Summary

What happens when "just friends" Scott and Tessa are forced into seeing an intimacy coach who gives them some rather interesting assignments?

OR

"I think we just got extra credit," He smiled, his lips mere inches from hers.

Notes

This was a random idea that came to me, and didn't seem all that far-fetched! Please leave me your thoughts!
When they decided to make their return to amateur skating, they knew that it would be rigorous and exhausting. They had planned on hours of on-ice training and hours spent in the gym. What they hadn't planned on was THIS.

Throughout their careers, they had seen numerous therapists and sports psychologists, even visiting with marriage counselors and relationship gurus to improve their communication. However, under the guidance of their team, this time, they were exploring other options.

"I cannot believe we're doing this," Scott laughed nervously, his palms already sweating as he opened the door to the nondescript office building, allowing Tessa to enter first.

"We've gone to marriage counseling before, this won't be that different." She smiled, uncertain as to who she was really trying to reassure.

Before they could catch their breaths, they were greeted by an overenthusiastic man, his hair graying and his stomach hanging proudly over the belt off his khaki trousers. Her certainly didn't look like a love guru. "Tessa! Scott! I am so excited to meet you!" He practically cheered, his voice thick with an unmistakable French accent. "I am Jean-Claude, but you can call me JC...and I am going to help you sizzle."

"We've never really had a problem before," Scott murmured under his breath, catching an elbow in the ribs from Tessa.

For years, romance rumors had plagued their partnership, and aside from a few drunken kisses as horno teenagers and lingering moments, they had never taken things further. However, they both considered the rumors to be a testament to their partnership, their chemistry buzzing from years of training and trust in each other.

Granted, they'd both be lying if they hadn't thought about it at different times over the years, but they couldn't risk their friendship, their business relationship, or their career. Instead, they both continued to try and fail at dating other people.

"So each week we will work on your intimacy," Jean-Claude began. "My official title is intimacy coach, and I work with many young couples who want to keep that spark alive."

"But we're not a couple." Tessa interjected, her cheeks suddenly feeling hot. "We just skate together."

"I've seen you skate," He admits. "Sometimes there is fire and sometimes there is ice. We want fire. Always."

Over the next hour, they talked about their past, their future goals, and their mutual desires to compete at the Olympics as the best versions of themselves. They touched briefly on their connection and the fact that they were both painfully single since relocating to Montreal.

"Each week will end with an assignment that you must complete before our next session."

"Oh great," Scott scoffed, already consumed with thoughts of writing essays and reading chapters of silly romance books.
"You must go on a date this week." JC announced.

"What?!" They asked in unison, faces incredulous.

"I understand you are not a couple," He began, his fingers drumming on his thigh. "However, it is important for you to connect off the ice as well."

"We hang out off the ice all of the time" Scott interjected, suddenly nervous about the prospect of going on a "date" with his best friend. Sure, they'd hung out plenty of times before, but it was never actually a date.

"So then this should be no problem." JC began. "A few rules: Scott you must pick Tessa up and plan the date. You must keep her on her toes. You must kiss at the end of the night and you absolutely cannot go near an ice rink. Also, no skating talk."

"This is absurd!" Scott exclaimed, his cheeks an unusual shade of red, as he eyes a suddenly suspiciously quiet Tessa. "T?"

"I don't know Scott, maybe we do need to connect off the ice."

"Is this your way of saying that you want to kiss me?" He teased, puckering his lips towards her.

"I didn't say that!" She squealed, her voice an octave higher than normal. "I guess you DON'T want to kiss me!"

"I didn't say that either!"

"Stop, stop..." JC interjected, his arms flailing wildly. "Maybe this is too much for assignment one. New rule: You must go on a date, but the kiss is optional. Is that better?"

"Fine." Scott stammered, his arms crossed across his chest. He couldn't quite put his finger on why, but he was uncharacteristically annoyed about someone telling him to take his best friend on a date. Of course the thought had crossed his mind over the last few years, but he had always pushed it aside. Now, with a date as homework, he feared that this was bound to be awkward.

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"So where you taking me on our hot date Scotty?" Tessa teased, poking him in the ribs as they left the building.

"You don't think this is weird at all?"

"I mean... a little, but if it improves our performance, won't it be worth it?"

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Tessa stood among a pile of clothes, dresses and jeans strewn everywhere. Scott hadn't given her any indication as to what they'd be doing on their date and she didn't know how to dress. Frankly, she was embarrassingly flustered and nervous.

Knowing Scott, their date would be casual and active. Fancy restaurants weren't his scene and she couldn't imagine him taking her anywhere that required a dress or heels. Finally, she settled on a pair of black jeans, boots and a plaid green top that she had to admit made her eyes look pop. She applied a bit of makeup and ran a brush through her straight hair as the doorbell rang.

Ah, Scott Moir the punctual man had replaced the always-late teenager she used to know.
Opening the door, her lips immediately curled into a smile as she caught sight of him, fitted blue jeans slung low on his waist with a navy collared shirt and converse on his feet. "Hey T." He grinned, a small bouquet of yellow tulips in his hands.

"Hey," She smiled in an attempt at nonchalance. Wow, he looked adorable. "So this is romantic Scott, eh?"

"I treat my dates right." He laughed, leaning in to press his lips against her cheek, sending a wave of warmth from her face through her entire body. "Shall we go, Miss Virtue?"

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"Date stop numero one" Scott declared, pulling his car into a parking spot in the crowded pumpkin patch. "I figured that it's October...we need to get pumpkins."

"Scott!" She squealed, "I love it."

They made small talk as they walked through the rows and rows of pumpkins, joking around and snapping photos as they went. True to form, Scott chose the biggest pumpkin he could carry, a short, round, and fat one. Tessa chose a tall, skinny one and they laughed, making their way through the park. He paid for their pumpkins, grabbing a nearby wagon to pull their pumpkin children behind him. "Of course, I'm the short fat one and you're the tall, skinny and pretty one." He laughed, grabbing them cups of warm cider.

They grabbed a seat on a nearby hay bale, people watching and giggling as the sun began to set over the field. When Tessa shivered slightly, his arm instinctively wrapped around her, his fingers sliding up and down her arm. "So Scotty, if this is part one, what's next?"

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The pub was somewhat crowded as they entered, his fingers sliding through hers as he led her through the throngs of people to their table. "The burgers here are AMAZING." He exclaimed as they took their seats.

"And the fries?"

"Divine." He chuckled, ordering them each a beer. "Marie France would have a coronary if she knew we were having burgers and beer tonight."

"If I remember correctly, she's the one who sent us to see Jean-Claude...so that makes this her fault."

"I like the way you think!" He laughed, as their burgers and fries arrived. They chatted about their friends and families, her eyes lighting up as she recalled a girls trip to Paris last summer. He watched as she became extra animated, describing the fashion and the chocolate, and he couldn't help but smile.

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"Let's walk back to my condo," He suggested, the few beers he had now buzzing in his brain. "I'll carry our pumpkins!"

"Leave the pumpkins in the car...We can pick them up later."

"No can do, T. We need them for the third portion of our date."
They must've looked insane, giggling like teenagers as they carried pumpkins through the streets of Montreal. At times, he put his on his head, on his shoulders and even rolled it down the sidewalk. "You'd think with all my practice carrying you around, I'd be better at carrying a pumpkin."

"I'd like to think I'm a little more graceful...and a little less orange than that thing!"

They laughs as they walked the short distance back to Scott’s apartment, their arms occasionally brushing as they walked. As they entered his apartment, a soft gasp escaped her lips, her eyes widening as she took in the sight before her. On the kitchen table sat piles of stencils, carving knives and various other tools to turn their pumpkins into works of art. On the counter sat Lindt chocolate bars, cookies, hot chocolate mix, syrup and donuts.

"I figured we'd need some chocolate..." He trailed off, suddenly embarrassed by how much effort he had put into this evening. "For energy...as we carve these pumpkins."

He flipped on his stereo, his favorite country music echoing through the room. "I'm going to ignore the country music and focus on the chocolate," She smiled, flipping through the stencils he had laid out. "Oooh!" She squealed, coming across a stencil of the Eiffel Tower. "This is it!"

"I knew you'd pick that one!" He laughed, grabbing the Maple Leaf stencil he had set aside for himself earlier that afternoon.

"Gosh this is gross." She squealed, pulling out a handful of pumpkin slime and seeds.

"I hear it's good for your skin," He smirked playfully, lifting a hand to smear orange slime on her cheek.

"Ewww!" She squealed, tossing a handful of seeds at him.

"Oh, you're gonna get it." He laughed, a hand full of pumpkin guts settling on her cheek.

"I've heard it's great for your hair." She teased, squishing some into his slightly-longer-than-normal locks.

"Oh my God, T!" He cackled, his hands settling on her sides and tickling her mercilessly.

"Noooo...Scott...enough...." She cried out between laughing, her hands grabbing at his as they wrestled around his kitchen, pumpkin guts flying everywhere. "Thank God we're not in my white kitchen..."

Suddenly, it seemed like everything was in slow motion, the song on the radio changing from an upbeat country track to a slower song.

\begin{verbatim}
Don't move, baby don't move
Aw look at you, I just want to take this in
The moonlight dancin' off your skin
Our time, let's take our time
I just want to look in your eyes
And catch my breath
'Cause I got a feelin'...
\end{verbatim}
Despite the pumpkin slime between her fingers, her hands came to rest on his shoulders, her green eyes sparkling in a way he wasn't sure he'd ever seen before.

"I'm sorry I smeared pumpkin guts on your face," He sighed, lifting a finger to brush a stray hair from her eyes.

"It definitely made our date unique," She smiled, her teeth sinking into her bottom lip. "You think we passed our first assignment?"

"We went on a date...we didn't skate...we didn't talk about work," He sighed, remembering the one last optional part of the assignment. "We've checked almost all the boxes."

"I definitely think we passed," She sighed, his forehead slowly coming to lean against hers as their bodies settled into a slow sway to the music.

This could be one of those memories  
We wanna hold on to, cling to  
The one we can't forget

His eyes slid from her gorgeous green orbs to her perfect nose, to her plump lips.

Baby, this could be our last first kiss

Wordlessly, he leaned in, his lips capturing hers in the sweetest kiss she had ever experienced. Their lips lingered, tentatively exploring and tasting each other in a way they never had before.

The thought of forever  
What if this was that moment  
That chance worth takin'  
History in the makin'

"I think we just got extra credit," He smiled, his lips mere inches from hers.

"Jean-Claude is going to be so proud," She laughed, her fingertips lingering on the back of his neck.

"Do you feel more intimate?" He asked, his hands resting on her hips.

"I do," She sighed, as she untangled from his embrace. "I'm not sure how this is going to help our skating, but I had a lot of fun tonight, Scott."

"Best date ever?" He asked, raising an eyebrow playfully.

"Top three." She winked.

Baby, this could be our last first kiss  
The thoughts of forever  
What if this was that moment  
A chance worth takin'  
History in the makin'...
After their date, things quickly returned to normal for Tessa and Scott, who spent hours in the rink training for their new programs. They were their normal happy selves, chalking their little lip lock up to a homework assignment. They hadn't talked about it, but both assumed they had just been caught up in a moment, people pleasers desperate to please their newest coach.

As they exhaustedly settled into chairs in Jean-Claude's office, they were immediately struck by his enthusiasm. If a 60-year-old French man could be a dog, JC would be a golden retriever.

"So, how was your first assignment? Tessa, we start with you."

"It was fun," She smiled. "Scott did a great job of planning a day that I never would've thought of on my own. It was nice to spend time with him and not talk about skating. Plus, he paid attention to so many little details. It was such a nice day."

"And how did it feel that he went through that much effort for you?"

"It felt great. He made me feel like I was important and that he wanted to impress me."

"I always want to impress you," He interjected, a shy smile crossing his lips. "That's why I train so hard all the time."

"You always impress me, Scott. It was just nice to see a different side of you."

"Tessa," JC interrupted. "Do you feel like your friendship is closer now? More intimate?"

"I guess." She admitted, her mind flickering back to the feel of his soft lips against hers, his tongue brushing hers softly as they kissed in his kitchen. She remembered her fingers in his hair and the gentleness in his eyes as he pulled back from that kiss. It hadn't been incredibly fiery or passionate, but it was easily the sweetest, most intimate kiss she had ever received.

"And Scott?"

"I like doing nice things for pretty girls," He joked, attempting to lighten the mood, knowing full well that Tessa was more than just some pretty girl. She was his best friend and there were few things he liked more than seeing her smile. "She's my best friend."
"And friendships should be intimate," JC smiled. "So, how was the kiss?"

"What?!" They both laughed, cheeks blushing. Scott nervously ran his fingers through his hair. "We didn't...I mean..." Jean-Claude said nothing, his eyes boring into Scott until he broke. "It was nice."

"How did it feel kissing Tessa?"

"It felt nice...it was like skating," Scott stammered. "We both knew we needed to do it for the assignment, so we did it. It felt like something we've practiced." He stumbled over his words, trying not to push things too far. Kissing Tessa had been so different than skating. It had been like the briefest moment of perfection and peace in his otherwise chaotic life. Frankly, it had been the best kiss of his life, but he couldn't admit that, could he? This was all for the sake of the show.

JC nodded knowingly, his eyes drifting between the awkwardly squirming skating partners. For all of their passion and chemistry on the ice, they were sure awkward when forced to talk about their intimate feelings towards each other. Ah, there was much work to be done.

"Tessa, what is your favorite thing about Scott?" He asked. "Nothing about skating."

She glanced at her fingers, twisting together on her lap. "My favorite thing about Scott is his passion. He's passionate about everything he does and everything he loves. Whether it's his family or training or skating, he's so passionate. He's also the funniest person I've ever met."

"And Scott?"

"My favorite thing about Scott is that he's handsome as hell," Scott grinned, raising an eyebrow playfully at her. "Have you SEEN his butt?"

"Take this seriously!" JC reprimanded. "Tell Tessa your favorite thing about her."

He turned slightly to look at her, his eyes drinking in the sight of her, her hair gathered into a perfect ponytail atop her head and a baggy sweatshirt hanging off her shoulders. She nervously nibbled at her bottom lip and her green eyes sparkled. "She's gorgeous," He admitted without thinking. "I mean...she's just as gorgeous inside as out. She's so brilliant and caring and gentle, she makes me a better man every day."

"Oh, that's nice," She smiled, falling back on one of her old crutches for when she was flustered.

"I think that's enough for today," JC smiled, taking note of the lingering eye contact between them. "However, you're not getting out of here without another assignment."

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"Mom, I just don't know what to do," Tessa sighed into the phone, exasperated. "I have to do something for Scott that he'd never expect."

"Tess, if I told you the first thing I thought of, you'd hang up on me," Her mom laughed, certain that her daughter was blushing on the other end of the phone.

"Mom! Be serious...Something nice."

"I'm sure he'd find THAT nice."

"Nevermind, Ma, I got it." Tessa laughed. "Can you send me some recipes?"

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Her usually pristine kitchen was a mess, pots, pans, and food everywhere. It was times like this that she was glad she was a good skater because she certainly wasn't a chef. She glanced at the clock, realizing she only had an hour until Scott's arrival and she went into overdrive, frantically trying to clean the kitchen, set the table and get herself in order.

With just minutes to spare, she flew down the steps in a red sundress, wondering if she should add candles to the table, but concerned it would seem too romantic. Throwing caution to the wind, she grabbed a few small candles and set them on the table, adding a peaceful aura to the room, which was quite a contrast to just an hour prior.

With her heart in her throat, she made her way to the front door as she heard his truck pull into the driveway. "Hey Kiddo," He grinned, a simple black T-shirt accenting his upper body while a pair of shorts hung low on his hips. "I brought wine...and brownies."

"Oh you're in for a surprise," She smiled, gesturing for him to follow her inside.

"Candles, eh?" He grinned, placing the bag on the counter. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you were trying to seduce me."

"Don't flatter yourself, Moir. I'm just trying to get an A on my assignment."

"Then let's eat and I'll let you know what grade you deserve!"

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They settled into casual conversation over salads and grilled chicken and vegetables, their eyes occasionally locking in a way that spoke more than their lips ever could.

"T, I've got to give it to you, this was delicious." Scott grinned, placing his fork down and pretending to loosen his belt. "I'd give it a solid B plus."

"B plus?" She exclaimed incredulously. "I think this deserves at LEAST an A minus."

"You deserve extra credit for cooking," He admitted. "I know how much you hate it. I was really expecting eggs, toast, and chocolate when you told me you were making dinner. Are you sure you didn't order this in?"

"I'd be lying if I said I didn't consider it," She smiled demurely, reaching for the television remote. "Join me in the living room? We have some hockey to watch."

"T, you don't like hockey."

"Tonight is about you, Scotty." She grinned, grabbing his hand and pulling him towards the television.

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By halftime of the game, his head rested on her lap, her fingers absentmindedly playing with his hair. Sometimes she had to imagine herself as an outsider looking in, and it was obvious as to why people always presumed they were a couple, but for them, this was just a by-product of spending so much together. "Your hair is so long," She remarked, twirling it around her fingers. "If tonight wasn't all about you, I'd be begging you to let me get out the curling iron."

"Nice try, T." He chuckled slightly, turning his eyes from the game to look up at her. God, she was gorgeous. A smile played at his lips as he drank her in, quickly pushing those thoughts from his
"Ah, now I get it, you're growing your hair to hide how big your head is getting," She laughed, smacking him playfully in the forehead before he sat up, her body immediately feeling emptier at the loss of physical contact. She watched as her wrenches his neck from side to side, lifting a hand to rub at a particularly painful spot.

"Man, we are not kids anymore," He sighed, rubbing at the back of his neck. "Ten hours of skating a day and everything hurts."

Immediately, a smile curled the corners of her lips, her hands reaching for him. "Let me," She pushed his hands aside, her long fingers kneading into his neck. "How's that feel?" She asked.

"Divine." He half sighed, half growled, turning his back to her as his head lolled forward in ecstasy. "You have magic fingers, lady."

Her hands ran along his neck, slowly making their way over this broad and tired shoulders, feeling the knots of tension releasing beneath her fingertips. Wordlessly, her fingers dipped beneath the collar of his T-shirt, his skin warm against hers, a smile crossing her lips as she swore she heard him moan. "Is this okay?" She asked, blaming her sudden boldness on the red wine.

"More than okay." He husked out, every nerve in his body on end as her fingers slipped further inside his T-shirt, kneading into the sore muscles of his back. "God, that's good."

She had felt his body beneath her hands many times before, but this was different...it was intimate. "It's just for the assignment," She told herself, suddenly feeling an unusual heat burning low inside her stomach as another moan slipped from his lips.

In that moment, the only thing he could focus on was her hands on his skin. She had gotten more daring, her hands now fully beneath the hem of his shirt, sliding over his sore muscles and setting his entire body on fire. He groaned slightly, shifting in his seat as his shorts uncomfortably tightened. "I'm coming over every night for this," He laughed, hoping to cut the tension that was suddenly swirling around them. Her hands slowed on his shoulders, slipping from his shirt as he turned towards her, subtly pulling a pillow onto his lap. "You're pretty good at that Virtch."

"Guess I've had enough physio to know what do." She blushed, her teeth sinking into her lips as his eyes drifted between her eyes and mouth. "You may have to return the favor," She smirked, watching his eyebrows raise in shock. "Not now...I mean, just one day. Raincheck?"

"You just say when." He winked at her, his hand sliding across the couch to reach for hers. He offered a sweet squeeze. "I guess I should get going, it's getting late and we have an early morning tomorrow."

"Yeah, that's a good idea..."

He breathed in deeply, hoping to avoid embarrassment when he stood up. He pulled her with him into a tight embrace, his lips lingering near her ear. "You get an A plus tonight kiddo, I loved every second of my night."

"I'm glad Scott, you were a hard act to follow."

"Tonight was perfect," He smiled, pulling back slightly to press his lips against her forehead. "You're the best homework buddy ever."

"Well, the assignments don't exactly suck..." She trailed off, still in his arms. Wordlessly, he leaned
forward, his lips gently capturing her top lip in the warmest of embraces.

"I didn't think I'd like intimacy coaching," he grinned, his lips brushing hers. "But we're really overachieving at these assignments. I give you an A plus plus." He husked out, their mouths colliding into a deeper kiss, their tongues beginning a slow exploration.

After a moment, he pulled back, a smile crossing his lips. "Just when I thought my night couldn't get any better, I get to kiss a pretty girl." He breathed, thoughts of carrying her upstairs and ravaging her drifting through his brain. He stepped back from her embrace, fighting back an embarrassing situation. "I guess I'll get going."

"Goodnight Scott," She smiled, breathing in deeply and falling back onto the couch, a huge smile permanently etched on her face. If these assignments kept up, she was sure to be in trouble.
I Still Get Jealous

Chapter Summary

What happens when Scotty gets a little jealous?

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all of the continued comments. I appreciate them more than I can say and inspire me to keep writing! So if you're liking this, please let me know! :)

In a corner of the dark pub, Scott nursed his second beer, nervously tapping his fingers on the label as he detailed the last few weeks to his brother. He talked about the intimacy coaching and the pair of dates that ended with kisses. "I don't know, man. She's my best friend," Scott scoffed, running his fingers through his hair. "Our friendship and our partnership has always come before all else and it's less than two years until the Olympics. Now is NOT the time to be catching feelings."

"Then why does this guy have you going on dates?" Danny asked, his brows furrowing at his younger brother. "I mean, this seems like it's just going to make things weird between you."

"That's the thing, bro. Things haven't been weird. One second we're kissing and then the next morning at the rink, it's like it's always been and we're just Scott and Tessa training together."

"Do you have feelings for her, Scotty?"

"No," he shook his head, his eyes looking everywhere but at his brother. "I mean...man, I don't know. I've always had feelings for her, but not those feelings."

Danny didn't say a word, raising his eyebrow and imploring Scott to continue.

"I mean, how can any man NOT be attracted to T?" He said, almost as if speaking to himself. "She's gorgeous and brilliant and talented. She's such an amazing woman, ya know? But at the same time, she's little Tessa...my best friend and partner."

"So what you're saying is that any man in his right mind would be attracted to her and she's got all of these amazing qualities, but you're not into it?"

"I don't know what the heck I'm saying," he laughed, running his fingers through his hair in frustration.

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Their next session with Jean-Claude was another doozy, delving into Scott being doted on by Tessa and how that made him feel. Despite having previous girlfriends, he had to admit that there was something extra special about Tessa cooking him dinner and watching hockey, two things she really didn't enjoy, but did for him. They discussed their feelings like they had in other counseling sessions, but they delved deeper, examining why they were both single and seemingly scared to commit to
anyone but each other.

"Today's assignment," JC began. "You are not going to like."

"How bad can it be?" Scott smirked smugly, knowing how well they had enjoyed their last two challenges.

"You must go on a double date."

"Why wouldn't we like that?" Scott asked, quickly interrupting, his voice rising in excitement as he got ahead of himself. "My brother and his wife are in town, the four of us can go out!"

"Scott, no no no...not like that," JC interrupted. "You will go on a double date. You will pick a man for Tessa, and she will pick a woman for you."

"Oh, I couldn't." She interrupted, her mind immediately darting through all of the female friends and acquaintances who had asked to meet Scott over the years. She would have no problem finding him a date, but she had never played matchmaker for him before. She certainly didn't want to start now.

"Yeah, I don't know anyone good enough for T," Scott interjected. "This isn't a good idea."

"Too bad! Figure it out! And come back next week to talk about your double date."

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"This is a terrible idea, T." Scott whined, his hands running through his hair as he flopped back on her couch. "We don't double date, that's not us."

"We don't regular date or kiss either, Scott, but that didn't stop us from doing our assignments."

"I know Tess, but this is different."

"We have to at least try."

"Fine," he scoffed, already feeling like this was going to be a disaster.

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They had settled on a local restaurant for their double date, followed by drinks at a local pub if everything was going swimmingly, which he was certain it wouldn't be. He knew Tessa had dated other guys in the past, but very rarely had he seen it with his own eyes. Occasionally, a guy would stop by the rink or they'd cross paths in town, but it had been awhile, and even then, he always hated it. In his mind, there was no man out there who was good enough for his Tessa.

When he had tried to think of a guy to invite tonight, he mentally cycled through his friends, knowing that the good ones were already taken and the ones that weren't...well, he wouldn't let them anywhere near her. On top of that, he couldn't bring someone he was too close to because this was sure to be a one time thing.

"Scotty!"

"Hey Mark," Scott smiled, reaching to shake his hand. "Thanks for coming, man,"

"Are you kidding me?" He laughed, shaking his head. "No man in his right mind would turn down a date with Tessa Virtue." Mark was tall, dark, and handsome with an athletic build, and suddenly Scott was regretting this decision. He didn't know him very well, but he was a trainer at Scott's gym
who didn't know Tessa very well, but always seemed like a decent guy. "I have to admit that I always wondered why you didn't scoop her up."

Scott laughed awkwardly, his eyes drifting towards the corner where his eyes settled on a stunning brunette in a short green bodycon dress, making her way towards him. His breath caught in his throat as a smile graced her lips and she offered a shy wave. His lips instinctively curled into a sly smile as she approached, her lips grazing his cheek. "Hey Kiddo."

"Scott, hi." She smiled her eyes glancing at the man next to him. "Mark, right?"

"Yeah, hi...nice to see you outside the gym, Tessa." He grinned, reaching to peck her on the cheek. It was then Scott noticed the petite and pretty blonde next to Tessa who hadn't even registered in his tunnel vision as they approached.

"Hi, I'm Scott." He smiled politely, reaching to shake her hand.

"Scott, this is my friend Michelle from pilates," Tessa introduced them, knowing that although Michelle was gorgeous, she was far from Scott's type.

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The foursome chatted casually over drinks and appetizers and Scott couldn't help but notice the way Mark's eyes lingered on Tessa across the table, drinking in every inch of her skin and every word she said. He watched as she played with her hair, her eyelashes fluttering as she spoke. Goddamnit, she was flirting with him.

*I don't like the way he's looking at you*
*I'm starting to think you want him too*
*Am I crazy? Have I lost ya*
*Even though I know you love me, can't help it*

As the night wore on, Tessa seemed to grow more comfortable chatting with Mark, while Scott grew stiffer and stiffer in his seat. "So Scott, Tessa told me you're into country music? I'm a huge fan," Melissa attempted conversation. "I saw Kenny Chesney in concert last summer. He's so great."

"Oh yeah, I'm still waiting for the day I convince this one to like country," Scott chuckled gesturing to Tessa with an eyebrow and playfully elbowing her in the ribs. "We could skate one heck of a country performance."

"No way Moir," She laughed, shoving him back playfully. "If we can't skate to Hall and Oates, there will be no country music on my watch."

"Hey Scotty, you ever take girls to the rink on dates? Show off your skills?" Mark interjected.

"Oooh that would be fun!" Michelle practically squealed, eyeing Scott. "I'd skate to country music with you!"

"Oh yeah? Can you skate?" He asked, playfully.

"I mean, I can stay upright..." She shrugged. "We should all go after dinner!"

"I don't think so." Tessa interrupted. The rink was her and Scott's special place, she wasn't about to watch him flirtatiously twirl another woman in his arms. She could almost guarantee that Michelle would giggle and fall over, hanging on to Scott for dear life, feeling his muscular arms beneath his shirt. "I just mean...we're there all day!"
"But do you guys ever go for fun?" Mark asked, sipping his beer.

"Every day is fun," Scott smirked, reaching for Tessa's hand to give it a squeeze without even thinking. "I get to skate with this woman every day. I'm the luckiest guy in the world."

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"Bowling?" Scott suggested, as they walked down the street, tossing around ideas for the remainder of their evening.

"Let's do it!" Mark slapped him on the back, shaking his shoulders slightly. "Me and Tessa versus you and Michelle. Loser buys beer."

They made their way into the bowling alley, the girls joking about how ridiculous the bowling shoes looked with their dresses, but both being good sports about it. While this night had certainly taken an unexpected turn, they were having a good time.

They drank and let loose, laughing with their new friends, but Michelle couldn't keep her eyes off of Scott, watching as his jaw clenched as Mark and Tessa high-fived after she scored a strike. She watched him sip his beer frustratedly, his fingers clenching as Mark lifted Tessa up, spinning her around as they won the first game.

I turn my cheek, music up
And I'm puffing my chest
I'm getting ready to face you
Can call me obsessed
It's not your fault that they hover
I mean no disrespect
It's my right to be hellish
I still get jealous

"Alright Moir, the next pitcher is on you!" Mark cheered.

"A promise is a promise, eh?" He laughed, standing up to head to the concession stand.

"I'll go with you," Michelle followed him. She watched Scott toss a glance at Tessa, who was chatting away with Mark. As soon as they were out of earshot, she grabbed Scott's arm. "Why are you torturing yourself like this?"

"Hm?" He asked, brow furrowing, glancing over her head to check on Mark and Tessa. "What do you mean?"

"How long have you been in love with her?"

"What? No...I'm not..." He stammered. "Why would you think that?"

"Scott, I know I just met you, but she's a lucky girl," she smiled. "I'd give anything to have a man look at me the way you look at her."

'Cause you're too sexy beautiful
And everybody want to taste, that's why
I still get jealous
As the night drew to a close, it took all of Scott's self-control not to jump at the chance to drive Tessa home, sighing as Mark offered her a ride and she accepted. Michelle declined his gentlemanly offer for an escort home, which he was abundantly glad. He wasn't in the mood for any more socializing tonight.

*I mean no disrespect
It's my right to be hellish
I still get jealous*

An hour late, Scott sat in his truck, in front of Tessa's condo, not sure how he found himself here. At first he drove by to see if Mark was still there. He wasn't, thank God. She was probably asleep...he knew he should go, but he couldn't. Not yet.

Finally getting up the nerve, he rang her doorbell. No answer. He rang it again, waiting for her.

A few minutes later, she appeared in shorts and a tank top, her face makeup free and a messy bun atop her head, and he wasn't sure if she had ever looked more beautiful than in that moment. "Scott, what are you doing here? Are you okay? Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, I just wanted to make sure you got home okay," he lied, his eyes drinking in the sight of her.

"Oh yeah, Mark dropped me off awhile ago. I was just falling asleep when you knocked."

"Sorry about that..." He trailed off, lifting his eyes to meet her gorgeous green orbs. "Did you get a goodnight kiss?"

"What? No, I mean I just met him...I don't..."

Wordlessly, his palm was on her cheek, pulling her to him, his lips crashing into hers with a fire she hadn't felt before. His mouth was warm yet gentle, passionate yet sweet as he kissed her, his tongue sliding against hers, his hands pulling at her hips, drawing her close. She slid her hands through his hair, kissing him back with everything in her before he pulled away, breathless and smiling, his lips red and puffy from the fervor of the kiss.

"You deserved a goodnight kiss." He smiled, brushing his lips against hers quickly. "Goodnight Tess, sweet dreams."
Free Falling

Chapter Summary

"Alright lovebirds, it's time to jump!"

AND

"Why haven't we been doing this for the last twenty years?"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next few weeks flew by in a flurry of training and competitions as they prepare for their great Olympic comeback. Their assignments had been simpler, too, JC not wanting to overwhelm them as they worked towards their singular goal. He had challenged them in little ways, such as doing nice things for each other or to give each other positive reinforcement while in practice.

Despite how silly it seemed, picking up a special surprise for her at Starbucks or receiving an extra hug after practice made his heart flutter. He had always thought that their friendship was an intimate one, but lately they seemed to be connecting at a whole new level, both on and off the ice.

After winning Skate Canada, his arms had slipped around her in a way that was more than friendly, his lips brushing hers. "We did it kiddo," he smiled, their platonic hugs recently replaced by what they deemed as platonic kisses. They told themselves that it was just another way to connect before or after a competition, their partnership deepening as they chalked it up to beneficial for their performance.

After the competition, they returned to JC, discussing their newfound closeness. "We've been through so much together," Tessa smiled. "We're only just beginning to realize it."

Scott smiled broadly, reaching for her hand and offering a reassuring squeeze. "It's an interesting dynamic lately," he shrugged, deciding not to let go of her hand.

"I can see that." JC grinned knowingly. "Are things growing more intimate between you two?"

"We're closer than ever," Tessa smiled. "It's great."

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For their next big challenge, JC ordered them to do something together that neither of them had ever done before. And that's how they ended up here: at the Grand Bend Sport Parachuting Center.

"I can't believe I agreed to this," Tessa laughed, zipping up her jumpsuit. "If we die and don't win the Olympics, this is your fault!"

They sat quietly aboard the small plane, their hands interlocked as they ascended over the Canadian sky. "If we die, I'm sorry." He whispered, a huge smile creeping over the corner of his lips as he pressed them to her forehead.
"I hate you, Moir." She giggled, her pulse racing as they climbed towards their desired altitude. "We could've done pottery or tried speed skating, but nooooo, we have to jump out of a plane."

"It's something we've never done before!" He laughed, hugging her. "And we get to do it together."

"Or with a professional strapped to our backs," she sighed, reaching for his hand. "I wish we could jump together."

His heart flip-flopped in his chest. Whatever was changing between them, he had to admit, he liked it... a lot. "T," he husked out, capturing her green eyes with his before resting his forehead against hers. "I'm so glad we're doing this. All of this. I feel like it's us against the world."

"It's always us against the world, Scotty." She smiled, lifting a hand to rest on his cheek.

"Alright lovebirds, it's time to jump!" Their moment was interrupted by one of the instructors, practically pulling Scott up from his seat. "Ladies first?"

With the skydiving instructor strapped to her back and the go-pro attached to her head, Tessa made her leap, followed shortly after by Scott. She watched him above her, flipping through the air without a care in the world, a huge smile crossing her lips.

She landed softly, gently, her smile widening as he flew towards her, an unmistakable Moir "wooooooooo" escaping his lips on approach.

As soon as he was on the ground and disentangled from his instructor, he was running towards her, scooping her up in his arms, his lips pressing against hers. "Holy crap, what a rush!!" He screamed, kissing her forcefully on the lips.

"Did you love it?"

"Yesss!" She squealed, fingers sliding through his windblown hair. "Free falling like that was insane!"

Free falling is right, he thought to himself, a smile crossing his lips as his eyes drank in her childlike expression. He didn't know what was happening inside of him anymore, but he was thoroughly enjoying every second of it. Wordlessly, he squeezed her tightly, swinging her around. "I wouldn't have wanted to do this with anyone else," he admitted, the weight of his words settling over him. Yes, he meant sky diving...and skating...and life.

~~~

They were on the couch in her apartment and she didn't know how it had come to this, but they were full on making out. Her hands were in his hair, his were running down her sides and over the tops of her thighs as their kisses grew deeper and more intense. The movie on the television was long forgotten as his lips slid from hers to explore her chin and slip further down her throat. Instinctively, she arched her body into his, a soft moan escaping her lips.

"Tess..." He husked out, pulling back ever-so-slightly to look into her eyes. "Why haven't we been doing this for the last twenty years?"

"I have no idea," She shrugged, her logical side suddenly eclipsed by the warm sensation running through every inch of her body, puddling deep and low in her belly. It had been a long time since she had been with a man, and as he kissed her deeper, she realized that it had never been like this. "I feel closer to you than ever." She teased, playing with the tiny hairs at the nape of his neck before her head started to catch up to her racing heart. "But what if this isn't a good idea?"
"This...this is a very good idea," he grinned, that patented cheshire cat Moir grin crossing his face, and she felt herself melting.

"We... have practice tomorrow," she stuttered between kisses, a shiver running down her spine as his tongue trailed across her collarbone.

"We're practicing now." He chuckled, taking in the gorgeous sight of her, hair and clothes disheveled, lips swollen. "We're working on our intimacy.

"You're bad, Moir. I don't think JC told us to make out on my couch..."

"And your point is?" He challenged her, raising an eyebrow. "Can't we just go for extra credit?"

~~~

"A lot has changed here, huh?" JC asked, a grin crossing his face as Tessa and Scott slipped into his office, their hands entwined.

"We're just getting more intimate," Scott challenged, squeezing her hand. "What's our next assignment coach? Put us in the game!"

"I think...for your next assignment," JC raised an eyebrow. "You should sleep together."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for enjoying this one so far. I know it's silly but I love this fluffy version of them. Please continue with the feedback! :)
Chapter Summary

"I can't even tell you the places I thought about kissing you when I was fifteen," He grinned, cocking an eyebrow at her. "Or the places I still think about putting my mouth."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They stood side-by-side in the darkened hotel room, hearts pounding as they both stared at the King-sized bed before them. Neither of them moved for what seemed like eternity, the only sound in the room their labored breathing. "You can so this, Scotty," he told himself, glancing over his left shoulder at the beautiful woman next to him.

This assignment was a simple one - to sleep together. Now, now...JC had literally instructed them to simply **sleep** in the same bed, declaring it an undeniably intimate experience.

They had shared a bed in the past, sometimes needing nerves calmed before a high-stakes competition or needing to unwind after a challenging practice. Sometimes in other countries, they'd be lonely and fall asleep together, but never before had someone demanded they spend the night together.

In fact, JC had lined up specific rules: They had to share a hotel room bed so that they were on neutral territory. They had to spend an entire night together, it couldn't just be a nap. They had to talk while laying in the darkness and they had to enjoy breakfast in bed before check out.

"So..." Scott started, smiling nervously as he dragged sweaty palms down his thighs. "You tired?"

"Not really," she admitted, glancing at him. "We could watch a movie?"

Ah yes, the innocuous movie. His mind immediately flashed back to the last time they had decided to watch a movie and had ended up tangled together on her couch, kissing and groping each other like a pair of horny teenagers. If that started happening in a hotel bed...God, he wasn't sure he could control himself.

After a few more awkward moments, they both changed into sweats and settled onto the bed, making sure to leave plenty of room between them. He was almost certain that if they touched, he wasn't going to be able to contain himself. This was his best friend, but lately, just the thought of her drove him crazy. The feel of her lips was unlike anything he had ever experienced before with any woman and he was finding himself wanting to kiss her all of the time. Sure, they had started doing it before and after competitions to further sync up their performances, but he wanted to kiss her good morning and good night and because she laughed at his jokes and because her green eyes sparkled and...he wanted to kiss her all of the time.

They had settled on a totally unromantic action movie of Scott's choosing, but after about thirty minutes, his focus was anywhere but the television. "Tess..."
"Hm?" She asked, turning slightly to face him.

"This movie sucks."

"I'm glad you said it! Can we please watch something else?"

"We could..." He trailed off, his eyes settling on her lips. "Or...We could...I don't know..."

She raised an eyebrow, challenging him as she slid closer, her hand resting dangerously close to his. He could smell her all around him, that unmistakable aroma of strawberries and vanilla that he had come to recognize as distinctly Tessa. Smiling she lifted her pinky, trailing it over the top of his hand in a way that was so innocent, yet so seductive. He swallowed hard.

"Tess."

He breathed out, desperately trying to calm the pounding in his chest and the way his pants suddenly felt tighter. She was literally stroking his hand with her pinky and he felt like he was on fire. "I feel like I'm going insane around you lately."

She lifted her eyes to his, seeking further explanation. "I think about kissing you all the goddamn time."

A blush rose in her cheeks, a smile crossing her lips. "Really?"

"Really."

He husked out, leaning closer to rest his forehead against hers. "It's like kissing you has flipped a switch in my brain and I don't know how to shut it off."

"Do you really want to?"

"That depends," He grinned, his warm breath tickling her lips. "On if you think about kissing me."

He lifted a finger, trailing it across her bottom lip.

Her eyes fluttered, lids heavy and pupils dilated as his thumb danced across her bottom lip, the rest of his fingers gently caressing her cheek. As he palmed her cheek gently, her lips brushed his palm, kissing him softly. She heard his breath catch in his throat and her tongue darted out, meeting his warm skin. She lifted her eyes to his, sucking the tip of his thumb between her lips as he audibly gasped.

"Tess," he choked, feeling her tongue trail against his fingertip in the most seductive of ways.

"God..."

"I've always loved your hands," She whispered, releasing his thumb before placing a series of soft kisses across his palm and knuckles. "I've always wanted to kiss them."

"Always?"

"Since I was fifteen."

"I can't even tell you the places I thought about kissing you when I was fifteen," He grinned, cocking an eyebrow at her. "Or the places I still think about putting my mouth."

"Scott," She half gasped, half moaned, her mind drifting to the thought of his lips running down her neck, across her chest, down her stomach...

"Virtch, you're looking a little flushed."

He teased. "I want to kiss you everywhere...all the time."

She swallowed hard, her eyes lifting to his as the wall of restraint that had built between them crumbled and their lips collided in the most delightful way. She parted her lips immediately, inviting his tongue to come inside and dance with hers as her fingers rifled through his hair. After a few
weeks of this new intimacy, these kisses had become almost second nature, but this felt different, more urgent, more laced with desire.

She felt like she was drowning in him, in the way his hands danced across the hemline of her T-shirt and the way his lips moved across her collarbone, pulling fabric away from flesh so he could find more skin to latch his lips to. She felt his tongue trace a trail up her neck, stopping to place hot kisses below her earlobe. "I've wanted to kiss you like this forever," he whispered as he nibbled at her earlobe, his knee sliding between her thighs as he pulled her closer.

She pulled back slightly, her eyes darkened with desire as she drank in the sight of him. "What has JC done to us?" She laughed, burying her face into the crook of his neck where she began placing a trail of kisses. "I feel like he's made us crazy."

"I like it," Scott breathed, voice hitching as her hands slid under his T-shirt. "At least we're crazy together."

Her legs settled on either side of his body as she sat up slightly on his lap, begging his eyes for confirmation not to stop. He licked his lips, eyeing her in a way that nearly made her turn to a puddle. Wordlessly, she gripped either side of her shirt, pulling it over her head.

"Godd..." He groaned, studying every inch of her with his eyes. He had seen her changing before, but never like this, never within reach. "You're so beautiful, Tess."

She crushed her lips back against his, tugging at his T-shirt as his fingers unclasped her bra, their bare chests pressed together in a way that was both sinful and sacred. His hands were everywhere, gentle fingertips drawing circles over sensitive skin, lips following suit as she sighed and gasped, arching into his touch. She felt his lips against her stomach, his fingers dancing along the waistband of her leggings. His tongue dipped ever-so-slightly below the waistband and she whimpered. "Scott...take them off..." She gasped, pushing down at the elastic.

"Amazing," She smiled, her eyes dreamy, tiny hairs stuck to her forehead. "Sixteen year old Scott thought about that, eh?"

"He had an overactive imagination," He grinned, lifting a hand to push her hair from her eyes. "28-year-old Scott has thought about it too."

"Well..." She purred, lifting her lips to meet his. "28 year-old-Scott is very good at that."

He buried his head against her neck, wrapping his arms tightly around her bare body as she pulled the sheets to cover herself up. "Tired?"

"Now I am," She winked, her fingers slipping through his hair. "Unless...did you want me to...uhh...I mean, you know?"

Her eyes drifted down his body, an eyebrow raised suggestively. It would only be fair.

He grinned, more than content to simply hold her in his arms until the fell asleep. "No, Tess," he
shook his head in happy disbelief of what he was turning down. "As great as that sounds...No babe, I'm a very happy man right now."

"You're crazy, Scott." She giggled, kissing him again as a warm sense of peace washed over her body. She smiled, curling closer to his body, her eyes suddenly heavy as his fingers slipped up and down her back, lulling her to sleep. Just as she began to drift off, she wasn't sure if she was dreaming when she heard him whisper, "Am I crazy or am I falling in crazy love with you?"

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for joining me on this silly, fluffy ride. I hope you're still enjoying and there will be more to come!

Feedback is loved and appreciated!
Tell Me You Don’t

Chapter Summary

“What if it’s too much of a distraction? You already told me yesterday that you think about kissing me all of the time. Shouldn’t you be thinking about skating? And the next competition...We have a lot of work to do before the Olympics. We need to keep our heads clear.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He stirred slightly, momentarily taken aback by the heavy, warmth weighing down his arm until his eyes fluttered open and he remembered...Tessa.

Her dark hair was splayed across the pillow, her eyes closed peacefully and the corners of her lips turned ever-so-slightly upwards as she slept next to him, her body cozily wrapped with his. Her fingers rested against his chest, her bare legs tangled with his.

He couldn’t quite believe how beautiful she was as she slept next to him. Sometime over the course of the night, she had slipped into his worn Maple Leafs T-shirt and he knew he’d never want it back. This certainly wasn’t the first time they had shared a bed, but it was certainly the first time they’d wake up together after a night like they had shared. He breathed in deeply, the memories rushing back to him: the way she whimpered his name as she came, the way her thighs felt wrapped around his head for something other than that damn lift, the way her entire body shuddered beneath his tongue...

Jealous of how soundly she slept next to him, he curled up closer, wrapping his arms around her waist and burying his face in the crook of her neck, breathing in the unique scent of her. She purred slightly in her sleep, her eyes fluttering as she felt his warm lips brush the hollow of her neck.

“G’morning.”

“Morning,” he grinned, his hair sticking up in every direction. She smiled at the sight of him, her eyes drinking in the sight of him until they widened, a sudden blush rushing her cheeks.

“Last night...We...you...I...” She stammered, eyes widening, as she suddenly felt a rush of warmth, realizing she was wearing nothing but his T-shirt.

He wriggled his eyebrows, licking his lips in a playfully seductive manner. “Indeed you did.”

“We were just supposed to sleep,” she mumbled, sitting up and smoothing her hands over her hair. “Scott, I don’t know if that was a good idea.”

“You weren’t complaining last night,” he leaned in closely, his breath husky against her ear. “In fact, I believe you said ‘don’t stop’ quite a few times.”

“I got carried away,” she shook her head, remembering his words as she was drifted off to sleep. Was Scott falling in love with her? This wasn’t in their comeback plan. “Maybe we should just go home.”
“No way, Tess. Breakfast was part of our assignment,” he looked at her, eyebrows raised in concern. “No freaking out on me now.”

“Scott, we shouldn’t be doing this.”

“Doing what?”

“Making out...sleeping together...other things.”

“Tess, we agreed to see JC. We’re just following his instructions,” Scott reasoned with her, quite certain that Pandora’s Box had been opened for him in the last few weeks. He was pretty sure that he wasn’t going to be able to close it. “This is just going to make our skating stronger.”

“What if it’s too much of a distraction? You already told me yesterday that you think about kissing me all of the time. Shouldn’t you be thinking about skating? And the next competition...We have a lot of work to do before the Olympics. We need to keep our heads clear.”

“I don’t think my head has ever been clearer,” He admitted. “I feel closer to you than ever, every day I’m not with you, I can’t wait to get into the rink with you. Yes, I think about kissing you a lot...but...it’s not just that.”

“Let’s just stick to the assignments then. No more extra credit.” She shook her head, noticing the hint of sadness in his eyes. “I think breakfast is the next thing we need to do.”

They ate breakfast in bed, somewhat of an awkward silence settling between them as they munched on eggs, toast and fruit. He watched as the hem of his T-shirt slipped up her thigh slightly and he found himself praying it would slip higher. Kissing her had consumed his mind lately but now that things had gone a step further, he was certain that he wasn’t going to be able to think about anything else.

He shifted slightly, trying to shake off the awkward way in which his sweatpants suddenly tented his lap. She shifted and he noticed the way her body reacted to the cool air in the room, his white Maple Leafs T-shirt suddenly exposing more of her. He licked his lips, his breathing heavy as he drank her in. There was no way he was going to be able to give her up.

She could feel his eyes on her, the way they seemed to burn her skin as he stared at her. “I don’t think I can quit you cold turkey,” he husked out, imploring her to look at him as she climbed off the bed. “Where are you going?”

“I...I don’t know,” she admitted, feeling as if the room was closing in on her. Her head was screaming at her to leave, to not ruin their friendship, to stop seeing JC, to go back to how things were before, but her body was screaming at her to slip back under the sheets and let him do whatever he wanted with her.

Scott was on his feet, crossing the room quickly, his hands on her arms as he gently turned her to look at him. “I know you feel it, Tess.”

His lips crushed against hers, her back hitting the wall as her fingers slid through his hair, her tongue seeking his in the most frenzied of ways. “Tell me you can give this up,” he husked, hands beneath her thighs, lifting her onto a nearby desk. “Tell me you never want me to kiss you again.”

“Scott, I...I...” She gasped, feeling his lips against her inner thighs as she instinctively arched against him on the desk. Her fingers were in his hair as his slipped inside of her. “Oh...God...” She whimpered, totally lost in the way he was making her feel. He kissed her feverishly, lost in the way her fingers tugged at his hair, the way she moaned his name and bucked her hips towards his face.
And then he stopped.

“What...why...no...” She gasped, as he slipped across the room, a sly smile on his face. “Scott, no...I need you to...”

“Tell me you can just give this up.” He grinned, licking his lips as he took in the look of desperation on her face. For the first time in twenty years, he had the upper hand in this partnership. “Tell me you don’t want me to finish.”

“I hate you.” She laughed, every nerve ending in her body dangerously on edge as she slipped off of the desk, her legs feeling like Jello as she made her way to the bed. “I hate you so much right now, Moir.”

“That’s not nice, T.” He grinned, one hand settling on her thigh as she noticeably quivered beneath his touch. He leaned in, kissing her gently at first before picking up the pace, his lips sliding down her neck as his hands went to work.

“Please don’t stop...” She begged, fingers fisting his hair as he did as she asked, knowing that this would definitely not be the last time.

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“Scott, my friend! It’s good to see you,” JC grinned, gesturing for Scott to take a seat. “You never come here alone - what’s happening?”

“I think I’m in love with Tessa.” Scott blurted out.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for the continued support of this story!

Please, please leave feedback! It makes me want to keep it going!
I'm Latching on to You

Chapter Summary

Despite the fact that a tall, dark, and handsome personal trainer was eyeing her from the sidelines, Tessa was only acutely aware of the way Scott held on to her hand, his fingers entwining with hers as he chatted casually with Patch about how much better a certain lift had felt during that run through. She felt his thumb skirt overs hers soothingly before he leaned over and sexily whispered into her ear. "Do you want to tell Mark where I had my mouth yesterday or should I?"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

He knew he was a few minutes late to practice and he knew she wouldn't be happy about it. They had promised to be utterly committed to training, being present and on time for each and every practice session, but the Starbucks drive-thru line had taken much longer than he anticipated. Scott had wanted to surprise her with her current favorite coffee and watch her face light up.

He hadn't spoken to her since he had devoured her (twice, but who was counting?) in the hotel room, and he had rushed off to see JC yesterday afternoon. Talking to JC had really changed his outlook on things, and he was ready to make Tessa see that. He needed her to know how he felt, strict comeback plans be damned.

With no sign of her in the waiting area outside the rink, he quickly laced up his skates and headed to the ice, coffee in hand with a simple 'T' scribbled on it. As he entered the rink, his eyes immediately sought her out, settling on the outline of her firm behind and thighs in her Adidas leggings as she leaned against the boards, engulfed in conversation with someone he didn't immediately recognize. He watched from afar as she threw her head back in laughter, lifting a cup of coffee to her lips.

"Dammit," he cursed under his breath. Since when did Tessa wake up early enough to make a Starbucks run before practice? And who the heck was she laughing at?

Stepping on to the ice, he made a beeline for Tessa, his eyes suddenly realizing who she was talking to: Mark. Tall-dark-and-handsome-Mark from their double-date. Mark who hadn't bothered to kiss her goodnight, allowing Scott to swoop in.

What the heck was that guy doing here? As far as he knew, their date was a one time thing. Had she still been talking to him? His jaw clenched instinctively as he came to a sharp stop beside her, his hand immediately finding the small of her back. "Oh, Scott, hi."

"Hey T, Hey Mike."

"Mark," He corrected. "Hey Scotty boy, I remembered you telling me where you guys practiced so I figured I'd stop by with some coffee to ask Tessa to go out with me again...without you this time."

"Oh? Is that so?" He scoffed, his grip tighter on the cup in his hand as he placed it on the boards before her, pressing his lips against her cheek. "Almond milk cappuccino for my lady...your favorite, this week at least." He turned his attention to Mark. "This one changes coffee orders more often than
I change my socks."

She turned her head slightly in shock to meet his eyes as he staked a claim on her, noting the tightness in his jaw and the way his hand rested possessively on her hip. Scott Moir was jealous that another guy was paying her attention.

He shook his head, deciding that Mark wasn't worth his time and settling his eyes on Tessa. Now was his time to show off. He wasn't the biggest guy or the most traditionally handsome, but on skates, he was unstoppable. "Ready to skate, T? I think we should run through the Latch portion of the performance until Marie France and Patch get here. Maybe some of the lifts? That part where you stand on me?"

"Mind if I watch for a bit?" Mark asked, already settling into a seat. Tessa smiled inwardly as Scott's eyes practically bulged out of his head, and she swore she could hear his teeth grinding together.

"It's going to be pretty boring." She warned, eyes glancing between the two men.

"It's okay, I have some time before my first training session, and it's just down the block."

Scott was already at center ice, waiting for to send a queue for the music to begin. As Sam Smith’s smooth voice filled the rink, the moment of tension between them slipped away, their bodies immediately settling into the smooth choreography that they had been working through. They moved freely and lyrically, bodies curving together in the most well-rehearsed of ways as he lifted her in his arms.

"How do you do it, you've got me losing every breath?" He whispered against her ear, singing along with the lyrics, sending chills through her body. "What did you give me to make my heart beat out of my chest?"

"Scott," She warned into his hair as they transitioned between moves. This wasn't Scott goofing around and ad-libbing lyrics. He was speaking directly to her. She was acutely aware that things between them were changing, but this was brand new.

"I'm latching on to you," he whispered, as she came down from one of their iconic moves and went into the final seconds of their program. He buried his face against her neck, sighing as her fingers instinctively slid through his hair. "Tess, I..." he tried, his voice a strangled whisper as a round of applause went through the rink. Mark had been joined on the sidelines by JC, Marie-France and Patch, huge smiles on their faces while Mark looked slightly less than thrilled.

"Keep that up and the ice is going to melt," Patch chuckled, exchanging a knowing glance with his wife, as their students disentangled their limbs and made their way to the boards.

"That was the most connected I've seen you thus far," Marie-France added, watching the seemingly nervous exchange between her two star pupils. There was a difference in the dynamic, an awkward uncertainty, paired with a palpable combination of lust and longing. "Looks like we owe JC here a raise!"

Scott shook his head, thoughts drifting back to his conversation with the counselor yesterday afternoon.

"When I'm not with her, I literally can't think about anything but her," Scott shook his head, running his fingers through his hair as he sat in the therapist's chair. "I want to make her laugh, I want to see her smile...I want to hold her, I want to kiss her all the damn time. I feel like these assignments have made me crazy. Or somehow I've fallen in love with my best friend."
"Scott, do you ever think that maybe you've been in love with her for awhile and it just took some time to realize it? Maybe my assignments helped with that." JC smiled knowingly. "You can't honestly tell me that you've fallen this in love with a woman you've known forever in a matter of weeks. I think, in my professional opinion, you just realized you're in love with her."

"I...I don't know. I've never let myself really go there before." His brows furrowed. "This wasn't in our comeback plan. We were supposed to skate for the Olympics. I wasn't supposed to fall in love."

"But you're in love with Tessa?"

"I think so."

"You only think so?"

He smiled broadly, a rush of warmth taking over his entire body from head to toe, as he let the realization wash over him. "No, JC, I know it. I'm stupidly, crazy in love with Tessa Virtue."

Despite the fact that a tall, dark, and handsome personal trainer was eyeing her from the sidelines, Tessa was only acutely aware of the way Scott held on to her hand, his fingers entwining with hers as he chatted casually with Patch about how much better a certain lift had felt during that run through. She felt his thumb skirt overs hers soothingly before he leaned over and sexily whispered into her ear. "Do you want to tell Mark where I had my mouth yesterday or should I?"

She felt the blush rise in her cheeks despite the coolness in the rink. Her eyes widened at him, mouth dropping as he offered her a wink and slipped away to continue his conversation with their coach.

Tessa slipped over to the boards where Mark was waiting and offered him some platitudes about being too focused on training and skating to date anyone. She could feel Scott's eyes on her and as Mark made her promise to call when things slowed down, which she agreed to, knowing with certainty that she'd never see him again.

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"So their sessions are going well, it seems," Marie-France remarked to JC, who nodded in agreement, a huge smile on his face. "I spoke to Scott yesterday...he's realized it."

"Finally!" She remarked. "And her?"

"She's a little more resistant and closed off...but I think he'll crack her, and soon."

"The cracks are already forming," She gestured with her head to Scott and Tessa twirling around the ice, giggling like high school kids. She reached into her bag, passing him a check. "Let's keep you working with them a little longer...Do you think they're suspicious?"

"Not at all," he chuckled. "You should've seen Scott yesterday. He was desperate to talk to someone and work through his feelings. All my years of acting school are finally paying off!"

Chapter End Notes

Y'all, thank you SO much for the continued comments on this silly story. I really hope
you're enjoying it as much as I am enjoying writing it!

I feel like this chapter is a bit of filler, but sometimes needed to move things along...and make sure you stick around until the end. ;)

Please continue the feedback - it makes me want to continue! :)
I Only Wore this Dress...

Chapter Summary

She settled on a brownie with ice cream, and he never wanted to be a spoon more than when he watched her lick whipped cream off of it, his eyes drifting from her tongue down her long neck to the valley of tasteful cleavage revealed by her dress. How had he watched her like this for twenty years and been able to control himself?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It had been a long week of training and practices, and Scott and Tessa hadn’t spent much time together outside of the rink that wasn’t related to skating. They had seen their therapists and trained and trained, but tomorrow was a much-deserved morning off, so he had convinced her to have dinner with him at one of their favorite restaurants in Montreal.

Scott stood in front of the mirror, a dark blue button down shirt clinging to his chest as he studied his reflection. He was a grown-ass man and he could do this. It was really no big deal. He’d just smile at her and pull her into his arms and tell her he loved her.

It wouldn’t be the first time. They’ve said it plenty of times during competitions or after practices. He’s whispered “I love you” in the Kiss and Cry and she’s said it back, squeezing his hand with affirmation.

Was there a difference between the “I love you’s” they had always shared and the “I’m in love with you and want to kiss you and rip your clothes off and make babies with you” kind of love he was currently feeling?

His train of thought was interrupted by the doorbell and he glanced at the time, knowing as per usual, she was incredibly punctual. He had offered to pick her up, but with his condo closer to the restaurant, they had decided they’d meet at his place and they’d walk to dinner before the weather was too cold to do so.

He opened the door, an audible and accidental gasp escaping his lips as he drank in the goddess before him. She wore a form fitting red dress and simple jewelry, her hair pulled back off her face and her green eyes sparkling in the golden light of dusk. She smiled widely at his reaction, a genuine toothy grin overtaking her whole face.

“You look unbelievable,” he choked out finally, his mind suddenly drifting to how that red dress would look on his bedroom floor. “New dress?”

“Mmhmm,” She nodded, knowing he liked to tease her for her shopping habits. “I got it a few weeks ago when Jordan and my mom came to visit at a new boutique in the city.”

“We should stop there on the way to dinner, I need to thank them for that dress.” He winked playfully, hand finding the small of her back as he stepped outside.

They made small talk on their way to the restaurant, slipping into easy conversation about the latest
gossip at the rink, texts from their parents, and the upcoming weeks of training.

When they entered the restaurant, they were immediately greeted and recognized by their favorite maitre’d, who escorted them to what had become “their” table. They hadn’t classified this evening as a date per se, but to the casual onlooker, they looked every part the perfect couple, enjoying a romantic Friday night on the town.

They settled into glasses of wine and appetizers, allowing themselves a cheat meal as a reward for all of their hard work. She struggled with choosing her entree, unable to decide between her two favorite dishes. “Tess, just pick one,” He smiled. “For such a decisive woman, you are terrible at ordering a meal.”

Once she finally placed her order, he offered her a sly smile and ordered the entree that had been relegated to her second choice, knowing that way, she could have a bit of both.

Their conversation was easy and relaxed, and in some ways, he was relieved that they were still the same Tessa and Scott. Sure, he had pretty much claimed her at the rink like some sort of animal during practice, but she didn’t seem to mind. He was also fairly certain that he had discovered his new favorite sound this week (Tessa moaning his name as she orgasmed) and his new favorite taste (Tessa, again), but in a lot of ways, this was just a normal night in almost twenty years of partnership.

She stole quite a few bites of his entree with a devilish grin on her face, smiling at how he ordered what she wanted, even though it wasn’t his favorite. She felt a flush of warmth run through her body as she admired him with his slightly fluffy hair and button up shirt, face animated as he talked about how excited he was about an upcoming practice session.

“C’mon T, you get one cheat meal a week. Live it up!” He coaxed her into ordering dessert, which was sure to be rich and chocolaty and absolutely her favorite. She settled on a brownie with ice cream, and he never wanted to be a spoon more than when he watched her lick whipped cream off of it, his eyes drifting from her tongue down her long neck to the valley of tasteful cleavage revealed by her dress. How had he watched her like this for twenty years and been able to control himself?

“Good?” He asked, smiling as she offered him a bite, which he accepted. As delicious as the warm brownie and cool ice cream was, he enjoyed watching her eat it more than he enjoyed tasting it.

Despite her insistence to at least split the bill, he insisted, making up some story about JC telling him to spoil her occasionally so she’d know how much he valued her.

“Home?” He asked, reaching for her hand as they left the restaurant and began walking in the direction of his condo. She took it instinctively; there was no reason not to.

“This is nice,” she spoke quietly into the night air, feeling a sense of peace wash over her as his thumb gently stroked hers. “It’s nice to have a night off...”

“It’s nice to hold your hand,” he grinned as they walked. “Tess, this is...different.”

“I know, but it’s nice.”

“Do you think it’s because of JC?” He asked as they settled into a rhythm, moving stride by stride with each other as if they were on the ice.

“I don’t know, Scott. There’s never been a time in my life where I didn’t want to hold your hand.”

They walked in comfortable silence as they approached his door, and as if in unspoken agreement, she slipped inside with him, a gasp escaping her lips as he turned quickly and captured her lips with
his own. Her back hit the wall in the foyer as he seemed to smother her in kisses, his tongue exploring her mouth between dangerously playful pecks and nibbles.

He pulled back slightly, eyes drinking hurt in. “I’ve wanted to kiss you since you showed up in that dress.”

She grinned devilishly, hands sliding through his hair as she pulled him closer, nipping at his earlobe. “I only bought this dress so you could take it off.”

He groaned audibly, his body reacting to the closeness of hers, the scent of her skin, the hint of chocolate still on her lips. “Tess, I...” he choked out. What if he told her he loved her and she freaked out? What if she thought he was only saying it to get her into bed? What if she left him after he said it and he never got the chance to make love to her?

“What is it Scotty?” She purred demurely, fingers dipping into the collar of his shirt as she arched her body against his.

“I just want you to be sure.” He husked out. “We can’t take it back.”

Her brief moment of silence felt like eternity, but her lips against his was all of the answer he needed. Wordlessly, his hands slid down her body, lifting her to him and wrapping her legs around his waist. He carried her to the bedroom, the only sounds in the room their heavy breaths and muted whimpers of pleasure.

As her dress fell to the floor in a puddle around her feet, he couldn’t help but study her before him. She was like a Greek goddess before his very eyes and he let out a strangled “You’re beautiful” as she undid his belt, urging his jeans down his hips.

They stumbled onto the bed, limbs and lips tangling and twisting as they kissed, hands roaming and exploring. She arched into him, his lips suckling at her neck as his fingers discovered their new favorite spot, her warmth aching for him.

She enjoyed the delicious foreplay briefly before stopping him, and tugging off his boxer-briefs, the final piece of clothing between them. He could feel her hand moving with the sexiest of motions and he was fairly certain he had died and gone to heaven.

“Tess...” He gasped, his lips on hers as he reached for both of her hands, entwining their fingers as he settled his weight on his knees between her legs. “I want you so badly. Are you sure?”

“I’m yours,” she whispered, thighs wrapping around his body as he slipped inside of her. For the first time in his life, it wasn’t just sex as they moved together, their bodies settling into a torturous rhythm that spoke of a connection much deeper than either of them had even expected.

He bit his lip, watching as her face twisted in pleasure, her moans echoing in his ears as her nails dug into his shoulders and once he was sure she was there, he let himself go, ecstasy washing over him as his body shook with hers.

“Scott...” She sighed, suddenly feeling empty as he pulled out, wrapping his arms tightly around her. “Wow.”

His lips settled against her forehead, strands of damp hair stuck to her face and he was never more sure of anything in his life. “I love you, Tess.”

Chapter End Notes
Thank you, thank you, thank you for all of the comments on the last chapter! I appreciate it more than I can say...and don’t worry, JC will be back!
Chapter 9: What's Love Got To Do With It

Chapter Summary

"We've known each other for almost twenty years, Tess. Most people think we've been rubbing our stuff together for at least half that time."

She cackled, caught off-guard by his wording. "For what it's worth, I really liked rubbing my stuff against yours last night."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was like she was in slow motion. She could feel Scott's warm breath against her forehead, his sweaty body entwined with hers. His strong arms were wrapped around her body, his lips lingering near her neck as his fingers gently danced over her skin. His eyes were still darker than usual as he drank her in, his lips curling into a smile as he unloaded his heart to her, repeating himself. "I love you, Tessa Virtue."

"Scott..." She whispered, a lump suddenly rising in her throat. "I..."

She felt his fingertips land on her lips, gently shushing her. "You don't have to say anything, T."

"But you...you love me?" She asked, eyes widening in incredulity.

"I love you," he grinned broadly, leaning down to capture her lips in a gentle kiss. "You can thank JC for helping me realize it."

"Oh, wow."

"Not exactly the response I was hoping for there, Virtch."

"No, Scott, I just... you just...wow." She could feel the tears welling up in her eyes, and she shook her head quickly, desperate to ward them away.

His brow furrowed as he watched her bottom lip quiver, her gorgeous green eyes suddenly rimmed with red. "Don't cry, babe."

"I'm just scared," She finally choked out, a vulnerability that he rarely saw overtaking her. "This wasn't in the plan, Scott. We weren't supposed to be here," she gestured to his bedroom. "We can't let this ruin the Olympics. What if it goes wrong?"

"But what if it doesn't?"

"But what if we fall apart? Scott, I can't lose you."

"Never, Tess. You could never." He assured her, settling further down into the mattress to look deep into the eyes he had been looking in almost every day for the past twenty years. "No matter what, you won't lose me. This could go horribly wrong tomorrow, and I'll still be here. The Olympics are ours."
"You can't know that."

Wordlessly, he crushed his lips against hers, fingers burying into her air as he pulled her into him, kissing her warmly, deeply, passionately. The more he kissed her, the more he felt like he was going to explode. He pulled back gently, eyes locking with hers. "I don't want you to say anything tonight, Tess. Just know that I'm crazy about you." His lips slipped across her chin, nipping gently at the skin below her ear. "I'm crazy in love with you, T."

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Scott's arm was heavy and warm as it lay across her body, his breathing soft and melodic against her shoulder as she stared at the ceiling of his bedroom. They had a rare late practice today, and she didn't want to move out of fear of waking him. He loved her. Scott Moir, the outgoing goofy boy she had a crush on at 7, and at 10, and 15, and 18, and 22...and let's be real, most of her adult life, was in love with her. She had put her crush in a box over the years, taking it out briefly when his lips lingered against her temple in a kiss and cry or he held her hand as they walked down a street.

But now...now she was naked in his bed after what could only be described as a night of mind-blowing sex, and he had told her he was in love with her. Was she in love with him? She couldn't be...Could she?

She shook her head, she needed to talk to someone and quickly. Usually she'd talk to Scott, but she couldn't talk to him about this. She could call her mom or Jordan, but she wasn't sure how that conversation would go. She imagined it going something like this, "Hi Mom, yeah I'm good, my legs feel like Jello from the amount of sex I had with Scott last night. You wouldn't believe the way that boy can use his tongue..."

She groaned softly, a rush of warmth spreading in her belly as she thought about last night and Scott and his tongue. It would be so easy for her to wake him right now, to feel his body against hers, inside of her...

She pushed those thoughts away, grabbing an old receipt off of Scott's nightstand to scribble a quick note. "Scott, needed to run some errands before practice. Thank you for last night. Can't wait to see you later. Love, T"

Right now, she needed to think, to talk to someone...and she knew just the person.

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"Thank you so much for agreeing to meet with me, JC. I know it was short notice, but I appreciate you agreeing to this extra session. I just felt like I needed to discuss a few things before the next session with Scott."

He smiled, nodding and gesturing for her to sit down. He could tell she was frazzled. She was usually so poised and polished, but this morning, Tessa Virtue was rambling and jittery, her hair pulled into a messy bun and an oversized Maple Leafs T-shirt and leggings adorning her tiny frame. There was a mark on her neck that looked suspiciously like a hickey, and was that a man's T-shirt? Had he seen Scott in that very shirt a few visits ago? Oh, things were getting interesting.

"Tessa, you're always welcome here! It's not too often I get a visit from a beautiful Olympian," JC smiled. "You seem a little more out of sorts today than normal."

"I haven't had coffee yet," Tessa jumped in, smoothing down the front of her (well, Scott's) T-shirt. "We have practice in a bit, you should come by again soon, but that's not what I wanted to talk
about. I wanted to talk about Scott."

"I figured as much," JC chuckled. "Go on."

"I...he...we..." She sighed, shaking her head. "Has he said anything to you about me?"

"You know I can't tell you that. It's that whole counselor-client-doctor-patient confidentiality thing."

He stammered.

"No, I know, of course. I would never ask you to betray that. I just..." She sighed. "I'm confused."

"About?"

"These challenges. I know Scott and I weren't as close as we used to be when we started training, but coming to see you, skating together again, it's different now."

"Different how?"

"If I tell you something, will you promise it stays in this room?"

"Of course, Tessa. Just as I won't betray Scott, I'd never betray your confidence."

"Scott told me he loves me last night."

JC raised an eyebrow, mentally high-fiving Scott. He had a feeling that Scott did a lot more than tell her he loved her. "Oh? And how does that make you feel?"


"Did you just say horny?"

"Stay with me here, JC. That one is not as important as some of the others. I'm terrified that he loves me."

"Do you love him?"

"That's not why I'm scared," she sighed. "He's my partner, my best friend...I can't lose him if something romantic doesn't work out. We almost lost each other after Sochi and we weren't in love then, I can't do that again."

"Repeat yourself, Tessa."

"Huh? I can't do that again?"

"No... just before that." JC watched as Tessa furrowed her brow and shook her head. "You said 'We weren't in love then,' which implies that you're in love now, which implies that you are in love with Scott."

Before Tessa could respond, there was a knock at JC's door and he got up, opening the door a crack, his eyes settling on none other than one Mr. Scott Moir. What had he gotten himself into? He had witnessed a lot of complicated relationships during his days in the theater, but this was on a whole new level.

"Hey JC, sorry to show up so early, but I needed to talk to someone..."
"I'm already with a client, sir."

"Sir?" Scott laughed, stepping past JC and into the office.

"Scott?!"

"Tess?!!"

"Oh fuck me," JC muttered under his breath with a laugh. Marie-France definitely owed him a raise. He glanced over at Tessa, noticing the flush creeping into her cheeks as Scott ran a hand nervously through his thick hair. Like the young woman in his office, Scott looked frazzled but also happy, and JC's eyes immediately settled on the small purple mark on the side of his neck. Did these two not know how to hook up without marking each other like teenagers?

"So..." JC cut the tension, glancing between them. "Shall we have a group sessions since the gang is all here?"

Scott immediately settled into the chair next to Tessa. "Thanks for leaving a note this morning," he whispered. "I would've freaked out if you didn't."

"More than you're freaking out now?" She smiled teasingly.

"I'm not freaking out."

"Then why are you at our intimacy coach's office on a late practice day?"

"I could ask you the same thing!"

"Fair point," she chuckled, immediately relaxing when he reached for her hand.

"You okay?"

"I'm good," she smiled, and he could tell she meant it.

JC cleared his throat, looking awkwardly between his two "clients." "Do you two want the room for a few minutes? I can go out and get us all coffee and then we can chat."

"We couldn't ask you to do that," Tessa insisted.

"It'll be my pleasure, I'll head down the block, pick up some Starbucks and be back in fifteen minutes." He needed to stall. He needed a game plan.

He slipped out of the small room, reaching into his pocket for his phone, where he immediately dialed a familiar number. "Yes, Marie-France, it's me. I think we've got a code 9-1-1. They showed up to my office this morning, separately...and I'm pretty sure they had sex."

"Oh mon dieu!" He heard on the other end of the phone before the line went dead.

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As soon as JC was out of the room, Scott was on his feet, pulling Tessa into his arms. Before she could even fight it, his lips had descended onto hers, warm and inviting and she found herself melting into the warmth of him. His tongue slipped between her lips, and she instinctively kissed him back. "I really wanted to wake up next to you this morning," He sighed, resting his forehead against hers. "I was so bummed you were gone."
"I'm sorry," She sighed, lifting her eyes to settle into his. "I just...Everything is happening so fast."

"We've known each other for almost twenty years, Tess. Most people think we've been rubbing our stuff together for at least half that time."

She cackled, caught off-guard by his wording. "For what it's worth, I really liked rubbing my stuff against yours last night."

"If you hadn't left so early, I would've let you rub your stuff against mine this morning."

"I guess I shouldn't have left," she teased, fingertips dipping beneath the collar of his T-shirt. His hands splayed across her waist, creeping beneath the hem of the too-large shirt she was wearing.

"You look sexy as hell in my shirt." He kissed her neck softly. "You'd only look better if you took it off."

She blushed, fingertips sliding into the hair at the nape of his neck. "Scott, what I'm about to say goes against all my better judgment and resolves absolutely nothing about why I was here this morning, but right now, the only thing I can think about is your stuff rubbing against mine."

"Are you propositioning me, Virtch?"

"Maybe..."

"Well then, unless you want me to rip off your clothes in the middle of JC's office, I have only one question: your place or mine?"

She giggled, grabbing his hand to pull him towards the door. "We need to leave before JC gets back...and my place is definitely closer."

Chapter End Notes

Wow, I apologize that it's been so long since I've updated this one! Again, thank you, thank you, thank you to everyone who has left comments and kudos. I appreciate it soooo much and I promise not to take so long on the next chapters! :)
Your Body is a Wonderland

Chapter Summary

"You're amazing, Scott Moir." She giggled, kissing his shoulder as the water poured over them. "And as much as I'd like to crawl back into bed and stay there all day, we have some skating to do."

OR

The one where they're like kids with a new toy.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a lot of fluff and a touch of smut and some more fluff, but I hope you like it! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

They barely made it to the front door of her condo, his lips trailing down the back of her neck as she fiddled with her key in the lock. She could feel his tongue dart out to brush against the tender skin revealed by the too-big collar of his too-big-for-her T-shirt and a rush of heat washed over her entire body. "Scott..." She breathed out a warning, her voice lower and huskier than normal, as his fingertips danced just beneath the hemline of his oversized Leafs shirt.

"I want you so bad, T." He choked out, his voice strangled with desire as the front door to her condo finally opened and she grabbed his hand, tugging him inside. Her hands slipped through his hair as he pushed her against the wall, lips crashing into hers fervently. His hands slid down her back, over the curve of her behind, which he squeezed greedily before lifting her up, legs locking around his waist.

His lips slid down her neck and he nearly ripped off her pants right there against the wall as a soft mewling sound escaped her. With her legs around his waist, he reluctantly pulled away from the wall, carrying her through the small condo. She gasped as he made a sharp turn, skipping her bedroom in favor of the kitchen.

"Scott?" She asked, gasping as he placed her on the kitchen counter, tugging at her leggings. She giggled, pulling the oversized T-shirt over her own head as his lips slid down her neck and down her stomach, settling between her thighs. His tongue traced her flesh, his fingers quickly following suit as he touched and teased her in the sexiest of ways. "I can't believe I've been missing out on this for so long," She whispered between gasps.

He lifted his head slightly, a satisfied grin crossing his lips as a playful glint danced in his eyes. "Tess, I will spend every day of my life doing this if you'll let me."

"Mmmm...please," She sighed, leaning back onto her elbows as he continued his feast on her body. Once he was sure that she was nearing the edge, he slowed his ministrations, kissing his way up her
body and back to her lips. She moaned huskily into his kiss, tasting herself on his lips. "You make me crazy."

"I love it," He whispered, kissing down her neck. "Your body is a wonderland."

"Okay, John Mayer," she giggled, slapping him playfully on the shoulder as she tugged at the hem of his T-shirt. "It's not fair that I'm naked on my kitchen counter and you're fully clothed there, Moir."

"We can change that," he grinned, pulling his T-shirt over his head to reveal his toned upper body. She grinned as she eyed him, wanting nothing more than to kiss every inch of his chest. She slid down from the counter, pressing her lips against his chest, her hands wrapping around his waist. "Mm, Tess..."

"Shhh," she shushed him, lavishing him in kisses as her hands slid to his belt buckle. Somewhere in the distance, a ringing broke the moment.

"Mine...in my purse." She murmured, shoving his chest to push him towards her bedroom as his phone began ringing in his pocket. He pulled it out, glancing quickly at the screen before placing it down on the counter.

"JC. Can. Wait." He grinned, punctuating his words with kisses before playfully lifting her in his arms to carry her into the bedroom. Her phone rang again as they slipped into the bedroom, door slamming shut behind them to block out the outside world. He settled her onto the bed, discarding his pants before joining her.

They slotted together wordlessly, kisses and hands expressing everything they needed to convey. "I love this," She purred as he pressed his forehead to hers, eyes locking as he slid slowly in and out of her. What had started incredibly frenzied has settled into a slow and languid motion, and maybe for the first time in her life, she knew what it was like to have a man truly make love to her.

"You're so amazing, Tess." He whispered against her ear, kissing any skin he could reach as their bodies picked up the pace, finally crashing into release.

As they lay together in the afterglow, his head on her chest with her fingers rifling through her hair, she was overcome with emotions. "Scott...I want to tell you something."

"Anything."

"It's never been like this before, for me. Not with anyone else."

"What do you mean, baby?"

"It's just different. I know we just started doing this, but it's how I always imagined it should be with someone. You're so gentle, and sweet, but so passionate and you make me feel so many things when we're together like this."

"All good things?" He asked, lifting his head to meet her eyes.

"All very good things, kiddo." She smiled, turning his nickname back on him. "You make me feel special, and sexy, and loved."

"You are all those things, T. You're the most amazing woman I've ever met, you're sexy as all hell...and I know it took me awhile to realize it, but I am crazy in love with you."

"I felt it when we were...together." She admitted, shyly. "I felt like you were making love to me, as
"Always Tess. It will never be just sex for me with you. I need you to know that." He pressed his lips to hers. "Even if we're crazed and banging in a closet at the rink or in the backseat of a car or against the boards, it'll always be with love."

Her brows furrowed, a smile crossing her lips as she looked at him questioningly.

"Yeah, all places I've thought about ripping off your clothes." He shrugged, running his fingers down her arms.

"What about the shower?" She asked, feigning innocence.

"Oh I've definitely thought about that."

A smile crept from her lips as she kicked back the covers, and beelined towards the bathroom, with him following suit.

Moments later, they stood under the hot water, her back pressed firmly against the tile wall of her shower as her legs locked around his waist. "God this is better than my dreams," He moaned, rutting into her, as his head fell into the crook of her neck.

She moaned in agreement, the water only heightening the sensations as he pounded into her, one hand settling between them to stroke her where she needed it the most. She was already sensitive from the marathon sex of the last 24 hours, and it didn't take much to push her over the edge again. Words other than "Scott," "yes," "God," and "fuck," failed her as she cried out over and over, her body wrecked with another orgasm.

He held out until she gave in, his fist banging against the wall as he let himself go, grunting her name over and over. Her legs slid from his waist, arms wrapped around his shoulders as she clung to him.

"You're amazing, Scott Moir." She giggled, kissing his shoulder as the water poured over them.
"And as much as I'd like to crawl back into bed and stay there all day, we have some skating to do."

He groaned, shaking his head. "I need a nap."

"Coffee will have to do," She smiled, grabbing her shampoo to finish her shower.

By the time they showed up at the rink, they were ten minutes late, which was out of character for them. They immediately hit the ice, apologizing profusely to Marie-France and Patrice, and blaming traffic.

"Olympic champions are not late." Marie shook her head, eyeing them suspiciously, JC's earlier words ringing through her head. "This is the first time you are late so we will let it slide, but today we stay late. Start warming up now."

They made laps around the ice, holding hands and running through some simple elements to warm up, as Marie and Patch watched them intently.

"Tessa!" Marie-France reprimanded. "Is something wrong with your legs today? You seem much shakier than normal."

"No, they're fine... just need to warm up a bit." She lied, realizing that her legs still felt like jelly from
being fucked against her shower wall just about an hour ago.

"You okay?" Scott asked, yawning as he followed behind her.

"Good, yeah." She giggled as he came up behind her, hands settling on her waist. "I think we went a little too hard last night, and this morning."

"Sore?"

"My legs feel like Jell-o."

He wriggled his eyebrows at her, a smile curving over his lips. "You regret it?"

"Not even a little," She winked before Marie's shrieking shocked them out of their moment.

"Okay you too, playtime is over, time to get down to business."

Marie tortured them for the next five hours, watching them intently from the boards and the ice. By the end of the session, she was pretty sure that they were exhausted, that Scott had a huge hickey peeping out from his collar, and that JC was definitely right in his assumption that they had finally had sex. There was just something different in the way they held each other, and giggled, and licked their lips.

"Tessa, Scott...come here!" Marie ordered at the end of practice, directing them to the boards. "I see that something is different. You are like kids with a new toy. Don't wear it out."

"What?!" Scott laughed, shaking his head. "A toy?"

"I see the distraction, the arriving late, the looks... Is there anything you want to tell me or should I just assume?"

"Nothing to tell!" Tessa interjected quickly, eyes darting nervously to Scott.

"Tessa, take off your scarf." Marie ordered, gesturing towards the younger woman. "Scott unzip your jacket."

They both did as they were told, revealing a pair of very visible and very obvious hickeys. Marie simply glanced between them, eyebrows raised expectantly, as Patch simply laughed and shook his head.

"We were practicing a new lift..." Tessa started.

"JC gave us an assignment..." Scott started.

"At least get your stories straight!" Marie shook her head. "I have been in your shoes! Tomorrow, we all meet with JC because today you are distracted. You can do whatever you want to do in your own time, but on ice, we are training for the Olympics."

"Nothing is going to distract us from the Olympics." Tessa interjected, glancing apologetically at Scott. "Last night was the first time."

"Tess!"

"She obviously knows!"
Patch winked at Scott behind Marie-France's head, a huge smile crossing his lips. "It's about time." He chuckled, shaking his head. "Good for you two finally figuring it out. We've known you'd end up together since the first time we watched you skate."

"Patrice, tais-toi!" Marie reprimanded, shaking her head at her star pupils. "I want to smack you both for being distracted, shake you that it took you so long to figure this out and hug you because I'm so happy. Looks like JC did his job."

"His job?" Scott asked, brows furrowing in confusion as he shot a sideways glance at Tessa.

"Oui, making you more intimate," She stammered, realizing her slip. "The five of us will talk more tomorrow. Go home...and get some sleep...ALONE!"

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to everyone who has been reading along this journey! Hope you're still enjoying this, and as always, feedback is MORE than appreciated! :)

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