She gave everything she had to a boy who changed his mind
by meganseverafter

Summary

Tessa didn’t know what she was doing. Or, rather she did, but she’s pretending she doesn’t so that she a. can claim temporary insanity should this go horrendously wrong and b. doesn’t have a panic attack and back out because she’s already pulled the tags off the new matching bra and panty set from Victoria’s Secret that cost far more than she’d like even if it was on clearance and therefore can’t return them and wash her hands of this whole mess right now before anyone else knows about it.

Notes

Look. I was innocently taking a shower and Fifteen came on. This happened and I didn't know how to stop it from happening. Here's to hoping that this impulse lasts me through finishing the fic. Surely it can't be more than two chapters. Three at max. I can do this right? Right.

Obviously I don't own them and they're real people this is all fiction etc. etc.

I don't know how the timelines match up overall, but we're gonna pretend it's like very late 2008 and Tessa and Scott are 19 and 21.

Edit: I realized after looking up the release date of Fearless and when Tessa had her surgery that there's no way this could have taken place in 2008. It has to be after the surgery, probably sometime in spring of 2009.
I hope there's no errors but I wrote this in like an hour so...
Claiming insanity is a legal defense, right?

Tessa didn’t know what she was doing. Or, rather she did, but she’s pretending she doesn’t so that she a. can claim temporary insanity should this go horrendously wrong and b. doesn’t have a panic attack and back out because she’s already pulled the tags off the new matching bra and panty set from Victoria’s Secret that cost far more than she’d like even if it was on clearance and therefore can’t return them and wash her hands of this whole mess right now before anyone else knows about it. Really, this is all Taylor Swift’s fault. And Madison’s for playing the damn CD in the changing room today. None of this would be happening if that hadn’t have happened, and what a lovely world that would have been. But it did happen, and normally Tessa isn’t a Taylor Swift fan. She’s a fine singer and all, but not Tessa’s preferred style. She tolerates it for the sake of the rest of the group because they like it and she doesn’t want to cause unnecessary problems.

This of course, was all fine and dandy until that damn song came on, going on about how tough being fifteen is for normal girls (none of the events in the song are anything Tessa really relates to whatsoever). And then the line “and Abagail gave everything she had to a boy who changed his mind, and we both cried” filtered into Tessa’s awareness and triggered a fear she never knew she even had. And she’s nineteen. That’s four whole years older than the girl Taylor is talking about. Surely, she shouldn’t be having this fear at her age. Besides, who has the time to give anybody anything unless they’re the judges? Reasoning with herself as she cleaned up after practice did absolutely nothing to stop this spiral she found herself in, so like the completely irrational person she’s letting herself pretend she is (see: claiming insanity should this go to shit), she stayed back after even Scott left to ask Madison to borrow the CD. This led to letting Madison believe she might actually be converting Tessa to music from this century. Unlikely, but more likely than Tessa attempting to explain this half-formed, entirely moronic plan that had started in her head.

After barely escaping without getting entirely defensive about her motives, she’d gone back to her tiny apartment that was only a short walk from the rink to dig up what spare cash she had to go to the mall. Because she’d realized on the walk home that absolutely none of the bras and panties she owned were sexy whatsoever. They were cute at best and generally practical. Practical is not what you want when trying to proposition your best friend to have sex with you. Especially not when every girl you’ve ever seen him interested in is always done up and cute and sexy and hangs on his arm like they have any idea what it’s like to be held up by them (maybe they do. And that’s not a thought Tessa particularly likes to acknowledge day to day, much less on a day like this). So, she decided to go to buy new ones and wear a dress she’d bought with Jordan because it apparently made her legs look really good but wasn’t too much for a simple date (Tessa has never had occasion to wear such a dress. The few dates she’d been on were vague and not-quite-dates, generally as part of a group date where she was placed with whatever stray guy was involved. Scott always had a date for these outings. That does not bug Tessa). So, she bought the clearance lacy royal blue panties and the matching push-up bra because she’s never been sure she likes her boobs. Like, they’re small enough to compete with, and that’s nice and all, but for dates and getting guys’ attention? Are they too small for that? The girls Scott’s always with always have decent sized boobs and that’s what sells the bra for her.

She goes home and gets ready like she’s going to a competition; making sure everything is shaved and not extremely embarrassing (okay, less extremely embarrassing), doing her makeup to play up her eyes and leaving her hair loose so that it’ll be less of a disaster should the night end in her favor (she’s not sure what “in her favor” means anymore. The confidence stemming from the insanity is starting to wear off and she’s not sure she shouldn’t just call the whole thing off). She still wasn’t sure why she was even putting in such an effort as she tied up her dress when she knows full well Scott’s probably going to be in some sort of lazy outfit, like sweats and a Leaf’s jersey, but she
knows how to hide behind the outfit and put on a show and that’s what she’ll do tonight. It’s less of a rejection if he turns down a front than it is if she were to show up in yoga pants and a ponytail like her normal self wears, right? At least that’s what she tells herself, as she puts on her kitten heels and walks the to the next floor of the apartment complex, the damn Taylor Swift CD in hand, to Scott’s apartment.
Scott’s day was going great; practice went well, he was allowed to cheat a little and have a hamburger and a beer for dinner, the Leafs were winning—all signs of a good day. Especially when compared with what might be a bad one come Thursday. Tessa was weirdly moody the entirety of being in the changing room after practice today and acted like he asked if she wanted to come commit a felony with him when he asked if she wanted a ride back to the apartments. Now, they’d long since agreed that only one of them was allowed to be the moody one on any given day, and clearly Tessa claimed the rest of today and possibly all of tomorrow and Thursday as hers. Which is fine, Scott can’t fault her for that. Maybe she’s on her period. He doesn’t know. It’s not as if he keeps track of those things.

He can however fault whoever at his door, in the middle of the Leafs game. Until he opens it up to find an immaculately dressed Tessa standing there, looking like she’s got a date or something, which he was entirely unaware of. But she’s got the face of a woman on a mission so he doesn’t really protest when she moves past him into his apartment, looking around as if she expects someone else to be there.

“Uh, sure, T. Please come in. This is totally not a surprise whatsoever.” he says sarcastically as he shuts the door and re-locks it, following her into the living room where she’s since muted the TV and started fiddling with his stereo. “Seriously, what are you doing? I mean, you look great and all, but it’s a Tuesday night. Do you really have to be that dressed up on a Tuesday night?” Rather than answer any of his questions, she maneuvers him to sit down on the couch, shaking her head and still wearing that determined look.

“You need to listen to this song.” She informs him seriously, before starting one of those Taylor Swift songs from earlier in the day, causing only more questions to come to mind because he’s never once heard her be terribly interested in anything Taylor Swift has ever produced.

“Since when do you like Taylor Swift?” is the first question he can make himself ask because the other ones don’t seem to be getting any responses.

Tessa just shushes him and points at the stereo seriously, “Just listen.”

So he listens as instructed, watching Tessa fidget as she stands in front of him while looking at everything except for him. He tries to find some sort of meaning in the lyrics but gets absolutely nothing from them. As far as he’s concerned things make less sense than they did when she first showed up.

"T, neither of us are fifteen and we also didn't go to high school. None of the applies to us. I don’t get it, do you want to dance to it?” He finally asks once she stops the next song from playing.

She shakes her head, takes a deep breath, and simply replies, "I don't want to give everything I have to a boy who's gonna change his mind." This throws Scott because she's blushing and there’s an innuendo there and he knows that but what the hell does she want him to do about it?

"So find a guy that won't? Tess, really, I don't know what I'm supposed to say here. That I'll kick any guy's ass that treats you wrong? You know I will."

"No, Scott. Just- I...Just you and me, right? No matter what?"

"Yeah, T, just us..." Scott says softly, as if he’s afraid to spook her. He stands and starts reaching for her, but before he can even touch her, she plows on with the whole point of the evening and
he’s frozen in shock.

"Then I want you to take my virginity."

"What?"

"Yeah, see, I know you're still a virgin too—or at least I think you are. It's okay if you're not. But I want to lose it to someone I can trust. And I trust you so, it's only logical that I ask you because I don't think any of the other guys I've met will be any good and I don't think they'll necessarily be good to me and even if you don't know what you're doing, I know you'll be gentle and really it's not like you haven't touched me before and I've changed outfits in front of you before too, even though I never took my underwear or bra off and they were always decidedly not cute, but even still you've sort of seen everything and really would it be so bad? I mean you can say no and we can totally forget I even brought it up but I just thought—"

He had to cut her off there because she was getting progressively more worked up and her face was starting to go red from the lack of oxygen. So, he did what any logical man would do when his best friend/dance partner shows up at his door, dressed to the nines and asking him to sleep with her. He kissed her. Surging forward a bit like he would were they on the ice and the dance required it.

He’s kissed Tessa before, yes. Technically speaking, she was his first kiss ever and there’s been times mid-program when what were supposed to be near-misses actually landed on her lips for the briefest of moments. But kissing her with the actual intent of kissing her? Totally and completely different. He’d be worried about things changing after this, if she hadn’t already changed everything anyway or if things weren’t already different and a little weird since she came back from her surgery. Once he feels her finally calming into his touch, he pulls back, trying to comprehend what all just happened.

“Don’t take this the wrong way but what the hell, Tess?”

“I’m nineteen, Scotty. And we’re trying to get ready for the Olympics now and there isn’t time for guys. And it’s not like they’re even interested in me even if there was time for me to date. And I don’t want to lose it to some moron who’s only trying to get in my skirt.” She tries to explain, fiddling with the collar of the very jersey she’d been expecting to see on him before she even got here.

Scott sighs and shakes his head, still amazed that she’s absolutely unaware of the attention she receives just for walking into a room. He knows she’s turned into an attractive woman even though, for the sake of their career, he pretends not to see it. Somehow though, she’s missed the memo.

“Trust me, lack of attention is not your problem.”

“Scott.” She says warningly, trying to keep him on track.

“You’re sure you’re not on any pain pills that might be messing with your head?” He asks, just to check because he doesn’t want her to wake up tomorrow and realize what a drastic mistake this all was. Because he’s genuinely considering it. In a way that he was never able to consider with the other girls he’s dated. It just never seemed like the time, they never seemed permanent enough to get to the stage where he felt comfortable with them like that. Don’t get him wrong, he’s gone through some of the bases, he just never got around for the homerun. But doing it with Tessa? Probably the best worst mistake he could make, all things considered. It’s not like he’s never thought about it, in that “I wonder what it’d be like” kind of way. After all, he’s had her body constantly pressed against his in various degrees of revealing dress since he was a kid. It was kind of hard to avoid those thoughts during puberty when he had zero control of his own body or its
reactions to hers.

“I’m clean and sober.” she assures him, tensing just a touch beneath his hands that are still cupping just below her jaw and around her neck in the way that he always holds her head to keep it steady. “I really want this.”

“And it won't be weird once you leave, right? We’ll still be friends?” He has to ask, because he already screwed them up once by not being there for her after she was put under the knife when they had no choice to stop the cause. They could stop now and pretend it never happened and be fine. He isn’t so sure that it’ll be the same once they actually do it.

“It’ll just add another dimension to our dancing. It’s just one night. We even have tomorrow off so we don’t have to worry about being so close so soon after.” She tries to reason, and he can see the same fear he has reflected in her eyes. The fear that saying that it’ll be okay won’t make it okay.

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“We’re doing this.”
The name’s Scott, but I’ll take God, too.

Chapter Notes

After posting note:

This is the dress I've decided Tessa is wearing except the white trim is black. Do with it what you will.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"We’re doing this."

"Okay. Great. Uh, I actually didn't have a plan for this part. I was too busy trying to not talk myself out of asking." Tessa admits, chewing on the inside of her lip as she looks at Scott, trying to convince herself this is real and actually happening.

"Well, I'm pretty sure at some point we get naked." He reasons and trust Scott to try and lighten up this situation.

"Yeah."

"And there's kissing. Maybe we start with the kissing?" He offers with a raised brow, smiling now as if she can’t sense that he’s just as nervous as she is.

"You already kissed me." She points out, though for what purpose, she doesn’t really know. Repeated kissing is kind of the goal here. Sex without kissing is probably more weird and awkward than sex with kissing.

"I was walking you back from the cliff's edge. That doesn't count."

“I wasn’t on a cliff’s edge.” Tessa protests despite all reason pointing at him likely being right, frowning at Scott with narrowed eyes.

“You were turning red, T. I don’t think you’d taken a breath in like a minute.” Scott argues with a smile, unable to continue because she’s given up trying to argue a moot point and is kissing him herself. Which, she reasons, is completely different than him kissing her, so she’s technically not wrong.

Kissing Scott is different than she thought it’d be, based on the few sloppy kisses she’s had in the past (not including her and Scott’s sloppy first kiss. Somehow, this gives her the same safe, bubbly feeling as it did when she was eight and he was ten). She’s used to guys trying to be quick, trying to get as far as they can in as short a time as possible, but Scott’s taking his time as if he knows he has it. Maybe because they’ve since agreed that this is definitely going to end with doing it? Except she’s pretty sure that even if that wasn’t pre-determined, he’d still kiss her like he’s trying to learn every millimeter of her mouth just like he knows (almost) every inch of her body. That thought, of course, leads her to wanting to learn the same things about him. She already knows him better than anyone in the world, why not just stack the odds even further?
Tessa’s thoughts are derailed when Scott pulls back, breathing heavily and just resting his forehead against hers, allowing her to absentely note that she’s just as out of breath as he is as he stands there, stroking her cheeks and looking at her like she hung the stars in the sky. At least, that’s how the other girls have described it to her when they’re talking about how their dances have gone. The single skaters are most likely to mention it, asking what it’s like to have a partner, to trust someone so implicitly, to have them look at you like that. For Tessa though, he’s just looking at her, the way he’s always done, since the moment they grasped hands as children and tried skating together for the first time.

“So that happened…” she finally says, once her breathing is steady enough and just saying silent is starting to become far too loud. Scott lets out a laugh and nods, and he looks as happy as he normally does after a really good skate and Tessa doesn’t know if she’ll ever be able to see him make that face the same way again after this.

“We’ve definitely improved since we were kids…” He agrees and even though she’s not sure that the kiss they shared when they were so little counts, she’s glad she’s not the only one that remembers it happened.

“Who knew what a difference ten years would make?”

“Wanna see what a difference two minutes of breath catching can make?” Scott offers and it’s such a Scott thing to say, somewhere between incredibly flirty and entirely endearing that Tessa almost tears up at how thankful she is that he’s agreed to do this with her. She has to nod and hurry up and kiss him so that he can’t tell that she’s a little choked up, running the risk of him being worried that she’s actually upset when she can’t tell him how genuinely happy she is at the moment.

This time, the kissing delves into full-on making-out territory and he’s kissing down her neck, following the trail of uncovered skin down what is a more revealing neckline than she’d normally wear off the ice but the push-up bra really makes it work and Scott certainly seems to be happy with it. She knows she’s certainly never felt this good when a guy was kissing her before and she almost starts to wonder what’ll happen to her in the long run if Scott ruins her for every man to come after him, but then she feels him tugging at the tie at her waist, his head resting against her chest as he looks up at her in question, “What happens if I pull this?”

“Then the dress comes undone and I’m way more revealed than you.” She replies, entirely positive that he can probably feel how her heart rate increased at the thought.

“And how’s that a problem exactly?” Scott asks, still fiddling with the tie but refraining from undoing it until he has her okay, though Tessa thinks he looks a little like a kid being told to wait until Christmas morning to unwrap his presents even though Christmas Eve is nearly the same thing.

“You’ve got more on than I do. It’s only fair that you start first.” What Tessa didn’t expect with that statement was for him to pull back and take his jersey off in one fluid motion and toss it to the side, staring at her expectantly.

And, yeah, she’s seen Scott without a shirt before. Multiple times; when they were little and being shirtless didn’t matter, when they were a little older and there was no way Tessa would ever dare take her shirt off in front of him and risk him seeing her training bra with the little hearts on it even though her boobs had barely made an appearance and he was still as lanky as could be while still being a wall of muscle, when she gave up on worrying about that because it’s just Scott and they agreed that their bodies changing was inevitable and if they weren’t weird about it, it wouldn’t be weird. Hell, she saw him shirtless like a week ago while they were trying on new costumes. She’s always been aware that his muscles have become more defined and his shoulders are broader and
he’s grown up. But it was all way easier to take in when he wasn’t looking at her like that. Like he was going to devour her the second she gave him the okay. Suddenly it all became real to Tessa, what they were doing, the boundaries they were pushing, but also the fact that it is just Scott and that same as ever, if they weren’t weird about it, it wouldn’t be weird.

So, she moves back into his space, deciding in that moment to just let things happen, including letting him devour her in any which way he wants because she knows deep down, Scott had ruined her for all other men even before she showed up at his door tonight.

Which means when he slides his hand down the back of her thigh while they kiss, she pushes up so that he can pick her up, seamlessly wrapping her legs around his waist and letting him carry her wherever he damn well pleases. This turns out to be to the bedroom, because obviously. She’s suddenly glad that these apartments have absolutely terrible lighting that has to be supplemented with additional lamps when she realizes that Scott managed to turn on the light switch on their way in and it creates a nice, mood lighting that won’t show every flaw she’s ever found on her body but still allows her to see his face as he unwraps her dress. She hadn’t been sure, when she bought the underwear set, that it’d be worth the cost to use for probably just one night. But for the look on his face when he sees it for the first time? She would have paid that ridiculous full price.

“They’re new; I thought tonight deserved something special.”

“They’re something special, alright. Christ. These things should be framed with our medals as proof of our achievements.” Scott comments, visibly struggling as he tries to figure out where to look.

“Oh, yeah, I’m sure our mothers would be so proud to have the underwear I was wearing when we lost our virginities together hanging on their walls.” Tessa scoffs with a roll of her eyes, tugging Scott closer with the waistband of his sweats so that he’s standing against the bed between her legs, effectively cutting him off from whatever nonsense he would have continued spouting. Slipping her hands beneath the waistband of both the sweats and the boxers, she looks at him with a raised eyebrow, letting the fact that he’s definitely attracted to her be a confidence boost. With his shaky nod, she pushes his pants down, biting her lip as she looks at him standing in front of her, fully naked.

She knows anatomically what men are supposed to look like, of course, and has accidentally felt him get hard during certain lifts before he quickly set her down and hurried off the ice to calm down or take care of it or whatever it was he had to do. But there’s a difference between feeling it beneath layers of clothes in an accidental manner and having it literally staring you in the face, completely uncovered. Figuring that this is no time to be shy, Tessa reaches out and strokes him once, grinning a little when he tenses beneath her touch. Growing bolder, she explores further, tightening her grip and stroking with more purpose, using that bead of liquid to lessen the friction.

She’s decided that if they’re doing this, they’re doing it all, and that means learning every bit of his body that she doesn’t already know.

Scott seems to agree with that sentiment because he’s letting her do this, even going so far as adjusting her hands and murmuring approval or tips (like he would while on the ice to help her dance better, and that facet of their career will probably always be tinged with this memory too, now.) until he has to pull her hands off, shaking his head.

“Let’s not end this before we even get your dress off all the way, eh?” he grins, leaning down to kiss her again as he pushes her dress off her shoulders, his hands moving as deliberately as they do during a program down her arms until the sleeves are completely off.

She has to laugh as he fiddles with her bra clasp, trying so hard to get it undone while continuing to
kiss her but after the minute mark of him struggling, she gives up the kiss and grins at him, “Do you need some help?”

“This bra keeps trying to kill me in new and inventive ways.” Scott states in a huff and his eagerness in getting it off distracts Tessa’s fear that he won’t like what he finds underneath.

Taking Scott’s hands, she reaches behind herself and attempts to show him how to unhook it because she knows, ultimately, that she won’t be the last girl he sleeps with and having the knowledge of how to undo a bra seems kind of vital. She leaves the rest of taking it off up to him, watching his face while he’s busy watching what he’s doing. This is the scary part; the uncharted territory. But he has the same fascinated determination on his face that she likely had when she first started touching him so she feels immediately better, nodding when he looks at her face for confirmation that he can touch. This is what she meant when she said she thought that he’d be good to her. She assumes most guys would just go in and start grabbing, but Scott asks permission and lightly explores rather than just squeezing at them like they’re those bike horns little kids have.

Now, she’s obviously explored her own body. That’s natural. And she’s never really gotten the fascination with touching her breasts because it never really did anything for her. Apparently, the key is to have someone else touch them. Because Scott learning the feel of them and how they react in his hands? Wow. She realizes after hearing Scott curse that she’s been quietly moaning the more he feels her up. Suddenly his hands have left to slide under her ass and lift her up, and he’s carrying her on his knees to the head of the bed, so he can lay her out flat with her head on the pillows. Before she can even really comprehend the change in position, his mouth has taken over the job his hands were doing with her breasts and it’s all she can do to remember that he has neighbors and that loudly crying out is probably indecent.

Not as indecent, however, as Scott muttering profanity after profanity against her skin, followed by things such as: “So fucking beautiful”, “Barely done anything and it’s already heaven”, and “Christ T, I’m never going to be able to smell this body lotion without thinking of your skin under my lips again” (If her panties grow a little more damp with this one, and she suddenly decides that she needs to go to the store tomorrow to buy more of this lotion, well, that’s her secret,), and “I always liked this belly button ring, even if our moms thought it was absurd”. That last one is her favorite, if only because he was the one to drive her to the piercing place and hold her hand while she splurged for her eighteenth birthday.

But reminiscing is cut short when she feels his nose nudging at the hem of her panties and she can’t for the life of her, figure out why his face needs to be so close to that spot.

“What are you doing?” she squeaks, resisting the urge to pull his head up and away from there because it’s Scott and she knows she can trust him, but still.

“Waiting for you to let me pull these delectable panties off so that I can explore you.” He answers in such a normal tone that it almost throws Tessa off.

“Your face doesn’t need to be there to do that.”

“It does if I’m gonna go down on you, which I am, so therefore…” he insists, resting his chin on her lower stomach as if he belongs there.

“You don’t have to, really, Scott. C’mon…” She tries, going through the motions of pulling him back up her body but she’s lacking all the follow through to actually get him to move.

“Tessa, if you really, genuinely, don’t want me to do this, I won’t. But if it’s just because you feel kinda weird about it, let me at least try.” He looks so damn earnest about wanting to do this to her,
that she almost feels bad, and she has to admit her hold up.

“But I’m not ready to reciprocate…” Tessa admits hesitantly, biting her lip, despite the slow smile appearing on his face before he kisses the jut of her hip bone.

“So buy me a burrito tomorrow or something instead if you’re so intent on payback. But I’m not looking for anything except the go ahead to take these panties off and taste you.” He insists and the absurdity of it all makes Tessa laugh. Some part of her wonders if she’s supposed to be laughing while a guy is proposing going down on her, but she reasons that it’s Scott and Scott can always make her laugh.

“Alright… But you better make it good. I spent most of my money on these panties so those burritos you like are a pricey venture right now.”

“Yes, ma’am.” He grins, being extra careful with the panties so that he doesn’t rip the lace on the first wear as he slides them down her legs, occasionally dropping kisses over the skin of her thighs and calves as he works his way down and then back up again after discarding the scrap of lace to the side of the bed.

Tessa knows she shouldn’t be this tense, but Scott has to encourage her to open her legs to him again, baring herself completely and she’s so beyond thankful that she made sure to meticulously clean up down there even when she thought he’d have no interest in looking at her that closely.

“Just relax.” He insists while he rubs his hands on her thighs in little circles, smiling up at her as he fits himself between her legs. Once he seems comfortable, he drags a testing finger between her lips, making her hips jump up a little in something between shock and pleasure, locating her clit with a smug smile before inserting the finger into her, eliciting a little gasp from her. His fingers are bigger than hers and she can definitely tell the difference as he starts lazily thrusting it in and out of her, but she doesn’t really have time to catalogue the feeling because out of nowhere, his mouth is on her too and he’s swirling the tip of his tongue around her clit.

“Good God” Tessa moans, arching into his touch and forgetting all her concerns about this entirely.

“The name’s Scott, but I’ll take God, too.” The smug jerk says against her, and the combination of the sound vibrating and just his mouth moving over her sensitive skin renders any witty comeback she might’ve had into a needy moan.

With the addition of a second finger on his part and a doubled down effort with his mouth, Tessa’s climbing faster and higher than she’s ever gotten herself and she almost wants to be mad about it, but Scott’s too busy trying to make her forget her name to let that anger exist for a single moment and by the time she realizes she’s close, she doesn’t have the coherency to tell him. Instead, she grips his hair and holds him closer to her until she’s over the edge and grinding herself against his face, something she’d be embarrassed about if she was even really aware she was doing it through the haze of pleasure.

Vaguely, as she comes down, she realizes she’s let go of his head and that he’s pressing little kisses to her inner thighs and she can feel his smug gaze as he watches her. But after that performance? He can be smug. Just for tonight. Tomorrow and the rest of their lives is a different story.

Chapter End Notes
This is not the end even though the last line would be a GREAT parting line. It just got too damn long and I really need to go to bed so therefore, this had to be broken up into two chapters.
There's Still So Much Left To Do

Chapter Notes

So after a week of hell that was even more hellish than expected (nursing school is hard enough when your body isn't shutting down), I've finally finished this. Here we go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Scott knows that there’s no way that come tomorrow morning, he’ll be able to look at Tessa the same. Not after watching her cum under his tongue, crying out his name. But he certainly wouldn’t trade that experience. And it’s not even like he’s going to see her in abad light either. No, what will really haunt him in the long run is the sight of her getting her bearings while he lays his head on her splayed out thigh, looking up at her entire body with the knowledge that even if another guy or guys get to see this, he was the first to do so.

“So, was that worth a burrito?” Scott finally asks in a joking manner once Tessa seems to be focused back in on what’s happening in the real world, wiping his fingers on the sheets when he pulls himself back up to the head of the bed. Then he has to reach over Tessa for his nightstand where he’s got the box of condoms Danny handed him as a housewarming gift. He hasn’t really had any need for it before this, but he’s thankful for his brother’s foresight.

“I think it could be argued that you earned one, yeah.” Tess agrees, smiling at him lazily as she runs her hand over his arm. If he wasn’t already turned on, he certainly is now, Christ. Post-orgasm glow is a real thing and Tessa looks like she’s been bathed in the stuff. He knows he’s stared at her too long, soaking up this moment in the same way he has to pause and soak up the moment whenever they win, when she starts frowning as if she thinks he’s seeing something wrong with her.

“What’s that face for?” she asks, sliding her hand back up his arm to rest against his neck.

“This is the face of a guy who just realized how perfect his dance partner is.”

“You’re a sap.”

“Always will be.”

“Good.” She whispers, and before he can attempt to dissect what that means, she’s pulling him in for another kiss and all other thoughts except for those relating to Tessa being naked under him completely disappear.

While it hit Tessa back in the living room that they were actually doing this, to Scott it still felt like another one of his wet dreams that he refuses to admit he has about her. Even with his face between her legs, he didn’t quite believe this was all happening in actual real life. After all, the Leafs were winning when she showed up looking hotter than he’d ever seen her. That could easily be the beginning of any porn film ever. It’s not until he’s laying over her and can actually feel every bit of her skin while they kiss that it really hits him because in all of his dreams everything was rushed. It was always because of the high of winning or because they were frustrated and needed to release the pent-up energy and Marina only gave them five minutes to get their heads on straight again.
Never did he let himself imagine that they’d have the entire night and be able to do it without clothes being bunched up between them.

But now that he has that chance, and it’s really happening, he’s trying to be as focused and in the moment as possible, memorizing the feeling of Tessa tugging on the hair at the nape of his neck and hesitantly rolling her hips against his as they kiss. When those teasing rocks become nearly too much, he reaches down to hold her hips still, shaking his head as they catch their breath.

“If you keep up with that, I’m not going to last, T…”

“Then maybe you should get in me already.” She suggests, all fake confidence and unsure eyes as she slides her leg against his and he’s quite positive that this is what heaven feels like. So he nods and takes a deep breath before sitting up to put on the condom, more as an extra measure than an actually necessity because he’s well aware that she’s already on the pill and has been since she was fourteen and her periods were messing with her training too much.

“Can you look at me?” she asks nervously when he’s finally got the condom on and he’s lining himself up with her, just barely pressing at her entrance. “I just want to see you when we…” He nods and smiles reassuringly at her, shifting so that he’s laying over her more than he is sitting up.

“Just us, right?” He checks, stroking her cheek softly with the hand that’s not holding himself steady.

“Just us, Scotty…” She confirms, holding his hand to her cheek while she opens her legs further for him, wincing just a little as he enters her. His eyes only leave hers for the brief moment that they roll back a little because she’s so warm and tight that he feels like he might die. He moves as slowly as he can so that she has time to adjust and stops once he bottoms out even though he desperately wants to move.

“You okay?” he checks because she’s gripping his hand a little harder than he imagines signals pleasure and her face is all scrunched up and seeing her in pain is enough to make him stop entirely and ignore what his body wants. “T? We can stop…” he tries to assure her, but then she’s shaking her head and opening her eyes again and giving him the softest of smiles before she kisses his hand.

“No, no… I’m fine, I think… Maybe, if you just go slow, it’ll be okay?” she suggests, fidgeting beneath him as she tries to get comfortable. Or at least, that’s what he assumes she’s trying to accomplish because he sincerely doubts that she’s intentionally trying to drive him absolutely nuts.

So, he starts with a slow pace, letting out a quiet moan of her name as her inner walls nearly squeeze him to death. The tension finally releases from his shoulders when, after a few minutes of the slow pace, Tessa moans and wraps her legs around his waist and insists he needs to move faster (he was wrong before, this is what heaven must feel like).

With the faster pace, he begins to genuinely worry that he’s going to be as bad as all those stories about first times where the guy nuts and the girl gets nothing out of it, even if he already got her off once. But to Scott, that one doesn’t count right now. Scott Moir doesn’t do anything halfway.

“Tell me what you need, T…” he practically begs her, unable to resist dropping his face into his favourite spot in the crook of her neck, kissing the skin there and only vaguely having the presence of mind to avoid giving her a completely visible hickey.

“I…God, Scott… Just, mmm, touch me…” she insists, grabbing the hand of the arm that’s not busy
keeping him from completely crushing her and slipping it between them, showing Scott just how she wants her clit rubbed. It’s a damn good thing that she’s presumably just as close as he is, because having her show him how to touch her is quite possibly the most erotic thing he’s ever experienced.

When she finally gasps into his ear as her whole body tenses and squeezes around him, he’s pretty sure he’ll never be able to stop thinking about the way her jaw went slack and eyes glazed over just before he fell over the edge himself. By the time he can remember how to function, he realizes that he’s long since collapsed onto Tessa, squishing her into the bed. Though, by the way she’s clinging onto him as she tries to calm her breathing down, he doesn’t think she gives a rat’s ass about being squished, might welcome it even. After something between five minutes and five hours, Scott finally pushes himself off her, grinning like a fool.

“Well, if skating ever goes to hell, at least we’ve got that skill go fall back on…” He jokes because he’s not really sure what one is supposed to say after taking their best friend’s virginity. Thankfully, he gets a rather unladylike snort from Tessa for his efforts.

“Are you suggesting we fall back on porn?” She asks incredulously, turning her head to look at him laying on his side. For all that everyone is always going on about Tessa’s beauty, rightfully so, Scott’s pretty sure she’s never looked more beautiful than in this moment. That doesn’t, however, take away from the fact that he doesn’t want her to get the wrong idea.

“No! Just, you know, a tasteful adult film that we could accidentally release and become as rich and successful as the Kardashians.” He suggests, hoping that she’ll see that he’s trying to keep things light so that it can’t get too weird and ruin the moment so soon. Tessa grins, reaching over to take his hand and hold it like they’ve done a million times before.

“Note to self: Scott is even more ridiculous after an orgasm…” She trails off, playing with his fingers. It’s clear neither of them know what to do now, because it’s not like in all those sex-ed talks, they ever discussed what to do after casually losing your virginity to your best friend whom you are not dating nor could ever date. At least not in the foreseeable future, not while they’re still competing.

“So, in the grand scheme of making this not awkward tomorrow, do you think it would be better or worse if you stayed the night?” Scott finally asks after a few minutes of silence spent playing with each other’s fingers and giving the other shy smiles.

“I should probably go…” Tessa sighs, visibly displeased with the idea, squeezing his hand once before continuing, “but I’d rather stay. I mean, it’s not as if we haven’t slept in the same bed before…”

Scott nods, considering it before smirking a little, “And if we get dressed and behave in the morning, it’ll be like nothing out of the ordinary happened…” Despite his agreement, he knows just as he’s sure that she does that if she doesn’t leave, they’re going to be walking a slippery slope from the morning on. Because they could just as easily pretend that nothing happened tonight, that she never came over, if she went home now. Could compartmentalize it and ignore it entirely until at least after the Vancouver Games. But waking up with her? Knowing that just a handful of hours before, he’d been tasting every inch of her skin and all he’d have to do is take off whatever pajamas he gives her to do it again? That’s so, so, so very dangerous. Because doing it twice would inevitably doing it constantly and there goes the Olympics.

He knows Tessa can read each thought he has as it passes over his face and that she’s likely going down the same mental path. Ultimately, their careers have to come first. They can only compete for so long, even if there wasn’t the constantly looming issue of her legs not quite working right
despite the surgery. After they’re done and hang up their competitive skates, they can truly test this out, but now? They just can’t risk it.

“I need to leave, don’t I… We can’t risk it…” Tessa whispers, clinging onto his hand for dear life like she did going out on the ice for their first competitive skate. Wincing, Scott sighs and nods, bringing their tangled hands up so that he can kiss her knuckles.

“We still have so much left to do, Tutu…”

“Promise me we won’t let this risk everything else, Scotty?”

“No matter what, we will always skate together. Everything not on the ice stays off of it, Tess. I promise you, this won’t touch that.” He vows, scooting over to kiss her forehead, cradling their hands between them.

Tessa nods, taking a deep breath and he can see her setting up her mental walls so that she’ll be able to walk out of here like they hadn’t just slept together. It hurts a little (a lot), but he knows it’s vital to keeping their goals front and center, so he does the same, letting her go when she finally pulls away. He’s torn between wanting to shut his eyes to pretend that she’s not redressing and needing to see it, see her leaving so that he can dampen the memory some. So that he can remind himself why he can’t ask to crawl into her bed and touch her like that ever again. He gets up once she’s pulling her dress back over her arms, stealing the ties from her grip to wrap her back up again. He puts on his boxers while she goes out to collect her keys and that damn CD, meeting her in front of the door.

“Thank you…” she says, attempting a smile but it’s just as weak as his own.

“What are best friends for?” He tries to laugh and so does she, but it doesn’t quite come out right. He’s brushing her hair down, making it presentable and less of a walk-of-shame look, when he suggests, “One last kiss for the road?”

Tessa leans up, her hand clutching her keys for dear life pressing against his chest for balance as their lips meet again. He knows all too well how touch can convey different things, specifically knows how to convey what he wants to tell Tessa via touch, and this is no different. It’s a goodbye for now, and they both know it. It’s all feather-light brushes of lips and gentle strokes of thumbs on cheeks that absolutely cannot go further. Finally parting, they rest their foreheads against each other’s, avoiding completely untwining as much as they can for the moment.

“I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

“We can get burritos. You buy.” He gets a smile for that, a real one.

“Deal.”

Prying themselves apart, they give each other a final nod before he opens the door to let her out and slowly shuts it after she’s in the stairwell and out of sight. He has to return to the living room to turn off the tv and chuckles a little when he realizes it’s on the post-game show now. The Leafs won in overtime. He’s not the only one who scored tonight, he laughs to himself, cleaning up everything and even going so far as to change his sheets because he doesn’t think he could stop himself from going to Tessa’s if he had to sleep in her scent all night.

The next day, they get burritos and pretend nothing happened the night before, willfully ignoring the visible traces of exhaustion because neither slept well after parting. But getting back on the ice the day after, the programs are stronger than ever. If Marina or any of the other skaters noticed the
new level of closeness the two shared, they never mentioned it.

And if the first time wasn’t their last time, well, that isn’t anyone’s business but their own.

Chapter End Notes

Well that's that. Yay for me, my first ever completed fic. Thanks to everyone for reading and all the super nice comments. I have some ideas floating around my head for random future encounters but who's to say if they'll ever get written or not.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!