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Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Orphan Black (TV)
Relationship:	Delphine Cormier/Cosima Niehaus
Character:	Cosima Niehaus , Delphine Cormier
Additional Tags:	village secrets , I don't know why I do this to myself , don't expect me to keep writing this , lol
Series:	Part 3 of Village Secrets
Stats:	Published: 2016-04-19 Words: 1027

It Takes a Village

by [otp324B21](#)

Summary

Ok so... sometimes I like to randomly sit here and waste a thousand words... and maybe low key write a mini fic about VillageSecrets!Cophine placed 15 years later. So... while I have no intention of writing a pt 3... enjoy

The sound of the door slamming echoed through the suburban neighborhood, followed soon after by the door opening again. "Get back here, young lady!" Shoulders set in anger, the tall blonde marched across the front yard, hands clenched in fists of rage. Not that she was ever a violent person, but the teen always managed to push too far.

"Stop telling me what to do! I'm not a child!" The teen hopped on the back of the motorcycle, her arm going around the boy's waist, barely getting the helmet over her unruly blonde curls before the bike took off down the quiet neighborhood streets, a black tire mark marring the driveway.

"FUCK!" She was furious to say the least, but all she could do was march back into the two story house, trying to pretend she didn't see the eyes of the old woman next door staring at her from between the crocheted curtains that had turned yellow with age.

Slamming the door behind her, Delphine stalked to the kitchen, picking up where she had left off, tearing apart the lettuce with a bit more vigor than was necessary. "Ungrateful brat. After all we've done for her." She mumbled with each tear, tossing the bruised bunches of green into the strainer.

As if sensing it was safe to come home, the door clicked open, the sound of keys hanging on a hook indicating who had entered. The short brunette pulled the scarf from her neck, eyes taking in

the scene in front of her.

"I take it by the new skid mark in our driveway and the vege-genocide going on in here that Eliza won the argument." Cosima set her scarf and purse on the counter, watching as Delphine murdered a cucumber with vicious chops. Hazel eyes shot up at her and Cosima put up both hands in surrender. "Don't fire. I'm on your side."

"She gets this from you, you know." Delphine growled, setting the knife down, leaning against the counter. "*Have kids, everyone said. Kids are the secret to happiness, your mother said. Bullshit.*"

Cosima walked around the prep island, getting between the blonde and the edge, knowing the woman couldn't resist her. "Hey..." She reached up, trying to smooth away the furrowed brow. "I love you." She could actually see the tense shoulders slumping, anger dissipating as she cupped a smooth cheek in her hand.

"Cosima..." Delphine closed her eyes, taking a deep breath. "She has to compete this weekend."

"You are so beautiful." Cosima smiled, tracing a wrinkle at the corner of the blonde's mouth.

"I'm trying to be serious."

"So am I."

"She's not taking this seriously."

Cosima bit her bottom lip for a moment before nodding. "Let's kick her out. She can stay with Alison. That'll teach her. It'll save us all that money we fork out for her fancy schmancy gymnastics coach."

Delphine couldn't help smiling at that, her arm slipping around the slim waist. "You are such a brat."

"I know. What were you thinking marrying me?" Cosima pulled her down, their lips meeting in a soft kiss.

"Probably that you were gonna die soon and I wanted the life insurance." Delphine mumbled against her lips, getting rewarded with a firm smack on the ass. "Or that you were the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen."

Cosima grinned. "Flattery will totally get you everywhere...and everything."

"Ugh I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that."

Both women jumped, but Cosima recovered faster, resting her head against her wife's chest and listening to the swift beating. "Good." She told the fourteen year old boy who moved around them to reach the fridge, his dark brown hair falling into his eyes as he peered in.

Delphine licked her lips before pressing a kiss to the top of Cosima's head. "How was practice?"

"We ran around with helmets on smashing into each other." he deadpanned, taking a sip from a bottle of orange juice. Looking around, he noticed the mess of a counter. "Fighting with Eliza again, Mom?"

Delphine sighed, bumping a snickering Cosima away. "You all think you know me so well." She complained, cleaning up the massacred vegetables.

"I've only known you my whole life." He leaned towards her, kissing her quickly on the cheek before disappearing, his footsteps heavy on the stairs.

"Danny! Don't forget to study for your math test tomorrow!" Cosima called after him.

"It's Daniel!" He called back down in frustration before his door shut loudly, the sound of alternative music penetrating the ceiling above them.

"*It's Daniel.*" Cosima mocked, setting a kettle on the burner.

"Leave my baby alone. We've only got about another year before he turns into a complete asshole like number one."

"You and Eliza are just too much alike, babe. Too stubborn for your own good." Cosima wrapped her arms around Delphine's waist, pressing her lips against the space between the woman's shoulder blades. "Mmmm... wanna make another baby?" She smirked against the woman's back when she felt the form freeze.

"Cosima..." The warning tone in Delphine's voice almost made Cosima giggle.

"Come on D... don't you miss having a baby around? And this time we'd totally have two live-in babysitters."

Turning to face the brunette, Delphine leaned back against the counter, trying to perceive the seriousness of the proposition. "Yes... I do miss it... but you know what I miss when we do have a baby around? Having a full night's rest. And I do not miss our ... not so sleepy time interrupted by toddlers with nightmares hopping into bed with us."

Cosima had to laugh at that. "*Not so sleepy time.* That's gotta be my new favorite euphemism for sex... like ever." Pushing herself to her toes, she grinned before pressing her lips to Delphine's, loving the way their bodies still fit together even after so long. "I guess..." She dropped down, releasing her wife. "...we can just wait for *Daniel* to knock some poor girl up. You'll be the sexiest grandma in San Francisco."

"Cosima!" Delphine sighed in exasperation.

Cosima could only chuckle as she grabbed a slice of cucumber and went off to try calling their wayward daughter.

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