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Spartan Living

by [otp324B21](#)

Summary

Delphine takes Cosima to her home near DYAD for the first time.

Stepping into the darkness, Cosima stopped a few feet in, waiting as the lights turned on, casting a soft glow across the furniture of the room. The room was very...impersonal. There were no personal touches anywhere. The furniture was tasteful and matching, as if straight out of a catalog. "How long have you lived here?"

Delphine set her bag on the love seat on the way to the kitchen. "A little over two years." She retrieved a bottle of wine from the wine rack built into the wall near the fridge, grabbing two glasses.

When Delphine had invited Cosima over to her apartment, she'd been surprised. She probably should have guessed the woman had her own place having been an employee of DYAD. She did, however, expect it to be maybe a little more...lived in. She expected hanging art that was tasteful, with maybe some flowers in crystal vases full of colored stones. Cosima looked over the stainless-steel appliances, peeking into the fridge that was half filled with fresh vegetables and an assortment of drinks. "Hmmm."

Letting the wine aerate, Delphine removed a plate of sliced fruit and cheese from the fridge. She caught a pensive look on the brunette's face as she poked around the cabinets. "What's wrong?"

Setting her own bag on the preparation island Delphine was resting against, Cosima pursed her lips, shaking her head. She snagged a grape off the plate and took one of the wine glasses, moving out of the kitchen. Maybe she just never spent much time in the living room.

Delphine frowned as she followed the woman who seemed to be showing herself around the

apartment but not touching anything. "Cosima, what is wrong?"

"There's nothing wrong." Cosima said as she found the bedroom. Again she was met with an almost militaristic cleanliness. The only personal touch she found was a book sitting on the night stand beside the bed that was made perfectly. She picked up the copy of Darwin's *On the Origin of the Species*, casting a look at the blonde who was leaning against the doorframe with a confused look on her face. "You've lived here for two years?"

Setting her wine on the nightstand, Delphine sat on the bed and began to remove her boots. "Yes, a little over." She gathered her boots and moved to the walk-in closet.

Cosima stopped at the entrance of the closet, doing a double take. "Holy lady boots." She let her eyes trail over one wall that was literally nothing but meticulously organized knee-high boots of all colors. "Dr. Cormier...I think you have a problem...a very big although very sexy problem."

Pausing in returning her boots to the blatantly empty spot in the middle of one of the shelves, Delphine turned to Cosima with a questioning look. "What do you mean?"

Tapping her pursed lips, Cosima stepped closer to the shelf before turning and raising an eyebrow at the blonde. "It's no wonder your apartment is devoid of any personal items. You spend all your money on fabulous footwear."

"Is that what you were upset about?" Delphine removed her watch and jewelry, setting it in her jewelry box. "The fact that I have no personal items?"

"I don't know." Cosima shrugged as she ran her fingers over the hanging tops along one wall. "I mean you've been living here for two years and there's nothing personal here. There are no pictures, no little knick-knacks from vacations..." She leaned against a full-body mirror, watching the blonde. "You just never seemed like the Spartan type to me. It almost makes me feel like I don't know you."

Delphine shook her head, giving the shorter woman a wry smile. "You are the silliest thing." She held her hand out until the woman took it, pulling her into a hug. "Must I remind you that I moved to Minnesota to be near you."

Cosima frowned as she tucked her head against the woman's shoulder. "You mean to spy on me."

"C'est vrai." Delphine sighed. "Most of the belongings I treasure and can't live without are still in Minnesota." She tipped the woman's face up, brushing her lips in a soft kiss. "No one knows me better than you do, ma chérie." Another kiss and she felt the hands circling her waist. "I will find a very inappropriate picture of you and put it on my refrigerator as soon as possible."

"Don't you dare!" Cosima laughed, biting her bottom lip.

Delphine smiled. "What will make you feel better? I'll do anything you want."

Raising her eyebrows, Cosima traced circles on the woman's shoulder. "Anything?"

Closing her eyes as she nodded, Delphine hugged her tightly. "Anything." She whispered in the nearby ear.

"Ok." Cosima pulled back and turned her back on the blonde, looking over the wall of boots, pointing out a pair of leather knee-high boots. "Put those on."

Delphine's brows came together in confusion. "What?"

"I want to see you in those boots..." Cosima repeated, looking over her shoulder as she moved to exit the closet. "And nothing else." She let the statement hang in the air as she disappeared.

Swallowing audibly, Delphine couldn't not comply.

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