laugh, Delphine nipped her bottom lip. "Good thing you married me already." She pulled Cosima forward for a deeper kiss, her fingers tangling in the brunette dreads, the kiss rough enough to bruise her lips.

"You need to take that shit to your room already." Sarah nudged Cosima in the shoulder, shaking her own head.

"I think she has a good idea, mon amour." Delphine whispered in Cosima's ear, her teeth nibbling on the soft ear lobe. "I'll make it worth your while."

The small group cheered as Cosima nodded and the couple slipped out of the booth. "You guys are fucking ridiculous." Cosima glared at the group, sticking her tongue out at them as she was pulled towards the elevator, passing Alison and Helena stabbing at the buttons of slot machines. She soon found herself cornered in the elevator, lips travelling down her throat. She could feel the buzz from the warmth of alcohol mingling with the warmth of Delphine's body.

They stumbled into the hotel room together, clothes piling on the floor before they practically fell into bed. It was Delphine who slowed things down, running her fingertips down the brunette's neck. "Are you happy?"

Cosima nodded, running her hand through blonde hair. "I didn't have to sit through some obnoxiously pompous dinner, our parents aren't out thousands of dollars, and I'm here with my girl...my wife...what else do I need?"

Delphine grinned, kissing her way down the nearby neck. "To consummate the marriage." She answered before she captured the soft lips.

# A Day in the Life

## Chapter Summary

Teen Clone Club, guest starring pair ProPunk

Cosima hummed softly as thin fingers ran through her hair, gently massaging and scratching her scalp. "You are totally making me change my mind about that appointment this weekend. She had an appointment to get her hair locked into dreads, having been saving her allowance for two months...well what was left of her allowance after the necessary purchases of party favors.

Delphine giggled, leaning down to kiss the head that was in her lap. "Mmm I'm not going to be able to do this anymore, ma cherie, so I'm getting as much as I can in." They were both still a little giddy from the joint they had smoked earlier, trading puffs and touches until they were eventually kicked out of the room by Cosima's foster sister.

Cosima nodded as the French girl ran her fingers through the long brown locks, enjoying the quiet closeness of a weekend. Her foster mother, Mrs. S, was off at work as she normally was on Saturdays, having a houseful of kids to clothe and feed. "Guess you're gonna have to run your hands other places." She smirked, turning her head to playfully bite a nearby knee.

"Ouch. Cosima!." Delphine tugged on the locks in her hand. "You are such a brat."

"Mmm, good thing you love me." Cosima reached up and tugged her down for another kiss. It was getting close to the time that Mrs. S would be walking in so she knew they couldn't go much further than kissing at the moment. She was enjoying the soft exploration of a warm tongue when a door upstairs opened and slammed shut. She pulled away when there was a soft click of heels on the wooden stairs.

The upstairs door opened again. "Oi, Rachel, hold up."

With a knowing smirk, Cosima scrambled to sit up, looking over the edge of the couch, attempting to be discreet.

"Sarah, I'm late." The voice was sharp, a British accent adding to the effect. "You know how much I dislike tardiness." The girl standing on the stairs had the posture of someone who didn't take no for an answer very often, her clothes ironed pristinely, not a single strand of her platinum blonde bob out of place.

"Would suck to show up at your boyfriend's house without your knickers, yeah?" Sarah smirked as she stepped down to the same step as the girl, tucking a small ball of material into her bag. "Same time tomorrow?" She moved just a bit closer.

"We'll see about that." As if unable to resist, she moved forward quickly, pressing a rough kiss against Sarah's lips before turning and continuing her way down the stairs. As she reached the bottom of the stairs, she turned towards the couch and saw Cosima and Delphine watching her. "What are you staring at?"

Cosima smirked. "Absolutely nothing. We didn't see a thing."

Stopping at the door, Rachel paused. "Good. Keep it that way." She commented coldly before leaving, slamming the door behind her.

With a roll of her eyes, Cosima settled back in her previous position with her head in Delphine's lap, giving Sarah a look as she dropped onto the single seat. "I cannot believe you, Sarah. She is such a bitch."

With a smirk, Sarah threw her legs over the arm of the chair, typing into her phone. "Yeah well, you'd believe it if you knew how she was in bed." She chuckled at Cosima's disgusted look. "She likes it rough, let me tell you that."

Cosima cringed. "Ugh, Delphine kiss me and wipe that thought out of my brain." She pulled the blonde down, easily losing herself in the soft exchange.

Just then the front door opened, the tall older woman entering with her arms full of paper bags.

Delphine was quick to push Cosima off her lap, standing up to help the older woman with her groceries.

She was rewarded with a relieved look from Mrs. S. "Thank you Delphine. Are you staying for dinner, Chicken?"

With her cheeks burning, Delphine nodded. "Oui, merci."

Mrs. S. knocked Sarah's legs off the arm of the chair. "Was that dreadful girl here again? I thought I saw her car driving away." She put her hand on her hip. "I thought I said I didn't want her in this house again."

"That's not fair!" Sarah stood up. "You let Delphine come over all the time and all they do is get high and shag like bloody rabbits."

"Well Delphine has better manners and doesn't call her elders 'low-life potato-grubbers'. Cosima..." Mrs. S gave Cosima a pointed look, getting rewarded with an innocent grin. "Cosima is a straight A student who actually goes to school and doesn't get arrested for shoplifting."

Cosima chose that moment to escape into the kitchen where Delphine was standing over the bags of groceries, her cheeks blazing red. "Those must be the most interesting carrots ever." She wrapped her arms around the blonde's waist, looking over her shoulder.

Pulling away, Delphine shook her head. "It is embarrassing." She sighed softly as she leaned against the table, watching Cosima begin to put the groceries away.

"Ignore it. Sarah is a bitch." Cosima bumped her as she made her way to the pantry with an armful of canned goods.

As if on queue there was a slammed door at the top of the stairs just as Mrs. S entered. "Thank you for putting those away girls. Cosima if you could keep the ground turkey out." She smiled as she sat down at the table, glad to be off her feet for a few minutes. She watched as the two girls worked together putting things away, noting how each was very conscious of where the other was at all times. She wasn't the strictest of parents, and some would even be appalled at how she would ignore things like Sarah's earlier comments or how Cosima and Delphine had suddenly disappeared together into the pantry, emerging minutes later with a telltale blush on the blonde's face and a smirk on her foster daughter's. "Cosima?"

Cosima paused in her refilling of the flower canister, hearing that familiar tone in her foster mother's voice. "I didn't do it. Whatever it is it was either Sarah or Alison. I was in my room."

Rolling her eyes, Mrs. S. threw a small handful of blueberries at the cheeky teen, nearly laughing at the surprised look. "You know that if you ever let your grades drop or start cutting school that you will be under the same restrictions as Sarah, no matter how sweet Delphine is."

"Like that would ever happen. Unlike Sarah, I actually like school."

"Good." Mrs. S. nodded. "Now pick up that mess so I can start cooking." She pointed at the berries on the floor.

Cosima was about to protest when Delphine quickly covered her mouth. "Not a problem, Mrs. S." She responded for the brunette, quickly bending down to find the berries.

"You see, this is why she's allowed over when I'm not here. She's smart." Mrs. S. said with a laugh, picking up the tabloid she'd purchased, waiting for the girls to finish up.

# Take a Deep Breath

## Chapter Summary

Canon Cophine; Cosima goes in for an exam

"Take a deep breath and hold it until you hear the beep."

Closing her eyes, Cosima took a breath slowly, feeling the tightness in her chest as she waited for the beep. She was feeling the inkling of a cough surfacing just as the beep sounded and she exhaled, clearing her throat. It was a feeling she was used to since her symptoms first started. The room was colder than she would like and she wasn't just thinking temperature wise. The xray tech came out with another slide, pulling the one from the machine.

"Just one more." The tech pat her on the shoulder in almost a condescending manner she disappeared into the side room again. "Take a deep breath and hold it until you hear the beep."

This time her eyes rolled as she took the breath. There was a soft beep a little sooner this time and she exhaled, shaking her limbs out just to get her blood flowing a little more.

"Do you know the way back to the exam room?" The young tech spoke with a perky smile.

"I practically live here. Of course I know my way back to the exam room." Cosima shrugged on the knit sweater, thankful for the small comfort as she made her way down the sterile halls, her feet carrying her down the hallways on autopilot as her mind went over her body's symptoms. Ethan's notes had taken weeks to decipher, but once they had been, they'd come up with several possible solutions. The first "cure" had her on her knees, vomiting every morning, unable to keep anything down. There were no positive results. They were currently a month into the second set of trials. She didn't feel the negative side effects this time, but she also didn't feel many positive effects either. Should she?

Cosima slipped into the small room, shutting the door as she made quick work of slipping into her day clothes. There was a quick rap on the door before it opened. A familiar head stuck in, straight blonde hair cascading over the woman's shoulders. God she missed the curls. Delphine was beautiful no matter what her hair looked like, but she wished there was a little less business in her persona now. "Hey."

Delphine closed the door behind her so that Cosima could continue getting dressed. "I take it the doctor has not come yet."

Shaking her head, Cosima slipped her sweater on again over her clothes. She looked at the blonde who, for all intents and purposes, looked calm. Upon closer look, however, she could see the flushed neck and the drop of sweat slipping down one temple. A small smile tugged at her lips. "Did you run here?"

She was rewarded with the most adorable look as Delphine bit her bottom lip guiltily. "I didn't want to be late but there was a meeting. I tried to get here sooner."

"Relax. I get it. You've got a lot of shit to deal with in that..." Cosima pursed her lips, shaking her head. "You know what, nevermind. Thank you for coming." She was so done arguing about the

blonde's position at DYAD.

Both women jumped slightly at the knock on the door, the doctor popping in. "Hey guys."

"Hey Doc." Cosima gave him a grim look.

Delphine just nodded. Months ago it had been her job to do this but after more fights than she could remember, they had changed to a neutral party, Dr. Spaulding.

"What's the damage?" Cosima moved over to the xray panel as the slides were snapped into place.

"I'll let you see." He turned the light on, illuminating the films.

Cosima pushed her glasses further up her nose as she looked at the films, her brows furrowing.

Delphine stepped up behind her, looking at the films. At first, she thought maybe they were the wrong films. They couldn't possibly be right.

Cosima was the first to speak. "Holy shit." It wasn't the most scientific of responses, but it covered the basics. She looked down as a hand slipped into her own, her eyes drifting up to find light hazel eyes shaking slightly.

"I'm going to want you to come back in next week so we can get a closer look, break out the cameras." Dr. Spaulding grinned. "But for right now, I'm going to need you ladies to go home, drink some champagne, celebrate a little." He took the films down and handed them to the couple, knowing they wanted them. "I'll call you with the details for the procedure."

When he disappeared out the door, Cosima looked at Delphine, a shocked look still on her face. "Holy shit." The films had looked 100% normal, not a single sign of polyps in her lungs or anywhere else.

Unable to stop herself, Delphine pulled the woman into her arms, nearly lifting her off her feet. "You did it, mon amour." Over the past few months things had been very touch and go and she rarely initiated physical contact anymore. This time, however, she couldn't resist.

Cosima felt like she was going to explode, instead deciding to pull the blonde down for a kiss. Despite everything: the lying, the betrayals, the fights and the disagreements. Despite Leekie, despite Shay and everyone else that had tried to get in their way, this was where she belonged. She knew that she wouldn't be alive if not for the woman who had given her the strength to go on when she was close to giving up. Now, thanks to Ethan's work, they didn't have a ticking clock over their head, counting down the days they had remaining.

When they broke off the kiss, Delphine grinned. "What do you want to do, ma cherie?"

Her fingers toying with the strands of hair, Cosima grinned. "Well, we can start with the champagne, but since I'm not dying, I'd really like to start living." With a chuckle, she pulled the blonde back down for another kiss.

# Wake Me Up Inside

## Chapter Notes

Just a 600 word canon short in response to some of the spoilers that have been coming out this week. 2 fanfic easter eggs in celebration of Easter in this one if you can find them.

As she woke up, Delphine groaned, a hand sliding up her abdomen. "Mmmm. Morning, ma cherie." Opening her eyes, she found dark hazel eyes not far from her own. Her lips were captured for a slow, lingering kiss that summoned a smile from her half-conscious state. "Why are we awake so early?"

Cosima chuckled. "Well..." She nuzzled the woman's neck. "You're kinda naked..." Her hand slid over bare skin. "I kinda think you're super sexy..." Her hand slipped between the strong thighs. "And I kinda think you were having a really nice dream."

Delphine groaned at the fingers that pressed closer. "I was." She felt lips travelling down her throat. "I was dreaming about you and me and we were in a western of some sort." She bit her bottom lip.

"And?" Cosima paused, looking up at the blonde. Her hand tangling in dreads, she rocked her hips against the exploring fingers. "I was wearing a white cowboy hat, and you were in boots. We were in a barn, hiding from...Alison's husband...and Paul."

The brunette head popped up, her fingers stalling. "What?" Cosima tilted her head with a questioning look. "You were dreaming about Paul and Donnie?"

Delphine shook her head quickly. "Non, I was dreaming about you." Her hand covered the woman's, urging the fingers to continue moving against her. "Your hair was different, but it was all you, dressed in jeans and a button down shirt, but that didn't last long." She arched her back as lips closed around a nipple. "Mmmm, it was just me and you in the hayloft on a blanket, hidden behind these bunches of hay..."

"Hay bales." Cosima commented before returning her attention to a breast.

"Whatever." Delphine was finding it harder to think. "Merde." She groaned. She could feel herself unraveling beneath the fingers, her body still aroused from her dream. In her dream the touch had felt so real, like she could feel the warm sun on her skin and the straw poking into her back, but now that she was awake, it felt even more intense, a moan ripping from her throat.

"Do you like being woken up like this?" The whisper moved past her ear, a tongue tracing the lobe.

Delphine nodded quickly, her nostrils flaring as the fingers pressed into her.

"Tell me you love me."

"Je t'aime!" Delphine responded quickly.

"Then why did you leave me?"

Delphine's eyes shot open, the darkness of the room swallowing her whole. The first thing she was aware of was the coldness of the sheets tangled around her. "Fuck." She shook her head, trying to clear the dream from it as she rolled out of bed. She checked her phone on the nightstand. 3:24 a.m. and one missed text.

*Marion: Meeting with Colonel Richardson at 10 a.m. Review email sent. Do not be late.*

With a heavy sigh, Delphine set her phone back down, looking around the hotel room. Reaching behind her blindly, she pulled the pillow to her chest, breathing in the scent from the t-shirt wrapped around it. Her senses were flooded with Cosima, both her perfume and just her natural scent. It was only in these hours when she wasn't entertaining military personnel or business folks, when she wasn't overseeing lab tests or subjects, that was when she was able to take a minute to herself to remember exactly what it was she was doing it all for.

It was going to work out in the end.

It had to.

# The First and Last Time

## Chapter Notes

This is just complete mushy fluff. AU cophine.

The first time I see her, she's moving in next door. I'm just 14, but I'm a junior. I can't help it, the work is too simple for me. I've always been told I'm beautiful, but she...she is gorgeous. I spent all Summer questioning if maybe I was paying too much attention to the Camp Counselor, but now looking outside my bedroom window at her brown hair pulled into dozens of braids and smirking lips as she held a puppy in her hands, I can definitely say I am attracted to girls.

At least this girl.

She looked up at my window and I can feel the breath robbed from my lungs, taking a step backwards hoping she didn't catch me staring.

"Delphine?" My mother looks at me expectantly, her accent stronger than my own. The move from Paris was hard on her and she's prohibited the use of French until she was fluid in English. So far, it's only been half effective and it's been two years. "Cookies. For neighbors, non?" She's holding a plate up and I can't help but wonder where these cookies came from. She doesn't bake. She doesn't even cook. "They have a daughter." She says this like it's some sort of way to entice me.

Then it hits me. She's asked me to go speak with them. To speak with the beautiful angel I've more than likely been caught spying on.

"Go, Delphine."

Grabbing the plate, I can't help but hang my head in dread. Mozart's Requiem plays in my head as I walk out my front door, plate in hand, fear in my heart. She's standing next to our fence. It's only four feet high but I'm realizing now how short she is. God she's adorable. Of course she would be a pint-size version of the mona lisa...with braids and glasses.

"Hey."

Merde. Again I'm caught staring, and apparently she's talking to me. There's a scratchiness in her voice and it wraps around my heart, my lungs, my stomach, my everything. I can't think, I can't breathe. I can't speak.

"Do you speak English?" That smirk pulls a little more at her lips. She's making fun of me and I'm bordering on making a complete fool of myself.

"Yes, sorry." I suddenly remember there's cookies in my hand and I'm thrusting them her way, bumbling like a child. "Cookies, from my maman." It seems that in the last 2 minutes of my life, I've forgotten how to form a simple sentence.

Bending to set the puppy down, she accepts the cookies and our fingers brush just slightly, nearly turning my knees to jello. Looking down at the plate, she tilts her head to the side. "They're not poison are they?"

"Non!" I say a little too quickly. "My maman didn't even bake them. I'm pretty sure they are from the grocery."

She's laughing. It's like angels falling from heaven and landing on my eardrums. Is it possible to fall in love at first sight? It has to be possible, cause if not I've surely lost my sanity. "That doesn't prove they're not poisoned." She peels back the plastic and picks one up, offering it to me. "Just in case."

I don't even know what my brain was doing because the next thing I know my teeth are biting into the cookie she's holding out and her eyebrows are hitting her hairline, part of her bottom lip captured between teeth, revealing a pointed incisor. I should have taken it from her with my hand. I'm realizing this now. She was offering me the cookie to take and I only took a bite. She's watching me chew and I'm sure my cheeks are burning because I can feel the odd tingling sensation in them. My heart is beating a million beats per minute and when I see her lift the bitten cookie to her own lips, it stops completely. I'm dead, or dying, or just finding life because she's biting the same cookie that I just did.

When I've swallowed and frantically wiped the crumbs from my lips, I hold out my hand. "Delphine."

"Cosima." She takes my hand but doesn't shake it.

It's a tender embrace in the form of fingers and palms and the sweetness of her smile melts away my nervousness. "Enchantee."

Now her smile widens. "Enchantee." Her accent is horrible...so much so I feel the need to offer to teach her how to speak French properly...no matter how long it takes.

It's years later, we're standing in the same spot but the fence is gone now, replaced at least for now by an arch of flowers and vines intertwined. She takes my hand but doesn't shake it. She doesn't shake it, but her hand is shaking as it slips a ring on my finger to mirror the one I had put on her own. "I, Cosima, take you Delphine, to be my beautiful, genius, funny, and gloriously patient wife, to love and honor, till...well forever...because not even death could stop me from loving you."

Ten years and she still makes me laugh. Ten years and that small smirk on her lips can still send a flutter through my stomach.

"Well then. By the power invested in me by a bunch of stuffy old white guys in the state building..." Felix...we're being married by her dealer. It's so Cosima, I don't even know what to say. "I now announce you lezzies partners for life. You may now kiss the bride...but try to keep it rated G for the granny, yeah?"

Her lips quirk in a grin and she curls a finger at me in a come-hither move. The second our lips touch my heart skips a beat. She's given me this arrhythmia that can't be healthy, but I can't live without her. I can hear my heart beating in my ear and I realize it's clapping and cheering. I laugh as we break apart and she's nuzzling my nose in a move that's all Cosima.

"Think we can get away with ditching the reception and skipping straight to the wedding night?"

I laugh. Every day I'm with her I laugh a dozen times or more. "My mother would kill you because she would know it was your idea."

She gives me a look that's so endearing, I'm 14 again, falling in love for the first and last time of my life.



## Adults Only

### Chapter Notes

As intriguing as the title is, this is G rated lol. I don't even know what this is it has no storyline whatsoever. Just pure fluff.

"Can you stop throwing this, please?" For the third time, Delphine picked up the spoon, taking it to the sink and washing it quickly before walking over to the small chair and leaning close to it's inhabitant. "Throw it again and you're in big trouble, Angelique."

"Mum mum mum mum!" The infant laughed, swinging applesauce covered fists at her.

"Yeah yeah yeah." Delphine smiled as she wrapped the tiny sticky fingers around the spoon. "Your mommy has been letting you get away with not using your spoon too much."

"Beck!" The infant laughed again, tossing the spoon.

Delphine put her hand on her hips, tapping her foot. "You are such a brat, very much like your mommy."

"Who's a brat?" Cosima stepped into the kitchen, a grin on her face.

"Mamamamama!" The baby's eyes lit up, hands reaching up towards the brunette.

"Tiny you is a brat." Delphine sighed softly. "You're late...as always." She tried to hold back a smile but failed as an arm slipped around her waist, pulling her close for a kiss. "Can you get her to eat something, please?"

Cosima chuckled, nodding before giving her another quick kiss. "As you wish, my lady." She plucked a spoon out of the drawer and pulled a chair up in front of the highchair. "Hey Angel. What ya got here?"

The baby squealed, bringing her fist up to her cheek.

Cosima mimicked the sign. "Apples? Are you eating apples?" She laughed as she showed the spoon and the baby shook her head. "Oh this? This is mine." She scooped a small bit up and put it in her mouth. "Mmmmm. Yum."

Delphine watched as her partner did that two more times before their daughter howled in anger, lifting her fingertips to her lips in the eat sign.

"Oh you want some now?" Cosima wrapped the tiny hand around the spoon and watched as she took a bite. "Good girl!" She looked back at Delphine and gave her a cocky wink. "

She wanted to be upset. She'd been trying to get their daughter to eat for the past 30 minutes, but the look on both their faces as each bite was taken...well she couldn't be angry at that. "Hey, I'm going to get the laundry. Can you get her cleaned up when you're done?"

"Yeah, totally." Cosima smiled and Delphine couldn't resist leaning over for another kiss.

Delphine sighed softly as she retrieved the laundry from the basement, taking a moment to look around the finished room. Cosima had insisted on turning it into the spare bedroom for whenever one of her siblings needed a place to crash, which was more often than she thought. She laughed softly to herself and carried the basket of clothes up the stairs. Five years ago she had been the Director of the DYAD institute, running an illegal cloning experiment. Five years and suddenly she was playing Susie home-maker. The absurdity of the situation made her shake her head as she began to fold the tiny clothes. Now she just taught at the University, her schedule cut down to only Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays while Cosima was working in a small lab, having finished her doctorates.

"Vroooooom!" Cosima came running into the room with the baby held out horizontally, both laughing gleefully.

"Hey hey hey. Come on Cosima. She just ate." Her wife had a tendency of forgetting that their tiny bundle was the best at projectile regurgitation.

Cosima laughed, falling backwards onto the bed. "Sorry Mama."

Delphine sighed softly as the piles of folded clothes fell over. "Merde." She reached over and began restacking the clothes, shooting daggers at the brunette. There had been no doubt in her mind that Cosima was going to be a great mother, but she wasn't planning on dealing with two children.

"Is that Mama D using bad words in front of the baby? Nooooo, that can't be." She set the baby down, propping the pillows behind her so she wouldn't fall over. "Sorry, Delphine." She adjusted her position and pulled over the stack of cloth diapers, careful to fold them to the blonde's standards. "So...I have a surprise for you."

"Oh yeah?" Delphine smiled, looking over at the brunette, watching how she was folding. The brunette's folding skills tended to lean more towards the 'roll it in a ball and it's folded' method. "Is this like that surprise that ended with me having to clean spaghetti sauce off all the surfaces of the kitchen?"

Cosima rolled her eyes, laughing. "No. I've learned my lesson from that one." She chuckled softly. "It's a surprise." She slipped off the bed and picked up the baby. "Come and Angel. Let's go change your diaper. I can smell you from here." She wrinkled her nose, quickly kissing Delphine's cheek on the way out.

Delphine sighed as she gathered the piles of clothes in the basket. Most of the time the brunette's surprises didn't turn out well, but she was definitely glad that after five years together, the woman was still trying to surprise her. With a smile, she carried the basket into the nursery to see Cosima packing a diaper bag. "What are you doing?"

"I..." Cosima grinned as she was interrupted by the doorbell. "Wanna get that?"

Giving her a suspicious look, Delphine turned and got the door. To her surprise, Alison was on the other side of it. "Alison!" Stepping to the side, she allowed the woman to come in.

"Hello Delphine." She lifted a large plastic bag with take out containers stacked in it. "Here you go."

Delphine's brows furrowed as she accepted the bag. "Ok..." It looked like food. She guessed this was the surprise, but she couldn't figure out why Alison was delivering it.

"Hey Auntie Alison!" Cosima appeared suddenly with the baby and the packed diaper bag. "Say

goodbye to Mama D."

Her eyebrows raising, Delphine accepted the baby, giving her a kiss on the cheek. "I don't know where you are going, but I'll miss you."

"I see Cosima has been forthcoming as always." Alison accepted the wiggling form that gave her a sloppy kiss on the cheek. "Hello Angelique. Are you ready to come spend the night with me and your cousins?"

"Her formula and food are in the main pocket as well as a bazillion extra sets of clothes and diapers." Cosima asked as she handed over the bag as well. "I also put her favorite book in there for tonight. You have the car-seat?"

"Of course I do. What did you think I was going to do? Just fasten her in the front seat?" Alison rolled her eyes. "I'll see you two in the morning at 10 am sharp."

Cosima leaned over and kissed their daughter's cheek, handing over a small stuffed rabbit. "Call us if she gives you any trouble."

Closing the door as the woman left, Delphine turned to Cosima, still shocked by the recent turn of events. "Did we just trade our baby for dinner?"

Cosima laughed, taking the bag and leading the way to the kitchen. "So I was at work but absentmindedly thinking about my super sexy wife and I was thinking that you and I have not had an adults only night in a really long time." Setting the bag on the prep island, she began pulling out the containers. "Whoa..."

Delphine smiled softly, pinning the woman to the counter. "It definitely has been a while." She captured soft lips in a kiss. "Thank you, mon amour." She caressed the woman's cheek. "As always...you have the best ideas." She leaned forward for another kiss before a thought occurred to her. "Did you remember her pacifier? You know she..." She was cut off by another kiss, arms slipping around her neck to pull her down.

Cosima chuckled against her lips, her body fitting perfectly against the taller frame. "Trust me. I remembered everything."

Delphine smiled at that, her hand dropping to begin working on the shorter woman's belt. "Everything?"

Looking down, Cosima grinned. "Yeah...totally."

# Lifestream

## Chapter Notes

This is an Underworld AU, takes place after the first movie.

"I'm fine!" Delphine growled as the door to the storage unit was closed and her frantic partner lit one of the candles she'd brought in from the truck. The air was warm and stale, but the sun was up, as was evident with the burns that were slowly healing. Hands captured her face, turning it towards the light. "Cosima..."

"Delphine...Let me see." The shorter woman was dripping wet, but her medical training was preventing her from doing anything but making sure the blonde was ok. A small smile tugged at her face when she saw the marks disappearing. "Are you in any pain?"

Delphine shook her head but she couldn't hide the color of her eyes even in the candle light. She was hungry. Not the hunger that was sated with wine or the food she'd consumed when she was human. No the hunger that came to her allowed her to hear the woman's heartbeat. She could see the subtle movement beneath the pale skin and she itched to take the smaller form into her arms, to sink her teeth into the side of the soft neck and swallow mouthful after mouthful of the sweet life force that coursed through her veins.

"You're hungry." Cosima smirked, because that's what she did. She'd been through so many horrors these past few days and still she smirked. She'd gone through two transformations. From human to werewolf. From werewolf to...god knows what. A hybrid thanks to Delphine's bite. She was Delphine's child...her creation...but she was also her lover with a superior strength due to the werewolf gene, the same gene that made her immune to sunlight, unlike her sire. She was a werewolf and a vampire, the first to survive a bite from both, the first of her kind, and still she smirked. "Come on. I know you're hungry."

Delphine looked away, unable to hide her hunger, unable to hide her desire. It burned through her like the fire of sunlight, leaving scars deeper than any solar kiss could create, setting her heart aflame like she never thought possible. Over a hundred years old, and she'd never experienced this before. "You were injured." She'd seen it with her own eyes. Her own sire had put a sword through Cosima, trying to sever the hold the brunette had on her. He had tried to remove what he considered a threat to their species. He despised werewolves, and Delphine was raised to walk in his steps, to destroy the creatures that were fighting against their lower station in life. This creature, Cosima, descendant of the original werewolf, she was everything Delphine had been trained to eliminate, and the only thing she felt was a need to protect her. From the first time her eyes locked with the hazel eyes that turned on her in fear down the barrel of a gun, she couldn't muster the strength to pull the trigger.

"That was before you gave me your blood." Cosima shook her head, stripping off her colorful top that was still damp from the water that had flooded the old building they'd fought in. It fell to the floor in a sodden heap, the plop loud in the confined space. She wiggled out of her skirt and leggings, standing before the blonde in just her bra and panties with both arms stretched out. "See. Not a mark." She stepped into the blonde's personal space, daring her to step back.

Licking her lips, Delphine watched as the fingers pulled at the ties of the corset, cursing her choice

of clothing. It seemed to take forever until she felt now-warm hands pushing the leather away from her body, caressing her chilled skin. "Cosima...I don't want to hurt you."

A soft laugh escaped as Cosima reached behind her own back, undoing the clasp of her bra, letting it fall to the floor. "It's cute that you think you can." She stepped closer, her arm wrapping around Delphine's neck, careful not to scare her. She pulled her backwards, towards the stack of blankets she'd arranged, pulling her down onto the surface. "I want you to take what you want, Delphine." She whispered directly into Delphine's ear, tilting her head to the side, revealing the expanse of her neck.

Delphine groaned, her hips settling between spread thighs, legs wrapping around her hips. Heightened senses brought the scent of arousal to her, mingling with the blood she could smell so close to the surface of the brunette's neck. She brushed her lips along the length of the vein there, the steady heartbeat against her lips luring her in to take a bite. Teeth raked across her own neck, not hard enough to puncture, but hard enough to send a thrill through her body as she slipped her fingers past the thin barrier of lace and into the woman's core. She wanted everything the brunette had to offer. Her love, her body, her blood. She wanted it all at the same time and she was anything but gentle as her fingers pushed in and out in-time with the thrusting hips. Nails bit into her shoulder and she growled, brushing lips over hot skin. The siren's call of her blood won out and Delphine was sinking her teeth into the soft flesh, the sweet nectar pouring over her tongue in a fountain of memories and desires. There was a desperate need in the woman's blood, begging her for release and she moved her thumb against the swollen bundle of nerves. With each swallow of the crimson lifestream, she could taste the dopamine and serotonin and it sent a wave of arousal through her own blood. Finally, oxytocin flooded the bloodstream as the woman's body arched into her own. She wanted to take every drop, the pure intoxicating nature of it hitting her in the gut, but she knew it was something she could never do. As the body still trembled, she released her bite, licking her lips and the soft flesh clean of any drops of blood, watching as the wound closed almost instantly.

"Holy fuck." Cosima laughed, laying on her back. "If it didn't kill me, I'd do that every minute of every day." She ran her hand through Delphine's hair, pulling her down for a kiss, her tongue seeking out the tiny remnants of blood that still lingered. "Mmmm."

Her strength renewed, Delphine chuckled, caressing the warm skin. "I can still taste your arousal." She whispered, nipping the skin of her jaw. "You are deliciously beautiful, mon amour." She whispered as hands caressed her skin, pulling her closer. Cosima growled before turning, her movements faster than Delphine could even see. All she knew was that one moment the woman was beneath her and the next moment she was pinned to the blankets, hazel eyes so close to her own.

"I think it's my turn." Cosima whispered, grinding her hips down into the strong abdomen. She had no intention on making it quick but the look in her eye was one of mischief and desire.

# She Likes to Watch

## Chapter Notes

I don't even know what this is. This started off a little innocent sexiness and turned into weird awkward high sex that's very nsfw...

Delphine looked up as the sound of a zipper caught her attention, a smile spreading across her face. "I was wondering how long it would take you to join me."

Closing the tent flap behind her, Cosima grinned at Delphine who was lit up by the small lamp. "Sorry. I had to at least pretend like I wasn't imagining you sitting in here naked...which by the way you're totally not naked. What the fuck Delphine?"

"Well, that's romantic." Delphine rolled her eyes, watching as Cosima slipped her shoes off. "I was hoping you would come in here and undress me."

Her eyebrows raising, Cosima crawled forward, the tent not tall enough to stand up in. She stalked the blonde with a grin, capturing lips hungrily. "You are so hot." She mumbled, kneeling in front of the sitting woman. "Wanna have sex?"

Delphine laughed, her fingers coming up to unzip Cosima's jacket. "I thought that's what we were doing."

"Well yeah... but I just thought I'd make sure." Cosima grin went from ear to ear, pulling off Delphine's sweater and shirt in one move, leaving her in her bra. "Mmm. I really really like your boobs." She grinned, leaning down to brush her lips down a long pale neck.

"Cosima..." Delphine leaned back, tipping the brunette's chin up to look into her eyes. "Ugh did you smoke more after I left?"

Cosima laughed, reaching out to undo Delphine's bra. "Maybe." She pushed Delphine back, undoing her jeans. "So let's get this going before I pass out, ok?"

Delphine huffed but allowed her pants and underwear to be removed before continuing to remove the brunette's clothes. "You are such an ass, Cosima."

Wiggling out of her jeans and panties, Cosima sat up, scooting closer to the blonde. "I brought my harness if you want me to make it up to you."

"You mean you really just want me to fuck myself while you watch." Delphine commented wryly, leaning forward to capture the brunette's lips in a kiss, her hands cupping full breasts. "We can do that." She whispered, pushing Cosima back on her back, pulling the duffle bag over, removing the harness, pursing her lips as she looked at the brunette. "Alright."

"Gimme!" Cosima easily slipped into the harness before laying back, intertwining her fingers behind her head as she watched Delphine picking out which toy she wanted. "You act like you don't know which one you're going to pick."

Raising an eyebrow, Delphine chose one, snapping the shorter marble blue dildo into the harness,

knowing the brunette enough not to trust her in control of a longer one when she was high. "Just to let you know... if you pass out on me I'm going to wake you up by fucking you without any lube." She commented, dripping the clear liquid onto the toy.

"You're hot enough, I wouldn't need any."

With a laugh, Delphine circled dildo with her hand, looking into dark hazel eyes as she slid her hand down the shaft, spread the lube down the length of it. She smirked as Cosima licked her lips, breaking eye contact to take in the vision of the hand moving slowly up the shaft again, then back down. "You like this?"

Cosima nodded slowly, her eyes tracking the hand with lust filled eyes. "I'd like it more if it was your pussy."

"Ugh, don't say that word." Delphine shook her head, straddling the woman's hips.

With a chuckle, Cosima's hands slid up the blonde's thighs. "You know you want it."

With another roll of her eyes, Delphine adjusted her position, fitting the dildo at her entrance before slowly lowering herself down the entire length of it, exhaling softly as she let her body adjust to it. "Cosima..." She caught the woman's gaze. "Are you with me?"

Sitting up, Cosima captured her lips in a kiss, her hands slipping down to grab her ass. "I'm so here." She mumbled against lips as she felt the woman's hips beginning to roll against her.

Breaking off the kiss, Delphine smiled. "Good." She pushed the woman back down. "Stay awake now."

Cosima nodded, watching as the blonde raised her hips before sliding down the length of the dildo again. There was something about watching the silicone toy disappear into the woman's sex that set a fire in her gut and she licked her lips.

Sitting at the campfire, Felix took a deep hit from the joint, holding it in until his lungs burned and he was exhaling.

Sarah refilled the tin cup with scotch, handing it to him.

"You reckon we should tell them to turn off their light?" Felix asked as they watched the silhouettes moving against each other. "You know I always picture Cosima for more of a tongue girl."

Snorting into her drink, Sarah laughed, almost cringing at the sight of the taller form that was no doubt Delphine beginning to speed up her thrusting. "I'm not going in there to tell them."

"So... are we just going to watch then?" Felix laughed into his drink. "That's freaky...watching your sis and her girlfriend... grinding and gyrating."

"Piss off." Sarah pushed him. "She's not really my sister though. We never grew up together. I've got more mental damage from walking in on you blowing Colin."

"Or maybe you like watching Frenchie getting off." Felix teased. "You know... she knows exactly what you look like naked."

Sarah gave her brother a look. "You are seriously effed in the head, Fe." She picked up one of the smaller sticks from the firewood pile, chucking it at the tent. "Oi! Shaggers!" She yelled. "Turn off your bloody light so we don't have to watch!"

There was laughter from Cosima as the light quickly snapped off and the silhouettes disappeared. There was a string of French coming from Delphine for a second before it was cut off suddenly.

"Well, I guess that was a good idea." Felix laughed, turning his attention back to the fire.

# Too Early

## Chapter Notes

fluff! Baby fluff!

Cosima stretched lazily, brushing her lips along the nearby shoulder. "Mmmm. What time is it?" Her arm was draped over a strong stomach, months of working out returning it back to it's previous form, and she pulled herself closer.

"Too fucking early." Came a reply from the darkness, the French accent making even the swearing sound sexy. "Go back to sleep."

At that moment the monitor on the nightstand crackled to life, and a high pitched cry sounded over it. Both women jumped, twin sighs responding.

"Fuck." Cosima buried her face in the woman's shoulder. "Delphine...You've got the milk." She mumbled, not really wanting to give up the safe haven of the bed.

"There's a bottle in the fridge." Delphine grumbled sleepily, not moving an inch.

There was a moment where neither woman moved. "I'll let you tie me up." Came a yawned response.

Delphine grunted. "You'll let me do it anyway." Now there was a smile in the comment, easily heard by her companion.

The crying from the monitor continued.

"Please." Delphine begged, rolling over to place a soft kiss on Cosima's lips. She nuzzled the woman's neck, placing soft kisses along the collarbone before the brunette pulled away.

"Ugh." Dragging herself out of bed, Cosima clumsily reached for her glasses after slipping on a t-shirt. She was soon stumbling down the hallway to the nursery, detouring to the kitchen to set a bottle in the bottle warmer. Rubbing at her eyes, she looked into the crib, smiling at the fussing 9 month old. "Hey kiddo." With a grunt, she lifted the baby up, wrinkling her nose at the wet sleeper. "Ugh...sorry Lily-bug."

She made quick work of changing the diaper and tossing the dirty clothes in the hamper. "Does that feel better, Lily-bug?"

"Mumumumum." The baby reached for her from the table and Cosima grinned, scooping her up.

"Come on. Let's go see if the milk is warm, hmmm?" Retrieving the bottle which had finally reached it's proper temp, Cosima made her way back to the nursery, settling in the soft chair. As the baby began fussing, pulling at her shirt, she rolled her eyes. "Wrong mommy, kiddo." She commented as she offered her the bottle. "Here you go, Lily-bug." She adjusted the baby's hands, getting her to hold the bottle. "There we go." She grinned as she pulled up one of the books from the side pocket of the chair. "Ok, what do we have here?"

Delphine hugged the over-sized cardigan around her as she slipped down the hallway. She could hear Cosima's voice reading softly from the nursery.

"I was wondering,' Hermione said suddenly, 'whether you'd thought any more about Defence Against the Dark Arts, Harry.'" Cosima had the book opened on the thick arm of the chair, her other arm wrapped around the baby that was happily swinging one foot as she drank her bottle. "'Course I have,' said Harry grumpily, 'can't forget it, can we, with that hag teaching us - '"

Delphine laughed at the voice her wife gave Harry, getting the attention of Cosima.

"Well, Sweetie. Look who's up. Did mommy D make me get up and then get up anyway?"

With a smirk, Delphine came into the room, placing a kiss on Cosima's temple before doing the same to Lily's forehead. The baby reached out with one hand towards the blonde but continued to drink from the bottle.

"Couldn't go back to sleep." Delphine ran a hand through her blonde hair, still messy from sleep. "Do you want me to finish with her so you can go back to sleep?"

"I think we're good." Cosima smiled as her lips were captured in a lazy kiss.

Delphine tilted her head to the side, placing one more kiss on the brunette's lips. "You should see if she'll go back to sleep." She suggested, batting her eyes at her wife before getting up to leave, casting one more final look over her shoulder.

Cosima swallowed audibly, looking down at the baby who was staring at her through half closed eyes. "Hey kiddo, I'll give you a hundred bucks to go back to sleep..." She was rewarded with a milky smile around the bottle's nipple. "Not gonna make it that easy for me huh? Figures you and your mommy are working together to drive me crazy. "

"Bck!" Came a milky gurgle as a small hand grabbed for one of her dreads.

# Tacos?

## Chapter Summary

This was a prompt on tumblr which is probably why it's so short. lol.

Delphine isn't sure what it was, what was going on, why she was pulled from slumber. Looking at the clock it's the middle of the night, well closer to morning but still before 5, the room still cast in darkness. Doing a quick check, she reaches out and feels the warm body beside her, still naked, still sleeping.

Maybe she heard a noise?

Maybe DYAD had found out that their breakup was a lie and had sent someone to kill them.

Merde.

Moving quietly, Delphine opened the nightstand drawer, where a small handgun was hidden behind the half empty bottle of Babelube and an almost empty box of truffles. She'd gotten it after returning from Frankfurt, the gun not the lube, and she'd been practicing at the range, but did she really have the conviction to use it? She was about to reach in to get it when she heard another sound, but this time from an unexpected source.

"Ice cream..."

Her brows furrowing, Delphine closed the drawer and turned over in bed. "Cosima?"

"...in the ferret..."

Delphine couldn't believe what she was hearing. So maybe they hadn't spent many nights together, usually one or the other sneaking off before they could fall asleep and risk being caught together, but she didn't recall ever hearing..

"...Sarah stop..."

Leaning closer, Delphine draped her arm over the brunette's bare stomach, her fingers tracing patterns against the soft skin. "What are you dreaming about, ma cherie?"

Cosima shifted slightly in her sleep. "...mmm Delphine..."

Delphine rose an eyebrow, this time moving closer, pressing her lips to the woman's cheek, nuzzling her neck. "What about Delphine?"

"...sexy..." Cosima sighed softly, her eyes darting back and forth behind her eyelids, obviously caught in a dream. "...taco..."

"What?" Delphine laughed a little too loudly, jarring the brunette awake suddenly.

"What the shit?" Cosima rubbed her eyes, blinking repeatedly before turning to the blonde. "Did you just yell at me?"

Delphine laughed fully now, laying back on what was deemed her side of the bed.

Cosima's brow furrowed. "That's rude as shit dude. I was having an awesome dream."

"I'm sorry, Cosima." She turned, leaning on her elbow as she propped herself up slightly. "You were talking in your sleep."

"What?" Cosima gave her a look of disbelief. "No way, I don't talk in my sleep. That's creepy as shit."

Leaning forward to brush her lips against Cosima's, Delphine smiled. "You did, and it wasn't creepy. It was cute." As she shifted closer, her fingertips beginning to travel with intent, she was rewarded with a grin. "Something about ferrets and Sarah...then you said my name and ... tacos?"

Instantly Cosima's face colored a dark red. "Shit."

Confusion coloring her face, Delphine pulled back to look at the brunette. "What? What is the significance of tacos?"

With a chuckle, Cosima pushed the blonde back, instead covering her body with her own. "Let me explain." She whispered as she began to kiss her way down the blonde's body,

## Sticky Kisses

*OK, so I wrote this on saturday before the season finale with the intention of posting it before the episode aired and then the episode aired and...well... yeah... oddly enough I think it's still too early to post fluff but I wanted to get rid of this from my doc app. It's timed around mid season two when they were still Team Science Megaforce*

---

Delphine sighed softly, the paperwork rolled into a thin tube patting against her thigh as she walked down the hall. This was the third complaint from other labs this month and she knew eventually there would be consequences for the rogue scientists that no one really interacted with. Compartmentalization was the thing. So was discretion.

Cosima was not a team player as far as DYAD was concerned. She was beginning to become a liability. Every complaint was an extra worry that someone would come poking around, someone who'd also met Rachel, or someone who had treated Jennifer. Any one of the dozens of employees that were supposed to only have part of the information, not knowing there was a successful fruition of their experiments working among them.

Taking a deep breath, Delphine swiped her badge, stepping into the office. Three things caught her attention almost immediately. One was the soft hum of the extractor fan left on, a sure sign that Cosima was going against her recommendations and was obviously smoking again... and in the lab. The second thing she noticed was the faint herbal smell was overtaken by a sweet scent she had trouble identifying. It was close to the smell of burnt sugar which made her brows furrow. Third, her eyes fell on the back of two forms leaning over one of the lab tables, music coming from a small Bluetooth speaker as their laughter covered the sound of the lab door opening and closing.

"What are you two doing?" Delphine asked, exasperation evident in her voice.

Both scientists jumped, Scott the highest as he began to back away. Cosima rolled her eyes, instead giving Delphine a big grin. "Hey Babe. Want a s'more?"

"A what?" Delphine stopped mid-step, her eyes dropping to what was in Cosima's hand. It looked like something white was impaled on a take out chopstick and was currently held over a Bunsen burner and ... "Cosima!"

Cosima jumped and looked at her treat. "Oh, shit." She laughed as she quickly blew on the flameball, extinguishing the flame. "It's still good." She laughed, sticking the whole thing in her mouth. "Shit hot hot hot." She fanned her mouth, hopping in place.

"What is going on here?" Delphine spoke again, aggravation showing on her face as she looked at Scott who's eyes were red as tomatoes. "Scott you are supposed to help keep her grounded, not let her corrupt you as well."

Scott laughed nervously. "Well we were working..." He let the word carry, looking at Cosima who gave him a warning look. "...on breaking down the synthetic... genetic... stuff..." He grabbed his water bottle and quickly took a drink. "We were too busy to... notice lunch or something... so we took a lunch break and Cosima wanted to make some s'mores."

"What are s'mores?" Delphine didn't even want to bother addressing the lies that were packed into

that one small sentence.

Swallowing the sip of water she'd taken, Cosima coughed slightly. "It's a dessert. Don't you guys go camping in France?"

Delphine's brows furrowed. "Of course. Every year when I would return home from school for Spring holiday my family would book a chalet at the L'Etoile d'Argens Campsite in Cote d'Azur...what does that have to do with anything?"

Cosima's eyebrows lifted to her hairline as she tried to process that. "Ok, so obviously camping for you is totally not the same as it is for me." She dug another marshmallow out of the plastic bag, stabbing it with the chopstick. "It's a dessert you normally make around a campfire, but we don't have one of those here, so that's why we're using our good old friend Mr. Bunsen McFlamystick."

"How much have you two smoked today?"

"Just like one blunt, it's cool." Cosima waved her hand, trying to get Delphine's attention back to her demonstration.

Delphine gave Scott a worried look. His eyelids seemed to be drooping lower and lower. "Scott. I'm going to have one of the interns take you home." She pulled out her phone and sent out a text message to one of the other lab guys she knew could be trusted. "You are in no condition to work today."

"Hey I need his help to prepare the graham crackers." Cosima protested, leaning over and watching as she browned the marshmallow over the small flame, careful not to burn the delicate dessert.

"Go, Scott. Your ride will meet you at security. I will see you tomorrow." Delphine gave him a no-nonsense order, glad when he grabbed his backpack and quickly scampered out.

Cosima growled. "Ok, you have to help me then. Can you just..." As Delphine moved beside her, so close she could feel the heat of the blonde's skin, her nostrils flared, her eyes darting back and forth between the flame and the blonde. "Um, the long cracker over there, can you break it in half along the line, like not long wise, but into like 2 squarish sized pieces."

Setting the paperwork she'd brought for the brunette aside, Delphine rolled her eyes, grabbing the brown cracker, which was really more of a cookie when you thought about how sweet they were, breaking it in half easily and setting it on the paper towel that was covered in crumbs already.

"Cosima, the lab is not the place to cook... whatever this is."

"It totally is, man." Cosima grinned, expertly browning the top side of the marshmallow. "Now, that candy bar, like break off one line of pieces, like three pips in one piece and put it on the flatter side of the cracker.

"What?" Delphine picked up the half eaten bar of chocolate, turning it over to see the design. Her mind going over the possibilities, she quickly figured out what the brunette wanted, breaking off the top line of pieces in one chunk and turned one of the cracker halves flat-side up. "You are seriously going to eat this, Cosima? It has too much sugar."

"Nope." Cosima grinned as she turned off the flame, grabbing the other half of the cracker and using it to scrape the toasted marshmallow onto the chocolate before sandwiching it down.

"You're going to eat it." As she picked up the treat, her grin was so wide it stretched from ear to ear, her tongue poking out from behind her pointed incisors.

Delphine leaned back. "Cosima, non. My teeth ache just looking at it."

Cosima put her best pout on. "Please? For me?"

With a heavy sigh, Delphine gave her a skeptical look, unable to resist the pain in the ass pout. She knew by the look on the woman's face that she wasn't going to give in so there was no use in protesting. "Merde...fine." She reached up to grab it only to have her hand intercepted, dark hazel eyes watching her mischievously as Cosima held out the sandwich. Sensing this was a no-win situation, she leaned forward and took a bite. She didn't expect the sandwich to collapse in on itself, or the marshmallow and melted chocolate to ooze out the sides and a sound of surprise came from her throat as she pulled away from the sandwich, chewing quickly to swallow the over-sweet dessert. She attempted to wipe the mess away only to find her hand was still held captive.

"You have some..." Cosima set the sandwich aside before pulling the blonde down as she lifted herself to the tips of her toes, moving almost in slow motion as her lips and tongue removing the chocolate and marshmallow.

Her arm finally freed, Delphine pulled the brunette closer, both disgusted and aroused as the brunette nibbled her lips, her tongue slipping just past them to meet Delphine's in a very sticky kiss that urged her to pull the woman even closer.

As Cosima broke the kiss, she laughed, licking her own lips that were smudged just slightly with chocolate. "So... what did you think?"

Delphine picked up the paper towel and wiped her lips off. "It was... completely disgusting but..." She grinned, leaning down to place a quick kiss against Cosima's lips. "You are quite delicious and very stoned." She reached up to wipe a bit of marshmallow that was on Cosima's jaw. "I think you are not able to work anymore today."

Cosima's brows furrowed. "You're sending me home?"

"Well..." Delphine drew out the word, stepping closer again into Cosima's personal space. "I think it would be best if I accompanied you home, to make sure you made it safely." Caressing the woman's neck, she smiled. "Wouldn't want anything to happen to you."

Understanding dawning, Cosima nodded solemnly. "Yeah... I think that's an incredibly good idea, like epicly good." She was quick to grab her shoulder bag, turning off the extractor fan. "You know, it would only make sense that you watch over me for the rest of the day. You never know with these recreational drugs and too much sugar."

Delphine just smirked in response.

# Midnight Cravings

## Chapter Summary

Just a tiny nsfw one shot that I wrote while still in bed

She didn't know what time it was when Cosima woke to the feel of lips on her shoulder, a hand palming her bare breast, hips grinding against her ass. All she knew was that this was the best way to wake up. She grinned as the kisses turned open mouthed, tongue and teeth grazing her bare skin, her irregular breathing queuing in the fact that she was awake. She chuckled softly, covering the hand with her own to squeeze just a little harder, her body shifting backwards to press against the moving hips, feeling the tickle of pubic hair and the slickness of arousal.

It was taken as an invitation, and the brunette was rolled over, lips claiming her mouth, a hand drifting down her body in a slow caress. Blinking her eyes open as her lips were freed, the room was completely dark, but her sight adjusted enough for her to see blonde curls suddenly descending her body, hands pressing her thighs open just as suddenly.

She loved the way Delphine fit between her thighs, the feel of her shoulders forcing her wider, something that had occasionally caused bruising when passion took over.

There was no preamble, just the hot feel of a tongue dragging along the length of her sex, pressing inside her for a moment before traveling up to tease the bundle of nerves that slowly began to wake up. She could feel herself swelling with arousal, the swirls of the talented tongue growing larger as her arousal rose, her clit peaking out from beneath its hood, demanding attention now that her body was awake.

"Mmmm...Fuck." Cosima hand reached down to tangle in blonde hair, pulling the tongue close to her, knowing what was coming as she felt the woman's shoulders roll just slightly to the side and a finger pressed into her. She was ready and welcoming and she didn't have to ask as a second finger slipped in.

It was well known between the two of them how sensitive she was in the middle of the night. This wasn't the first time she was awakened by roaming tongues and fingers. She was open completely, her mental walls and barriers still asleep as that delicious tongue devoured her, fingers pumping into her, filling her to the brim, daring her to overflow.

"Fuck yesss." Her words turned to a hiss as her hips began to roll, meeting each pump of the fingers with a thrust of her own.

It didn't take long before she was tumbling over the edge, the tongue still moving against her, lapping up her arousal, fingers moving against the clenched muscles until her body was coming down, the tongue moving away from her clit as fingers slipped out from her but continued to gently circle the bundle of nerves.

In the middle of the night when she was barely conscious, she was susceptible to anything and they both knew it, but as Cosima rolled back into her side and the memories faded, her wrist aching and fingers smelling of her own sex, she hated that she was the only one that survived to do anything about it.



# Traffic Stop

*So... after being stuck in traffic for like 2 hours today after work... I might have been inspired...*

---

To set the record straight, everything that happened after work tonight was not on purpose. It was never my intention for what happened to happen.

First thing first, let me explain that I'm in no way a bad driver. I've been driving for at least ten years and I've only been in two accidents. That's less than a 0.05% crash rate, which I think is great, and to be fair in the last one, the old woman hit me.

Second of all, the accident that transpired wasn't even that bad. We were going at the dangerous rate of 6 mph or whatever the idle speed is of a 2006 Hyundai Tucson. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me start from the beginning.

So I work in one of those small towns stuck between two major highways, the road between the two having all of one lane going in either direction for exactly 8.4 miles of winding trees and deer and shit.

Anyway, it gets really busy after work gets out, everyone trying to jam down this road from one highway to the other. I have a bullshit 9 to 5 job that puts me right in the middle of this shit every Monday through Friday and so must she. We must get off... haha... I mean we must finish work at the same time. This isn't the first time I've seen her on the road with me.

Delphine mutha fuckin Cormier.

I've seen her in my building at work, but she works down in the sub-basement, in the classified lab that you need like area 51 level clearance for. She's got to be fucking brilliant.

And if I were to say she was beautiful, that would be a lie. She's gorgeous. On a scale of 1 to 10, she's a fucking googolplex. Like she's a number so high, most of the human race doesn't even know it exists. If I were a dude in her lab, I'd constantly be walking around holding a notebook in front of my crotch. I was once in an elevator with her and she fucking smells like what pretty would smell like. Like there's nothing else that can describe that scent. She's hot ok.

So fast forward to today where traffic was so bad, I had enough time to read fanfiction. Ok, I know what you're thinking, what a fucking nerd, right? I never said I had a cool bone in my body. So I've got dreads, a nose ring, and tattoos, but I still have my vices, and one of those is this ridiculous addiction to fanfic. Don't judge me. It's not like it's super hardcore erotica or whatever. There's no anal fisting or shit like that.

So I was in the middle of reading a chapter of Love at First Science. Two hot chicks meet in some science center in San Fran, hell yeah I'm gonna read that shit, and it had been months since the last update so when I got that email notifying me of an update I thought, what the hell. It's not like I was going anywhere. So maybe I wasn't holding down the brake enough. Maybe I got too involved in reading to notice the state of traffic and that I was about to bump into the silver audi in front of me.

Of course it was an audi, right? It couldn't be some piece of shit 10 year old car that eats too much

gas like my piece of shit. It had to be a 2015 audi, less than a thousand miles on the odometer, and a shiny, brand new "Science Rocks" license plate cover that I can hear crunch before I felt the jolt.

Mother. Fucker.

You can only guess how pissed she was that we had to pull out of our places in line of the fucking slowest moving procession on earth, and into the parking lot of a Denny's. Of course I was terrified. I've never actually even spoken to her before, and ramming your car up someone's ass wasn't the best first impression someone could make.

When she got out of her car to inspect the damage, she didn't look angry. She just looked...tired.

So here we are, parked in front of America's shittiest diner chain. "I'm so fucking sorry, dude."

She's bending over, inspecting the front of the license plate and I swear I'm not looking at her ass. I'm trying so hard to not be a pervert, but god she is so flawless."The cover is cracked, but the car does not have any damage." Her french accent is so smooth, like the soy milk in the chai I had for lunch... and spicy too. "Merde... my brother bought me this..."

Fuck. Of course it was some treasured family gift.

"Thank god. I didn't have the heart to tell him I hated it." When Delphine Cormier smiles, it's like the fucking day rewound and I was watching the sunrise all over again. "Is your car ok?" She blinked, looking at me like I was not all there. "Are you injured?"

"No no no. I'm fine and Darth Sidious here is just fine. I didn't mean to rear end you. I'm so sorry."

"Non." Delphine laughed as she disappeared into her car, well just the top half of her as she's reaching in and I'm trying not to stare at her ass again. She emerges with a cigarette in her mouth and a lighter in her hand, lighting the cigarette before tossing the lighter back on her chair and smiling through a puff of smoke. "Don't worry about it. It's ok." She waved a passive hand in my direction as she leaned back against her car. "I needed out of that traffic anyway." The way her head tilts to the side, she smiles pure sex. "You work at Medicorps, don't you?"

"Yeah. I'm in R&D. It's nothing like... whatever you're doing... I'd probably be black-bagged and tortured if I ever found out what it was."

"Oh I don't know about that... then again you may enjoy it." She crosses an arm over her chest as she takes another hit from her cigarette. I've never been a fan of cigarettes. Weed, sure, but cigarettes, no, but she makes cigarettes look...delicious. "It's not as mysterious as you think it would be. It's the same thing you do but the clients are classified." She shrugs. How is she so easy to talk to all of a sudden?

"Look dude. You've been so cool about me hitting you, you have to let me like buy you dinner or something." What the hell am I doing? "Look, we're magically in front of America's number one diner. We can get some pancakes... or like nachos... whatever you want."

She kills her cigarette and her lips pull up in a smile. "I don't know. I'm not one for sharing meals with strangers. You never can tell these days." She's joking. I can't believe she's fucking joking with me. I have such a hard on right now.

"Well, we can fix that. I'm Cosima Niehaus." I'm reaching towards her, hoping she'll just shake my hand. Her hand is warm, and way softer than mine even though her fingers feel strong. "Delphine Cormier. Enchantée."

Fuck I can't speak French. I can wing it. "Enchantée." Shit I sound like my tongue is wedged down my own throat, but at least she's smiling, and she's rolling up her windows before leading the way into the diner. I can almost swear that there's a seductive sway in her hips, not like the business walk I've seen her do at work, and when she looks over her shoulder at me and smiles that smile that's pure sex, I'm hit with the realization that she's doing it on purpose.

## The Patch

*I really should be working on Cosanova... but I'm lazy and can't concentrate so have a tiny one shot.*

---

"Hey kiddo. What about this one?" Cosima nudged one of the small orange globe, her hand wrapped around tiny fingers. The sun was getting lower in the sky and it was getting chillier. It was also almost time for dinner.

Small blonde curls whipped back and forth as the girl quietly shook her head, hugging a stuffed horse closer to her. "Non."

"Ok." Together they moved down the dirt path, avoiding tripping on a vine. "How about this one? It looks like a good one." She offered another pumpkin.

"Non." The small girl answered softly, looking further down the aisle. Her eye caught on something and she started moving that way, tugging on the bigger hand wrapped around her own. "Der."

Following the pull, Cosima blew out a soft breath before kneeling down, picking up the selected pumpkin. It was probably the most perfectly round specimen she'd ever seen.

"NO!" A tiny yell sounded from a few aisles away.

Jumping at the yell, Cosima turned to look over her shoulder, knowing exactly where it was coming from. "Oh boy." Brushing off the loose dirt, she offered the pumpkin to the tiny blonde who stepped back. "Isn't this the one you wanted?"

Nodding, the girl sniffled. "Dirty." She commented with a grimace that reminded Cosima so much of Delphine.

"Ok." Cosima chuckled, cradling the pumpkin as she stood up with a grunt and turning to look over at the small commotion. "Well, this is probably going to end poorly." Slipping her hand into her daughter's hand again, they headed over to the argument in progress.

"Lili..." Delphine gave a frustrated sigh as she massaged her temple.

"Want dis one!" The girl was wrapped around a pumpkin that was larger than she was, dirt smudged across her cheek as she defiantly clung to it.

"I said no." Her voice tinged with aggravation, Delphine looked around at the people that were watching, feeling her cheeks redden in embarrassment.

"Hey, what's going on here?" Cosima rose an eyebrow at the scene before her, releasing the girl's hand and watching as the toddler moved over to the taller blonde, getting scooped up without asking.

"Cosima..." Delphine sighed as she pushed a lock of blonde hair behind her daughter's ear. "Please..."

With a chuckle, Cosima pursed her lips as she moved over to the more defiant twin, tugging

playfully on a blonde pony tail. "Hey Brat. Why are you giving your maman such a hard time?"

Hopeful hazel eyes looked up at her through long lashes. "Mommy, want dis one."

Taking in the size of the pumpkin, Cosima adjusted her glasses as she thought about the best way to tackle the unreasonable request. "That is a great looking pumpkin, kid, and I would agree with you in a heartbeat, but we can't fit that in the car." She could see the girl's grip loosen as disappointment filled those eyes. "How about... we go find a slightly smaller one?" She playfully tugged on the girl's hoodie. "Daisi has a really tiny pumpkin so I think that leaves the rest of the room in the trunk for your pumpkin."

The toddler wrinkled her nose before letting go of the monstrous vegetable, standing up with a grin as she dusted off her overalls. "Ok."

Grabbing the girl before she took off, Cosima lifted her up to eye-level. "Hold on. First... apologize to Maman for being a brat."

Laughing, the girl wiggled in Cosima's arms. "Sowwy, Maman."

"For..."

"Being a bwat!" Lili laughed.

Delphine gave her grinning wife a wry look. "Please try to choose a sensible one."

Cosima chuckled. "I've already chosen a sensible one." She commented, leaning forward to brush her lips against Delphine's.

"Ew!" Lili squirmed with a laugh.

## Something About Wings

*Just a weird... x-men inspired one shot... I think everyone should send messages to JayBear1701 so that we can collaborate on a full-length cophine xmen fic*

---

"I am 18 years old! Stop treating me like a child!" Cosima slammed the door, screaming as loud as she could as soon as the door closed. She growled, dropping her bag on the floor.

"Holy shite. Stop your yelling. We're gonna get a headache. " Sarah grumbled from her place on the bed, flipping through a magazine that was filled with makeup tips and quizzes about sex.

"Leave her alone, she's emotionally unstable right now." Alison spoke from where she was wiping down the bookshelf.

Cosima sighed heavily, pulling off her shirt and tossing it towards the laundry hamper, rooting through her clothes. "You're emotionally unstable." She mumbled. Days like today, she really didn't want to deal with this bullshit. She just wanted to be alone in her room. Unfortunately, she was rarely alone. Unfortunately she wasn't strong enough to ever be alone. It's why she was always left behind.

Alison gave her a frustrated look but quickly picked up the shirt, putting it in its place. "Cosima, is it too much work for you to get your dirty clothes in the actual hamper?" With a huff, she handed Cosima a few pieces of clean clothes.

Cosima tugged on her tank top, slipping on a skirt and her favorite pair of leggings before freeing her dreads from their bun. "We already had a mother, remember? She kicked us out because someone decided to punch her."

"Stop bringing the bitch up, yeah?" Sarah tossed the magazine to the side with a huff. She looked around the room before standing, stretching lazily. "I say we go get smashed. I hear there's a party at Fee's tonight." She wiggled her eyebrows at Cosima, knowing she was the only real ally in the room. "I bet he has some x again. Cal and I had a great time."

"Ugh don't remind us." Alison gave the girl a glare. "The last thing we need is another pregnancy scare. We don't need to get drunk, Sarah... or high."

"I think we could totally use a party." Krystal dropped onto the bed next to Sarah, pushing the girl's feet off the bed. "Fee's parties are so fab. Besides, I hear Delphine is going to be there. Cosima...you know Delphine is super into you, right? And you know, if we can't have fun in our teens, when will we?" She wiggled her eyebrows, running a hand through her long blonde hair. "God I think we all could use a good..."

"Krystal!" Alison released a long stream of air as she turned from everyone else, returning to her dusting. "Not everyone needs... diddling in their lady bits."

"Cosima was sure diddling her lady bits after the last time she ran into Delphine." Sarah joked crassly, getting a smack in the arm from Krystal.

Massaging her temples, Cosima reached into her desk drawer, pulling out a small box. Some days she could barely stand their voices. Maybe she should go to that party. It's not that she could ever

get rid of them, but when she was high or drunk, she didn't mind them being there as much.

"Are you going to smoke?" Sarah perked up. "I'm all for it. Let's go."

"God I get so loopy when we smoke." Krystal crossed her arms over her chest.

There was a knock on the door and Cosima concentrated, focusing on a single point in her mind, one that brought an almost silence she rarely experienced. It was almost like a physical impact as she battled with each clone, forcing them back into her mind before she opened the door.

"Delphine!" She tried to smile, hiding the mental strain it took to keep herself from splitting. It got a lot harder as she got older. When it had first happened, they had been intangible, just wispy ghosts that were a complete copy of her, voices coming from within her mind. She was the only one that saw them at first, but when puberty hit, Sarah had been the first one to actually gain physical form to everyone else in the worse way possible, by punching her mother in the face during an argument.

"Cosima..." The blonde looked over her shoulder, a curious expression. She was just a year older than Cosima, but her maturity and poise always made her seem so much older. And the fact that Delphine was so much taller than she was...

"Just me." Cosima smiled. Even in a school full of evolved humans, or mutants as they were often called, she was one of the unstable ones. Whenever there was a training run, the students all being taken out to test their powers against some sort of obstacle or set up scenario, she was the one that always got left behind. "What are you doing here? I thought you would have..."

"Non." Delphine smiled, and when Delphine Cormier smiled, she could understand why her codename was Angel. "Well, I was going to see if you wanted to go smoke?" She let her eyes travel over the brunette's body for a minute, settling on the box in the girl's hand.

Cosima tilted her head to the side in agreement as she followed the blonde down the hallway.

"How did I not know you smoked?" When Delphine laughed, she just about swooned. The girl's laughter was so light and addicting and it drew her in completely.

"Because I'm good at keeping secrets, non?" Delphine grinned. "Or I have the best smoking spot. Do you want to see?"

Cosima grinned. "Ok."

"Good." Delphine held her hand out. "Give me your contraband." She spoke the last word in a conspiring whisper, the school's strict rules against drugs and alcohol having been broken more times than they could remember.

Her eyes narrowing, Cosima handed over her box and watched it disappear into the blonde's pocket.

Delphine stepped a little closer. "I need you to hold onto my neck." She whispered, leaning down to wrap the brunette's arm around her neck, her own arms slipping around the slim waist.

The sudden proximity of the blonde sent a pulse through Cosima's gut and she almost didn't register the pair of white wings that sprung from Delphine's back just a second before she was no longer on the ground. "Holy Watershed!" She tightened her grip, pressing closer to the girl.

"Don't worry." Delphine pressed her lips to the brunette's ear. "I would never drop you." She chuckled softly before she settled on the roof of the science building, a place where only the anti-gravity members of the school could go.

Feeling the surface beneath her, Cosima had to force herself out of the girl's arms, a slight blush on her cheeks. The last thing she wanted to do was give up the warm safehaven of the blonde's arms. "That's some ride. You certainly know how to pick a girl up." She chuckled, knowing how lame that sounded.

"Flying puns. Cute." Delphine chuckled as she pulled Cosima's box out of her pocket. "I might keep this." She commented, shaking the box for a moment before she handed it to her, reaching into her pocket for her own cigarettes.

Cosima pulled a joint from her box, laughing softly. "I couldn't help it." She hummed softly. "You're so lucky." She looked out over the campus of the school.

Delphine exhaled a cloud of smoke. "I don't know if lucky is the right word for it." She gave her a wry smile. "We're all here for the same reason, Cosima. My parents did not think they were so lucky with a tiny babe that had wings."

"I guess so. Sorry. I just... it must be nice to be able to hide..." Cosima took a hit from her joint, closing her eyes when she felt the tug when someone was trying to break free. "You have a completely awesome ability, and I... I'm just fucking crazy."

"You're not crazy, Cosima." Delphine looked down at her feet, toeing at the loose gravel. "You just need to find your balance."

Exhaling with a cough, Cosima waved the smoke away with a laugh. "Balance... yeah right. I've got about two more puffs before..."

"Two puffs, yeah?" Sarah suddenly popped up, snagging the joint from Cosima.

"Great." Cosima pursed her lips, reaching up to rub her temple. "Sorry."

Delphine shook her head, killing her cigarette with the toe of her boot. "Don't be. It's who you are." Hesitating just slightly, she stepped forward to cup the brunette's cheek, her eyes drifting to Sarah for just the barest moment before locking her gaze with Cosima's. "I think you're perfect."

Swallowing audibly, Cosima looked up into light hazel eyes. She could feel herself losing control, knowing one by one, their audience began to grow, but at the moment, she only cared about the soft thumb that brushed over her lips and the gentle pressure that pulled her forward, soft lips pressing against her own.

She lost herself in the blonde's embrace, barely noticing as wings fluttered and the ground got further away. It wasn't until Delphine broke the kiss that her eyes blinked open, and she realized they were far above the school.

For the first time in what felt like an eternity, she was somewhere her clones couldn't follow.

## Taking Chances

*I wrote this one shot for the Cophinetines Day event for OBFRAKENFICS.*

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"I'm going to need you to cover the pet adoption tomorrow."

Adjusting the glasses that sat on her nose, Delphine looked up from her notes with a furrowed brow. "The pet adoption? Marion... I thought..."

The older woman rose an eyebrow. "You thought what?"

The debate... Delphine shook her head. "Nothing. I'll get right on it." She watched as Marion walked away, her stiletto heels clicking against the ground paved by the shards of her hope, broken and fallen to the floor, disappointment heavy in her heart. One year... she'd been working at the paper for one year and still she was given this pitiful excuse of a story..

When she had taken a major in journalism, people had scoffed at her lack of ambition, but she knew where she wanted to go. Despite where her life started, she had worked hard to fit in, taking a career where no one would think twice if she were in the middle of chaos, but getting to that chaos... she was so far from it.

The recent political fiascos would no doubt create some sort of havoc, possible assassination... crowd discontent... that was where she should be, but instead she would be covering a story on baby dogs.

"Hey... I hear you got the Petco piece." A brunette smiled, taking up a place on her desk as if she owned it.

Of course, if she wanted it she could have it. There's something about Cosima, maybe it's the cool collectiveness of her personality, or the way just the brush of her fingertips is enough to turn Delphine into a puddle of uselessness. "Yes...." Her voice sounded of exasperation.

"Well..." She grins widely, grabbing one of the lollipops Delphine kept on her desk... that she kept on her desk for Cosima. "You need a photographer for all those adorable balls of fur so..." She lifted the camera that's permanently affixed around her neck.

"What?" Delphine couldn't contain her shock. Cosima was an award-winning photographer, one of the best in the city. Why would she want to join Delphine in such an abysmal assignment?

"Yeah... you know... politics really bore me." Cosima leaned forward, closer than humans normally would while considering bubbles of personal space. "Well, I was also hoping that, with it being valentine's day... and you're single... and I'm single... that we could... I dunno... get a cup of coffee after or something?"

"And here I thought you were in love with Superwoman." Delphine comment nonchalantly, having been on the end of listening to the woman's ramblings about Metropolis's mysterious savior.

"Well... sometimes you gotta just give up on the fantasy." The brunette commented with a grin that was less than innocent. "Besides... I think I might be developing feelings for someone else... someone I work with..." She added before sliding off the desk, heading towards her own with

one final smirk back in Delphine's direction.

And that was how Delphine found herself in Cosima's apartment the next day. After an unfortunate incident with one of the puppies, the brunette had needed a change of clothes and Delphine had agreed to stop before coffee. Washing her hands of puppy drool and tiny hairs, Delphine emerged from the photographer's bathroom, admiring the photos framed on the wall before finding the woman on the balcony. To her shock, Cosima was sitting on the edge of the small wall, facing her with a big grin. "Cosima... what are you doing?"

"You know... not everyone needs to be an investigative reporter to follow the clues, Delphine." Cosima smiled, taking a breath before pushing herself backwards, and off the ledge of the 22nd floor.

"Cosima!" Delphine didn't have time to react... didn't have time to worry about secrets and hidden identities. It took her less than a second to strip out of her suit, and even less time for her to jump over the edge, following the insane brunette. The wind did little to calm her nerves as her arms wrapped around warm flesh, feeling the arm slip around her neck as she changed trajectories and she was flying up instead of falling. Her cape licked at the wind as she cradled the form in her arms, watching as dark hazel eyes blinked open to look at her. In that moment, she almost dropped her burden from the intensity of the gaze.

"Are you insane?" She chastised the moment she set the brunette down, back up at her apartment.

"Man... I was so right!" Cosima cheered herself, excitement obvious in her eyes.

"WHAT IF YOU WEREN'T?" Delphine growled, picking her discarded suit off the floor and placing it on the couch before running a hand through her curls. "You are insane!"

With a smirk, Cosima shook her head. "I knew I wasn't wrong. Sometimes... you just have to take a leap of faith."

"FROM 22 STORIES?" Delphine began to pace. What had she done wrong? She had been so careful. Even when she'd saved the photographer months back from a mugging, she'd kept her voice disguised, using an American accent instead of the Parisian one she was raised with. When at work, she always kept her hair up in a twist and always wore a suit to hide her superhero guise.

Seeing the blonde was seriously freaked out, Cosima stepped into her path. "Do you want to know how I really knew?"

Arms crossing over her chest, Delphine rose an eyebrow.

Tentatively, Cosima reached up to push the recently freed blonde curls back out of the way of light hazel eyes, taking a moment to caress the line of her jaw. "You have... the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen on this planet." Her voice was a whisper, but she knew she would be heard. "I've only seen eyes like yours in two people. Yours... and one to a suspiciously blonde reporter who always has a tendency to disappear at random moments." She slid her arm around the blonde's neck, pulling her down gently.

With her strength, it would have been so easy to resist, but instead she found herself leaning forward, pressing her lips against the brunette's welcoming ones, a shock running through her at the softness of them. Her arm wrapped around the woman's waist, pulling her closer so their bodies were pressed against each other.

That was when she heard it, on the outside of her hearing.

*"Superwoman! Help!"*

It took a miracle for Delphine to pull away from the kiss, catching her breath as she pressed her forehead against the brunette's. "I have to go... someone needs help."

"You coming back?" Cosima asked, brushing the tip of her nose against the blonde's.

"Most certainly." And with that, she pulled herself from the woman's arms, the chill of the air feeling refreshing against the burn of hormones coursing through her body.

Cosima pursed her lips as she looked over the edge of the balcony, watching the red streak move away. "You better, cause I'll be waiting for you." She spoke. As far away as she was, she didn't see the smile that spread across Delphine's face just before she plunged into the burning building.

## Polished

*I was just trying to think of what Krystal would do once she found out the truth. I'm sorry for my horrible writing here lol. I make bad decisions after 6pm. Just wasting another 1000 words.*

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She had been in the middle of a dream where she and Delphine were singing karaoke when Cosima woke suddenly, looking around in a panic before the sound of the heart monitor acted as a soothing balm on her frazzled nerves. She didn't expect to have a visitor and startled at the sight of the blonde. "Krystal." She felt slightly embarrassed, sitting up from her place on the bed, having been curled against the unconscious Delphine.

"Sorry. I didn't want to wake you or whatever. I feel like this is like the apocalypse and we're all hiding in a bomb shelter but like... it's under a comic book shop." She had one of Delphine's hands in her own, a file moving over the curve of one nail.

"Understandable." Cosima's brows furrowed as she sat up to peer at what the clone was doing. It took a minute sans glasses to figure out that she was giving Delphine a manicure. "What are you doing?"

"Being in a coma is no excuse for poor cuticle care." Krystal spoke with certainty, a smile gracing her lips. "Besides, I believe a good manicure is like... paving the road to success using nail polish."

Her lips pursing, Cosima reached for her glasses on the tray beside the bed before looking over Delphine's vitals. "I don't suppose anything has changed since you've been here?"

Krystal shook her head. "No... or at least I don't think so. The machine over there kept like... beeping steady or whatever. Your adorable friend with the glasses was in here like 15 minutes ago and I'm pretty sure he said there's been no change. He stutters like... a lot."

"Adorable... Scott?" Cosima smirked, adjusting her position to lay on her side while still watching Krystal. "Yeah he gets a little flustered when meeting new people sometimes."

"He's, like, super smart. Normally I'm way into like muscles and... you know... but after the creepy twins I'm totally rethinking that." She paused briefly. "I mean, I guess you wouldn't know... are you and Dr. Cormier really like... together?"

Cosima sighed, reaching up to push a lock of Delphine's hair behind her ear, checking the cannula tube that was wrapped around it. "It's complicated." She spoke on reflex. She didn't really want to get into everything that had happened, especially since they were still introducing Krystal to the complication that was their lives bit by bit. "Has he offered to sequence your genome yet?"

"Wait... does he offer to do that for all his like lady friends?"

"Just the ones he likes."

"That's sweet... I think." Krystal shook a bottle of red nail polish. "Anyway so I was surprised when I heard about you two cause like, she is all about the fiery red, which as you probably know is a very striking color... it says 'Look at me, I'm fierce and here to take over the world.'"

Cosima chuckled at that. "That's Delphine alright."

"Right and I don't want to like stereotype you or anything but like, in my experience, lesbians shy

away from bold colors to minimize attention..."

"It's just nail polish, Krystal."

"It is not!" Krystal gave her an appalled look. "Someone's choice of nail polish..." Her eyes fell on Cosima's hand. "Or lack thereof, is a glimpse into their soul - their intentions and personality. You can tell a lot about someone by the way they care for their nails."

A dubious look crossed Cosima's face as she watched the meticulous way the nail polish was applied with a steady hand. It was quite contrary to the blonde's bubbly behavior. There was a care that she took as she spread each layer of color. The view of her clone was no different than watching Alison cut coupons or watching Sarah coloring beside Kira. It was a quiet concentration that they all embraced. "What do my hands say about me?"

Looking up from the manicure, Krystal took a closer look at Cosima's hands, her lips pursing. After a minute, she shook her head and returned her attention to Delphine's hands. "You don't want to know."

"What?" Cosima sat up. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I just... We're stuck in this room together and Dr. Cormier is not the best conversater, so I really don't want to upset you."

"How about you tell me and I get to decide how I feel?"

"Ok bossypants!" Krystal huffed, taking one more look. "You keep your nails short, surprise surprise, and you don't have the time to get your nails done. You still file them and your cuticle game is hot which means you care about how your hands look which totally means you want people to notice you, but you never want to be the center of attention. No matter how much you try to hide it, you bite your nails when you're anxious which is... a lot. And your nails are slightly discolored on three of your fingers, which usually happens in smokers but I haven't seen you smoke a cigarette which usually means... Oh my God... I knew those were pot plants outside. That British lady said they were medicinal herbs but I thought she meant like aspirin or something. We should totally party." She pushed herself up, in search of more cotton balls.

Cosima held back a laugh as she looked at Delphine's unresponsive face. "Please wake up soon cause you have more patience than I do." She pressed a kiss to a pale cheek, enjoying the short moment of silence before the blonde returned.

"I have the best recipe for non-fat gluten-free vegan brownies." Krystal appeared again, retaking her seat.

Cosima chuckled, resting her head against the woman's shoulder, preparing to survive the onslaught of conversation.

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