Everything To Win (Reprise)
by punto_y_coma

Summary

Lost scenes of Holding Tight As The Dancers Whirl, in no particular order.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Silly kisses during sex, because damn, that foot’s in the way, and no, we’re not that flexible but we tried anyway, and now one of us is cramping and the other fell off the bed, and there’s nothing dignified or steamy or sexy about this, but they’re together and enjoying their presence, even if the mood is gone and someone is unable to hold their leg straight after the muscles tense up and won’t unbend.

“Okay, so your right leg would go up here… I think,” Dmitry manoeuvred gingerly to place Anya’s knee over his shoulder.

“That doesn’t feel right,” she had her back arched, holding to the headboard with one hand and balancing over the mattress with the other. Anya mentally cursed Sophie and the day that she had “accidentally” left her Illustrated Guide to Acrobatic Sex in their apartment. She cursed her own curiosity and the coy manner in which she had suggested to Dmitry that they tried some of these ideas in bed. Finally, she cursed their cockiness at this whole thing; they had eyed the book with detached interest, quickly deciding that for the two of them a number of positions would be easy, one was already quite similar to a risqué lift they had done for their tango program a season ago. Anya giggled at the memory of several sports commentators gossiping about the intricacies of their partnership and the benefits of being a young and athletic and in love… If only they could see them now.

“Don’t laugh! I think we almost got it,” Dmitry lifted the diagram to see it more clearly. She had to give him credit; he had tackled this stupid idea with the same dedication he put into every practice and competition, he was headstrong like that. “Oh! It’s your left leg! And it goes over the hip, that’s easier!”

“Oh, good,” Anya sighed, as they unfurled from the complicated knot they had gotten themselves into. She lifted her left leg only to find one of her calf muscles twitching painfully. “Wait, wait! I’ve got a cramp!” In her haste to release her foot she ended up kicking Dmitry’s nose.

“Oh, fuck!”

“Shit! I’m sorry, Dima!” Anya tried to get up and check his nose but her leg was still cramping. “Ouch, damnit!”

They both fell side by side on the mattress, Dmitry clutching his nose and Anya holding her leg.

“Oh, yes, we’re the pride of Russia, athletes in their prime,” Dmitry quipped dryly, laughing despite himself.

“Are you okay?” she asked.

“I think so,” his reply muffled by his hands.

“Let me see,” she asked, hovering with worry; he had a bit of blood on his face but nothing major. “I don’t think it’s broken… Does this hurt?” she pressed the bridge of the nose lightly.
“A bit,” he winced. “I know, I know, men are babies.”

Anya giggled and got closer. “Does this hurt?” she asked, placing a soft kiss on the tip of his nose. “Does this hurt?” she climbed carefully on top of him. “Does this hurt?” she bit his lower lip and heard him moan.

Sophie’s book would remain forgotten on their bedroom floor for the rest of the night.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“I’m not going anywhere.”

Dmitry woke up in a haze. He was in a light blue room, lying on a bed with coarse sheets. His head was killing him. The rhythmic beeps of the machinery and the fluorescent lights let him know that he was in the hospital. He could hear soft voices to his left and slowly constructed the murmurs into words.

“A motorcycle! I knew this would happen! Of all the stupid things he could have come up with!” A man’s voice. Vlad.

“It wasn’t his fault, that car came out of nowhere!” A girl’s voice. His body recognized it before his brain did, butterflies creeping up his throat before he could consciously say it was Anya’s.

“Still… When the stupid, son of a bitch wakes up-”

“I’m awake,” Dmitry managed to say, his voice hoarse.

“Oh, good!” Vlad’s voice suddenly turned mellow. “We were so worried, weren’t we, Anya?” She climbed to the side of his bed, careful not to hurt him. “How are you feeling, babe?”

“Spectacular,” he replied dryly, wincing when he tried to sit up. “What happened?”

“You were hit by a car, we got worried when you didn’t make it to practice,” she fixed his hair tenderly as if to soften the blow of what came next. “You have a few bruised ribs and you got hit pretty bad on the head and…” Anya seemed unable to continue.

“And?”

“I’ll go get some coffee,” Vlad said, leaving the room briskly.

Anya took air and stared at her lap as she spoke. “You broke your foot. The doctors said you might not be able to skate again,” she brushed her hand down his calf and Dmitry realized how numb and swollen it was. He froze and stopped responding altogether. “Dima, talk to me… You’re scaring me.”

“I’ve really fucked up this time, huh?” the sad chuckle that came out of his mouth shook Anya to the core. “Why are you even here? You should be looking for a new partner, I’m toast!”

Anya reached out to cup his face. “Dmitry Nikolaevich, listen to me! I’m not going anywhere,” there was a quiet intensity to the way she spoke. “I meant it, what I said years ago, there’s no partner after you. So you need to get better, okay?”

Dmitry stared at her and nodded slowly.

“We’ll do this together. You’ll be fine, I promise,” she kissed his forehead and held him as he fell
back asleep.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

“Are you drunk?”

The party after the Grand Prix Final was, according to Sophie, the event of the year. The lobby of the hotel was decorated in white and bronze, matching Anya’s dress and medal respectively (not that she had brought her medal to the party but it was a nice coincidence anyway). She had lost sight of Dmitry sometime in between talking to Gleb and taking a selfie with the Japanese champion. She didn’t have to look for long.

“Any! My beautiful queen!” Dmitry hollered from across the room. She turned to find him walking towards her, his hair disheveled and the top buttons of his shirt undone. “My gorgeous partner!”

“Are you drunk?” she asked, already knowing the answer.

“Just a little,” he gestured a minuscule amount with his index and thumb, putting his arm around her shoulders to keep his balance. On the other hand he held a dark beverage. “I like this, what is it?” he asked downing the glass.

“It’s a Jaegerbomb, babe,” Anya giggled, holding to his wrist and waist to stop him from falling. “I never took you for a touchy feely drunk.”

“I’m not,” he pouted. “If I were, I would go around hugging everyone, like an idiot. If I were, I— I would tell you that I love you.”

“You what?”

“Shit!” he covered his mouth with the sleeve of his suit. “Did I say that out loud?”

“You love me?” Anya looked up at him with her mouth open.

Dmitry stared at his shoes bashfully. “I do. I love you so much, Anya.”

“Hey,” she cupped his face so that his eyes met hers. “I love you too, dum-dum.”

His face lit up with a huge smile. The moment was tender and lovely, and only theirs…

Until Dmitry started shouting at the top of his lungs: “SHE LOVES ME! This beautiful, medal-winning, badass girl loves me!”

The crowd of skaters cheered and whistled for them. Anya could hear a dry and tired “We know!” from Gleb, somewhere.

Dmitry kissed her and it tasted sweet.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

“This is why we can’t have nice things.”

The heat was suffocating, heavy and sticky. Dmitry hadn’t been anywhere so warm in his life. It was late afternoon and he and Anya had stayed lounging in the shade for hours, his fingers carding through the sand, his eyes ever fixed on the endless, turquoise expanse that was the ocean.

A cool breeze was finally blowing through the palm trees, a small, short-lived relief for how stuffy the air felt. They could be in their air conditioned hotel room but they would be missing quite a view, especially now that the sunset was in sight.

“How hot is it?” Dmitry asked.

Anya checked her phone, sighed and showed him the screen. 29°C.

“It’s finally coming down,” she said softly, peering from under a big straw hat and adjusting the straps of her bikini. Anya had gotten used to the weather in France quicker than Dmitry and she seemed to be doing marginally better than him in the tropical heat. She scrolled through her notifications and laughed. “Vlad says that, since it’s our first visit to Cancun, we have to do tequila shots tonight. Coach’s orders.”

“I’m game,” he replied. “It must be past midnight for him,” he added pensively. It felt unreal, when he thought about it, how far away they were from home.

Anya left her chair and moved closer to him.

“Don’t! I’m all sweaty,” Dmitry complained.

“Don’t! I’m all sweaty,” Dmitry complained.

“It’s fine!” Anya rolled her eyes, it was like he had suddenly forgotten about their long days training at the rink. “Nana wants a photo,” she explained, snuggling next to him and pointing her phone screen towards them.

“Hold on,” Dmitry removed his sunglasses and fixed his hair; Anya giggled, always amused by his vanity streak.

Anya’s phone clicked twice and she showed the photos to Dmitry.

“I’m all red!” Dmitry cried. He had reluctantly applied a tiny amount of sunblock that morning and now his cheekbones and nose looked not dissimilar to the shade of a grilled shrimp. Anya, of course, had a uniform golden glow about her, noticeable only by the tan marks of her bathing suit.

“You were the one that insisted on going somewhere sunny for our vacation,” she said and drank a big gulp of dark beer; she had never found the bitter taste of beer enjoyable but in that heat any cold drink tasted delicious.

“Can you blame me? We’ve been on the ice for the better part of ten months,” he was now reapplying sunblock to his face. “Ten days in sunny Cancun sounded like paradise. This is why we
can’t have nice things!” Dmitry pointed emphatically at his face.

“It’s not that bad, Dima. You look cute, like you’re blushing,” she smiled softly and flung her arm around his torso, possessively. The weather was nice now that the sun had come down. “What do you say we go for those tequila shots? We could go dancing later,” she was now tracing patterns with her fingernail over his bare chest, her mischievous smile promising to make it worth his while.

Dmitry arched his eyebrows, amused and dazzled. “What’s gotten into you?”

“Just trying to prove a point,” she shrugged. “It might not be perfect but we do get to have nice things,” she pressed a lime-flavored kiss to his lips. “We deserve it.”
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

“Why are you whispering?”

Chapter Notes

Split timeline where the author really leans in on the fake dating trope.

It was late afternoon on a quiet day, there were only a couple sat near a corner and the two regulars that practically lived in the bar. Dmitry cleaned the wooden surface, rearranged the glasses, and checked his phone for the umpteenth time; he had to silence a groan when he realized there were still thirty minutes left on his shift.

It was a particularly bad day to be idle. He had struggled all morning with their step sequence and now his feet seemed to have a life of their own, tapping and swaying from one side to the other, giving him a slow motion replay of his misteps from that morning. Anya had patiently skated with him, even as he asked to repeat the same sequence over and over… Bless her. It was like that for him with most things, he didn’t have many innate talents but his stubbornness and competitive nature led him to master most things he put his mind to. “Time and practice,” Vlad would tell him when he grew impatient about something; it helped sometimes, mostly it just irritated him.

Dmitry turned his attention from the now immaculate bar to the couple near the corner. They were young, almost too young to drink, and were probably on their first date, judging by the awkward distance they kept between them as they flirted. “Oh, to be young and in love”, Dmitry thought sardonically. He had had his share of awful first dates and, at the moment, didn’t look forward to the prospect of getting back in the game. He didn’t have the headspace to even consider it anyway, what with his days consumed by training at the rink and pretending to date Anya.

In front of him, the boy made a move to kiss the girl and… They turned to the same side and bumped heads. Dmitry had to turn away to hide a grimace of second hand embarrassment. When he looked back again, they had gotten the hang of it, the placement of hands only slightly awkward, the kiss itself quite sweet. With a chill, Dmitry realized that, since he and Anya were only a couple when in public, they wouldn’t have the luxury to fuck up their first kiss (and if he was completely honest, most first kisses weren’t exactly cinematic). He started to worry; they had been “together” for weeks now. The image they were projecting wasn’t like one of those weirdly detached couples that kept their distance and barely shook hands in public; they were very tactile, hugs and piggyback rides were a common occurrence. Dmitry had said that would sell the romance better but now he realized a bad kiss could ruin their lie in a moment. As he walked home, he thought of contingency plans if they were ever put on the spot and forced to kiss. This was going to be an awkward conversation, he was sure.

He took his muddy boots off and left them at the door, realized his hands were shaking (why were they shaking?).
“Dmitry! Here’s your jacket! I borrowed it yesterday and I know you hate that I leave it smelling all flowery but it was sort of an emergency…” Anya was all sunshine as she walked towards him.

“Is Vlad here? Sophie?” he asked, his voice low.

“No,” Anya cocked her head, still holding his jacket. “Why are you whispering?”

“I don’t know! I’m freaking out!” his voice still sounded strangled but not as quiet.

“Is this about the step sequence? You are being too hard on yourself!” Anya reached out to touch his elbow and Dmitry felt shiver go through him.

“No, it’s not about the step sequence!” he shook his head and decided to just go for it. “I need to do something quickly, please don’t freak out,” and with that he took a step towards her, cupped her face, and planted a soft kiss on her lips, short as a sigh, little more than a peck, and then he let her go. They stood in awkward silence for a moment; Anya seemed to have kept her eyes open during the kiss because they were wide as saucers when he looked at her.

“Thank you- I think,” she said softly, scrunching her face, handing him his jacket, and walking to the kitchen. “Do you want some tea? Sophie gave me some leftover chamomile from the café,” Anya started setting mugs and boiling water, her initial instinct to not even acknowledge what had happened.

“Anya, let me explain!”

“Please do,” she said, her voice high-pitched, “because living with you is strange enough without all this,” she gestured vaguely in his direction.

“I saw this couple at the bar, yeah? They were so awkward with each other and their first kiss was a disaster and I didn’t know how to talk about it with you because I realized we would have to kiss eventually if we keep pretending to date…’” he said in one breath. “I panicked, okay?” It wasn’t an apology but she nodded in acceptance. “Was it bad? Weird?” he asked frantically. She would never admit it but seeing cocky, self-assured Dmitry nervous about kissing her was more than a little endearing.

“A bit weird,” she replied after a pause. There was no bite to her words and she was playing with the strings of the tea bags as she talked. Anya had thought about kissing him, once or twice, she had dreamed of kissing him once. She would, of course, never say that to Dmitry, his ego was big enough as it was. “I wasn’t expecting it, that’s all,” she said. It was only half a lie, she wasn’t expecting it but she definitely wanted it to last longer.

“So… Are we okay?” Dmitry took her hand, warm from the mug of tea, in his cold grasp.

“Of course,” Anya replied as she bit her lip. She was racking her brains to find an excuse to kiss him again. Now that they had entered the realm of stupid decisions, she didn’t want to leave. “And, you know, if us kissing is something that worries you- we could- uh-”

“What?”

“You know how we said that we were a couple in public and just skating partners at home,” Dmitry nodded, confusion furrowing his brow. “Well maybe we could do a- an interval… Say, thirty minutes, and we can practice and say what we like, what we don’t like, that kind of thing.” Anya tried to seem indifferent at the prospect but her knuckles were white as she squeezed the hem of her sweatshirt.
“Practice,” Dmitry’s voice came a bit broken so he cleared his throat, “practice kissing?”

“I mean, if you want,” Anya shrugged. “If it worries you that much…”

“Yeah, no, for sure,” Dmitry replied nonsensically, making Anya chuckle under her breath. Seeing her light up like that, he knew this was an undeniably bad idea, and yet, who was he to resist? He took out his phone and set an alarm for half an hour later. “Okay, thirty minutes start… Now!”

He walked towards her with caution, like she was a scared white hare about to disappear into the snow.

“So… How do we do this?” Anya stared straight ahead, to Dmitry’s sternum, losing her courage all of a sudden now that it was actually happening.

“Let’s start slow, no tongues,” he replied and Anya had to contain a nervous giggle when Dmitry tilted her chin up with his finger. It was timid and contained, with both of them keeping their hands at their sides. His lips were soft, just a little bit dry from the cold, and careful as he pressed them against hers. He would often lose his patience when they were on the ice, rolling his eyes when she took too long to learn a move but now… His lips were mouthing the words to the world’s gentlest ballad, so slow and tender she quickly forgot her panic about what to do with her teeth and whether she was doing things right. It was like the first time they had skated together, with Dmitry waiting for her to catch up and then taking her hand and keeping pace with her. This time round, Anya did close her eyes and it made her feel giddy and unstable, like she was falling backwards, only that Dmitry was there to catch her too. Without her noticing, he had taken his hands out of his pockets and placed them on her waist, they hadn’t moved any closer but it was a nice feeling anyway. She took that as a sign to move her hands towards his neck, her right index traced the contour of his jaw, moving with a will of its own.

“Is that okay?” Anya asked, her voice was embarrassingly breathy.

Dmitry nodded and gulped. “You can play with my hair, I like that.”

“Oh okay,” she replied. “You can pull me closer, if you want.”

He nodded and dragged her towards him, she silently hoped he couldn’t feel the thump of her heart on his skin. She, in turn, reached out to run her fingers through his hair, giving special care to those loose strands that always fell on his eyes. Dmitry bent over to kiss her again, it was not so tender now, less controlled. She stood on the tips of her toes and carded her fingers through the soft hair on the back of his neck. He held her tight and sighed, making a shiver run down her spine. Admittedly, Anya had laughed at the notion of french kissing Dmitry, however, intertwined like they were it felt not only natural but necessary. When the tip of his tongue brushed over her lip, she was a little too eager to reciprocate.

“Woah, there!” Dmitry laughed, backing away a fraction and wiping his top lip with the back of his hand. “Slow, remember?”

“God! Sorry!” Dmitry still held her waist very tight so she couldn’t run away like she wanted to in that moment. Her cheeks were burning with shame.

He laughed again and shook his head. “It’s fine,” he fixed a strand of her hair behind her ear and looked into her eyes. “It is! Come on, now you kiss me, I’m doing all the hard work here,” at that Anya finally smiled and relaxed in his arms again.

“I’m going to need something, though. Wait here,” she pressed a quick peck on his lips and
disappeared in the bedroom. She appeared moments later with a cardboard box Dmitry kept at the foot of the bed. She carefully aligned it with Dmitry’s feet, stepped on it and, now that their heights were level, cupped his face and kissed him hard. She could feel Dmitry’s amusement mixed with something else, something different. He sank his fingertips into her skin, one hand playfully lifting the hem of her sweatshirt, the other resting on her hip. Anya wasn’t idle, she tried to replicate the delicate way Dmitry had brushed his tongue over her lip.


In a weird turn of their heads, Dmitry bit her lower lip and Anya let out a moan.

“Shit! Are you okay?” he brushed his thumb over her lip, worried. Anya looked down and bit the inside of her cheek. “What is it?”

“I- I liked it,” she confessed with a lopsided smile.

Dmitry laughed and pressed a peck on her now swollen lip. “Kinky,” he mocked, brushing his nose against hers. Anya tugged at his hair in retaliation and smiled a devilish grin when a low groan sounded from the back of his throat.

Anya played with the zipper of his leather jacket as they made out. How were they supposed to go back to skating partners/roommates/unlikely friends after the thirty minutes were through? How was she supposed to go back when she knew the feeling of Dmitry’s hand on her bare back and the way he tasted? She really hadn’t thought this through.

“Can I lift you?” Dmitry asked, taking her out of her thoughts. She nodded and held on to his shoulders, marveling at the lines of muscle there like she had never felt them before. He set her on the kitchen sink, her legs framing his waist. “Is this okay?” he asked.

“Yeah.” Technically, they weren’t any closer than seconds ago, and still Anya felt the roof of her mouth dry up; when Dmitry rested his hands over her thighs she knew why. His touch was so close to where she needed it and yet…

The alarm on Dmitry’s phone sounded as he closed the distance between their lips one last time. They parted and the awkward silence that followed was asphyxiating.

“I should- uh- I’m taking a shower,” Dmitry announced, “I still smell like cigarrettes from the bar,” was his excuse.

Anya, that had spent the past half hour treacherously close to his skin, could say that he, in fact, didn’t smell like cigarrettes. She ran her fingers over her lips.

Inside the bathroom, staring at the mirror, Dmitry came to terms with the fact that maybe he wasn’t as cool and detached as he thought. Winter was the worst time for a cold shower, he thought with a wince.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Dima takes care of sick Anya.
(Depression TW)

It was five in the morning and the alarm to go to the rink and start training was blaring on Dmitry’s night stand.

“Morning, partner,” Dmitry kissed Anya’s temple, she groaned in response. “Come on, we’ll be late,” he kissed her shoulder and tickled the back of her neck, usually that did it.

He got up to the bathroom, and came back to find Anya, who usually would be getting dressed by now, still hiding under the covers.

“Babe,” he sat at the edge of the bed, caressing her side, shaking her gently, “it’s five fifteen.”

“Mmm,” she hummed in agreement, still half asleep.

“Anyaaaaa,” he said with a smile, tickling her ribs. At this point, he was merely trying to wind her up to get her out of bed.

“Dima… Don’t,” her voice was muffled by the comforter but she sounded angry, almost. “I don’t feel well, I’m staying home,” she said.

“Oh,” Dmitry stopped. His hands became gentle, rubbing her over the comforter. “Are you okay? Do you want me to stay with you? Take you to the doctor?”

“No, you go,” Anya sounded tired, much too tired for someone that had just woken up. “I just need to sleep.”

Dmitry stayed where he was, he wanted to see her face, be sure she was alright but the cocoon she had built for herself was too tight, impenetrable. The past few days, Anya had been less enthusiastic about their practice time. Her smiles were few and far between, with him doing his best to cheer her up; he had assumed she was nervous about the upcoming competitions but now he was worried.

“Really, Dmitry,” she said, exasperated, “go to the rink. I’m fine. Just tired.”

“Okay,” he reluctantly let her go and got dressed quietly. “I’ll check on you later, love you…”

“Love you too,” she mumbled back.

~

“Where’s Lily?” Dmitry dropped his bag on the floor of the locker room.

“She’s with Maria,” Vlad rubbed the back of his neck. “Apparently, she’s unwell.”

“That’s odd… Anya wasn’t feeling well either,” Dmitry cocked his head. “You think they caught the same bug or something?”
“Or something,” Vlad gestured at a bench, they both sat down and he patted Dmitry’s back, it was a fatherly pat, a patient way of consoling him. “It’s this week- the uh- the anniversary of the crash.”

“Shit! I forgot!” Dmitry closed his eyes tight, the weight of guilt quickly settling in his stomach. “Well, not forgot just- We’re in the middle of the season, there’s a lot to think about and…” Before ice dance, before Anya, Dmitry had been aware of the date, like a scar that reminded him of past pain, a scar of a cut that had severed nerve endings. He really hadn’t seen it coming this time. “Dmitry Sudayev, boyfriend of the year,” he huffed.

“Don’t blame yourself,” Vlad said softly. “It sounds bad but I was kind of hoping that she would forget. Between skating and the new apartment… And you two have been great together lately.”

“Yeah,” Dmitry sighed.

~

Anya was huddled up in bed, still in her pajamas, the king size comforter wrapped around herself, a garbage romcom was on TV but she wasn’t really paying attention to it. She heard the door and hurried to wipe her eyes, trying not to look like she had been crying consistently all morning.

Dmitry walked into their room in his socks, his footsteps muffled by the carpet. He was somewhat relieved to find her awake.

“Hey,” he was careful as he sat next to her on the mattress, smoothing the creases on the sheets absentmindedly. “Have you eaten anything?”

“Just some yogurt and granola,” Anya gestured at the dirty bowl on her bedside table. “Dima… I’m so sorry. I’m the worst partner ever! I-”

“Shhh, no,” he fell back in bed next to her, brushing his fingers over her cheek. “Whatever you’re feeling right now, you don’t need to feel guilty. We can talk, if you want, but we don’t need to.”

Anya sniffled, wiped her cheeks from the fresh tears that were now falling and reached out to him, her fingers resting over his heart, her nails tugging at the collar of his t-shirt. She didn’t want to tell him about all of it; it was scary. There was this big, hairy beast sitting on her chest, making it hard to breath, whispering the names of her parents and her siblings in a loop that never ended. Dima had just said she didn’t need to feel guilty but the beast was making sure she did. She felt guilty for every extra heartbeat she had… But also there was the fear -tiny, slippery- that Dmitry, her perfect, beautiful skating partner, would leave her sooner rather than later. She couldn’t talk about that either. Not yet, anyway.

“It just aches all over,” she said, finally. She decided to focus on her body, she could explain that much to Dmitry. “I’m so tired, Dima,” a violent sigh shook her frame. “I’ve been trying to keep up but- I can’t remember the programs, my legs hurt so much, I can’t sleep at night… I-” Anya fought the urge to hide under the comforter like a child. She bit her lip until it turned white, trying to smother the sobs. Dmitry carefully lifted one of the edges of the comforter, crawling towards her, opening her arms for her. She held him tight, her uneven breath tickled Dmitry’s neck. “What if I ruin this season for us? We’re not getting any younger. I’m so- I wish I hadn’t dragged you into this partnership, I’m sorry,” she whispered into his skin.

“My Anyushka,” he kissed the top of her head and ran his hands all over her back. ‘You are whole, you are here,’ he wanted to tell her. “My love,” he took his time enunciating the one syllable. “I know I spend all day talking about skating and twizzles and shit,” he said softly, soothingly, “but don’t you ever think that those things are more important to me than you,” a sob shook Anya’s body.
“You are more important than any medal, any trophy, any world record… And if we have to skip this season, we skip it. And if you don’t want to compete anymore, we retire. We get a big house with a garden, and have three kids and a dog,” Anya shook her head, still tight in his embrace. “No? Three dogs and a kid it is,” he announced.

Finally (finally!), Anya giggled and looked up at him. Her face was red and puffy but she had some light back in her eyes. “I need time,” she said, like it was a big ask.

“Done,” he replied simply.

“Lily said I should do therapy and it’s scary but I’ll try my best. I promise, Dima” she added softly.

“Are you kidding? You’re great at everything! You’re gonna win at therapy,” he said, tightening his embrace.

“I’m not sure that’s how therapy works but I appreciate the sentiment,” Anya kissed the crook of his arm, which just happened to be the bit Dmitry’s skin that was closest to her. “Hey, I love you, you know that, right?”

“I love you too.”

End Notes

Kudos and comments are love <3
Come talk to me about Anya and Dima at my tumblr (aralisj) if you want ;)

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