

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org) at <http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/6413275>.

Rating:	Mature
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:	cophine - Freeform , College AU , random tumblr prompt
Stats:	Published: 2016-03-31 Completed: 2016-04-30 Chapters: 3/3 Words: 8574

Across the Univers...ity

by [otp324B21](#)

Summary

Delphine is up late studying during Spring Break and when her door bursts open, she's met with a memory from the past that she thought she'd forgotten.

Chapter 1

Ok, so this is off a [prompt on tumblr](#) that Tatarrific has been not so subtly asking one of us to write so because I'm avoiding working on other chapters cause I've got a case of con crud, I've decided to do this two parter for her even though she's probably forgot she asked for it. Ah well.

"Go back where you come from!"

Delphine couldn't fight back the tears that had pooled in her eyes. Her shoulder was already sore where the boy had pushed her and her panic was making it hard for her to understand what they were yelling. "Non!" She reached for her bag only to have it passed from one boy to another.

"Get out of our school." A boy sneered, his red hair sticking in every direction, tossed the bag over her head and across the circle.

Delphine stumbled slightly, finding herself kneeling on the ground with bits of gravel biting into her bare knees. "Arrêtez s'il vous plait!"

One boy, with an eye already purple from some previous encounter and dirty brown flecks across his cheeks pretending to be freckles that were far from cute, stepped up to her, his lanky form casting a shadow over her own trembling body. "Shut UP! This is America! We speak American!" He growled, pushing her shoulder again, causing her to tip backwards..

The tiny mob was yelling words she barely understood, a hatred she'd never seen in eyes before she came to visit America. Her papa had trusted her to not get in trouble on the playground as he dealt with some kind of business in the office of the grade school. He was going to be upset she caused such a scene.

They didn't even know her. She didn't know any of them. Why were they acting this way? She hadn't done anything except accidentally bump into one of the boys when he was in the middle of throwing a ball. When angry eyes had turned her way, it had all gone down hill from there.

"What's going on?"

It was so strange, the way the angry mob froze as a group, heads turning as a small path cleared.

A girl, shorter than the boys surrounding her with thick black glasses and her hair pulled back into a single twisting ponytail, pushed her way through the crowd, intelligent dark hazel eyes looking around to take in every detail.

Dirty freckles jumped, dropping the bag. "Cosima..." His eyes shot around in surprise, whether unwilling to meet hers or looking for some sort of support, she didn't know.

Behind lenses that sparkled in the sun, her eyes went from Delphine, then to the boy, a sudden understanding followed by anger impregnating her gaze. "Are you that interested in another black eye?"

It seemed so strange, that this girl, so small, wearing a sundress and sandals, would frighten an entire group of children, but to Delphine's surprise, they all stepped back, a look of fear in their

eyes.

There was a hesitance in Dirty Freckles as he looked down at Delphine in anger, swallowing a lump in his throat as his eyes floated to Cosima. His grimace spoke of his teeth grinding as he contemplated his options.

"She's not worth it." One of the other boys whispered, his hand grabbing the elbow of Dirty Freckles, pulling him away.

Delphine couldn't believe it. She watched as, with whispered grumbles and last looks of scorn, the mob dispersed, the small brunette bending down to pick up the discarded bag. "Merci..." She started but quickly shook her head. "...thank you." she corrected herself. She didn't need her mother tongue to start any other confrontations.

"Don't listen to those guys. They're jerks." The American smiled offering a hand and pulling her up before handing over the bag. "I like the way you talk. It's really pretty." Just a sliver of a tongue stuck out from between two rows of ivory, her front teeth seeming just a bit too big for her smile.

Delphine felt her cheeks flush, accepting the bag and hugging it to her chest. "Everyone... hates it." She struggled to find the words, but the girl's smile and relative ease was like a calming balm. "You make them... fear?" She knew it was the wrong word by the confused look and she bit her bottom lip, wishing she'd paid more attention to the tutor her father had hired before they left France. She'd only been in America for a little while and her mother had insisted on home schooling instead of risking putting her in school. Delphine was torn between appreciation for being saved from the many confrontations she'd no doubt face, and hatred because she had no real friends. She didn't have any Cosimas at home telling her that her accent was pretty, only Maman chastising her incorrect multiplication tables.

Cosima's eyes lit up finally in understanding. "Oh! They're not afraid of me, but my sis Sarah is like the most meanest person ever and she likes to beat up anyone that is mean to me even though a lot of times she's the one that's super mean to me, but I know she doesn't mean it she's just the cranky one. Mama likes to say that when we were born, Sarah stole all the crankiness, leaving only happiness and smartness for me."

Delphine's eyes doubled in size as she tried to catch all the words that were flying out of the girl's mouth faster than she thought was possible. Her English was still shaky and when the words were strung together too quickly, she had trouble deciphering it. Not to mention, her English was limited to proper structure, where the brunette seemed to be anything but proper.

"I'm Cosima!" she spoke cheerfully, her hand outstretched. A stack of bright rubber bracelets slid forward, hitting against the curve of her hand in a bounce.

Delphine smiled, accepting the handshake. "Delphine. Enchantée."

"Enchan-whata?" Cosima chuckled nervously, her tongue sticking out.

"It is... nice to meet you." Delphine offered uncertainly.

Cosima nodded. "Oh... duh. Sorry." She laughed. Unable to stop herself, she reached out and dusted a bit of dirt off the Piglet on Delphine's bag. "I like your backpack. Eeyore is my favorite."

"Really?" Delphine smiled. "He is always so sad and you are... very happy."

Cosima only shrugged at that. "I think he's cool."

Cool... Delphine's eyebrows furrowed on that. "You think he is cold?"

Brunette eyebrows shot up for a minute before Cosima broke out in a short laugh. "No... cool. It's a word that can have mean than one thing. It means like... very awesome... or... like good. Very good." She struggled to find a word that to her needed no further definition.

"Oh! Chouette!... Cool." She sounded out the word in it's new meaning. "I think your bracelets are very cool." She hazarded, hoping she hadn't misunderstood.

"Really? Sarah thinks they're dumb. Do you want one?" Her eyes lighting up once more, Cosima pulled one of the colorful bands off quickly, holding it out.

"Non. Non I cannot."

"Sure you can." Cosima didn't accept no for an answer. Instead she pulled Delphine's hand to her and slipped the bracelet on. "There you go."

It was so strange, barely feeling the weight of the bright rubber that was nothing in comparison the weight of ostracization being lifted off her shoulder. "Merci." The word was so soft, she wondered if the girl heard her at all for the moment Cosima let the silence last.

"You're welcome! Are you coming to school here?"

"Non." The dejection resurfaced as Delphine shook her head. She could only wish. Unfortunately, her mother firmly stood on the stance against public education. "I..."

"Delphine."

Both girls looked up as Delphine's name was called from the office, a tall man standing with his hands in his pocket waiting patiently.

Delphine felt her heart drop. This was the first person around her age she'd met in America that didn't look at her like she was an alien and she wished they had more time. "That is my papa. I must go." Worrying her bottom lip between her teeth, Delphine leaned forward, placing a quick kiss on the brunette's cheek. "Thank you, Cosima." She meant more than just for stopping the fight, but also for showing her that there was someone on this side of the Atlantic worth meeting.

It was Cosima's turn to blush as a shy smile spread across her face. "You're totally welcome, Delphine." She spoke in a quiet voice that was in stark contrast to her earlier string of words.

As she rejoined her papa, Delphine looked back over her shoulder at the girl with the sun dress and sandals, lifting a hand to wave before allowing her father to usher her to the car, knowing in all likelihood, she would never see her again.

"I can't believe you're staying at school during the break, Delphine."

The tall woman ran a hand through her long curls, pulling her hair into a messy bun as she rolled her eyes at her phone. Her roommate had been gone for only an hour now and it took less than that for the lectures to start. "My parents took a trip back to Paris, Clarke. If I went home there would be nothing but unhappy goldfish to accuse me of cheating on them." She smiled as she dropped a few tiny bits of food into the small bowl, a tiny orange form waving a happy fin at her.

Technically, they weren't allowed to have pets in the dorms, but Clarke's girlfriend had bought the aquatic animal as a joke when her roommate had begged for a dog. Somehow they ended up sharing custody of it.

"Dude your parents are lame." Her roommate's voice was muffled over the phone, a scratching sounding and making Delphine narrow her eyes at the device.

"Are you driving and talking on the phone again?"

There was a brief pause before the answer came. "Yeah well, I'm a few minutes behind... and Lexa will kill me if I'm late. She gets all commanding and shit."

"Don't pretend like you don't enjoy it." Delphine moved around the room, turning the heat on for the oddly cold March evening before stripping down to a tank top and boxer shorts.

"Seriously, D. It's bad enough you spent Christmas and New year's there but it's Spring Break! You can't just study all night. Isn't there a party or something?"

Dropping into her desk chair, Delphine pulled over the biology book. "I'm hanging up now. I need to study and you need to not kill people."

"Yeah yeah yeah, talk to you later, Frenchie. Stop studying! Go out! Party! Have fun! Please don't forget to feed Puppy. "

"Already did." She responded before hanging up. Delphine watched as the fish gulped down the last few particles of food before she threw herself into her work. She'd been a resident at the University of California Berkeley for just over a year now, and she'd finally settled into a nice flow for school. She was majoring in biology with aims for her phd and so far she was finding the work riveting and challenging.

She easily found herself lost in her studies, biology having been a long passion of hers since she could read. She didn't really need to study, but she enjoyed it, more than drinking or dancing or anything of the sort. It wasn't until a loud thud sounded against her door followed by a lot of yelling that she looked at her clock.

11:07p

Rubbing her tired eyes with a soft sigh, she closed her book, stretching with a small groan. The interruption was enough to wake her up, stirring her hunger and reminding her she hadn't eaten dinner yet. With just the tiniest bit of guilt, she began poking through Clarke's stash of snacks when another thud hit her door, causing her to jump and drop the small bag of peanut butter crackers. "What in the world..." She marched over with a huff, yanking the door open. She didn't know what to expect, but it certainly wasn't the two bodies that came crashing inside, barely giving her time to get out of the way as they hit the floor.

"What the hell..."

The tangle of limbs and clothes lay on the ground, barely moving, smelling of liquor and cigarettes like a cheap pub in the shady side of town. "Shite..." Finally, a woman groaned as the mass began to move and she pushed what was a tall flannel covered man off of her. "Get the fuck off me, Cal."

The man with wavy hair and a beard pushed himself up, offering a hand to help her up. "Sorry..." He chuckled as he pulled her up, obviously knowing from experience to allow her to sort herself out before attempting any future affection. Instead he looked around, seeing Delphine standing

there. "Hey."

"That was a little rude, yeah?" The woman growled at Delphine as if it was her fault, running a hand through her streaked hair before tugging her leather jacket straight.

"Me? I think this is my door you were trying to break down with your... groping." Delphine snorted in disdain. Suddenly realizing she was just in a tank and boxers, she grabbed her nearby sweater, a crocheted piece that fell halfway down her thighs.

"What the shite does that mean?" The short woman's attitude bristled and Delphine could swear she saw the brunette's hackles raise. "I think I don't..."

"Shit guys..." Another woman ran in in a panic, cutting off the angry woman. To Delphine's surprise, the petite form was quite similar to the first without being similar at all. Twins maybe? She let her eyes drift over the newest addition to the room, thick black frames sitting on her nose and her hair tied back in a bun of thin dreads. If there were two people that seemed complete polar opposites, it was these two women.

She expected a shouting match of some sort, for the angry woman to snap at the new arrival, but it never came. There were no words, just a glance shared between the two and the intruders were bustling back over to the dorm that was popping at the seams with people and loud music without a second glance.

"Sorry sorry sorry sorry sorry." She spoke quickly. "I thought everyone ditched for the break." Her cheeks were flushed and despite smelling of marijuana, she was bustling with energy.

"Non. It's ok." Delphine waved dismissively. "Is Beth throwing a party?" She looked around the brunette, trying to see the student she was more familiar with.

"Guess that's kind of obvious, huh?" She laughed, a million dollar smile lighting up her features. "Beth is actually away at home. I just moved in like a week ago. I'm Cosima." Her hand came out, a dozen thin bracelets sliding forward, hitting the curve of her hand in a series of clinks.

The name sparked a vague memory in Delphine's mind as she accepted the hand. She tried to pin down the source and when her mind finally pulled the buried scenario from her past, her brows furrowed. How did she even still have the memory of a day so long ago? It wasn't possible...was it? Even if it were a real memory, there had to be many Cosimas in the state and it had to be so long ago. There were a million factors that contributed to the impossibility that such an event could be transpiring and yet. "Delphine. Enchantée." Considering the brunette's reaction, she knew impossibilities were morphing into probabilities.

Cosima froze, a confused look taking over her face as if she were searching her own mind, the lingering taste of familiarity tormenting her, realization just on the tip of her tongue. They stood that way for what seemed like an eternity, their hands clasped in their shared warmth until suddenly her expression transformed into recognition. "Holy shit... I know you."

Chapter 2

I'm sorry for this. The muse was very strange. This is getting expanded to 3 parts cause I went on a weird tangent that kept the actual smut from being in this part.

Cosima handed the blonde a freshly opened bottle, her own red cup half-filled with some bright green concoction. "Ok, now you have to tell me exactly how I know you." She sat on the edge of the desk, crossing her legs as she leaned toward the student who was rocking in her office chair.

Delphine took in the short woman, trying to associate her with the girl that had saved her so long ago. It didn't surprise her that the brunette was having trouble remembering, after all it was more a pivotal moment in her own life than the shorter woman's. "If you don't remember, what makes you think we know each other?"

"I don't know." Taking a long sip from her cup, Cosima winced against the taste, licking her lips. "Just... I have this weird feeling that we've met... but I'm also kinda buzzing so my brain's partially on vacay right now." She smiled fully, the pink of her tongue pressed against her teeth, pointed canines giving her an almost wild look. "We haven't had sex before have we?"

A small spray of beer came from Delphine as she nearly choked on her drink, her hand barely coming up in time to stop from dousing the brunette.

"Mmm, I'll take that as a no."

"Non..." Delphine reached for a tissue, wiping the moisture from her lips and hand. "No... I've not had the pleasure, sorry."

"We can fix that if you like." A smirk danced across Cosima's lips, her nose scrunching in humor.

"Um... buh..." Delphine found her tongue dry and sticking to the roof of her mouth, unable to form coherent sentences as she took a long sip of beer.

"Dude... relax. I'm kidding." Cosima nudged her with the tip of her shoe before pausing for a moment. "Unless you're interested... cause you're like... gorgeous... but... I should stop talking now." She commented when Delphine's eyes grew a few sizes larger.

"That is... um..."

Cosima smiled. "Sorry... I know... you're probably straight..."

"It's not that." Delphine shook her head, taking a more reserved sip of the amber ale. "It's more along the lines of... the last time I saw you, you were about ten years old and threatening to unleash your sister on a mob of angry children."

Cosima's brows furrowed for a minute, her head tilting in confusion. "Hmmm... really?" She took a sip from her cup again. "That explained the vague sense of familiarity. I can't even remember what I had for breakfast let alone like 10 years ago. Sounds like me though."

Delphine felt a small stab of disappointment. She didn't blame the woman, but still... "It was a long time ago." She shrugged, deciding that maybe a fresh start would be good. "So... you moved in with Beth?"

"Yeah... I guess she and Alison broke up or whatever and huge arguments ensued... Alison and I switched dorms." Her free hand came up to assist in her explanation, her other hand also moving dangerously fast and threatening to spill alcohol everywhere. "I was like... across the university... like way over and I have chem on this side of the quad so..." She shrugged as she tipped the last of her drink back, tossing her cup into the waste basket beside the desk. "You should come over... I brought some of my north quad buddies..."

"I'd like to but..." Her eyes drifted to the textbook, then back up to the brunette.

Cosima rose her eyebrows. "Oh no. Please tell me you're not studying during Spring break." She gave the blonde a worried look. "Seriously... we can talk more about me saving you."

Delphine shrugged. "My roommate... Clarke... she and her girlfriend have a tendency to kick me out when I'm studying and she's gone for the next few days so I'm enjoying the alone time."

Reaching out to tug on the brunette's sweater, Cosima laughed. "Yeah... looks like it." Standing up, she smoothed down the wrinkles in her dress. "Seriously... get dressed... come on over. You won't regret it."

Watching the woman leave, Delphine chewed on the corner of her lip. It was tempting, she wouldn't deny that, but Cosima's intentions seemed... less than platonic. It wasn't that she minded, of course, the brunette was cute... very cute...

Delphine sighed, pushing herself out of her seat and moving to the closet. 15 minutes later, she was dressed in jeans and a black tank top, biting her bottom lip as she stepped into the crowd of people that were monopolizing the space of the hallway. She found Cosima dancing with another student in the center of the room, the two laughing as they bumped into each other in the cramped space. She took a moment to watch her, admiring the way the compact form was comfortable in her surroundings despite the crowded room. When dark hazel eyes looked up and saw her, Delphine felt a small bit of guilt for staring, lifting a hand in a small wave.

"You came! And you're wearing adult clothes!" Cosima exclaimed, reaching through the crowd to grab Delphine's hand and pull her inside. "This is my friend, Felix."

"Hmmm." His dark eyes raked over her, his eyebrow raising. "Fantastic hair." He reached up, pulling at one of her curls. "Do you do this yourself? I love it." Stretching the curl, he released it to watch it spring back into place.

"Inappropriate touching." Cosima grabbed his hand with a laugh. "Sorry... don't mind him. Do you want another drink?"

"Sure." Delphine watched as Cosima dispensed a drink from a water cooler, the green liquid posing an ominous threat. "What is this?"

With a laugh, Cosima shrugged. "Puckers apple, 99 apples, green apple vodka, some midori, sour mix..."

Sniffing the cup, Delphine's brow furrowed. It smelt like suspicious candy you would get from the back of a white van with no windows. "I don't know about this..."

"Oh just drink it." Felix put his hand on her shoulder before sliding it down her arm. "Your skin is so smooth..."

"Inappropriate touching." Cosima repeated, grabbing his hand again. She was about to say something when her eyes lit up, noticing an approaching form. "Tony! Thank God."

"What's up ladies?" Squeezing his way into the already packed area, the student found himself pressed against Felix. "Hey Gorgeous."

"Hello, Luv." Felix spoke just before claiming the new arrival's lips in a searing kiss.

Delphine rose an eyebrow, taking a step back to give them a little more space. She suddenly found interest in the strange drink in her hand, noticing the way the green liquid seemed oddly viscous, clinging to the sides of the plastic cup.

Pulling away from the kiss and capturing the wandering hands, Tony gave Cosima an exasperated look. "How many has he taken?"

"Maybe I'm just really happy to see you." Felix pouted.

With a smirk, Cosima held up 3 fingers from behind her friend before taking a sip from her cup.

"OK!" Tony exclaimed loudly, slipping his hand into Felix's. "Bedtime for everyone named Felix." He gave Cosima a quick hug. "Are you going to be ok alone?" He asked seriously, his hand on her shoulder.

"Totally. I've got my new-old friend Delphine here to keep me company."

Tony's eyes seemed to rake over Delphine in judgement, as if seeing if she was trustworthy before he nodded. "Alright."

It was a strange turn of events as Delphine watched the two weave their way out of the room. More than once, Tony had to tug the other student out, a smile always on his face even when his eyes rolled at something Felix did.

Cosima laughed nervously, drawing Delphine's attention away from the pair. "Sorry. He has a thing for snorting Molly."

"Who's Molly?"

Pausing mid-sip, Cosima blinked, swallowing quickly. "It's a drug... like ecstasy? I don't know why he wastes his money like that. Doesn't last as long as when you swallow it." She shrugged, taking a sip from her cup. "He has no patience."

"Oh." Delphine looked down at her cup, suddenly questioning the source. She was familiar with ecstasy, Clarke and Lexa unfortunately having a fondness for the drug themselves, but she'd never taken it herself.

"It's not in there." Cosima reassured her, keeping her own cup close to herself. "But if you prefer, I have more beer I think."

"I think..." Delphine took a tentative sip. It was worse than bitter cough syrup. "...maybe the beer would be easier to drink." She shook her head, setting the drink on the closest surface.

Cosima chuckled, handing her cup to Delphine. "Don't drink that." She remarked before maneuvering around a few people to get to a small hidden fridge, removing a bottle. "One boring bottle of lager for the wuss." She commented with a grin, handing the bottle over and taking back her cup. "Now you were telling me how awesome I was as a kid?"

"Right..." Talking with Cosima came easier than Delphine thought it would be. The brunette had a way of encouraging the conversation while remaining interested, eager to soak up anything Delphine said. But no matter how detailed her memories were, she couldn't seem to jar the

brunette's own recollection of the event.

Cosima's hands had a tendency to move wildly as she spoke, Delphine noticed for not the first time, but as the night got later, the woman's hands began to reach out, points being made with the brush of fingertips against her hand, the space between their bodies decreasing inch by inch as the minutes went by. Delphine was normally a private person, enjoying her own personal space, but after two beers, she had returned to the green concoction, deciding it wasn't as bad as she thought. In fact, after a cup of it, she could hardly taste it anymore. Considering she hadn't had anything to eat, she really should have been more careful, but she was enjoying Cosima's company.

Maybe it was the alcohol, but she hadn't noticed the brunette's behavior changing until about a forty-five minutes into their conversation. It wasn't until one of the touches lingered longer than the others did Delphine take a moment to understand what was going on, the woman close enough for her to see the extremely dilated pupils. "Cosima?" There was no doubt the brunette was rolling, but it wasn't as obvious as she'd seen with her roommate.

Looking up from checking her phone, Cosima rose an eyebrow. At Delphine's head jerk, she looked down to see her free hand had been tracing invisible lines up and down Delphine's arm. "Oh... shit." She smiled guiltily. "Inappropriate touching..." She mocked herself. "Felix was right... you have the softest skin ever. Like really soft... do you bathe in moisturizer."

"Non..." Delphine laughed.

"God it's hot in here." Cosima refilled her cup, downing it in one long drink, the cold washing through her body. When she went to refill her cup again, Delphine's hand covered hers, stopping her.

"Come on." Delphine intertwined her fingers with Cosima's, tugging until they were out of the dense crowd and back into the privacy of her own room. "You should drink something that's not alcoholic." Delphine could feel her own motions heavy with the alcohol she'd consumed and she poured two cups of gatorade. She turned to find the brunette right behind her.

"Thanks." Cosima took one of the cups but didn't step away, instead locking her eyes with orbs of light hazel that watched her closely as she sipped the cold drink. "Mmmm. You're awesome."

Delphine sipped from her own cup, suddenly very conscious of the hand that found it's home on her arm again.

Cosima seemed to notice the blonde's change in demeanour and backed off. "Sorry. I'll be good." Even as she said it, her mouth twisted into a mischievous grin. "Unless you don't want me to."

Delphine swallowed. "As tempting as it is... you're high and I'm on my way to being very drunk so maybe we shouldn't..." Her words trailed off as Cosima's hand moved up her arm, tracing a path over her shoulder, up her neck, and cupping her cheek. "...maybe..." Before she knew it, her lips were covered by the brunette's, the hand sliding behind her neck and pulling her down to a height more convenient for the other woman.

Delphine was never fond of random hook ups, drunken nights that usually ended in both parties regretting it instantly. She preferred romance that started slow, an attraction that would build as they got to know each other, developing into a steady heat.

Cosima was nothing like that.

Cosima was all fire, burning bright as she pressed against Delphine's form, teeth raking over her bottom lip. "We are both wearing way too much clothes." She whispered before claiming

Delphine's lips again.

Maybe it was the alcohol numbing her resolve, locking away her common sense that screamed from its prison that this would end horribly. Pulling away was the last thing Delphine wanted. Everything was spinning, but not in a bad way and it was like she was anchored in spot by curious hands and persistent lips. She felt as if her heart would beat out of her chest as she was breaking off the kiss with a shake of her head. "We shouldn't..." She had to stop this before her own resistance shattered. The last thing she wanted was to take advantage of the student when she wasn't in her right mind.

"Shit...sorry." Cosima took a ragged breath but didn't step back. Instead her hand moved over pale skin, traveling along the length of Delphine's collar. She grinned, her nose wrinkling in a way that Delphine found completely adorable. "Have I told you how gorgeous you are?" Her fingertip came up in an attempt to smooth Delphine's furrowed brow. "You have really pretty eyes. When I'm looking into them, it reminds me of being a little kid, lying in the grass, staring up at the sun through the trees... yeah that's totally your eyes... all forest and sun and nature and I can feel the power in them."

"Cosima..."

"God... the way you say my name." Cosima hummed softly in delight, but she managed to pull herself away. "Sorry... sorry... shit." She pulled back, mentally chastising herself. She chewed on her bottom lip, fingers twitching from her will to resist.

The disappearance of that warmth was almost a physical pain and Delphine found her hand capturing the student's wrist, pulling her back in with a gentle tug. The moment their lips met again, all her hesitation melted away. Her mind was reeling, her resolve eradicated by exploring hands and a bold tongue.

Cosima hummed in delight. "You know what we should do?" She whispered, her hands sliding up the length of Delphine's sides, dragging the black ribbed material up. "I really, really want to cuddle with you... but these clothes have to go."

"Pardon?" Delphine had to blink, completely not sure if she heard what she did. She allowed the brunette to remove her shirt, watching it drop to the floor.

"Your skin is like a cloud. I want it to wrap around me... like a cloud." Her fingers traveled along the length of pale skin. "So soft and smooth." Getting no resistance, she undid the button fly of Delphine's jeans, her hands sliding between skin and the cotton of her underwear, cupping the firm flesh of the blonde's ass. "So strong..."

Before she knew it, Delphine found herself on her bed, her clothes having been removed piece by piece, soon accompanied by the brunette's dress and underwear. It was agony, the way the student pressed against her, the soft purr that slipped from Cosima's throat as a hand travelled up her side. This was such a bad idea, and she blamed that god-awful apple drink for her current predicament. "Cosima..." She let her hand travel over a tanned hip, getting a soft hum from the woman. When she raked her nails over the sensitive flesh, she was rewarded with a gasp.

"Dellphine..." Cosima groaned, her leg thrown over the blonde's body, enjoying the feeling of silky skin against her own, their shared heat like a soothing balm washing over her. "I really like your name. I always have..." She whispered, capturing Delphine's lips hungrily.

Something about the words caught Delphine's attention and she was pulling back, breaking off the kiss even as the brunette leaned back in for more. "What do you mean? Always have?" The gentle stroking on her side stopped as Cosima looked down at her, almost completely black eyes

widening in surprise.

Cosima looked around the room, as if to see they were alone before leaning closer. "I have a confession. I may not have been completely truthful." She whispered. "I feel like you and I are really connecting and I'm so sorry I lied to you."

Light hazel eyes blinked open, looking at her in confusion, seeing tears brimming the dark eyes. "About what?" What in the world could the woman have lied about?

Cosima was pulling away, hugging her knees to her chest. The sudden guilt was becoming unbearable as she felt herself no longer worthy to touch the pale form. "I don't want you to hate me. Please promise you won't hate me."

"Of course I won't." Delphine sat up, pulling the student to her.

"I do remember you..." Cosima admitted, tears spilling from her eyes. "I remember a little girl with blonde curls and a winnie the pooh backpack that could barely speak English... I did the moment you said *enchantée*."

It didn't make any sense. Why would the student lie about it. It seemed such a strange truth to avoid. "Why?" Delphine breathed the word, feeling a tailwind of confusion wash over her. Her body was buzzing with desire and it was an odd whiplash of emotions. She was in a strange place of needing to comfort the woman but mildly upset she was being lied to. But then there was the immeasurable arousal.

"Well..." Cosima sniffled. "You were so cute, trying to get me to remember and I just wanted to see how you would try to get me to remember and now I feel really bad because you are so nice." She spoke in a pleading voice, trying to get the blonde to understand. "The universe totally worked it's magic to get us in this college at the same time, across the hall from each other and now in this bed. I feel really connected to you right now and I really love you and your nature eyes and your smooth skin and you smell like a field of wildflowers and taste like apple pie, but it's a connection built on a lie..." She shook her head in despair, mourning what her impertinence had destroyed. Suddenly, she found her lips being covered by Delphine's, the tantalizing feel of a hand sliding around the back of her neck.

The babbling had been cute at first, but now she felt it was getting in the way. Delphine tried not to linger on the confession of love, knowing it was nothing but the drugs talking, but her own less than sober mind was fueled by the artificial admission. When she ended the kiss, the tip of her nose trailed over the student's before she brushed away the brunette's tears. "It's ok, Cosima." Another brief kiss and she was smiling.

"Your lips... are like angel pillows." Cosima's voice was a bare whisper as her hand came up to brush against the damp skin. Capturing the blonde's hand, she brushed her lips against the pad of her thumb, peppering kisses along the length of her wrist and forearm. "You are so amazing." She covered Delphine's body with her own, brushing kisses over pale skin. "So so amazing." Each kiss she placed along the smooth skin was like a miniature prayer she offered to the universe.

Delphine took a ragged breath, her complete focus on the hands that were moving down her body, followed by lips and tongue. It was a strange rollercoaster of emotions and sensation and her slow responses were having trouble keeping up.

"So soft." Cosima lingered at the woman's breasts, pressing her cheek to the soft flesh as she breathed in the scent that was all Delphine. "How is everything about you so perfect?" She wondered, brushing the length of her nose against a firm nipple, feeling the flesh tighten from the contact.

Had she been sober, Delphine would have been uncomfortable with the over-zealous attention, so perhaps it was a good thing for inebriation. The downside was that after a few minutes, the brunette made no attempt to move on from her breasts, instead whispering soft words of amazement as she moved back and forth between the two mounds. "Cosima?"

Her attention caught by the sound of her name, Cosima moved up the woman's body. "Yes my angel?"

Delphine couldn't help it, she laughed, wrapping her arm around the student's waist, her own resolve returning. "Maybe you should stay up here?"

"Ok." Cosima answered simply.

Taking a deep breath, Delphine looked down at the woman's hands that never stopped touching, stroking, caressing. It was going to be a long night.

Chapter 3

Ok! This is finally done! So... I want to apologize for this entire chapter because I'm so fucking high and I shouldn't be blamed for posting this and writing this before posting it.

edit* ok sorry for last night guys but I fixed the fact that somehow I started thinking there were 4 chapters to this fic and there are only 3*

Delphine was awoken by the bed dipping, a cold she hadn't known existed until it was replaced with a delicious warmth. There was a mixed smell of marijuana and mint and it was a slow dawning of realization that not only was there suddenly someone in bed with her, but she was not wearing any clothes. She was filled with a brief moment of panic before her memory came back to her, remembering the small brunette that had tortured her for well over an hour with soft touches and unending confessions and inquiries before she finally couldn't stay awake any longer.

"Are you awake, Delphine?" A soft voice sounded close to her ear.

Delphine wasn't sure if she should answer. She wasn't exactly sure how she was going to deal with being naked in bed with a stranger, but something told her to open her eyes and she found herself looking into still dilated dark hazel eyes. The lights in the room were off, but she could make out all the details of the student's face. She couldn't help but smile, giving the woman a nod.

"I figured. You stopped snoring." Cosima commented with a smirk, her fingertips running up and down the skin of a pale arm.

"I don't snore..." Delphine denied, stretching her body. She could feel a laziness in her movements, reminding her of how much she had to drink. Surprisingly, she didn't feel that bad, but it was probably because she was still a little drunk.

Cosima ran her fingertips along the crook of Delphine's elbow. "Whatever, Dude. You so do, but it's actually kinda hot."

The playful tone caught her attention and Delphine looked a little closer at the woman. "Are you still high?"

With a big grin, Cosima shook her head. "Not completely but I'm also not totally sober... I mean I think I'm about talked out for the night, but..." She let her eyes trace the length of Delphine's body. "I can't say I regret where it got me..."

"Did you just smoke pot?"

Cosima nodded. "Mmmm...it helps with the comedown. I space out my rolls but I still need a little help... weed and... cuddling work the best." She let her finger draw small fingers along a bicep.

Delphine didn't even want to know what that meant. Instead she was untangled herself from Cosima, rolling out of bed. "I need to use the bathroom." She explained when the brunette grunted in disapproval, retrieving a pair of boxers and a tank top from her dresser and slipping both on before heading down the hall.

Finally alone with her thoughts, she took a moment to think about her situation and how to deal

with the woman currently occupying her bed. She wasn't exactly sure how she felt about it, her mind still a bit foggy. She wasn't regretting everything that...well... didn't happen. She smirked, washing her hands and looking at her reflection. God she looked like shit. She splashed some water on her face, washing the sleep and smeared eyeliner away before pulling her hair up into a messy bun.

She didn't have a plan... or any idea what she was going to do. She should send Cosima back to her room, she thought just before slipping into her room again. The idea lasted until her eyes fell on the brunette, wearing nothing but one of Delphine's sleep shirts, her face illuminated by the screen of her cell phone, the sound of the Foals album she'd recently purchased playing from the speakers on her desk.

Dark hazel eyes looked up suddenly, noticing Delphine standing there. "So... I'm not sure if you wanted me gone or not, and I want to cast my vote for... not." She put her phone on the nightstand before tilted her head to the side, looking as adorable as humanly possible.

Delphine smirked, closing the door and locking it behind her. Maybe it was the alcohol that she could still feel present in her system, or maybe it was the fact that she had been spending so much time studying, she hadn't really found the time to date anyone in months, but her body moved of it's own accord, stripping off her tank top as she neared the bed.

Cosima pushed herself up, needing no convincing as she moved to the edge of the bed just as the blonde got there. Her hands rose to the woman's hips, pulling her close enough to press kisses to the soft skin of her stomach. It was the softest of embraces, her tongue tasting the smooth flesh as she eased Delphine's boxers over the curve of her hips, the material pooling at her feet. She felt the surface twitch as she lightly bit the pale skin before Delphine pushed her away, giving her a scolding look.

There were no words exchanged as Cosima's mischievous eyes traced along the sleek lines, licking her chapped lips. She had to admire the way the student's body moved, leaning back far enough for the blonde to pull the shirt she wore up and off. In the same motion, she was sliding backwards towards the center of the bed as her lap was straddled and their lips met for the first time since waking.

Delphine moaned into the kiss as the hands slid up the outside of her thighs, the lazy battle of her tongue against Cosima's growing in intensity as the smaller woman was leaning back and she was following, covering the shorter form. She wasn't sure where her own brazen confidence came from, but she didn't fight it. She savored the way warm hands moved up her torso, slow in their exploration but without hesitation.

They were complete strangers, despite the long-passed playground defense, but Delphine couldn't deny the connection she felt. It was an unexplainable comfort and maybe it was how they had shared an indisputable vulnerability in their less than sober states, neither taking advantage when the opportunity presented itself, but she could feel their bodies melting together as if they were made to fit together.

Delphine captured the brunette's lips hungrily, her hand sliding between their bodies to press into the depths of heated desire. She was surprised at the arousal she found, easily finding the swollen nub with her thumb, the brunette's thighs spreading wider in invitation. As hips began to roll against her ministrations, Delphine was eager to comply with the silent request.

A whimper spilled from Cosima's throat as fingers pressed deeper, the student breaking off the kiss and raking her teeth over the sensitive skin of Delphine's neck, her body arching into the blonde's touch. She wanted everything the student could give her and more. The residual drugs in her system left her with a need to be filled emotionally as well as physically, to get impossibly

closer to the woman who seemed more than willing to cooperate. As if sensing her need, another finger pressed into her, filling her completely as the heel of the blonde's palm pressing against the her clit.

Delphine groaned as blunt nails trailed down her back, leaving a path of fire in their wake. She could already feel the resistance against her thrusts, the small body trembling beneath her. She didn't know if it was the drugs or if the woman just had a naturally short fuse, but she shifted her hand slightly, curling her fingers as she pressed deeper.

"Shit!" Cosima gasped, pulling her impossibly closer, her legs wrapping around Delphine's in an attempt to anchor herself. "Right there." She groaned as if Delphine weren't already exactly where she needed her... as if the blonde didn't somehow know precisely what she wanted.

Delphine expected a scream... a moan... or maybe even a high pitched whimper, but as she felt the woman's body tense and nails digging into her back again as Cosima's back arched off the bed, it was the complete opposite. Eyes squeezed shut and a mouth opened in a silent scream, the only sound was the music that still played from the speakers. It wasn't until the trembling subsided that Cosima took a shuddered breath, her body collapsing with a weak laugh.

"Holy fuck." Cosima groaned. When she felt Delphine beginning to withdraw, she shook her head, covering the hand that was still between her thighs. "Just... stay for a minute."

Raising an eyebrow, Delphine chuckled before pressing her lips to Cosima's, enjoying a lazy exploration. When she was pulling back, she couldn't stop from smiling. When Cosima's hand uncovered her own, she guessed it was safe to slip her fingers free.

Cosima whimpered softly at the loss, instead taking the opportunity to roll the blonde over, covering her body. Looking down into light hazel eyes, she couldn't resist brushing the tip of her nose against Delphine's, gently nipping her bottom lip. "How did you just do that?"

"Do what?" Delphine was distracted by the hips that settled between her thighs, pressing closer.

With a small smirk, Cosima brushed her lips over the woman's jaw. "Fuck me like you've been fucking me for years." Her voice was a whisper, but she knew the woman heard her. "I guess I should repay the favor."

Delphine would have blushed if Cosima's ministrations hadn't moved onto her breasts, her attention drawn to the tongue that circled a nipple before the woman continued down her body, shoulders nudging her thighs to spread wider. "Merde..." The word slipped from her throat as she buried her one hand in brunette dreads. Her other hand found the headboard, her knuckles white as she gripped the stained wood.

"Come on Lexa..." Clarke adjusted the bag on her shoulder. "You know Raven only means well..."

"Why are you always defending her?"

Clarke winced at the yell that came over the headset. "I'm not defending her..." wrestling her keys from her pocket, she slid it easily into the lock of the door. "You didn't even let her..." Flipping on the light switch, she paused in the doorway, her mind falling on the bed that was occupied. Normally she wouldn't care if Delphine were sleeping but something about brunette dreads an expanse of a tan bare back told her this was not Delphine. "What the hell?" She looked around to

make sure she was in the right room.

"Clarke!"

Turning around, she came face to face with her roommate who was dressed in an oversized tshirt and a pair of boxers, her hair pulled up in a messy bun. "Ummm... what the hell, Delphine? Babe... I'll call you back." Reaching up, she hung up the headset.

Ignoring her, Delphine smirked and slipped past her, checking on Cosima who was still passed out. Tugging the blankets up a little further, she leaned down to press her lips against the brunette's ear, whispering softly to her.

"Mmm hmmm." Cosima agreed, still obviously asleep as she shifted, hugging a pillow to her chest.

Delphine grinned, moving back to where Clarke was leaning against her desk, arms crossed over her chest. "Did you have a good vacation?"

"Not as good as yours apparently. I take it you found better things to study."

Tilting her head in concession, Delphine bit her bottom lip. "Did Lexa not return with you?" She tried to keep her voice down, not wanting to wake up the student.

"She's in her dorm with...No no... we're not deflecting. We're talking about you. Who the hell is that?"

"Cosima." She answered matter-of-factly. "She's our... across-the-hall neighbor."

"What?" Clarke's brow furrowed. "What happened to Beth and Alison?"

"Mmm tragic story. They broke up, Alison and Cosima switched dorms."

"And this happened how?" She gestured at the bed.

"Well... I had too much to drink and she had too much molly or whatever it was called and well... that was four nights ago?" She shrugged, stretching her limbs out. "Well... it's good to have you back but... I am exhausted and I need a nap."

"Mmhmmm." Clarke gave her a knowing look. "I look forward to meeting her."

Delphine didn't hear her, she was slipping into her bed, the smaller form instantly curling against her, limbs tangling with her own under the comforter.

"Is that your roommate?" Cosima mumbled, her hand sliding under the shirt that was suddenly in the way. "Tell her to go away or I'll sick my sister on her."

"Oui. It's fine, Cosima. Go back to sleep." She pressed a kiss against the woman's forehead, enjoying the soft stroking of fingertips against her spine.

"Mmmm, does that mean no more sexy time?" Sleepy dark hazel eyes looked up as she grinned.

Delphine laughed softly. "For now." She whispered, her eyes narrowing as the hand on her back slipped around and began to inch up her abdomen. "Sleep, Cosima."

Cosima nodded, her hand covering a breast as she moved closer. "Just getting comfortable."

When the door clicked close, Delphine looked over the bare shoulder and found they were alone

again. "Mmm I think we scared Clarke away."

"Oh no." Cosima chuckled, now fully awake as she covered the blonde's body. "We're alone again... how horrible." She kissed her way along the smooth jaw, her teeth nipping the soft skin.

"Clarke is going to kill me if she walks in on us."

"Don't worry... I'll protect you... just like I did before." As her thigh slid between Delphine's and she was rewarded with a soft gasp, she chuckled again. "Well... maybe not JUST like before."

"Mmmm good." Delphine groaned, capturing Cosima's lips in a bruising kiss.

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