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Tall Cup of Coffee

by [otp324B21](#)

Summary

Cosima takes Kira to the mall and runs into a blast from the past.

Notes

Ok, so the fluff-coma from the CophineFluffathon has worn off and I find myself thinking sad thoughts about cophine and after some pretty depressing spec discussions the past few days, I've accepted the possibility of a situation that I never even wanted to consider...but I've also put my hope that in the event that the situation does occur...it doesn't have to be permanent.

Chapter 1

"I will meet you right back here in three hours, Kira." Cosima gave the teen a stern look, handing over the colorful wad of money. "I'm serious." She looked over the girl's shoulder at the boy who was waiting awkwardly, his hands shoved deep in his pockets, eyes partially hidden behind long bangs. "Remember what I told you about your personal space, right?"

"Aunt Cos!" Kira gave her an appalled look. "It's just a movie." She took the money and shoved it into her pocket, grinning a grin that was all Sarah as she pulled her shorter aunt into a hug. "Just relax, have a cup of coffee. Go shopping. I'll see you right back here in three hours." She mocked before turning on her heeled ankle boots and joining the boy, her arm locking around his as she leaned into him.

So much for personal space. Cosima rolled her eyes as she ran a hand through her short hair, looking around the large mall. She hadn't been back to Toronto in at least a year and things were already so different. Then again, nothing about the city had been the same since she left 8 years ago. She shook her head, clearing the cobwebs and old memories, set on finding something to do while Kira was on her date. She settled on Kira's suggestion to get some coffee first, ordering a cup and a muffin before taking a seat in the back of the unusually empty cafe. She pulled up the mall's map, trying to decide on a plan of attack for the next few hours. She had been sitting there for about 15 minutes when a voice jarred her out of her planning.

"Cosima?"

That voice. The accent. It sent her mind reeling back almost a decade.

"Cosima please! You can trust me! I love you! Everything I do is for you." Light eyes shook with emotion, tears spilling down pale cheeks.

"I love you, Delphine, but I can't trust you." She was packing her bags, this time for good. She couldn't be here anymore. It was obvious how important her career was to the blonde...more important than Cosima herself.

Delphine shook her head. "Do you love her?" It was obvious she didn't understand the reason why she was leaving.

Cosima sighed, her own tears falling as she captured the blonde's face between her hands. "I'm not leaving you for Shay, Delphine. You are the love of my life. I just...every time you do something behind my back, it kills me. We've cured this fucking disease and it's like I'm still dying on the inside."

Delphine closed the distance between their lips, silently begging. "I can't let you go." She mumbled against the lips that barely kissed her back.

With a bit more effort than she thought would be necessary, Cosima pushed the blonde away. "It's not your decision." She whispered, words she'd spoken so many times before, words that cut scars into both of them so deep, there was no chance they could heal.

Cosima looked up from her phone. "Delphine." She couldn't stop the smile that spread across her face. Gone were the locks of golden curls. Instead there were still curls but they were dark brown, shorter, cut just above her shoulders. Gone were the power suits that the woman had begun to favor just before they parted, instead replaced with a blue floral top tucked into jeans, covered by a long black coat. "Wow, look at you." She whistled playfully, trying to cover up the fact that her

heart was pounding a million beats a minute. She looked good.

"You too." Delphine stood there awkwardly, a small smile tugging at the corners of her lips. "You cut your hair...it's cute." She blushed, probably realizing that the comment might not be accepted given their history.

Cosima laughed nervously, her hand coming up almost instinctively to run through the short locks. It was a relatively new look for her and she was still a little paranoid about it, despite everyone's reassurances. "It's a long story involving a two year old and some rubber cement." She gestured to the seat across from her at the table. "Are you on your way back to work or whatever? I'd love to catch up...if you had some spare time that is."

Biting her bottom lip, Delphine teetered on answering before finally nodding and taking a seat. "A two year old?" She asked curiously, taking a sip from her cup as she crossed her legs under the table.

Nodding, Cosima sat up a little straighter. "Yeah Madison." With a smile, she pulled up a picture on her phone, showing Delphine without thinking twice.

Delphine took a minute studying the photo of two faces, one face a toddler with squirrel cheeks and almost clear blue eyes, dark hair in wispy curls. The other face shared the same clear blue eyes, but was instead framed with bleached blonde hair pulled back in a messy pony tail. Shay. "She's beautiful. You two must be very proud."

Cosima's brows came together in confusion as she studied the woman before pulling the phone back, connections slowly being made. "Oh...yeah no." She almost laughed at the absurdity of it, but the reality made her hold it back. Of course Delphine would think that. They hadn't talked in years. "I'll relay your compliments to Shay. She and her husband will be happy to hear it." She tried not to smirk, watching the emotions run through the blonde's features.

"Husband?" Delphine looked down at her tea. "I'm sorry. I did not mean to be presumptuous." She cleared her throat. There was something missing about the French woman. It was maybe a lack of confidence? Her fire? Her passion?

"My fault." Cosima rose her hand to stall any further apologies. "Eight years is a long time. I sometimes forget..." She shook her head. There was just so much that was unknown between them now. "I'm still very close friends with her, but we're just friends. Her husband and I work in the same school. Madison is my goddaughter." She tilted her head as she watched what looked like relief cross over the blonde's face. Strange. "What about you? Got a little wife at home tending to teething babies while you takeover the corporate world?" She grinned. "Then again you're not exactly dressing the part today." She proved her point by nudging her shoes against the woman's ballet flats where once she only ever wore boots.

Delphine shook her head. "No. I... I'm teaching level one biology at the university." There was a bit of a silence as neither woman spoke for a minute. "I...I didn't last long working for Topside once you left. There were just...too many memories." She shook her head. "No wife...husband...or teething babies. Just me and a cat...Pepé." She smiled sadly before clearing her throat. "But enough about that. Tell me about San Francisco."

Her mind still going over the recent information, Cosima almost missed the question. She grinned brightly as she began to go into her current job and what she'd been doing the past 8 years. They sat together through two refills, reliving old memories while sharing stories about their current lives. Cosima shared about her daily life teaching high school chemistry, as boring as it was. The longer they sat, the easier it grew to talk, the easier it was to forget about the murky water they were wading through.

Delphine set down a fresh cup of tea for herself and a cup of coffee for Cosima. "So you didn't tell me. What are you doing back in Toronto?"

"Oh! Kira's graduation is next week. A year early too." Cosima beamed proudly. "She's moving over to live with me in San Francisco. She got accepted to Berkley."

"That is so good to hear." Delphine smiled. "She didn't mention she was applying there. I thought she wanted to go to Harvard."

Cosima paused mid-sip, confusion coloring her face. "What? You've spoken with Kira?"

Delphine returned the look of confusion. "Yes. I'm surprised she didn't tell you. She...She took a Summer workshop I was teaching at the University last Summer. I made sure Sarah knew."

Shaking her head, Cosima made a mental note to talk to her sibling, along with a few hundred other words she was planning on sharing. "No. She didn't mention a thing." She sighed softly, not wanting to make a big deal out of it when she was under the impression that no one had contact with the woman sitting across from her. "Do you talk to Kira often?"

Delphine shrugged. "I have helped her with a few applications, a letter of recommendation. She had actually wanted to go over some applications today but I had an appointment with my hair stylist. I said I could meet her here at the cafe after but she said was going to reschedule." Even as the words came out of her mouth her brows furrowed.

Cosima's eyes narrowed. "Why would she want to go over applications when she already knows where she wants to go?"

"Aunt Cosima." The teen had knocked on the guest bedroom. "I wanted to go to the movies with my boyfriend but Mum is out and never lets me go unsupervised." Both she and Cosima rolled their eyes in identical ways. "Do you think you can take me to the movies...at the mall? You don't have to come into the movie with us or anything but you know, just hang out so Mum doesn't get suspicious?"

"That meddling brat." Cosima smiled into her coffee as she took a sip. She couldn't believe she let that kid manipulate her into somehow running into her past lover. She had wondered why they had driven across town to the mall when there was a much closer theater to Sarah's house. She wished she could be angry. On some level, she still hated being fooled. She still hated when people manipulated her. However, looking across the small cafe table at the woman who was watching her through long lashes over the top of her own cup, it was still there. The burning in her soul. The longing. That stupid love that got her in so much trouble years ago.

But things were different now. Delphine didn't work for DYAD or Topside or any of those agencies that chased after her and ruined her life. She wasn't in the position to be betrayed over and over again. She could tell Delphine had changed, by the way she held herself, by the way she spoke. She'd lost some of her defiant fire, but she was also walking on eggshells, as if she could say something that would scare Cosima away.

It was Delphine who broke the silence after they'd sat there for a few minutes, neither speaking. "I...I have to get running." She smiled regretfully. "I am supposed to attend an end of term faculty dinner tonight and I am very much looking forward to being bored out of my mind." She rolled her eyes dramatically.

"Oh that does sound like a lot of fun." Cosima smirked, looking at her own watch. "I have a traitorous lizard to go get anyway." She stood up as Delphine did, pausing awkwardly. "Um...it was really great to catch up."

Delphine nodded, smiling softly. "Absolutely." She bit her bottom lip coyly, as if wanting to say something else.

Cosima felt the same. There was something else she wanted to say. She decided to just go with it. "So did..."

"Would you..."

They both stopped talking almost as quickly as they started, laughing awkwardly. "Sorry." Cosima grinned. "What were you saying?"

Delphine looked a little hesitant again before finally speaking. "You wouldn't, by any chance, want to come with me? You would be far more interesting to talk to than anyone I work with and I would love to continue to catch up." She used those big hazel eyes of hers to good use, looking innocently through her batting eyelashes.

Her heart lurched again. Eight years was so long. Why was she feeling butterflies as if no time had passed? She laughed nervously. "Um...you know what? Yeah. I'd love that." Cosima's smile spread across her face. "What time tonight?"

"Seven." Delphine answered quickly, slipping her coat on again. She paused for a moment before leaning forward, pressing her lips against a soft cheek.

Cosima's eyes closed as she willed herself not to turn to meet the lips that were so close to her own. It was ridiculous how easily the urge came back. Opening her eyes, she felt her cheeks burning red and she blew out the breath she didn't know she was holding. "I'll um..."

"I can pick you up. I know where Sarah lives." With a small wave of her hand, Delphine disappeared out the door, casting one final look over her shoulder before disappearing.

"Holy watershed." Cosima shouldered her bag. What the hell was she doing? She'd let all this go so long ago. She'd let Delphine go. Why was she stirring up trouble? Why was she even considering digging up the old emotions she felt when she was just going to leave in a week? She shook her head as she walked to where she'd left Kira. She found the girl leaning against the taller boy, their lips locked together in a teenager's kiss, his hands tucked into the back pockets of her jeans. "Oh hell no." Cosima walked up to the pair quickly, stopping just an foot from the pair, tapping her toes loudly. "Ahem!"

Both teens jumped, the boy pulling away quickly. Kira gave Cosima her most innocent look. "Hey Aunt Cos. You're a little early."

"Uh huh. I think it's time to go." Cosima gave the teen her best upset adult look before dragging her towards the exit. "And you have some explaining to do."

Now Kira's face lit up with a grin. "Did you have a good cup of coffee?"

"You are in big trouble." Even as Cosima said it, she had to hide her smile from the teen.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

This was originally going to be a 2 parter, but this part got a bit long so I split it and you're just going to have to wait for the next part. I know this season is going to be hard for us all so I'm hoping fanfic will keep us all sane. Thank you for the awesome comments you guys have been leaving about this story and thank you for reading.

"Now...remember what we discussed about personal space." Kira smirked as she fastened the necklace around Cosima's neck.

"I'm going to hit you." Cosima looked at the girl through the vanity's reflection. "I don't believe in hitting children, but you're close enough to an adult that I won't even feel bad about it." She tried to fasten the clasp of the beaded bracelet around her wrist and found her fingers shaking. Her hand was knocked away by Kira's, the bracelet fastening easily in the girl's hands.

"Take it easy, Aunt Cos." Kira gave her a reassuring smile. "It's going to be fine." She knelt on the floor beside her. "Look. You are obviously still in love with her. She is still completely gone for you. There's no top secret government agency chasing after you. You need to cool your shit and have a fun time."

Rolling her eyes, Cosima nudged the girl's shoulder playfully. With a deep breath she stood, straightening the dress she wore, the navy blue material clinging to her form, her patterned stockings disappearing into ankle boots. "I still haven't forgiven you for tricking me."

Kira laughed as they moved down the stairs. "You don't have to forgive me, but you can thank me later..." There was a knock on the door and she grinned. "You know...whenever you get home tonight...or tomorrow."

"You wipe those thoughts right out of your head, young lady. We're just two friends going to a boring party and..." Her voice trailed off when Kira opened the door to reveal the now brunette woman. Delphine looked slightly uncertain standing there in a dress that was completely black and sheer in strategic places, giving on-lookers sporadic glimpses of the flesh underneath.

Cosima was speechless, frozen at the bottom of the steps, and it seemed like Delphine suffered from the same malady. Two sets of hazel eyes, one light one dark, slowly raked from foot to head, neither saying a thing.

Kira was the one who cleared her throat after a long couple of moments. "Ok, so this is awkward." Her eyes darted back and forth between the two. "Just two friends going to a boring party alright. Either you come in..." She spoke towards Delphine before turning to Cosima. "...or you get out. You guys figure it out." She laughed softly and left them to their staring.

The spell broken, Cosima shook her head, moving to the door. "Sorry. You look...incredible." She smiled shyly as she stepped out, closing the front door and locking it behind her.

"So do you." A dark blush colored Delphine's cheeks as she led the way to the car, opening the passenger side door for her before a confused look passed across her face as if wondering if it was acceptable to be doing it.

It all seemed so bizarre, yet absurdly right. Cosima tried not to laugh. "Thank you." She slipped into the car. The ride to banquet location was short but Cosima's eyes were impossibly wide by the time they got there, her hand gripping the door. "So, you got your license huh?" She asked as they thankfully pulled into the parking lot without hitting anything.

Delphine gave her a small smile. "I did. I took driving lessons for a while and I almost passed on the first try." She sounded so positive. "I don't think it's I do too bad anymore."

Looking over at the woman, Cosima couldn't stop herself. Her shoulders shook with a silent laughter. "You should really consider taking more classes." When the woman gave her a surprised look she laughed harder. "Oh my god. I'm sorry, like really really sorry, but your driving is horrible."

After a brief pause, Delphine smiled, rolling her eyes before slipping out of the car, moving around to Cosima's side quickly and opening the door. "You are just as cheeky as I remember, Cosima." She laughed, offering her arm.

Cosima grinned, slipping her arm through Delphine's and allowing herself to be led to the banquet room. They both stopped at the entrance to the room, their eyes looking around the group. A man in a tux led them to one of the round tables where she was introduced to other members of the biology department.

The meal itself was relatively bland but it turned out, everyone loved Delphine. Her co-workers adored her completely and she was nothing but respected in the group. Best of all, they had numerous stories they were willing to part with, much to the French woman's embarrassment.

"And then the dean walks into the lab while she's standing there and these two girls, just freshmen really, are red as can be, one in just her bra and skirt while the other is almost completely nude." Miriam, the general biology 101 professor is speaking through her napkin, trying not to laugh.

"Oh no." Cosima grinned at Delphine who was covering her eyes. "What happened?"

Miriam took a sip of her wine. "Dr. Cormier, knowing that one of the girls is on a scholarship from a very religious church group, very quickly yells at the dean to turn around and begins lecturing them on lab safety and how next time the sodium hydroxide could end up not just on their clothes but on their skin as well." She finally laughed. "The dean was so embarrassed for walking in, he excused himself instantly, saying he'd talk to Dr. Cormier later."

Cosima rose her eyebrows and beamed at Delphine. "Look at you. A regular knight in shining armor." She nudged her shoulder with a chuckle. "Can't imagine how you got so good covering up sex in a lab." She spoke into her wine glass, soft enough for only Delphine to hear her.

Delphine who had been taking a sip of her own wine coughed, having inhaled the drink.

Cosima grinned in satisfaction, turning to listen to another tale being spun by one of Delphine's coworkers. It was an interesting night, though she and Delphine didn't really get into discussing their own personal histories, it was intriguing getting to know the people that the professor worked with. As the night drew to an end, they bid farewell and Cosima was sitting in the passenger side again, this time turned to Delphine to watch her. "You look really beautiful right now." Maybe it was the wine, or maybe it was the growing comfort level, she didn't care. If fate would have it that they would meet again 8 years after splitting, she wasn't going to fight anymore.

Delphine's cheeks instantly colored again for what seemed like the hundredth time that night. "Merci. You do as well. I like that dress."

Cosima turned to look out the window, watching scenery go by that was vaguely familiar. "Take me somewhere we can talk." She did her best to ignore the jarring of the woman's driving, thinking about where she wanted the rest of the night to go. Delphine had been looking at her with those eyes all night, on the verge of saying something but holding back. Always holding back. Cosima sighed heavily. Eight years had passed and it was like nothing had changed. There was still feelings being held back. There was still that near-instant arousal with just a glance from those big beautiful eyes. Fuck, what the hell was she thinking?

They drove for what seemed like forever, the landscape getting more and more familiar until they pulled into a parking lot she knew very well. The grin that covered Cosima's face spread from ear to ear as she turned to Delphine. "Of course you would." She didn't wait for Delphine to open her door before hopping out, almost skipping to what used to be her favorite ice cream parlor. Halfway to the door, she turned to make sure Delphine was following. "Come on, Slowpoke. The ice cream is gonna melt waiting for you." She held a hand out in a silent dare.

Delphine chuckled as she caught up, her hand slipping easily into Cosima's, allowing the shorter woman to order for her when they got up to the counter. They took up residence on one of the outdoor tables, quiet for a few minutes as they enjoyed their desserts. It was Delphine who finally broke the silence, licking a bit of chocolate off a fingertip. "So, you still have the ability to charm the pants off of every one you meet."

Swallowing the mouthful of ice cream, Cosima shrugged nonchalantly. "It's a very important skill you know, charming people's pants off. Some people need to be pants-less."

Delphine had the decency to blush at that. "C'est vrai." She spoke into the sundae, unable to meet Cosima's gaze.

Cosima hummed softly to herself, a thousand words wanting to spill out, knowing she had to at least put them in some semblance of order. "I've missed you." She mentally winced. Those were not the words she wanted to start with, but when those eyes looked up at her, a glimpse of something familiar laid in their depths. Hope? "I mean...I don't want to freak you out or anything. I just wanted you to know. I missed this."

"Ditto...obvs." Delphine spoke uncertainly, as if not sure if she wanted to be serious, or playful, and ending up just being awkward.

Luckily, Cosima could see the humor in it. "Nice...smooth Dr. Cormier." A smile tugged at one corner of her mouth. "I um...I wanted to apologize...for..."

"Cosima." Delphine interrupted her with a shake of her head. "You don't need to apologize. I should be the one apologizing."

"You didn't do anything, Delphine." Cosima shook her own head.

"And that is what I'm sorry for." Delphine wiped the remnants of sweetness from her lips, taking a sip of her water. "I knew what you were asking at the time. You wanted me to choose between you and Topside and I am afraid I chose wrong."

"Delphine." Cosima pushed her own sundae aside, moving her chair closer to the woman and taking her hand. "I had no right to ask you to choose. I knew who you were when I first started this." She shook her head, more at herself than at the taller woman. "The person I was back then, I was selfish and arrogant and I was so sure I was right in every aspect." Closing her eyes, she brought the warm hand up to her cheek, feeling the heat in the touch. "I didn't want to share you with those people."

Delphine sighed softly. "Cosima, I was an asshole. The person I was back then, I wouldn't let anything stand in the way of success, even if it meant going against your wishes to prove I was right. I couldn't promise you I wouldn't betray you again." She brought her other hand up to cup the other cheek, her thumb tracing the chilled lips. "There is nothing we can do to go back and change what has already happened. We can only move forward, and hope that we have at least learned from the past." Like an unseen force was pulling them together, their lips found each other, bodies moving closer still.

Cosima nearly moaned at the feeling. It was new and yet so familiar. Delphine had grown more reserved, or maybe she was waiting for Cosima to pull away, so she did the complete opposite. She deepened the kiss, her tongue tracing lips that tasted of chocolate and the long-lost flavor that was all Delphine. Unable to resist, the soft lips parted, a slick tongue emerging to meet hers in gentle exploration. She could still feel it, the connection that bound them together tighter than any relationship she'd been in. It was everything she'd been missing the past 8 years, and it was too much. Tears welled in her eyes, her composure threatening to come undone as their lips separated, a forehead pressing against her own as they both gasped for air. She didn't dare open her eyes and risk looking into those pools of sunlight that could see right through her, ripping her open and exposing her raw emotions to the world.

She wanted everything the woman had to offer, and she couldn't even fathom the possibility of it. She couldn't deal with the inevitability of another broken heart. In a week's time she would be returning to her home on the other side of the country and she couldn't bare the thought of experiencing this connection, and living another eight years without it. All those reasons were why she was surprised by her own words. "Take me home with you."

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Thank you for reading! I appreciate all the support this tiny fic has gotten. This is the last bit and is very NSFW. Thank you!

"When did you start drinking coffee?" Delphine sat the cup down on the small breakfast bar that separated the kitchen from the dining room in the small one-bedroom apartment. She was cradling her own mug, taking a small sip of the strong liquid.

Cosima shrugged, gently scratching behind the tiny folded ears of the curious cat that was sitting on the stool next to her. "I guess tea only goes so far when dealing with kids. It's gotten increasingly difficult to wake up and take on the world." She smiled and took a sip of the coffee that was just a tad stronger than she liked it, but it was still good. "Your apartment is very...you." The small space was decorated in black and white, small bits of dark red here and there as accent. It was clean and minimalist, just the barest of personal touches. The only out of place thing seemed to be the cat tower in one corner covered in colorful bits and toys. "Spoiled cat." She whispered to the animal.

Delphine nudged the cat out of the way, much to Pepé's discontent, taking a seat on the stool next to Cosima. "I'm not sure if that is a compliment or a criticism."

With a small laugh, Cosima set the coffee down. "Neither. It was just an observation." She turned to the woman, her hand falling to cover a nearby knee. "We should probably talk about this."

"We could." Delphine bit her bottom lip, her eyes sparkling in the light coming from the kitchen. "Or, we could forget it all. We could stop focusing on what's already happened and start focusing on what could happen." Her own hands slipped around the back of Cosima's knees, pulling her forward to the edge of the stool. "I still love you, Cosima. I never stopped." She leaned closer, her lips just a bare few inches away from Cosima's. "I know it's been eight years and things have changed, we've both changed, but it doesn't change the core of what we are."

Cosima released a shuddered breath as the woman's nose bumped against her own and her lips were warmed by a soft breath. "And what are we?" Her fingers traced the length of Delphine's bicep, closing around it. "Eight years is a long time, Delphine. We live on the opposite sides of the continent."

"We're just two people...finding each other after so many things kept us apart." Delphine closed her eyes, leaning her forehead against Cosima's. "We're living proof that fate exists, even if it's through the interference of a teenager." She smiled. "We're meant to be together, Cosima. I'm not going to fight it anymore. I can't imagine living another day without you."

Cosima closed her eyes as the lips pressed against hers, a hand caressing her neck. A small groan slipped out as she pressed closer, her fingers locking in brown curls. She couldn't fight it anymore even if she wanted to. Not when she was here, in the woman's apartment, those strong hands moving to slip up her thighs, pushing the hem of her dress up along the way. She captured the hands with a laugh, pulling away. "Mmm, you sure you want to do this?" Licking her lips, she ran her hand through the curly hair, settling it in some semblance of order. "I might not let you go." She slipped off the stool, pulling the smooth knees apart, fitting her hips between them as she

caressed a soft cheek. "Don't do this unless you want me forever." Her voice was a bare whisper, all joking gone from her voice.

Delphine smiled softly. "If forever is the longest you can offer, I guess I'll take it." She pulled her closer, crushing her lips against the woman's hungrily.

Cosima groaned into the kiss, pressing against the longer form. She pushed the woman's dress up, spreading her thighs further apart and feeling the heat of her center now pressed against her stomach. Breaking off the kiss, she trailed kisses along the line of her jaw. "I can feel you." She whispered, her hands slipping up the smooth thighs. "You've wanted this all night, haven't you?" One hand pushed black lace aside, dipping into liquid heat. "Oh yeah."

A breathy moan escaped Delphine's lips as she leaned away from the lips, capturing Cosima's gaze as fingers pushed closer, brushing against slick flesh.

Their lips brushed together in the softest of kisses as Cosima rolled her hips, pressing her fingers into the slick depth. "Do you want me?" She whispered against the French woman's lips, rolling her hips again, plunging deeper.

Delphine took a deep breath, nodding. "Oui. Only you." She bumped her nose against Cosima's, her breath coming out in shuddered bursts.

MEOOOOWWWW!

Both women jumped when the cat landed on the surface beside them and began rubbing against Delphine's arm.

"Pepé, non. Go!" Delphine tried to push the cat away, getting a disgruntled mew in return.

Muffling a laugh, Cosima slipped her fingers out of the woman.

"Non!" Delphine gave her the most pathetic look.

Twitching her eyebrows, Cosima slipped the fingers into her mouth. The taste rang true, triggering her memory and she knew she needed more. "Maybe we should take this somewhere more private?" She eyed the cat that refused to be dislodged.

Nodding, Delphine yanked her towards the bedroom, managing to shut the door before Pepé could get in.

"Oh my god." Cosima laughed as the door clicked closed and there was a soft mewing from the other side. "Your cat is so clingy."

"Forget the cat." Delphine captured her lips, peeling down the dark blue dress, pushing it down till it pooled on the ground beneath their feet. She pressed the brunette into the back of the bedroom door with a triumphant grin.

Holding back a groan, Cosima tipped her head against the door, the short nails raking down her thighs driving her crazy. She stepped out of her stockings and underwear when there was a tap to her knee. Her body was on fire. For the life of her she couldn't think of the last time she felt like this. She growled, her fingers raking through Delphine's hair, urging her forward where she needed her most. "Holy Shit!" The contact of a tongue exploring her folds was like a radiating heat, each flick sending jolts of pleasure through her body. She gasped for air, whimpering as her hips began to roll against the woman's face. She slipped a leg over the professor's shoulder, her other knee nearly buckling when the pressure increased.

Delphine pressed a finger into liquid heat, enjoying every moan and whimper that came from the woman pinned to the door. A heel digging into her back pulled her closer to the writhing hips, her tongue flicking quickly across the swollen clit. The shorter woman thrust her hips against the fingers, the hand in her hair pulling her closer, demanding more. The woman was close, there was no doubt. Nails dug into her shoulder, knees trembling, hips thrusting. Delphine slipped a second finger in, curling each thrust to good intent. It wasn't long before the woman's back arched, her muscles clenching around the invading fingers as a shuddering gasp passed her lips.

Cosima groaned as she slipped her leg off the woman's shoulder, her chest heaving. "Fuck." She pulled the woman up, kissing her deeply and tasting herself on those lips. "I need to taste you again." Her hands were everywhere, stripping off her dress and underwear, dragging nails across sensitive flesh, caressing curves.

Delphine smirked, pulling her back towards the bed.

When they tumbled together onto the bed, Cosima chuckled as she straddled the woman's body, pinning the woman's hands above her head, grinding down into a tensed abdomen. She leaned down for a fleeting kiss before moving lips down the woman's neck. There was just nothing more beautiful than the French woman, her skin glistening with a slight layer of sweat. Cosima traced a path down her chest, leading her to an over-sensitive nipple that she captured between her lips, the woman responding with a soft hiss.

"Not too hard, ma cherie." Delphine bit her bottom lip as Cosima paid equal attention to both breasts before releasing her hands, continuing her path down the body. Delphine's fingers tangled in Cosima's hair, her impatience evident as she pushed her lower.

Cosima dipped her tongue into the professor's belly button mischievously before settling between her thighs. The scent of arousal was intoxicating and she had to stop herself from burying her face in the neatly trimmed curls, choosing instead to part glistening folds slowly with her fingers, looking up to see dazed eyes watching her hungrily. She didn't break the stare as she leaned forward, her tongue running one long broad stroke upward against the swollen bundle of nerves.

It was Delphine who looked away, or rather her eyes rolled up behind her eyelids as she gasped for air. As Cosima's tongue began a more steady circular motion, Delphine bit her bottom lip in an attempt to silence herself, her hand locked in brunette hair attempting to increase the pressure.

Her tongue moving against the woman's clit, Cosima slid two fingers into the slick wetness, instantly feeling the muscles clenching around the digits. Yes she'd missed this. She knew the woman almost better than she knew herself. She groaned as she curled her fingers, knowing exactly what the woman wanted, each thrust being rewarded with sharp whimpers and moans. To say she was addicted to the tiny noises was an understatement. She wanted to hear them for the rest of her life. She could tell the woman was close, the pale thighs trembling uncontrollably, slick muscles suddenly clamping down around her fingers.

Delphine's hips shot up, nails digging into Cosima's scalp. "Merde." She whimpered, her body shuddering uncontrollably. Finally she collapsed, her grip on the brunette lightening as she struggled to catch her breath.

Cosima brushed bruised lips up the pale skin, feeling sleep tugging at her senses. Pressing her ear against the sweaty chest, she could hear the swift beating of the woman's heart. "That's exactly what I've been missing all these years." She chuckled softly, licking that taste that was all Delphine from her lips. She pushed herself up, straddling the woman's hips. "You are so beautiful." She didn't want to give into the exhaustion she was already feeling. Sleep could offer her nothing anymore. No dream could touch this perfection before her. She looked down at the fingers that intertwined with her own.

With a grin, Delphine tugged her down. "I've missed waking up to the feeling of you." She commented, brushing kisses over the woman's forehead.

With a contented sigh, Cosima settled down against the long frame, draping an arm and a leg over her, pinning her in place. "What are we going to do, Delphine?" As sleep started to get the best of her, so did her insecurities and worries. After all, she was only visiting. Kira was scheduled to move to San Francisco with her in a few months so it wasn't like she could just pick up everything and leave. She had no idea what they were going to do.

Delphine ran her fingers through Cosima's hair, her nails scratching her scalp in a way she was never able to before when she had dreads. "We'll work it out, mon amour." She pressed her lips against her temple. "I'm not letting anything tear us apart this time, not even distance."

The certainty in the voice was like a soothing balm settling over Cosima and she allowed it to coax her towards unconsciousness. Her dreams wouldn't even come close to reality, but it gave her something to look forward to when she awoke.

Meooooowwwwww!

Both women laughed softly as they drifted off to sleep.

Epilogue

"Get up! It's time for school!"

The pounding on the door made the bed's inhabitant jump slightly. Sleepy eyes blinked open, a hand coming up to shield against the California sun that peeked in between the bright patterned curtains. "Go Away!" The hoarse voice yelled at the door.

"Don't make me come in there, young lady! You're going to be late for class!" There was another pounding on the door. "You've got ten minutes and I better hear the shower or I'm breaking in there." The sound of heels on the wooden floor moved away from the door.

"I'm kicking her out." Cosima growled as she pulled the comforter up to her shoulder.

Delphine chuckled as she ran her fingers up the center of Cosima's back. "She is right, mon amour. You are going to be late if you don't get up and moving."

Cosima slipped her own hand up the long expanse of pale skin, brushing her lips over a strong shoulder. "Mmmm. I can definitely start moving." She stretched up, capturing the French woman's lips in a gentle kiss. Her knee slipped between firm thighs as she covered the long frame, moaning as hands moved down her back, pulling her closer. "Dr. Cormier..." She purred into a nearby ear, taking the lobe into her mouth. She was rewarded with a loud groan. "I think we should take this to the shower before she actually does break in here."

Nodding, Delphine took a minute to gather herself when the shorter body rolled off of her.

Turning on the shower to get the water heated, Cosima leaned against the door frame of the bathroom, looking at the nude woman laying in her bed. Four months. That was all it had taken to bring them even closer than they'd ever been. Well...it was really only one month that it took to get reacquainted. Another month passed before Delphine had made the move to the west coast, taking a position in the science department at Berkeley. Kira had joined them at the end of August, ready to start her first year of college while Cosima continued her job at the high school. "You coming,

Beautiful?"

Light hazel eyes turned to look at her and Cosima felt her breath leave her. After all this time it still amazed her how a simple glance could knock the wind out of her. She felt her body reacting, become very aware of the look she was given from the woman that rolled out of bed, stalking her slowly.

Delphine captured her around the waist, dragging her towards the shower, the room already filling with a light fog of steam. "Je t'aime, Cosima." She whispered, pulling her under the stream of hot water.

Cosima grinned, her fingers tangling in shoulder-length brunette hair, pulling her down for a kiss as she was pressed against cold tiles. "Show, don't tell." She whispered, getting a soft chuckle in response.

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