

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/4094566) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/4094566>.

|                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| Rating:          | <a href="#">Mature</a>   |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>  |
| Category:        | <a href="#">F/F</a>  |
| Fandom:          | <a href="#">Orphan Black (TV)</a>  |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Delphine Cormier/Cosima Niehaus</a>  |
| Character:       | <a href="#">Cosima Niehaus</a> , <a href="#">Delphine Cormier</a>  |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">cophine - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">response fic</a> , <a href="#">3x8</a> , <a href="#">Spoilers</a> |
| Stats:           | Published: 2015-06-07 Words: 1127  |

## The Stroke of Midnight

by [otp324B21](#)

### Summary

Cophine right after 3x8 but ignoring anything that's in the promo.

### Notes

So... this was a great ep, but the pain of cophine is still there. So... response fic... cause it's what I do.

It was almost midnight and the sound of heeled ankle-boots were muffled by the hall carpeting so as not to disturb the other visitors. A plastic card tapped between nervous hands before sliding into the lock, a soft beep allowing entrance into the hotel room. The room was mostly dark except for the light in the corner, emitting a reddish glow over the space. She moved to the table against one wall, letting her bag drop on the chair, removing her coat and scarf to drape over back of it. From behind her, a door opened, emitting a bright white light that broke the relaxed ambiance for just the barest of seconds before being extinguished.

"Ca va?" The French accent was smooth, soft, silky and settling in Cosima's gut, setting her blood on fire, accompanied by an arm slipping around her waist and lips brushing down the side of her neck.

"I'm fine." Cosima whispered, sinking back into the embrace, a feeling she'd missed beyond words.

"Are you sure you weren't followed?"

Now Cosima turned, reaching up to caress a soft cheek. "I'm sure... I followed all your orders."

"For once." Delphine closed her eyes, leaning into the touch.

"Rude." Cosima laughed in disbelief, trying not to dwell on the feeling of regret that comment left in her, tracing the blonde's bottom lip with a thumb. She was still so raw and so was Delphine. She needed to lighten the mood. "Wouldn't want you to fire me... again." Her nose wrinkled in mischief. "I'd hate to be escorted out of here by security."

Delphine rolled her eyes, her fingers hooking in the edge of Cosima's pants, pulling their bodies together. "You know how it had to happen, Cosima. Topside would never have let you go of your own volition." Dipping her head down, she captured Cosima's lips in a soft kiss. "Now I don't have to worry about you and Scott being so close to the war." She pressed closer, her tongue easily gaining access to the brunette's mouth, a heated exchange that had her wrapping an arm around the slim waist, a hand cupping a warm cheek.

Cosima groaned, her fingers locked in blonde hair, pulling Delphine down and herself up, the need pushing through all the recent bullshit. There wasn't any Dyad or Leda or Topside, just her and the woman she love, hands moving to removed clothes, caressing. She was being pressed into the cool sheets of the bed, a deliciously warm body covering her own. Cosima broke off the kiss as hips settled between her thighs, looking into light hazel eyes that burned into her own. "The copy is safe though, right?"

"Forget the copy. It's safe." Delphine traced a path down the woman's ribs, caressing each dip and curve on the way down, noting how the skin was pulled tighter against the bones since she'd last seen them. Her eyes were glued to Cosima's, the smallest of head tilts. "Do you trust me?"

Biting her bottom lip, Cosima slipped her hand behind Delphine's neck, pulling her down for a kiss. "Yes." It was the barest of whispers, just a breath against Delphine's lips before they met. With Delphine's hands touching her, exploring her, it was so different from Shay. Shay was experienced, playful with just a hint of kink while Delphine was gentle, tender, reverent. Loving. Shay was warmth but Delphine was fire. She was pure heat pressing into her, caressing the depths of her soul with a knowing touch. Delphine was the words 'my love' whispered into her ear as hips move against her. Delphine was the ball of hopeless abandon that started in her gut and unfurled with every press of lips against her throat, spreading through her veins and infecting every part of her with longing and need.

"Je t'aime." Delphine whispered against warm flesh, noting how much paler she was, able to make out the hints of blue veins just below the surface, a collarbone that was more prominent than she remembered. She could make out the slight wheeze in each shuddered gasp or moan that came from the woman's throat and she barely held back the tears. This wasn't the time for sadness or fear. This was the time for comfort. This was a time for the hot, incomparable desire that flowed between them, controlling them as fate often did, constantly pushing them together, whispering that they could never be apart no matter how hard outside forces tried, no matter how hard they tried.

Cosima's back arched into the blonde's body, her muscles trembling as she whimpered, nails biting into a pale shoulder as she was falling, lost in a haze of blinding pleasure that originated from plunging fingers and spread through her entire body, through her entire being. And then she was floating, soft lips pressed against her own, whispering words of love and devotion, promises of forever and the future. She heard them all, locked them away in the place she kept all Delphine's promises.

"Are you ok?"

Unable to stop the smile from spreading across her lips, Cosima nodded. "Yeah, totally." She cleared her throat, forever battling the threat of a cough. "I... I missed you." She could feel the tears burning the corners of her eyes, threatening to break through the shaky foundations of her confidence, knowing there would be no stopping it from crumbling down.

Delphine placed the softest of kisses against her lips. "I missed you too." Moving to lay beside the brunette, she pulled the woman against her, enjoying the way their bodies fit together, their foreheads leaning against each other.

"Let's just run away together." Cosima whispered, knowing the impossibility of the request, but also knowing she would go if the blonde said yes. "We can just make sure Sarah and Alison's families are safe and we can just... disappear. Go somewhere no one has ever heard of Topside or Dyad." The tears she struggled to hold back broke through. "We can get fake IDs. It can be just us."

Tracing the trembling lip, Delphine shook her head. "We can't, Cosima. *Just us* wouldn't be very long unless we find a cure for you." She brushed away a tear with the back of her knuckles. "The game's not over yet."

Cosima sniffled, closing her eyes against the fleeting touch. "Yeah well I'm tired of playing games." With a frustrated growl, she eased the blonde back, covering the long frame with her own body. "I love you, Delphine, and if you get yourself killed, I'm going to kick your ass." She claimed the blonde's lips for her own, knowing the woman planned on slipping away before sunrise and determined to make it as hard as possible for her to leave.

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