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Time's Supposed to Heal

by [otp324B21](#)

Summary

Cosima has been coping with the death of Delphine for two years when a sudden news break brings out a call from an unexpected source.

Chapter 1

Ok, so this has been going through my head since this morning. Yes it's based on the new Adele song. Yes plotting it out makes me sad. Sorry. This is part 1 of 3 I believe.

"Your phone is ringing." The blonde mumbled against persistent lips, hands gripping soft skin and stripping away leggings that were in the way.

"Ignore it." Pulling off her glasses, the brunette pressed against the woman, tasting alcohol and smoke on her lips as her own hands began their pilgrimage. "If it's important they'll leave a message."

With a laugh, the blonde wrapped her fingers in dreads as lips traveled a path down her throat. "Another girl waiting for you to come over?"

The brunette snorted, her tongue tracing a path around an erect nipple, inching the woman's skirt up. "If it were it wouldn't be any of your business now would it?" She pulled aside the tiny patch of material that blocked her access, mentally rolling her eyes and the smooth skin her fingers found.

"As long as there aren't any crazy bitches coming after me for hooking up with their girlfriend." She groaned as fingers slipped into her. "Shit, Cosima..."

With a chuckle, Cosima rolled her tongue over the taut flesh, listening to the soft whimpers and moans coming from the blonde as her fingers began a steady pace of sliding deep before reversing direction.

"...Dyad.... human cloning..."

Cosima pulled back as the words registered in her brain. In confusion, she turned her head to take in the TV that they'd turned on for background noise, the breaking news scrolling across the bottom. "Holy shit!" Pulling away from the blonde completely, she reached for the remote, turning the volume up completely.

"*Twenty nine arrests have been made involving an illegal cloning experiment in which human trials...*"

"What the fuck, Cosima?"

"Shut up!" Cosima watched as footage of two men were pushed into the back of a police car, one of which she identified as none other than Ferdinand. It had been years since everything had happened, since Rachel went missing... since the rise of Neolution and the war with topside... since Delphine... "Holy fuck..." reaching for her clothes, she quickly started dressing. "Sorry, I have to go."

"*It's been 24 hours since an anonymous source leaked information to the Toronto Police Force, revealing an international scandal involving none other than human cloning...*"

Cosima sighed as she shut the TV off, looking at Sarah who was pacing while gnawing on a thumbnail. Alison poured herself another glass of wine, her sobriety being no competition against the crisis. "I can't believe this is happening." She hadn't wasted any time. She'd gotten on the

earliest flight possible, ending up on the doorstep of a loft that she'd avoided for so long. Staying away was her own way of getting closure, preferring the out of sight out of mind technique of dealing with her problems. She took a long pull from the joint between her fingers, the anxiety from being in the room starting to make itself present.

"We haven't heard anything from DYAD for two years." Sarah shook her head. "Who the hell dropped that tip?" She grimaced as she picked up her phone, sending Art another text message. The detective seemed to be suspiciously missing.

Everyone in the room jumped when Cosima's phone rang loudly. Her eyes fell on the caller ID.

Blocked.

"Are you going to answer that?" Alison asked, looking back and forth between her sisters.

Cosima bit her bottom lip. "I dunno man. I've been getting calls from a blocked number for a while and no one is ever there." She held her phone in her hands. "When I don't answer they don't leave a message.

"What if it's DYAD?" Alison asked. "Good heavens I can't believe this is happening. What's going to happen to my children? What's going to happen to us? You don't think they would publish our pictures do you?"

"No... they wouldn't... right?" Sarah looked to Cosima.

"Hell if I know, man. My knowledge on the legal system goes as far as how much weed is legal." When her phone rang once more, she cursed, hitting the answer button. "Hello?" Again there was silence, just at there had always been. She was just about to hang up when a voice spoke.

"Hello? Cosima? It's me."

The familiar voice caught Cosima off guard, a ghost from the past that sent a shock through her entire being, her body suddenly growing rigid.

"Come on Delphine, don't you fucking die on me." Cosima pressed a bloody hand against the glass, the bloody coat draping over her other arm as she watched the doctors strip away the woman's shirt, scrambling around the blonde that was unbelievably pale. "Don't you fucking die." Her eyes fell on the heart monitor that suddenly began to flat line and she watched the doctors begin to start CPR. "No no no no no."

The minutes that passed were agonizingly slow as she watched the doctors calling for injections and paddles and units of blood.

It was a scramble of effort, one doctor doing compressions as a nurse pumped air into her. Cosima could see everything in slow motion, the way the doctor's red hair fell forward on the third compression, blood smeared over her blue gloved hands. Another doctor yelled "Clear!" as the limp form jolted, a wave of pale flesh that lifted off the table, the heartline beeping just twice before going flat again.

Eventually, when they stopped, the doctors red in the face from the exertion, knowing eyes turning her way through the window, time stopped. "No... why are they stopping?" Her voice seemed to echo into the sudden silence, the world remarkably quiet. She turned to Sarah and Felix who had driven her to DYAD, finding the blonde unconscious in the parking lot. Both were frozen in time like the doctors and Cosima looked around to see the entire hospital had frozen, the worst moment of her life lasting an eternity that would be one she could never forget.

When all the noise of the world came back to her, it was Sarah tugging her on the arm. "Cos... we have to go."

"What? What about Delphine?" But she felt her legs giving out, as if her body was realizing how pointless it was to go on. "We have to wait for Delphine."

"Dammit Cos! We have to get out of here. They ask questions about gunshots!" Sarah's voice echoed into the nothingness that was consuming her again.

"Come on love." It was Felix scooping her up with a strength she didn't know he had. "We have to go."

Cosima held the woman's coat to her chest as she was cradled in his arms, feeling the darkness come over her.

"Hello? Cosima, can you hear me?" The French accent was just as smooth as she remembered it, seeping into the cracks that ran so deep through her.

"Delphine?" She hadn't said the name in the longest time and she could feel the tension as the room grew suddenly silent.

"Cosima... I'm sorry. I didn't want to do this this way, but I need to talk to you." There was a long pause, long enough for Cosima to start to question her own sanity. "Can you meet me?"

Looking up, Cosima found shocked expressions watching her and she closed her eyes, an attempt to cope with her own uncertainty. If this was a joke, it was a cruel one. "Where?"

Chapter 2

Here's Pt 2 of 3. Sorry it took so long to get out. I've been hopping between four stories this past week. Hopefully it won't take long to get the last part out.

Delphine splashed water on her face, taking a mouthful of water and rinsing away the taste of lunch that had come back up due to nerves. She ran her wet hands through her shoulder-length blonde curls before patting her face dry with a towel. Taking a deep breath, her attempts at applying eyeliner were for naught, her hand shaking as she brought it up to her face. "Merde." Cosima would be over in a few minutes and she had to make herself presentable.

Two years.

She had been gone for two years and it was finally over.

Pain. She had woken in agony, blinded by the lights that shone down on her. The last thing she remembered was the barrel of a gun, the sound of an explosion and the wind being knocked out of her as she slid down the trunk of that car.

"Dr. Cormier."

Delphine jumped, wincing as it jarred the wound in her side. She moved her arm and felt it jerk back from the metal cuff wrapped around her wrist. "What..."

"Calm down Dr. Cormier." A man in a suit stood, facing her. "I'm Officer Lacroix of the CSIS." His features were burdened with a no-nonsense look as he flipped through her chart.

Blinking, Delphine looked around the room that was completely bare with exception of the medical equipment she was attached to and one mirrored window she quickly guessed was an observation mirror. "Why has the Canadian Security Intelligence Service taken me prisoner?" Her voice was strained, the pain radiating through her side making it difficult to speak.

"If you're in pain, we can get you more medication." The man nodded to the mirror before he set a folder on her bed, pulling out a picture of her sitting in her office, speaking with Ferdinand and Rachel... or rather Sarah dressed as Rachel. Another picture was had her and Marion speaking over coffee. "Let's talk about DYAD..."

A knock on the door echoed through the room, pulling Delphine from the memory. Was it that time already? She could have sworn she had more time. With a sigh, she set the makeup aside and quickly pulled her hair up into a loose bun as the anxiety began to rise again.

"It's just Cosima." She told herself, her hand resting on the doorknob. "Just the woman you abandoned two years ago to save your own ass." Taking a deep breath, she opened the door. No mantra nor calming breath could prepare her for the sight before her.

Cosima froze on the spot, eyes already stained red shaking behind the same thick plastic glasses she wore years ago, hair still in dreads and eyeliner still pointed to its sharpest edges.

She wanted to step forward, to scoop the brunette into her arms and breathe in the scent she only remembered in her dreams. She wanted to press her lips to the woman's, and reintroduce herself. And yet she stopped herself, remembering nights spent watching the woman from afar the past

few weeks, the brunette having found her way back to California once the cure had been found and the sisters cut off all ties to DYAD. She had spent many nights lurking in corners, watching as the woman danced without care, picking up women and getting drunk.

She had been upset at first, the jealousy rearing, seeing that Cosima was moving on while she herself... well... Delphine knew she shouldn't have clung to a relationship that had ended even before she was shot, but she couldn't stop herself from remembering. After all they had had so little time together, and what they had when they were together was wrapped up with DYAD and muddled with medical tests, but it was enough for the brunette to linger with her for an eternity and longer.

So no, she couldn't pretend things would be the same again. Instead, she stepped back, letting the woman in, neither woman finding the strength to start the conversation. Delphine leaned against the closed door as Cosima stood in the middle of the room, taking in the unpacked bag still sitting on the foot of the bed her coat draped over her arm. The sombre charcoal color of the wool made her miss the bright red coat that still haunted her dreams. "Thank you for meeting me, Cosima."

Moving to the window, Cosima stared out onto the city, putting an obvious distance between her and the woman. "Is that really how you're going to start this conversation?" She spoke to the window, not trusting herself with a face-to-face conversation. "By thanking me?"

Delphine sighed heavily. So maybe Cosima hadn't gotten past the anger stage of grief. "What else can I say? Somehow... *I'm sorry* does not seem like enough..." Her words trailed off, her timber trembling with emotion.

"You're right. It's not." Shaking her head, Cosima sighed softly. "Where... were.... you?" Her knuckles whitened around the grip on her coat. "I watched you die two years ago and suddenly you pop up out of nowhere like a bad acid trip... How? Where were you?"

Moving to the mini bar, Delphine poured herself a glass of bourbon, mixing a vodka tonic for the brunette. "For the first two months? Involuntary protective custody." She set the cup beside her on the windowsill before giving her some space.

"What?" Only then did Cosima turn, facing the blonde.

Delphine shook her head, sitting down on the edge of the bed. "One minute I'm dying in a garage, the next thing I know I'm waking up handcuffed to a hospital bed. The CSIS held me in custody with charges of suspected terrorism."

Cosima froze. "The what?"

"It's like Canada's version of the CIA."

"That is..."

"Ridiculous." Delphine snorted. "It was a bullshit charge, a way to get me to cooperate while threatening to revoke my visa." She blew out a long breath. "You might have seen the recent news..."

"The takedown at Dyad..."

"My ticket out of having my visa revoked and protection from the investigation." Delphine spoke bitterly into her drink. "I will have to testify against them. I delivered the names and evidence. I've tried to keep you and your sisters out of it, but..." she let her voice trickle off. "Everything is just so fucked up..."

Cosima looked down into the glass Delphine had set on the window, something in her mind clicking. "Two months... Delphine you've been gone for two years." She gave the blonde a suspicious look. "Where were you?"

Her head in her hand, Delphine didn't dare look her in the eyes. "I wanted to tell you... but it wasn't safe, for you or your family. I made a promise to..."

"Oh fuck off with that promise." Cosima snapped suddenly, getting the attention of the blonde. "That stupid promise started this bullshit. That was not what I meant when I said you had to love all of us." She exhaled loudly. "I just wanted you to acknowledge how important my family was to me. I wanted you to realize you couldn't sacrifice my family members to save me. I wanted you to stop seeing them as just genetic material you could harvest to find a cure." Picking up the glass she'd ignored until then, the familiar burn slid down her throat. "I didn't want you to break up with me and try to take on the world alone. I didn't want you to suddenly abandon me, Delphine."

"And yet you harvested your own family to find a cure, or did you forget about Kendal?" Delphine snapped back before realizing what she'd said, her hand coming up to cover her mouth. This was not how she wanted things to go.

"I had her permission." Cosima gave her a look of disbelief. "I didn't go behind someone's back to harvest baby teeth and then try to turn your friends against you, to try to convince them to keep secrets."

"I know that." Delphine massaged her temple with a fingertip. She didn't want to argue. She knew this moment wouldn't be pleasant, but all these memories were pulling her apart. She would not sleep without her nightmares for a long time to come.

When the blonde fell silent, Cosima let her have the moment, instead turning to her own glass. The ice glistened in the pale light of the room, the carbonated drink bubbling just slightly when she tilted the glass, a question coming to mind. "How did you know?"

"Know what?"

Setting her glass down with a loud thump, Cosima narrowed her eyes at the blonde. "Do you know when I had my first vodka tonic? A year ago." Her arms crossing over her chest, she picked up on the guilt that reflected in light hazel eyes that looked up at her. "I only drink them when I go out because it makes it easier to forget..." Her voice trailed off. "How long?"

Delphine knew what she was asking. God she was horrible at this. "How long?"

"Don't... How long have you been spying on me? Lurking in the shadows? I bet you saw a few things you didn't want to..." She swallowed audibly. "How long, Delphine?"

"Three... maybe four weeks."

Cosima froze, the sudden truth hitting her like a punch to the gut. "Three... maybe four... Once a monitor always a monitor, right?" She scoffed.

"I couldn't stay away. I have been in Europe for most of the time, but as soon as I got back to North America, despite everything, I needed to find you. To see you alive." She shook her head. "I wanted to tell you the minute I landed, but I was set to testify. Everything I had sacrificed for two years was coming to fruition." Delphine got up, her glass finding itself emptied and refilled and emptied again. "Just another few weeks of my life sacrificed to protect you."

"There you go." Cosima scoffed. "Always thinking you know best, taking away choices that aren't yours to take." Shaking her head, she slipped her coat on. "Two years and you haven't

changed a bit."

"Neither have you. Maybe you're just starting to see how different we are." Delphine turned away, not bearing to see the brunette leaving. "I know you don't feel the same, Cosima. I know you didn't then and you don't now, but I would do anything to protect you..." She refused to look the woman in the eye again, knowing she could never stand seeing the anger. "There is nothing I wouldn't do to keep you safe, even if I knew you would hate me in the end."

"Is that what you think? That I hate you?" Cosima gave her an incredulous look. "They say that time's supposed to heal all things, but that's a load of bullshit. After two years, this hasn't healed even a fraction. I'm still dying inside just as much as I was when I watched your heart stop beating that night and now you're telling me I suffered for two years for nothing?!" A shake of her head and she was moving to the door. "It would be so much simpler to hate you." Her hand fell on the doorknob, emotions trembling through her frame. "You've been dead for two years, Delphine. You should have stayed that way."

It wasn't until she heard the click of the door closing that Delphine reacted. "Merde!" The sound of the glass crashing against the far wall barely made her flinch. "Putain imbécile!" She wanted to throw something else, to destroy anything she could get her hands on, but the hotel room offered very little and she was never one to have tantrums. Instead she overturned the last clean glass she had, filling it to the brim with the amber drink, not caring that it overflowed as she picked it up, her hand shaking.

None of this mattered. Cosima would be safe. DYAD was being dismantled. Every power player was in cuffs. Two years she'd been helping the CSIS, building a case to prevent the hydra from growing another head once everything started. She'd personally watched Ferdinand's interrogation, reassuring herself that she'd never look up to see him pointing a gun at her again. She'd ensured the anonymity of Cosima and her family in exchange for years of solitude.

It was all going to be ok.

It had to be.

Chapter 3

Thanks everyone for reading. This is the final part. There's probably a million errors. Sorry.

The knock just about scared Delphine senseless as she looked up from her almost empty glass. She was feeling the alcohol beginning to numb her senses and she took the last sip before moving to the door. She didn't know who she expected. Maybe the hotel security having heard the shouting and glass breaking. Maybe the less than tactful officer that checked up on her every few hours to make sure she was being a good little witness. Having freed her hair from it's bun earlier, she ran a hand through the curls to organize the mess before opening the door.

She didn't expect Cosima. Maybe she should have, but with all the fights they'd had, it was always Cosima angry, and always Delphine begging forgiveness. The brunette had never reached out to resolve an argument. So she didn't expect the brunette to be standing there with tears streaming down her face, eyeliner and mascara darkening the miniature rivers.

"Cosima..." she didn't know what else to say. What do you say when you come back from the dead? "I..." her words were cut off by the woman invading her bubble of space, a pair of lips finding her own easily as if two years hadn't passed since the last time they'd pressed against each other.

Delphine took a step back in surprise but her arm instantly wrapped around the slim waist as her other reached out to close the door. It probably wasn't the best idea, ignoring the emotional storm and giving into physical demands, but she needed her. She needed this as much as the desperate woman who was clenching strong fingers in the material of her shirt, pulling her closer. Together they fought with the brunettes coat, memories of that first time surfacing even as the material fell to the floor in a heap.

The air got knocked out of Delphine as she hit the wall, the small form pressing her against the vertical surface as her hands slid under Delphine's shirt.

The touch was so familiar, her body knew it instantly... well most of her body. There was one spot on her torso where she felt nothing, nerve endings replaced with scar tissue, preventing her from feeling the hot hands that paused at the location as if too frightened to go on.

It was too much, the memories and the emotions, the knowledge of her own shortcomings. Her new insecurities about her body that was marred with a sudden imperfection. Against what her heart was telling her, Delphine was breaking off the kiss, her forehead pressed to Cosima's as she felt her own tears surfacing again. Did she really want to do this? After two years, were they really going to just pick up like nothing happened, like the past two years of pain and loneliness didn't happen? "Cosima..."

Cosima sighed heavily, her hands dropping to the blonde's hips. "I'm so pissed off at you, Delphine," there was a break in her voice as she pulled away. "But I shouldn't have said that. I'm sorry." She wiped away her tears angrily. "I've dreamt of this moment for two years, going over a million scenarios, imagining that you were still alive somewhere, what I would say to you." Shaking her head, she leaned over to pick up her coat, draping it over a chair, needing to do anything with her hands.

It was a familiar dilemma she suffered from herself, having spent so many nights dreaming of the

brunette woman, imagining the day she would be allowed to reveal herself. "I'm so sorry you had to go through that. I wish I could have done something, anything to change it."

"But you couldn't. You didn't. I tried so hard to just... to let you go and every night, you were there haunting me, dying in that hospital room, me kicking myself because I knew something was wrong and I didn't do anything."

"You couldn't have known..."

"I should have!"

"Non!" Delphine grabbed the woman's shoulders, wanting to shake some sense into the woman, but instead she let her hands run down the brunette's arms. "You couldn't have known, Cosima." Delphine bit her bottom lip, on the fence as always about telling the full truth or not. There wouldn't be any more secrets. "I had to pay for the actions I took, Cosima. I knew the price of my betrayal, and I couldn't let you be a part of the payment." Taking a gamble, she stepped closer, her hands coming up to cup damp cheeks. A small sob emerged when she wasn't pushed away, when dark hazel eyes closed again, the woman leaning into the touch. "I've missed you every second of every day."

"So have I." Cosima covered the blonde's hand with her own, turning to brush a kiss against her palm. There was a silence between them, both trapped in their own purgatory of the past and present. Finally Cosima opened her eyes, reaching up to tug on a blonde curl. "Your hair is shorter."

It was such a random comment that took her by surprise, but Delphine felt the laughter bubble up, her head bobbing in a nod. "I just got it cut."

"It looks good." There was an absurdity of the moment, anger still on the surface but shadowed by relief.

"Thank you." Unable to stop herself, Delphine leaned forward, capturing the brunette's lips in a kiss. Her resolve crumbled with each second that passed, leaning back as Cosima pushed herself up to her toes, an arm wrapping around her neck. Two years and still her body was humming, wanting nothing more than the woman before her, but as she felt a hand moving, gripping the edge of her shirt and sliding up, something stopped her. Something that covered a large part of her abdomen with dead nerve endings and discoloration. "Non." She broke off the kiss, capturing the exploring hand around the wrist.

"Sorry..." Cosima nuzzled the woman's throat, pulling back to look into glazed hazel eyes. "Maybe too much bourbon for you?" She chuckled until she saw the hesitance. "Hey..."

"Non." Delphine gave her a guilty look. "It's not that... it's just..." Biting her bottom lip, she pushed back the curls that fell in her eyes. "It's not a pretty sight."

Realization forming in her eyes, Cosima cupped soft cheeks in her hands. "Delphine... you are... a pain in my ass... and a liar... and I'm so mad at you... but none of that is going to change the fact that you are still the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.... like ever..."

"Cosima..." Delphine rolled her eyes, pulling away. Or rather she would have if it weren't for the brunette's hands preventing her from doing so.

"I'm serious... and I really just want to touch you..." She leaned forward, brushing her lips against the blonde's. "I just want to feel you so I can convince myself that I'm not dreaming."

With a groan, Delphine pulled the woman closer, "Me too." She nibbled a path along the woman's

jaw, chuckling at the small squeak that came from the brunette. "But you are the most beautiful woman I've ever met." She swallowed as the hands moved to the edge of her shirt, not resisting as it was pulled up and over her head.

Cosima paused, her hand running down the uneven surface, tracing the long scar that went down the woman's side, guessing it was where the surgeons had to cut in to repair the damage. Two years and everything came right back to the surface, remembering pressing her hand to the spot, trying to stop the bleeding. She felt the tears stinging her eyes and she couldn't stop it, the wave of emotion that overcame her. Hands suddenly cupped her cheek, forcing her gaze up. "I'm sorry I wasn't there for you when you needed me."

"Cosima..."

Instead of waiting for the blonde to argue with her, Cosima pressed forward, capturing soft lips with her own. There was no more talking as they moved together, hands fighting against clothes, revealing bare skin that was soon pressed into the hotel bed as Cosima's glasses rattled against the nightstand.

Delphine had to remind herself to breathe as the short form straddled her hips, hands skimming up her ribs. Her own hands ghosted up strong thighs as a tongue caressed her breast. "Merde." There was no more hesitance in the woman's actions. Delphine was having trouble telling if it was real or not. Was it a dream? It was no different than many dreams she'd had before, the familiar touch dragging up her side, the lips she missed so much claiming her mouth. It had to be a dream. Why else would the small form move against her, pulling her up to meet lips again.

"Are you ok?" The brunette's voice was so quiet, she wondered if she'd really heard it.

Swallowing, Delphine nodded, finding her lips instantly captured once more. Her eyes fluttered closed as she concentrated on the heated hands that moved up her body, blunt nails scratching paths over her shoulders. Two years she had been waiting for this moment, for the woman she loved to be in her arms, pressing against her, feeling the heated core against her stomach.

Two years was long enough to wait and Delphine let her hand slide down the familiar abdomen, breaking off the kiss to watch the woman's face as her fingers slid into liquid heat. She was not disappointed as the dark hazel eyes fluttered shut and Cosima's signature grin spread across her lips. Delphine took the opportunity to brush her lips along the woman's jaw as she circled the bundle of nerves with a fingertip.

There was no greater sight than watching the brunette move against her, bottom lip caught between her teeth. "Très belle," Delphine mumbled against the soft skin skin of Cosima's neck. With each circle of her finger, she watched a shudder go through the woman's body. She could spend all day in this moment, watching the woman gasp for air, lungs clear, unlike the last time they'd been together. With a soft smile of her own, she pressed forward, velvet depths welcoming her finger with a whimper from the brunette. Dark hazel eyes blinked open, an intense gaze capturing Delphine's eyes, forcing a small gasp of her own to slip out.

Cosima pressed closer, the finger slipping deeper as she ground her hips down and feeling the heel of the woman's palm brush against her. She tangled her hands in blonde curls, tipping Delphine's head back to capture her lips in a hungry kiss. Cosima whimpered into the kiss as another finger slipped into her, pressing deep as she met the invasion with a roll of her hips.

There were no words for the emotions coursing through Delphine as her tongue met Cosima's, the brunette's body beginning to move just a bit more erratically against her own. This was not how she thought the night would go. It was beyond all expectations and she took advantage of it, reveling in the feel of the smaller form moving against her, listening to the soft whimpers and

moans that came with each thrust. She could feel the trembling the moment it started, the small form seeming to be torn between thrusting against the fingers and grinding against the palm.

It didn't take much longer, but Delphine savored every moment, curling her fingers along the inner walls, grinning at the brunette's whimpered "fuck." There was just something so beautiful about the way her lover's body began to spasm, muscles clenching around her fingers as the brunette gasped for air, crushing her lips against Delphine's in a desperate attempt to maintain an ounce of control until eventually the trembles stilled and the woman was melting against her, boneless and weak.

Cosima let her forehead rest against the blonde's shoulder. "Holy shit, I missed you so much."

Delphine brushed kisses along the woman's temple. "I've missed you too."

With a smirk, Cosima pulled the woman's hand out from between her thighs, wincing just slightly. "I think it's my turn... don't you agree." She whispered, a firm hand pressing the blonde to lay back on the bed.

Hours later when Delphine awoke, her eyes blinking in the dark hotel room, it took her a minute to realize why.

"Are you awake?" The voice was close to her ear, lips caressing the skin of her neck. A hand traced circles on her naked stomach beneath the blanket.

Delphine turned, barely seeing the outline of the woman that laid beside her. "If I'm not... and this is a dream... please don't wake me."

"Does this feel like a dream?"

A soft sigh emerged from Delphine's lips as a hand slid between her thighs. "In truth, it feels more like my dreams than my reality." She reached up to caress a soft cheek.

With her own sigh, Cosima moved her hand up to wrap around Delphine's waist instead, hugging her tightly. "Come back to San Francisco with me."

Delphine froze. "What?"

"I know you have to testify." She brushed her lips against the shallow dip between two ribs. "I know shit is going to hit the fan and all, but when you're done..." She looked up to see shaking eyes, the darkness doing little to hide the glistening of tears barely held back. "Come to San Francisco."

"And what would I do in San Francisco?"

Cosima grinned, an attempt to keep the mood light. "Me?" Pushing herself up to look down at the blonde, she smiled, reaching out to sort the mussed curls. "Seriously. You could do anything you wanted. You've got your PhD. You could get a teaching job. You could work in a lab if you prefer. You could do so many things. You're brilliant. I could help you find a place to stay or..." She let the words trail off.

"Cosima..." Delphine sat up, running a hand through her hair. "Just a few hours ago you were telling me how upset you were."

"I know." Cosima bit her bottom lip. "But I've always been upset with you. That doesn't really change anything." Adjusting her position, she straddled the blonde's thighs, brushing a soft kiss against her lips before leaning their foreheads together. "I love you still, Delphine. Two years did

nothing to curb this hunger I have for you."

Delphine wrapped her arm around the woman's waist, pulling her closer, her lips meeting Cosima's in a tender kiss. "Je t'aime, Cosima." Once more she was pressing her lips against Cosima's, turning to press the brunette into the sheets. "After two years, I'm not giving you up again."

"Ditto... obvs." Cosima grinned, wrapping an arm around the blonde's neck, pulling her down.

2 years later

"Ok everyone. Turn your tests in."

There was a rustling of papers and shuffling of feet. It only took a few minutes for students to stack the papers on her desk, some with relieved looks, some with completely terrified looks on their faces.

"This weekend I want you to read chapters 9 and 10..." She swallowed, putting a smile on her face. "Host - parasite relationships." It was the portion of her class she disliked the most. "Have a great weekend, everybody. Don't forget the summer program applications are now available in the resources office." She slipped the tests into her laptop case, watching as the classroom emptied. What a long week. With a sigh, she freed her hair from its bun, running a hand through the long locks.

"Yeah, Baby. Shake it out." A voice called out from the door of the room.

Looking up in surprise, Delphine grinned, a familiar form silhouetted in the light of the hallway. "Ha ha." She let her eyes rake over the brunette's jeans and billowing top covered by a bright red coat as she approached, a devious look in dark hazel eyes. "What?"

Cosima shrugged, picking up Delphine's scarf and wrapping it around her throat. "Can I not look at my wife with immoral intent?" She grinned, her nose crinkling beneath the frames of her glasses. "Are you ready to leave?"

"Immoral intent, huh?" Delphine pursed her lips as she slipped her own coat on. "Will you at least buy me dinner first?"

"God... I should have listened to Donnie. He said wives are so demanding." Cosima threw her hands up dramatically. "Was it not enough to give you citizenship? Now you want dinner?"

"Hmmm..." Delphine tugged on the brunette's own scarf, pulling her closer. "I thought I paid for that citizenship the first night that I let you..."

"Oi! Are you two done?"

Both women jumped, turning to find the leather-clad brunette lingering in the doorway. "Sarah! Cosima didn't tell me you were coming to town..." She looked at her wife in surprise.

"Oh..." Cosima chuckled nervously. "Hey Delphine, Sarah's in town and I thought we could all go out for dinner." She gave the woman an apologetic look.

"And drinks, yeah?" Sarah gave the blonde a look. "You can drink right? You've still got some of your liver left, don't you?"

"Sarah!" Cosima huffed

Sarah laughed. "Calm down, Cos. It's just a joke... it won't kill her." She paused for dramatic effect. "I mean if it did, she could just come back to life in a couple of years."

Delphine sighed as she slipped her hand into Cosima's, pulling her towards the door. "Always great to have you in town, Sarah."

"Hey Sarah, we'll meet you back at the car." Cosima stopped moving, pulling Delphine to a stop.

"Yeah yeah yeah." Sarah gave them a dismissive wave.

Waiting for her sister to get out of earshot, Cosima gave the blonde a worried look. "Hey, I'm sorry I didn't mention she was here."

"It's ok, ma cherie." Delphine reached up, brushing her knuckles along the woman's jaw. "I'm used to your sisters popping in on impulse." She leaned forward to brush her lips against her wife's.

Breaking off the kiss, Cosima noticed a familiar look in Delphine's eyes. "You're totally going to make me pay for this tonight aren't you?"

"Oh you are very correct." Delphine smirked, tapping the woman on the nose before leading the way out of the classroom.

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