Fallin' All In You

by xSyntheticSensation

Summary

In which Michael Gray is a star hockey player for the NHL team, the Peaky Blinders.

"Thought I knew it all / Found love but I was wrong more times than enough / But since you came along / I'm thinking baby you are bringing out a different side of me / There's no safety net that's underneath / I'm free / Falling all in you" - Shawn Mendes

Michael x Reader. Modern!Michael AU.

Notes

I have been on a huge One Direction kick recently (don't ask - it hit me like a train and I don't know where it came from), and a few of their songs, in combination with NHL Playoff season, have inspired me to write this delicious series (series? more like a collection of blurbs) about modern, NHL star Michael Gray. Several players serve as very strong inspiration for this story/character. Yum.

Please excuse some of the awkward connections I made to make it modern. I wanted to keep it as fictional as possible, so I did not write about a real NHL team - obviously I know the Peaky Blinders aren't a real team.
This first chapter is a little short - set up is important - but I promise some good times are coming.
Work is unbeta'd; all mistakes are my own. Always love to hear thoughts and feedback!
Chapter Summary

*Does he know you can move it like that?*
*Does he know you're out and I want you so bad?*
*Tonight, you're mine*
*Does he know that you'll never go back?*

- One Direction

It was meant to be a fun, carefree night out with the girls.

Well, you suppose it still sort of was, except that a group of guys had sort of infiltrated your fun. Not that they weren’t fun — they definitely were — but it wasn't what any of you girls had had in mind when you had gotten into your Uber originally.

You had just broken things off with the guy you had been dating for the last 8 months, and though you were the one who had taken him by surprise and ended the relationship, you still somehow felt a little off. Maybe it was regret, or uncertainty, or just plain loneliness; whatever it was, you thought a good, old fashioned girls night would do the trick and help pull you out of your slump.

It wasn’t even meant to be a crazy night out on the town, but a night for you to let your hair down, have a few drinks, and have a good time. In fact, you had purposefully selected the bar for the sole reason being that it was not a club, but a little bit more laid back.

Still, there you were, finding yourself dancing with a very nice-looking man who also happened to be a professional hockey player on your favorite team.

It had all started when you had separated from the group to approach the bar and order another round. You stood, watching the bartender make your drink, when a taller gentleman appeared at the bar next to you, also seemingly ordering another round for him and whatever group he was with. He had not appeared to notice you, until you shifted your weight on the heels you were wearing and the dim light flashed against the bracelet on your wrist.

“What’s a pretty girl like you doing here alone?”

You smiled politely, not interested in being hit on by this man — he looked like he must be at least 10 years older — but responding anyway. “I’m not alone, just getting some drinks for my friends over there,” you explained as you motioned over to your friends, standing and chattering near a high-top table on the side of the room.

“Ah, same here — my boys are over there,” he pointed across the room to a group of rowdy-looking guys.

“Boys night out, eh?”

“Yeah, celebrating a big win tonight.”
“What’d you win?”

“Oh, we won our game earlier. I scored the game-winning goal.” He grinned proudly.

“That’s great! Congratulations. What sport?”

“Hockey.”

It was then that something clicked in your brain. You studied the man’s face, now beginning to recognize him. “Hang on, are you Arthur Shelby? As in, captain of the Peaky Blinders, Arthur Shelby?”

He nodded, grinning. “Here in the flesh.”

Your jaw dropped. “Oh my god - it’s so good to meet you! I — we — I grew up watching you play!”

Arthur smiled. “Always good to meet a fan. I didn’t catch your name?”

“Y/N.”

He extended his hand, and you reached to shake it. “It’s nice to meet you, Y/N. It looks like you and your friends are alone — would ya wanna join us guys over at our table? Drinks on us.”

You almost didn’t know what to say. “I — yes, absolutely!”

Once you retrieved your drinks, you excitedly went over to your friends to explain what had just happened. You really had grown up watching the team, though you hadn’t followed quite as closely in the last several years simply because you had grown busier with school and work, but you did enjoy catching a game now and again. The girls agreed to join, shrugging with a “Why not?” attitude.

The group of guys — some of whom you recognized, and some of whom you didn’t — made room for them as you approached the table, and Arthur took to introducing them all.

“Ah, everyone, this is Y/N — Y/N, we’ve got Finn, John, Isaiah, and Michael.”

You waved, acknowledging each while internally screaming, yet you managed to keep a cool exterior as you introduced your friends to the group.

The party chatted amiably over the music, miraculously avoiding any case of fangirling. You quickly discovered that Isaiah and John were the goofy ones of the group, frequently causing an uproar of laughter at their ridiculous comments.

As the night went on, conversation flowed and you found yourself conversing with Michael Gray, who seemed to be one of the not shy, but quieter ones of the bunch. You discovered that he was born in London (not difficult to ascertain based on his accent), but went to college in the US before getting drafted into the NHL. He learned that you were in finance at a large automotive company, were an avid yoga practicer, and that you were newly single. (He’d be lying if he said he didn’t internally pump his fist at learning this fact.)

You couldn’t help but notice — and secretly love — the way his eyes devoured you, but not necessarily in a sexual way (not that you would have minded that either); it felt like he was studying every detail of your face as you spoke. He listened intently to your stories about your job, hobbies, and how you came to be a Blinders fan, nodding and laughing along jovially.
You continued chatting, occasionally stopping to laugh at a ridiculous action from John and to take sips of your drinks. Conversation flowed so easily, you hardly had to make any effort to keep it moving.

Suddenly, the beat of the song melded into “Man! I Feel Like a Woman!” It was only then that you noticed nearly everyone else had left the table to create a makeshift dance floor in the middle of the bar. Grinning at Michael, you dashed out to join your friends.

Michael watched as you swayed your hips to the song, holding your fist up to your mouth in a mock microphone as you sang the lyrics and danced with the girls. He laughed as you rocked out a strong air guitar solo, eyes closed, before flipping your hair dramatically.

He chuckled to himself. What a dork. Cute, though. Real cute.

The song choice made another dramatic change —probably thanks to the patron-run jukebox in the corner — into the funky beat of a Bruno Mars song, and he watched your expression turn into an excited “O” as you recognized the song. You changed the movement of your hips to match the beat, and your eyes turned to Michael as you flashed him a smile before beckoning him out to the dance floor.

He smiled and held out a hand to signal that he was okay to sit out, but you ran up to him giggling and grabbed his arm, dragging him out on to the dance floor with your. He followed, somewhat begrudgingly, somewhat willingly, as his friends “Oooh”ed that he had joined the group on the makeshift dance floor.

You began to dance, laughing as you sang the words, moving with the beat of the song. Michael tried not to stare as he watched your hips gyrate, his mind beginning to wonder what you would look like doing that on top of him instead.

A few more songs passed (“This DJ is great!” “John, there IS no DJ!” “Oh, right —“) and the group returned to the table, laughing loudly. Another round of drinks was ordered and conversation continued to flow for the next hour.

When the girls made your motion to leave, you bid your farewells with promises to meet up again. You waved at the boys before turning to leave, beaming, and secured your purse over your shoulder before walking away.

Eyeing the round curve of your ass in your jeans, Michael sucked in a deep breath. Now’s your chance, dude. Just do it. You’ll never see her again.

“Hey, Y/N - wait up,” he called after you, moving to walk alongside you.

You turned to face him as you neared the door, looking up at him expectantly.

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“Could I take you to dinner sometime?”

You stared at him for a moment, words caught in your throat as you fumbled for the right thing to say. You weren’t sure if it was the buzz from the alcohol or the buzz from high of the evening that made your push aside the slight tinge of guilt you felt.

“I… yes, I’d like that,” you smiled softly.

“Great,” he grinned, taking down your number before wishing you a good night.

He got teased pretty relentlessly as he returned to the group, John and Isaiah singing a rendition of
“Michael and Y/N sitting in a tree…” and he laughed along with them, but inside he was bursting with excitement.
Lights On

Chapter Summary

Damn, you look so good with your clothes on
And I’m not trying to come off too strong
But you know that I can’t help it
’Cause girl, you’re beautiful

I can’t deny I want your body
But I’m a gentleman so I’ll be the one who takes it slowly
’Cause girl you’re so beautiful

I wanna love you with the lights on
Keep you up all night long
Darling, I wanna see every inch of you
I get lost in the way you move
I wanna love you with the lights on

- Shawn Mendes

Chapter Notes

Inspired (with permission) by this adorable little drabble about the love of my life (and big inspiration for this story), Gustav Nyquist.

Another short one, but so disgustingly fluffy, soft Michael. How can you not love it?

In the week following that eventful night at the bar, Michael texted you. Small talk and light conversation quickly progressed to daily exchanges, your current streak at four days straight. Though you felt slightly conflicted at potentially jumping right into a new relationship so quickly, you were excited about whatever it was that was blossoming between you and Michael. You were equally excited that your newfound friendship gave you a reason to watch hockey again. (And Michael would never admit it, but getting a “good luck” text from you had plastered a grin on his face through the entire day leading up to his game that evening.)

The two of you had set a date for the next Thursday, as Michael was leaving that Friday for a short
road trip. Instead of the “typical” dinner date, he had suggested a round of mini golf. He picked you up that night in his modest SUV and made easy conversation as he drove to the venue. Michael was impressed by your putt putt game, though you were fairly certain he had whiffed a few shots on purpose; you had remembered seeing photos of him on the team’s Instagram at a golf outing.

After the round — you beat him by 2 strokes — you drove down the street to get ice cream, and he was afraid he might be going soft when he heard your giggle as you ordered sprinkles on your cone. Michael Gray, hockey star and all-around tough guy surely couldn’t get butterflies. He ended up almost having another kind of problem as he watched your pink tongue dart out to lick the quickly melting ice cream, catching the mixture on your lips. Hastily, he looked away to focus on his own treat to avoid embarrassment.

You sat at the ice cream parlor for another two hours, chatting as he questioned about work, your family, and your other hobbies. Your eyes grew wide when he started to talk about his dog, a yellow lab, and he laughed watching you melt when he showed you photos.

When Michael glanced at his watch to check the time, he couldn’t believe how much time had flown by. You didn’t want the night to end, but the responsible side of you knew you had to be up early for work the following morning.

As his car pulled up onto the small driveway of your condo, he shifted the car into park and turned to look at you with a smile.

You returned his gaze, fiddling with the zipper on your purse that sat in your lap. “I had a nice time tonight.”

He smiled, shifting weight onto his elbow as he leaned into the armrest to be closer to you. “I’m glad. I did, too.”

A pause followed before he took a breath. “So… D’you think you’d want to come to my game on Wednesday? I could get you set up with tickets for you and Ally.”

“You want me to come to your game?”

“Well, yeah. It’s just that ever since I met you, I’ve been playing really well…” a light blush filled his cheeks.

You beamed, your heart fluttering at his comment. “I’d love to.”

“Yeah?” he reaffirmed, smiling broadly.

“Yeah. I have to say, I’ve never been a professional hockey player’s guest of honor before.”

He smirked, leaning in closer to you, his face mere inches from yours. “You think you could be my good luck charm?”

You bit your lip, the anticipation building in your chest. This is really happening right now. “I can try.”

Michael chuckled softly as he moved to close the gap between the two of you, pressing his lips against yours. His lips were soft and warm, and you melted into his kiss as he slowly reached his hand to thread his fingers through your hair. He playfully ran his tongue along your bottom lip, and you sighed into his mouth to allow him entry, the kiss deep but not sexual.

Smiling against your lips, he let your tongues mingle slowly for a few more moments before pulling
away, heartbeat racing as he watched you flush shyly. *God, this girl is going to kill me.*

Eyes dragging from his lips up to meet his own blues, your lips turned into a smirk. “I’ll be your cheerleader if you want, on one condition.”

“What’s that?” he asked curiously, not sure what to expect.

“You kiss me like that after every game.”
The date went so well, you and Michael had already begun to discuss your next. You planned for a Saturday two weeks later, as his travel schedule complicated your plans. Luckily, he had a home game Friday, but was off Saturday and Sunday as the team prepared for a road trip later that week.

Though you had just met, two weeks was much longer than it sounded. At this point, aside from practices or games and important work meetings, you were basically always in contact, whether it be through texting, phone calls, or Snapchat.

The kiss you shared, while pleasant and definitely at a pace you appreciated (you were trying to move slowly given how fresh your last relationship was), had ignited a fire between the two of you. Many of your conversations were laced with hints of a more suggestive nature; Michael was making more frequent innuendos, and you were sure to tug your lower cut shirts down a bit lower to reveal a little extra cleavage in your Snapchats. At the rate you were going, you weren’t sure you could wait two more weeks — there were several occasions where you seriously debated showing up at his house after a game, wearing a peacoat with nothing underneath.

Somehow, the two weeks came and went (Michael would be lying if he hadn’t had to get himself off multiple times in one day to help satisfy his itch). He had insisted on taking you out to a chic restaurant downtown, and you were nervously giddy the entire Saturday afternoon as you prepared for the evening. Logistics determined that it made the most sense for you to meet at Michael’s place, and you would head downtown together from there.

You allowed for extra time to carefully exfoliate, shave, and moisturize and decided on a light, glow-y makeup look. Your dress of choice was a flattering black fit and flare, flowy material covering your arms and sloping down your chest where it buttoned in the middle. Sexy, but in a classy way -
just the right amount of skin. Michael was smoking hot, and you wanted to make sure you wow-ed him. If he wanted you as much as you wanted him, which you suspected he might, you weren’t going to ruin your chances if he decided to invite you back.

When you arrived at his house, Michael opened the front door, and you smiled to yourself as you saw him eye your figure appreciatively before inviting you inside and planting a quick peck on your cheek.

“You look amazing,” he breathed.

“Thanks, you’re not so bad yourself,” you winked as you stepped into the foyer and admired his modest, yet very nice home. You heard paws bounding nearer, and shrieked of excitement when his dog, Gus, jumped up to greet you happily with plenty of licks, tail wagging enthusiastically.

“Okay, Gus, I know she’s pretty, but you gotta get down,” Michael laughed. You smiled to yourself at the comment.

He gave you a quick tour of the entry area, showing you the kitchen, dining room, and living room areas, Gus following you eagerly and enjoying your frequent pets. You chatted easily before gathering your things to leave (“Bye, Gus! I love you!” you had said). Once in the car, conversation continued as he navigated his way to the city.

Dinner, too, was enjoyable. Michael had picked a rather swanky restaurant, seemingly not being afraid of being spotted — something he had originally said he wanted to avoid. He told you, “This is one of my secret gems.”

“Take all the ladies here?”

“Only the special ones,” he winked. You rolled your eyes, pretending to scoff.

Michael was his normal charming self throughout dinner, making you laugh with jokes and stories about the guys and explaining how he had gotten into hockey in the first place. You noticed that his gaze — the almost predatory gaze that you loved — had returned as his eyes continuously swept over your figure and bore into your own eyes, almost into your soul, you felt.

Once dinner had ended, and after a brief spat over who would take the check (“I am the one who asked you out to dinner,” he argued) and many thank you’s, Michael took your hand as you left the restaurant. He laced his fingers with yours as you strolled leisurely through the city on the way back to his car, enjoying the fresh air.

Halfway down the block, you were stopped by a young boy.

“Michael!” the boy called, running up to him as the man with him, presumably a father or guardian, tried to hold him back. “Hi, Michael!”

Michael turned around, smiling at the boy, and kneeled down to greet him at his level, “Hey, buddy. What’s your name?”

“Tyler,” the child said shyly.

“I’m sorry,” the older man apologized. “He saw you and just took off running. He’s a huge Blinders fan.”

“Oh, it’s no problem at all! Always have time for a fan,” Michael grinned, nonchalantly waving a hand to signal it was no big deal. “Tyler, do you play hockey?”
“Yup!” Tyler nodded excitedly. “I play left wing!”

“That’s awesome. I bet you’re pretty good. Do you score a lot of goals?”

“Yeah,” he said, puffing his chest out proudly before turning and pointing at you. “Michael, is that your girlfriend? She’s pretty.”

You blushed at the mention, and Michael chuckled, a smile gracing his face as he looked up at you. “Yeah, she is pretty, isn’t she?”

“Okay, Tyler,” his father laughed. “It’s time to go. Let’s let Michael and his friend get going.”

“Wait,” Michael called, fishing in his pocket before pulling out a receipt. “Do you have a pen?”

You fished in your purse, retrieving one and handing it to Michael. He scrawled a message on the back of the paper and signed his name before passing it back to Tyler.

“It was nice to meet you, Tyler,” he said, holding up his hand for a high five. “See you later, buddy.”

Tyler’s eyes lit up as he took the paper and returned the high five with full force. “Wow! Thank you! Bye, Michael!”

He walked away with his father, and Michael stood up.

“That was… adorable,” you commented, replaying the memory in your head.

Michael laughed, continuing walking alongside you, “I love being able to do that. Honestly, that’s got to be one of the best parts of this job.”

“I can’t imagine there are too many downsides,” you mused. “You get to play a sport you love, with your friends, every day. And you get to meet all kinds of people and travel all over the country.”

“And don’t forget the most important thing,” he said, pausing as you reached the car.

“What’s that?”

“I get to take pretty girls out on dates,” he winked.

Once he pulled into the driveway, Michael unbuckled his seatbelt and glanced at you, “You want to come in for a little while?”

Smiling to yourself, you nodded. You followed him into the house (another excited greeting from Gus) and he led you into the nicely finished basement, complete with a full bar setup, pool table, and large gathering area that seemed perfect for parties.

“Whaddya say we break into this? This is my special occasion Cabernet,” he asked, holding up a bottle of wine.

“Yes, please. But dare I ask what the special occasion is?” you raised an eyebrow as he began to pull out the wine glasses.

“Well, for starters, we had a great win at last night’s game… I just had a fantastic dinner… and I guess that’s about it,” he said, pretending to ponder. “Oh, right, and I almost forgot — I spent the
evening with a gorgeous girl.”

Laughing, you shook your head playfully. “You’re smooth, Gray. Real smooth.”

Michael winked. “OK — lightning round of Y/N trivia. What’s your favorite band? Go!”

“Oh, geez — how can I pick just one?”

“No thinking, just blurt out your first reaction.”

“Okay, umm… Not a band, but John Mayer is my favorite.”

“A classic choice.” He raised his glass to your in a mock toast at your selection. “What about favorite movie?”

You two continued the “game,” reviewing the others’ favorite board game, bucket list item, fast food restaurant — to name a few. You laughed at his almost frantic questioning, shaking your head at how quickly he came up with the next random subject. Leaning against the bar, you sipped your glass of wine as you watched him re-cork the bottle.

“Alright, I’m curious about this next one. Hottest hockey player?”

“Actually, I’ve always had a crush on John,” you confessed, allowing your lips to form a slight smirk at his surprised expression.


“I dunno, I have just always liked him as a player and think he’s so cute.”

“That’s very interesting to know.”

Michael rounded the bar, and you rotated so that your back was leaning against the countertop, your elbows resting on the granite as he slid his hand across until it stopped just short of your arm. He stepped closer and faced you, his other arm caging you in against the bar.

You bit your lip, looking up at him and feeling the heat in your face and chest rising. “It sounds like maybe you might be jealous, Gray.”

“Jealous? Of Shelby? Nah, Just wondering if I can change that.” His voice was teasing and suggestive as he smirked.

“Maybe… But I doubt it,” you shot back with a wink.

“Oh?” he feigned shock, but his telling smile gave him away as he leaned his face in closer to yours, just inches away. You could feel your heart thumping in your throat.

You swallowed, regaining your confidence as you stood taller, almost daring him to make the final move. “Yeah.”

“We’ll see about that,” he said through his smirk as he closed the gap between your lips. You closed your eyes and kissed him back demurely, pushing yourself forward ever so slightly to press your body against his, seeking more contact. A pleasant combination of butterflies and heat filled your belly as he deepened the kiss and slid his tongue against your lips. You were unable to stop the slight moan that escaped your throat as he continued to kiss you, smirking again through the kiss, before pulling away.
He was teasing you so hard. His “charming good boy” aura was beginning to vanish and a newer, darker, more confident side of him was beginning to show, and it made you weak in the knees. The change was affecting you, and he knew it.

Michael flashed you another striking grin as he moved toward the couch, leaving you standing and staring dumbfounded after the mind-blowing kiss he had just given you.

“You want to watch a movie?” he patted the seat next to him on the plush couch as he clicked on the large television. Gus hopped up on the couch excitedly, ready to cuddle with his newfound friend.

You took another large sip of your wine to aide your confidence before joining him. “Are you trying to lure me into a Netflix and chill, Michael Gray?”

“Oh, definitely.”

A fresh wave of arousal coursed through your body at his bluntness. Instead of being offended, you found yourself wildly turned on at his confidence.

He stretched an arm over the back of the cushion you leaned on as you settled into some movie he had selected. To be quite honest, you weren't paying the slightest bit of attention, as you were too busy focusing on the intoxicating scent of his cologne invading your nostrils and the heat his body was exuding, even from several inches away.

Despite his earlier implication, Michael was respectfully well-behaved as the movie played on, moving only to curl his arm around your shoulders when you leaned into him. Though he desperately wanted you to be naked and on top of him and had been fighting an erection for the last hour, he was firstly a gentleman and wasn’t going to overstep his boundaries. He was determined to wait until you made the next move, no matter how long that took.

Gradually, you inched closer and closer together through small, subtle movements. He smiled to himself when you leaned your head against his chest. The muscle in his thigh clenched slightly when your hand crept to lay on his leg.

The movie you were watching continued, and you found yourself rubbing your thighs together uncomfortably as the antagonists of the story became engaged in a hot and heavy sex scene. Michael’s eyes shot to the movement and couldn’t help but smirk. You were on edge—*any minute now*...

Soft moans and sensual music filled the otherwise silent room (Gus had since hopped off the couch to lounge in his bed — you would later wonder if Gus somehow knew what was happening) as Michael waited with bated breath. He took the opportunity to begin drawing small circles with his thumb against the flesh of your arm and watched as you sucked your lower lip between your teeth and your breath caught in your throat as you stared at the screen.

You closed your eyes, feeling the effects of the wine giving yo an extra boost of confidence as you turned your head upwards to face him. Your breath was hot on his neck as your hand rose to his cheek, turning his face toward you to press your lips to his in a timid yet searing kiss.

*Finally.*

Michael leaned into the kiss, immediately deepening it. He nipped playfully at your bottom lip and your tongue sought entrance to his mouth. Your tongues melded together as he pulled you into his lap, your legs settling on either side of his hips. He didn’t care if he came off as desperate anymore; he wanted you. Bad.
Arms wrapping around his neck, you wasted no time and began to grind your hips, earning a low groan from Michael as his hands trailed down your back before grabbing at your ass. He swallowed your sigh hungrily before his lips began to move to your jawline and to your neck. Peppering hot kisses on his path, he found a sweet spot just above your collarbone that caused you to let out a loud moan.

“Bedroom,” you gasped as he sucked on that spot. He chuckled against your skin and, hands under your ass, picked you up and began to carry you up the stairs. Somewhere in the back of your head, you realized his strength at carrying your entire body up a flight of stairs while still managing to give you extreme amounts of pleasure.

Hardly noticing where you were going, you reclaimed his mouth and felt your back make contact with a door as he used your bodies to push it open before kicking it closed with his foot. He deposited you on the edge of something soft — you assumed his bed.

You sat on the edge of the bed, allowing him to spread your thighs and stand between them before he captured your lips yet again in a blistering kiss. This time, he had no intention of stopping, and he threaded his fingers through your loose curls to hold you close. His tongue slipped through your lips and you let out another sigh to let him in.

You couldn’t get enough of the mind-blowing kiss, desperate for more. Before long, Michael had snapped open the front button of your dress, revealing the lace of your bra and an extremely satisfying view of your cleavage that made his mouth water.

“Been wanting to do that all night,” he murmured against your lips before claiming them again, this time palming your breast over the lace fabric. You moaned into his mouth, arching forward into his touch, encouraging him to continue.

Slipping the sleeves of your dress down your arms, you shed the top and let it lay from your hips, the skirt of the dress riding up your thighs so you were barely covered. Michael leaned forward, gently pushing you back until you hit the mattress. Reaching behind you to unclasp your bra, you watched his pupils dilate further as you removed the fabric to reveal your bare breasts.

“Such beautiful tits,” he groaned, diving forward to capture one of your already hardening nipples in his mouth, rolling the other in his hand. “Been wanting to see these for so long.”

You moaned again, arching your back further to allow him easy access. He devoted time to worship each breast, licking, sucking and gently squeezing them, each whimper from your mouth sending a wave of arousal directly to his cock.

Through the haze of pleasure that clouded your brain, you realized that Michael was still fully clothed. You began to grope at his sides in an attempt to pull at his shirt without interrupting the sinful work he was performing on your chest. He ceased his task for enough time to pull his shirt over his head, allowing you to get a view of his toned and athletic torso, before capturing your mouth yet again.

Somewhat blindly, you ran your hands over his firm muscles and let out a groan at the way his skin felt under your fingertips. Your hands worked your way lower, to the fabric of his jeans, before skimming over the hardened length you felt just below the hem.

Michael was just beginning to make his way back to the sensitive spot on your neck when you pressed your palm against his cock through his pants, causing him to emit a deep groan in your ear that sent a fresh surge of heat between your legs. You began to rub your hand up and down, attempting to ascertain the full length of what you could only assume was a beautiful appendage. He
grabbed your hand, stopping your movements, before pulling away and giving your a smirk.

“In time, love,” he promised. “But first…”

His hands trailed fire down your sides and to your hips, slipping under the almost forgotten skirt of your dress and tugging on the lace thong you sported. You shivered at the contact with the cool air, realizing how fucking wet you were.

Michael gave you a devilish grin before flipping up your skirt to reveal your bare flesh.

“Fuck.” He licked his bottom lip, admiring the view as his fingertips grazed over your inner thighs. His voice was low. “So wet. All this for me?”

You could do nothing but whimper in response before he ran his index finger up your lower lips, coating them in your slick before he knelt at the edge of the bed and lowered his head between your thighs. He trailed wet, sloppy kisses up your flesh before stopping at the apex and swiping his tongue up your center, tasting you.

“Mmmm,” came your purr as he dove in between your folds. He lapped at your juices before fucking you with his tongue which only caused more wetness to grow as you began to imagine what his cock would feel like inside of you.

Michael brought a finger to your entrance and marveled at how easily it slipped inside before he began to pump in and out. His eyes roved over your body as you arched your back, writhing with pleasure as he continued to finger you.

“You’re so beautiful like this.”

You smiled to yourself - but that expression quickly turned to a gasp as Michael added another finger and began to work out a rhythm. Pressure was building in your core as he pumped his fingers inside of you, and you let out a pornographic moan as he latched onto your clit. He was fucking good at this.

“Fuck!” you cursed, throwing your head back. The knot in your stomach, having been coiled all day long in anticipation of the evening, was aching for release.

Michael continued working you like this, thoroughly enjoying listening to your moans and mewls. It was clear that you were getting close when you grasped onto his free hand that was holding your hip for leverage. He lapped and sucked furiously, increasing the pace of his fingers, working to bring you over the edge.

“Michael,” you moaned. “I’m — I’m gonna —“

You let out a loud scream as the pressure broke and you came, your hips rolling and your pussy clenching on his fingers. Your legs shook around his head as your climax tore through your entire body.

Once you had come down from your orgasm, Michael emerged from between your legs and grinned, his lips covered in your slick.

“Fucking hot,” he praised.

You pulled him up toward you, tasting yourself on his lips. “My turn.”

You flipped them over so that Michael was on his back and you were once again straddling his hips.
You took a moment to savor the view of him, finally getting to take in the cut of his muscles. Michael let out a small chortle as you eyed his body hungrily.

“See something you like?”

Your eyes flicked up to meet his and you shrugged, grinning. “What? What’s the point in hooking up with a hockey player if you’re not going to appreciate his body?”

“I can think of another thing you might appreciate…”

Even in the heat of the moment, you rolled your eyes as your small hands traced their way down his torso. When you reached his hips, you began to undo his belt and worked his jeans down his legs. Biting your lip, you caught sight of the prominent bulge in his briefs. You ran your hand up and down the length of it, and Michael grunted at the contact.

Crawling down the bed, you looked back up at him and ran your tongue along the fabric. You teased him, your teeth ghosting against his shaft.

“Shit,” he groaned.

Smirking up at him, you peeled his briefs down, finally exposing his hardened steel as it slapped against his stomach.

“Been wanting to do this all night,” you mocked, a sparkle in your eye as you took him in your hand.

You began to stroke lazily with one hand, watching the pleasure take over Michael’s face. Without warning, you licked at the head of his cock, causing him to buck his hips slightly. You teased him again, flicking your tongue against the underside.

"Little minx,” he mumbled, and you chuckled.

Slowly, you ran your tongue from the base to the head before circling around and tasting the pre-cum leaking out of the tip. You took him into your hot mouth, slowly inching forward to engulf the majority of his length, and he let out a longer groan at the feeling.

You continued to bob your head up and down, allowing the filthy slurping sounds to fill the room. Glancing up at Michael’s blissed out face, you took a breath before slowly lowering your mouth down, further and further, until he hit the back of your throat.

“Fuck,” he moaned. “Shit. Fuck.”

Knowing he was risking blowing his load right then and there, Michael took a chance and looked down at you, your lips wrapped around the base of his cock, cheeks slightly hollowed as you sucked. He growled a little at the sight. “You look so good when your mouth is stuffed with my cock, baby.”

You hummed in reply, causing him to jerk his hips again at the vibration. You brought a hand to his length, wrapping your fingers around him and began stroking in a twisting motion as you bobbed up and down.

“Fuck — fuck, love, you’ve gotta stop or I’m gonna —“

You gave a few more bobs before letting your mouth slip off of him with a slight pop. Licking your lips, you grinned at him as he laid with his eyes closed for a few moments, recovering from the climax he didn’t even have.
It was then that you realized you were already (or still?) drenched. Eyeing his cock and wondering how it would feel inside of you, you straddled his hips and planted a kiss to his lips. He smiled against your mouth, his hands sliding up your thighs to rest on your hips.

“So are you gonna fuck me now, or what?” you raised an eyebrow.

“Into next week,” he smirked before flipping you two over. He backed off the bed, and reached to the bedside table for a condom before tearing open the package and slipping it on. You laid back, spreading your legs open to wrap around his waist as he pulled you close to the edge of the bed.

You bit your lip and looked at him as he fisted his cock before rubbing the head against your clit. He lined himself up, gently nudging just the tip past your folds, before slipping back out. He teased you like this, loving the mewls that escaped your lips and the rolling of your hips.

“Need you, Michael,” you purred, bucking your hips against him. Suddenly, you realized how desperate you were for another orgasm.

“I’ve been wanting to do this since we first met that night,” Michael confessed. “Saw you and told myself I’d do whatever it took to get you here and screaming my name.”

Through your arousal, your heart almost fluttered. You appreciated his attraction to you, but also took note of how respectful he had been to get you to this point. “That’s very flattering, Michael. But you’re awfully confident for someone who’s been all talk so far. How can you be so sure?” you raised an eyebrow.

“Oh baby, don’t you worry. I promise I’ll have you cumming on my cock in no time.”

You bit your lip, dragging it between your teeth. “Well, you better get to it and fuck me already.”

Michael smirked. Slowly, he plunged in, savoring every inch of your pussy sucking him in and watching your face — eyes closed, mouth open in a perfect O shape and an expression of pure ecstasy — as he was sheathed to the hilt.

“Shit, you feel amazing,” he marveled, allowing you some time to adjust to his size and reveling in how tight you gripped him. He was thick, and you moaned at the delicious feeling of him stretching you out completely.

Michael’s hands were hot as they ran up and down your legs as he began to pump in and out. He held onto your legs for leverage as he found his rhythm, entranced by the bounce of your breasts as his hips hit the back of your thighs.

He was so big - you felt so full, and you couldn’t get enough. You might have been embarrassed by the lewd sound of him sliding in and out of your soaked pussy, but you were too engrossed in the way Michael’s cock dragged between your lips to care.

Your hands slid down your torso and behind your knees, spreading your legs wider and allowing an uninhibited view of him pounding into you. Fuck.

“Fuck, Michael.”

“So good,” he cooed, his eyes glued to where you connected, watching you slip a hand between your legs and begin leisurely stroking your clit. He nearly came right then and there at the sight.

“Such a sweet little pussy. You’re so fucking sexy, Y/N.”

You bit your lip at his compliment, a slight blush tingling your cheeks.
He continued his pace, fucking into you steadily. The way your arms framed your breasts pushed them together and Michael groaned at the view. He reached forward to palm one of your tits and squeezed.

“Feels so good,” you cooed softly, eyes closed and taking in the sensations of his skin against yours.

“You like that?” he askedcockily.

“Fuck, yes.”

You let the sensations take over you, barely aware of the moans and mewls leaving your mouth as he continued to drive into you. You never wanted to stop feeling him filling you up, pumping in and out, hearing your slick between your legs. The pressure was building, but you needed something more.

As if on cue, Michael spoke. “You want it fast, or slow, baby?”

“More,” you moaned. “Fuck me harder, Michael.”

A low growl left Michael’s throat at your command. He flipped you over and pulled your hips back so that your ass was arched out against his cock. You stood on your tip toes to help match his height before he thrust back inside with no warning. A loud, sensual moan was drawn from your lips at the change in angle and sensation.

“Is this what you want, Y/N? You like being bent over and fucked, don’t you?”

“Ah - shit, yes, Michael —“

It only took a few strokes to find his rhythm again and he was off, pounding his hips into you. Michael grabbed a handful of your ass and squeezed, and not missing the way you clenched around him at the action. Delivering a sharp slap to your flesh, he watched the pretty shade of pink start to creep over your ass.

“I bet John couldn’t fuck you like this, huh? Wouldn’t make you feel this good.”

Fuck. “N- no,” you whimpered, feeling impossibly wet and sure you were dripping onto the floor.

“He couldn’t handle this tight pussy,” he continued, letting the slight tinge of jealousy he felt at your crush on John lead him, hands gripping your hips as he slammed into you, surely leaving thumb-sized bruises. “Wouldn’t be able to pound your cunt the way you want.”

You cursed, finding his dirty words and comparison to his friend so erotic. The swell of your orgasm was flaming hot inside your belly as you threw your head back to let out another long moan. You were so close to the edge, felt yourself hurtling closer and closer with every thrust.

Michael leaned forward to reach around your bodies and begin to rub circles on your clit, his chest pressed to your back. His voice was low and animalistic in your ear as his hips slapped against your ass. “He wouldn’t be able to make you cum like this.”

“F- fuck, Michael. Don’t stop, I’m so close…”

“Yeah? You gonna cum on my cock, baby?”

“Yes - right there - please —”

You let out a strangled moan as he increased the pressure on your clit, rubbing faster circles over the
sensitive nub. You cried out his name as his cock hit just the right spot, your walls clenching and convulsing as he continued thrusting. Falling forward to lay on the mattress, your vision went slightly dark as the intense wave of your orgasm washed over you.

“Jesus Christ, that was fucking hot,” Michael groaned lowly, still pumping into you, chasing his own release. You attempted to help him out by rolling your hips and pushing back onto him as he thrusted. Hips stuttered as he reached his climax at this view of your round ass, letting out an exasperated shout and emptying himself into the condom.

Smiling, you wiggled your hips as he pulled out and disposed of the condom. You crawled back up onto the bed and underneath the covers, feeling exhausted. Your legs felt like complete jello and were still shaking slightly from your orgasm. A few moments later, Michael joined you, plopping onto the bed with a long sigh.

“Fucking incredible.”

“Yeah, it was alright,” you teased jokingly.

“Oh yeah? The fact that there’s a wet spot on the floor from your cum says otherwise,” he raised an eyebrow.

A slight tinge painted your cheeks as he slid an arm around you, pulling your body into his own. You let out a long exhale, snuggling yourself into him. “Fuck, I’ve been wanting to do that for two weeks. I was waiting for you to make a move all night.”

Michael laughed. “Can’t tell you how many times I’ve jerked off thinking about it.”

The thought of him stroking his cock, mouth open and eyes closed shut filled your mind at this comment. You were physically and sexually spent, but the image turned you on like no other.

“You like the thought of that?”

You bit your lip and nodded shyly.

“I’d be lying if I said I haven’t thought about you touching yourself,” he murmured, lips ghosting your hairline. “But I had more thoughts about what it’d be like to fuck you.”

“And did it meet your expectations, Mr. Gray?”

“Better than I could’ve imagined, love.”
The next morning, you awoke slowly, seeing the light peeking in from behind the curtains. You blinked before taking in your surroundings and, feeling the soft fabric of the sheets against your skin, realized that you were naked (and lying next to a naked man). The events of the night before flooded back into your memory, as did a fresh wave of wetness between your legs at the thought. Stretching against the strong arms that were draped over you, you turned to Michael, who was facing you and smiling. “Hi.”

“Hi,” you replied, scrunching up your nose at the silly greeting.

He affectionately pressed his foot to yours. “You’re cute when you sleep.”

You rolled your eyes and scoffed, “Could you be any more cliche?”

“Well, fine. Would you rather me tell you I woke up with a raging hard on after remembering last night?”

Biting your lip, you blushed at his candor. “Yes.”

Michael’s eyes instantly darkened and he smirked, pressing his hips flush against your body to prove that his situation had not dissipated. He pressed his lips gently to your cheek, murmuring against it and breathing hotly against your skin, “So fucking hot.”
Instantly, you felt arousal sweep over your body at the change in mood. Michael’s hands ghosted over the flesh of your leg, up your side, and up to your neck, where he brushed your hair out of the way before planting wet kisses. He kissed over the tender marks he had left on your skin the night before, and you shivered at the sensation.

You felt his hot breath trailing along your jawline before his lips reached yours, kissing you sweetly, fully, but with intensity. He shifted his body slightly to lean over you, settling between your legs. Skin on skin set you on fire as Michael tangled his tongue with yours.

Light whimpers and low moans filled the room as your make out session continued. Michael’s warm hand slid down your bare chest to cup your breast and squeeze gently, making you arch into his touch. His hardened length was brushing against your already aching core, periodically grinding against you.

“Fuck me,” you whispered hotly against his mouth. You felt his smirk on your lips as he shifted closer to your center before dragging a hand down your side, trailing fire in its wake, and resting on the inside of your thigh.

“You good?” he asked before swiping a finger over your center and groaning at the wetness. “Shit, yeah, you’re good.”

You whined, bucking your hips against his fingers, desperate for more friction and wanting to be filled up. Suddenly, you were acutely aware of how empty you felt without him inside of you.

“Needy, are we?” he asked teasingly, rolling a condom on before fisting his cock and nudging your clit gently with the head.

Michael thought he might have fallen in love watching your blissful expression as he pushed in slowly, letting you feel every inch of him stretching you out.

“Fuck,” you moaned as you wrapped your arms around his shoulders, holding him close to your body as he began to fuck you.

“Jesus Christ, you’re fucking soaked,” he growled into your ear. “You like this, baby?”

You moaned your reply, sliding your legs to bend at his sides. He continued thrusting almost lazily, settling on a slow but steady rhythm that nearly drove you mad. It was sleepy morning after sex, but that didn’t mean it was any less pleasurable than before.

“Love the way you sound when you moan,” he murmured against your neck, suckling on the area he had learned that you loved.

“Michael,” you sighed, extending your moan in his ear. You began to meet each of his slow thrusts with your own, letting your fingers scrape deliciously down his back. The pressure was building slowly and almost painstakingly, and it just felt so fucking good.

“Mmm… especially love the way you sound when you’re moaning my name.”

You were reduced to a series of curse words that you mumbled almost incoherently as Michael continued his leisurely pace. He knew it was riling you up, but he couldn’t get enough of your skin against his and the feel of your hands running down his back; he wanted to do whatever he could to prolong that feeling.

“You pussy feels so good,” Michael said lowly in your ear, quiet enough that even if anyone else had been in the room, only you would be able to hear it. “So wet and tight wrapped around my cock.
Such a perfect little cunt you’ve got.”

“Please, Michael, more;” you whined, dragging your fingers roughly through his hair and earning a moan from this throat.

“Yeah? You want more?” Michael moved to take both of your wrists in the grip of his left hand as he held them above your head. You gasped at the change and felt another flood of wetness rushing between your thighs at the movement. “You want me to fuck you like this?”

“Fuck yes.”

He began to pound into you more relentlessly, and you felt your climax quickly approaching after the slow and tantalizing buildup he had put you through. Michael could feel the way you were clenching his cock and took the opportunity to trail a hand down to find your sensitive bundle of nerves and begin swirling circles around it. Your breath hitched in your throat at the feel of him finally touching you where you needed most.

“Shit, Michael —” You started but were cut off as your orgasm came by surprise and ripped through you, inner walls spasming and legs involuntarily shaking. You vaguely heard him groan a “Fuck” into your neck as your climax forced his own.

The pair of you lay in your post-orgasm blissful state, a light sheen of sweat on your skin as you caught your breath. Michael released your hands to push himself up slightly and place a kiss against your neck before rolling off of you and onto his back, sighing.

“If it’s gonna be like that every time, I don’t see how I can ever let you leave,” he commented. “I feel like I need a cigarette… fuck.”

You laughed, nodding in agreement. You didn’t have the energy to find the words, but even if you could’ve, you weren’t sure you could have come up with a word to describe it anyways. Amazing, mind-blowing, spectacular, all ran through your mind but they still didn’t quite seem to do it justice.

You stayed in bed for awhile longer, Michael’s fingertips drawing patterns against the skin of your arms and chest as you rested your cheek against his shoulder. Michael knew in that moment that this wasn’t going to be just a one (or in this case, two)-and-done. Similar thoughts echoed through your head, though you’d be lying if you weren’t worried if Michael felt the same way; after all, he was a famous hockey player, for crying out loud. He could have his pick of the any girl in the city if he wanted.

As if he heard your thoughts, Michael spoke up. “Do you have anywhere to be today?”

You shook your head, “Nope. What do you got in mind?”

“Well,” he smiled. “I thought you could stay for awhile. Have a lazy Sunday. We could take Gus to the park down the road. Or we could just fuck in every other room of the house; that’d be fine with me, too.”

You laughed again (something that Michael, in this moment, pledged to make sure he heard a thousand more times) and nodded, “I’d like that.”

Michael grinned. “Which part?”

“I’ll let you decide that one.”

He let out a laugh before sitting up, groaning, and scooting off the bed. Dragging his feet across the
room, he opened a drawer in his dresser, fishing out a pair of gray sweatpants that he slipped on before giving you a grin. “I’m gonna go make us some breakfast. Could use the fuel.”

You nodded in agreement. “Could I have a — ?” you started to ask for a shirt or something to cover up in, but he had already tossed something in your direction before walking out the bedroom door. A hockey jersey.

After splashing some water on your face and swishing the morning breath out of your mouth with some mouthwash you found under the sink, you slipped on the jersey and glanced in the mirror. You attempted to rub off the smudged mascara and adjust your post-sex morning hair to be somewhat decent before padding out and following him into the kitchen.

He had already started cracking some eggs and was beginning to set out some pans when he glanced up at you. He felt his cock twitch at the sight of you, the hem of the jersey brushing the tops of your thighs and hanging loosely on your frame, revealing ample amounts of your long legs. He could see the peaks of your nipples just poking through the fabric.

“Shit, you look so sexy in that.”

“Oh, this old thing?” you teased, flipping the hem of the fabric up before sidling up to him. His eyes raked appreciatively over your figure, arousal fueled by the sight of your sporting his last name embroidered on the back of the jersey.

“Yeah, that’s decided. I’m going to fuck you in that later.”

“Oh yeah?” you turned to face him, playfully crossing your arms over your chest. Michael held your gaze, letting his arms wrap around your body, hands sliding down to your hips before moving to cup your ass. He squeezed the flesh before delivering a quick slap.

“Definitely.” He leaned forward to press a kiss against your lips, but you were interrupted by Gus jumping up to lick Michael’s face, then yours. Michael laughed, “I think Gus wants in on the action.”

“He can have all of the kisses he wants,” you giggled, kneeling to let Gus lap at your cheek happily as you scratched behind his ears. “Isn't that right, Gus?”

“Hey!” Michael looked down from the eggs he was scrambling to protest. ”You weren't that happy when I was kissing you!”

“Are you telling me you’re not jealous of John Shelby, but you’re jealous of a dog?”

“Well, yeah, Shelby’s got an ugly mug, but Gus is a very handsome boy. I hate to say it but I wouldn’t blame you if you picked him over me.”

You held eye contact with Michael as you leaned forward to plant a kiss on Gus’ face, exaggerating with a “Mwah!”

“Aww, Gus, come on dude,” Michael whined. “Not fair. You can’t steal her heart before I even have the chance to make her my girl.”

Your heart nearly burst at his words, but you chose to just flash a smile at him in response. You hadn’t known him long, but you definitely didn’t mind the idea of being Michael Gray’s girl.

He made the finishing touches on the simple breakfast he had cooked for you — eggs, toast, and orange juice — before setting everything on the kitchen table. Taking a bite, you moaned. “Ugh, I didn’t realize how hungry I was until now. This tastes amazing.”
“Who knew I could make you moan with not just my dick, but my food, too?”

You winked. “I’m not going to do anything to contribute to your inflated ego.”

“Well, I’d say the fact that I’ve got a smoking hot girl wearing nothing but my hockey jersey in my house is already enough to inflate my ego. And inflate something else, if you know what I mean.”

At this, you rolled your eyes and delivered a light slap to his arm, causing him to laugh out loud.

You finished your meal and were quick to gather up your dishes to clean up, insisting that since he cooked, you would clean. He sat on one of the barstools at the countertop, watching you as you hummed, rinsing the plates and loading them into the dishwasher.

“I have to admit, I didn’t envision this,” he made a motion with his hand, encompassing you in the kitchen, “when we met that night.”

You giggled. “No? You didn’t picture me doing the dishes?”

“No, definitely not,” Michael laughed.

“What did you envision, then?” you inquired as you finished wiping up the counter before hanging the dish towel back on the handle of the dishwasher.

“Last night. In many different versions.”

He stepped closer to you, his hands instantly moving to your hips, before leaning down to press his lips against yours in a gentle kiss. His mouth moved closer to your ear as he said lowly, “The way you were dancing that night, I wanted to fuck you in the middle of that bar.”

“Like this?” You began to sway your hips and closed your eyes, imagining a slow tune floating through the room. You could feel the heat of his gaze devouring you as you spun around so your back was against his chest. You wriggled your hips, your ass pressing against him. Michael growled in appreciation at the contact.

“Oh, baby, I’m going to ruin you.”
Let Me Be Your Goodnight

Chapter Summary

_Tonight is on your lips and I feel like I’m locked in_
_There’s a million eyes, I don’t care if they’re watching_
_Your body is saying everything, I don’t have to read your mind_
_Feel you on my neck while I’m calling a taxi_
_Climbing over me while I climb in the backseat_
_Now we’re taking off, now we’re taking it off tonight_

- One Direction

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Smut, explicit language, unprotected sex.

The Blinders had won an overtime thriller, and immediately proceeded to the bar to celebrate. Michael had eagerly invited you along, despite your protests that a hockey jersey wasn’t the appropriate attire. (Arthur’s response to this was, “Fuck that, we’re the Peaky fucking Blinders, we do what we fucking want!”) You had invited some of your friends along as well, so it was more or less a reunion from the first night you and Michael had met.

The group was talking, laughing, and dancing, the team choosing to celebrate with several rounds of shots. Michael’s mood was ecstatic, fueled from the high of the win, the vodka in his system, and the girl with him (who he wasn’t quite ready to admit he had it bad for). He didn’t even protest when you dragged him out onto the dance floor, first jumping around and shaking your hips to the pop song playing. When the beat melded to a slower, deeper rhythm, you slowed down your actions.

Michael pulled you closer to him, his leg parting yours as you began to sway your hips more slowly against him, grinding yourself on his thigh. His large hands gripped your hips, eyes boring into yours. In the moment, everyone around you disappeared. His gaze was intoxicating, and you were suddenly helplessly turned on, wanting nothing more than to ride his thigh until you were cumming in the middle of the dance floor.

The song ended much too quickly for your liking, but you used the change as a time to get yourself another drink and not try to fuck your professional-hockey-player-fuck-buddy in the middle of a
sweaty club. You approached the bar, ordering another gin and tonic (on the Blinders tab, at Arthur’s insistence) before wiping the light sheen of sweat on your forehead.

“Y/N?”

You turned and your stomach lurched as you were greeted with the sight of your ex, beer in hand. The way his eyes were slightly hooded told you he had either been here awhile, or was moving quickly through his drinks — either way, he was drunk.

“Oh, hey, Phil!” you forced a smile and tried to appear pleased to see him. He leaned in for a hug, which you begrudgingly returned, making an effort to maintain as little contact as possible.

“How’re you doing?” his words were slurred slightly as his weight shifted on his feet, balance slightly off.

“I’m doing well, Phil. How about you?”

Conversation was slightly forced as he continued to question you about how you had been. The way he leaned into you, eyes never leaving your face, gave you the feeling you may have been a cause for his drunken state. It really had only been a little over a month since you had broken things off, and you wouldn’t have expected him to have moved on yet - you wouldn’t be if you were in his shoes. You shifted uncomfortably where you stood, desperately searching for a way out of the conversation but not wanting to be rude.

“Didja go to the game tonight?” he asked, hand making a gesture at the jersey you were wearing. “Some game, huh?”

“Yeah, it was a lot of fun.”

He eyed the name stitched onto the back of the jersey. “Thought you liked Shelby.”

“I do. Can’t I like more than one player?” you replied flatly, twirling the straw of your drink between your fingers. Michael had gotten you one of his jerseys as a gift when he had invited you to his game, claiming yours was “outdated.” Really, you suspected he just liked seeing you wearing his name.
“Sure, but y’always had such a crush on Shelby. Just a random switch is all.”

You shrugged, trying to be as indifferent as possible in the hopes that he would just leave your side. No such luck.

“Y/N, I miss you so much. I —”

“Phil, please don’t.” You closed your eyes, bracing yourself for whatever begging apology might be coming next.

“Please, Y/N, just listen to me —“

You heard Michael’s voice before feeling him approach behind you. “Problem, Y/N?”

He set his drink down, leaving his arm strategically and intentionally placed on the bar behind your back, body language very clearly sending the signal that you were with him. Though your heart fluttered slightly at the gesture, you simultaneously groaned internally in preparation for Phil’s reaction.

His eyes flickered from you to Michael, and the wide range of emotions that flashed on his face almost occurred in slow motion as realization dawned on him. “That’s why you have his jersey? You’re fucking him?”

“I… That’s none of your business,” you fumbled over your words, searching for the best way to remain diplomatic in this situation.

His eyes hardened, the alcohol in his system fueling the anger that flew through him. “You fucking are! You’re such a fucking slut. I can’t believe you’re already fucking someone new.”

You didn’t reply; you didn’t need to. He just kept on going.

“Is that why you broke things off? To fuck him instead? You’re really that desperate for hockey cock
“Mate, did you ever consider that she broke things off ‘cause she just ain’t into you?” Michael cut in.

Shooting him a filthy glare, Phil spat out, “I don’t remember asking for your opinion, Gray.”

You felt Michael stiffen behind you. Anyone who was a Blinders fan knew that Michael Gray had a little bit of a temper — he was known in the league for being a bit of a fighter — and you didn’t know why Phil had said anything to provoke him.

“What’d you fucking say?” he stalked forward until he was mere inches from Phil. Phil was pretty physically fit, but not fit enough to win a fight against a guy who was in a professional sports league where fighting was a regular occurrence.

“Michael, he’s drunk. Let’s just go,” you protested, reaching forward to tug gently on the hem of his jacket. You were giving Phil an out and hoping, no, praying that he’d take it. You didn’t want to cause a scene. Not here, not in front of everyone.

Phil’s jaw clenched, mentally weighing his options. His eyes flashed from Michael’s and back to you. “Whatever. Have fun being his slut of the week, Y/N.”

As he turned to leave, Michael grabbed his arm and yanked him back towards him, mouth close to Phil’s ear as he muttered something to him. You watched Phil’s face pale in — fear? Anger? Shock? before Michael released his hold on his arm and let him walk away.

“Michael… What’d you just say to him?”

“Nothing,” he replied coolly, jaw clenching slightly but allowing a smirk to grace his face. Whatever he said, he clearly felt he had gotten the upper hand.

You didn’t respond, already lost in your thoughts as you absentmindedly swirled your straw against the ice cubes in your drink. You knew Phil had been drunk, and angry, and understandably hurt at seeing you with someone new, but you couldn’t help but be wounded by his words. Had you moved on too soon? Was it foolish to be sleeping with Michael? Were you just the next piece for him?
Michael noticed your dejected response and quickly approached, ducking his head down to meet your eyes. “Hey, don’t worry about him. Just pissed out of his mind, isn’t he?”

You shrugged, avoiding eye contact with him.

“Just drunk and jealous. I’d be jealous too if I was him, though. I mean, have you seen me?” he grinned, earning a small smile from you before you finally pushed your drink away.

“I’m gonna head out,” you murmured, almost quiet enough that Michael barely heard you. “I’ll call you later.”

You ignored his protests and slipped out of the facility, letting the cooler air hit your face after being inside the dark and hot club. As you stood waiting for your Uber to pick you up, Phil’s words echoed in your head as a lump began to form in your throat, tears threatening to spill at any minute. You blinked, and one tear managed to slip out, sliding down your cheek.

Loud music flooded from inside as the door opened and closed, and you heard footsteps approaching your as you hastily tried to wipe your eyes. You weren't quick enough, though; he had seen you.

“Hey, come here,” Michael said, pulling you into his arms. “Hey, don’t cry. Listen, forget about him. He’s an asshole for saying any of those things. You’re not a slut for moving on from that relationship. You fuck who you want.”

You let your eyes wander up to lock with his, wide and glassy. You remained silent, not sure what to say, willing any wavering tears to stay put.

“And you’re not just my ‘slut of the week,’ yeah? You know that, right?”

Your voice was quiet, almost a whisper. “Are you sure?”

Michael’s eyes studied your face, searching for the words that would help to show you he was telling the truth. “I’ve never been more sure about anything.”

His arms held you close, squeezing you tightly before pressing a kiss to your forehead as you leaned
into him. “I plan t’be around for awhile, if you don’t get sick of me before then. ‘Kay?”

You nodded meekly, the corners of your lips turning up slightly.

“That’s m’girl. Let’s go home.”

As your phone buzzed to let you know your Uber was approaching, he lowered his voice and brought his lips up against your ear, causing a shiver to run through your body. “You’re not a slut, but I can fuck you like one.”

Heat instantly crept over your body as Michael stepped forward to greet the Uber driver that had stopped in front of you before opening the door and sliding into the backseat. You shimmied your way in next to him, feeling acutely aware of the way his thigh pressed against yours, fingers resting on your knee.

You rode in silence, a faint song playing lowly on the radio. You squirmed uncomfortably in your seat, amazed at how quickly he was able to change your mood just by uttering one sentence. Then again, it was the single hottest sentence anyone had ever said to you.

You turned your head to look at him, his eyes staring ahead, jaw clenched. His hair had since dried from his post-game shower, but it had a fluffy, air-dried look compared to the normal lightly gelled style he preferred. He was clean shaven, and you studied his neck, admiring how thick it looked in the collar of his dress shirt. You leaned forward to press your lips gently against it, breathing hotly onto his skin as you licked softly before sucking a bit of the flesh between your teeth. He exhaled deeply, trying not to let out a guttural groan.

Michael’s hand gripped your thigh tighter as your whole body faced him, your leg sliding up his own so that your knee was hooked over his thigh, not caring that you were halfway straddling him in the backseat of a stranger’s car. Your mouth trailed further up his neck before nipping at his ear and whispering hotly so that only he could hear, “I’ll be a slut for you tonight.”

Lucky for you, your condo wasn’t far from the bar the team had chosen to party at, and you arrived at your place only a few minutes later. Thanking the Uber driver (and somewhere in the back of your head, praying he didn’t notice you two in the back seat), you jumped out of the car and all but bolted up the steps to the door, Michael hot on your heels.

“So fucking hot, you little tease,” he said against your neck, pressing his body against yours as you
fumbled for your keys. “Making me hard in the back of that poor guy’s Kia.”

“You started it,” you retorted, finally getting the keys in the door and swinging it open. As soon as you had shut it behind you, Michael had you up against the wall, kissing you roughly.

His lips latched onto your neck as he ground his hips against you, letting you feel his prominent erection. “Gonna make you feel so fucking good, baby. Gonna fuck you so hard you forget his name.”

You thought you could’ve come from his words alone, his promise shooting a large wave of arousal between your thighs. Without another word, you led him into your bedroom down the hall, immediately removing his suit jacket and flinging it on the ground. Hands hungrily ran up his torso over his dress shirt before you reclaimed his mouth.

“Never gonna get tired of seeing you wear this,” he muttered against your lips, hands slipping under the fabric of your jersey and trailing against your skin to cup your breast. “But right now, I want it off of you.”

Needing no additional instruction, you hastily removed the garment from your body, and Michael’s hands were immediately back on you, trailing down to grab a handful of your ass. You let out a moan as his lips found their way to your neck again, sucking on your favorite spot. Your hands dragged down his body to press your palm against his bulge, earning a grunt from him. You let yourself slip from his hands as you knelt down before him, looking back up at him.

His breathing grew ragged just watching you on your knees in front of him, hands sliding up his thighs and back over his crotch, before squeezing gently. You made quick work of his belt and unzipped his dress pants, pulling his length out to stand prominently in front of your face.

You licked your lips before grasping onto the base of his shaft and leaning forward to plant a kiss against the weeping slit. You swirled your tongue around his head, sucking just the very tip in between your lips.

“Don’t tease,” he growled. “Be a good girl.”

Your eyes locked with his as you moved forward to lick a thick strip from the base up to the head of his cock before taking him into your mouth. You let your tongue lay flat on the underside of him as you began to bob on his length.
“Fuck,” he threw his head back, hair falling from his face, Adam’s apple fluttering in his throat. He looked fucking glorious.

You kept your hands placed on his tight thighs for leverage as you used your neck to push yourself further down until you felt him gently hit the back of your throat. You gagged a little at the sensation, working to keep your reflex at bay. Michael, however, had other plans.

“You like having my cock in your throat, don’t you?”

You nodded eagerly, and he ran a finger up the side of your face before letting his hand slowly tangle in your hair.

“I’m gonna fuck your face, okay, baby?” he murmured, reading your eyes to make sure you were okay with it. You blinked up at him to let him know you weren’t objecting, and his hand moved to the back of your head to hold you in place as he began to thrust gently.

“That’s it, fuck.”

Michael’s cock twitched at the slight gagging noise you made as he watched his length buried in your warm, wet mouth. He continued to slide in and out, loving the view of his shaft parting your pink lips and covered in your saliva.

He picked up the pace a little, beginning to pump a bit faster. “Fuck, you’re taking me so well, baby. Your pretty lips look so good wrapped around my cock.”

You blinked away the wetness that was beginning to form in your eyes, keeping your eyes locked with his. Michael couldn’t get enough of the filthy noises that were coming from your mouth, feeling himself hit the back of your throat on each thrust. You couldn’t help but love the feeling of letting him use what parts of your body he wanted for his pleasure; the thought aroused you more than you thought it would.

When he pulled out, he groaned at the long, thick string of saliva stretching from your wet lips to the tip of his cock. You licked your lips and smirked up at him devilishly, extremely aware of the wetness on both your upper lips as well as your lower lips.
“Fuck, you look so fucking sexy like that,” he said, voice husky. “Did you like that?”

You nodded again, licking some of the moisture from your lips.

“You’re definitely going to be doing that again. But for now, I want to fuck that pussy.”

He pulled you up off of your knees, making quick work of your jeans and tugging them down your legs, watching your plush ass as it was revealed underneath the tight denim. You earned a groan from him and a quick slap to the ass cheek when you wiggled your hips. He pushed you forward so your front was leaning over the bed, unclipping your bra so you were only sporting a lace thong.

“Such tiny panties,” Michael murmured, running his finger along the fabric. “So small they barely cover up this tight little cunt you’ve got.”

You shivered at his words, feeling impossibly wet. He pulled the lace to the side to expose your pussy, and you clenched when he cursed.

“Fuck, you’re soaked, baby. Is this all from sucking my dick?”

“Yes,” you said quietly, cheeks burning not from embarrassment but from extreme arousal.

Michael hummed in approval, dragging the tip of his finger along your slit. “You really are a little slut, aren’t you? Love having my cock in your mouth, huh?”

You were sure your juices had to be leaking out at the flood of wetness that was gathering from his words. You let out a gasp when you felt Michael deliver a slap to your ass, then another, and another; he was entranced by the view of your round ass jiggling at his touch. Your gasp quickly turned into a moan as you reveled in the sting. The next thing you knew, you felt a light tapping on your ass cheek. “Hands and knees, love.”

You scrambled up the bed, settling in to the feel of your bedspread as you knelt, pushing your ass out to let him know you were ready. Fuck, you were so ready. You needed this.

“Eager, are we?” he teased, tapping your clit lightly with the head of his cock and causing you to jolt
forward at the sensation. “You look so fucking good like this.”

“Michael, please,” you whimpered.

“Love hearing you beg for my cock,” his voice was low behind you, teasing you by rubbing against your folds.

“Fuck me, Michael. I need you, you’re the only one who fills me up so good. Phil could never fuck me the way you do.”

With a growl, Michael pushed forward, slipping his cock inside. He left little time for adjustment and began thrusting roughly, enjoying the way your ass bounced as his hips hit your flesh.

Words were escaping you, the pleasure clouding your brain as he pounded into you, stretching inside your walls. Your hands gripped onto the fabric of your comforter as Michael let his fingers drag up your spine before splaying out over your back and pushing your face down so that your ass was hiked up. You let out a strangled moan, his member now hitting the perfect spot inside of your ass as you arched your back at the new sensation.

“Look at you, bent over for me like this. Bent over and taking my cock like a good little slut,” he muttered, hand tangling in your hair to hold you down as he continued thrusting, hips roughly smacking against your ass. “But you’re only a slut for me, right, love?”

Your reply was muffled, but he heard a, “Yes, Michael,” and he could feel you clench around him at his words. He took that as a sign to continue.

“You like that, don’t you, baby? You like it when I fuck you like a dirty slut, huh? Let you know what a naughty girl you are?”

“Fuck, Michael —” you knew you were soaking wet as he continued to drive home. Based on how this evening started, it would only be appropriate if he got you off just by speaking filthy words to you.

“Jesus, love,” he murmured, feeling the way you were tightening around him and squeezing his eyes shut to relieve some of the build up he felt on his own prick, focusing on keeping his rhythm steady to bring you over the edge. “Are you gonna come on my cock already?”
“Michael, please,” you begged, a cry leaving your throat. You were so fucking close - you just needed a little more —

“Love my cock so much, don’t you? You’re desperate for it.”

You pushed yourself up on your arms, throwing your head back and letting out a gasp, teetering on the edge of your orgasm. Michael took the opportunity to thread his fingers in your hair and yank back, bringing your head with him, his mouth pressing against the shell of your ear. “Come for me, love. Want to feel you pulse on my dick.”

You were just beginning to reach for your clit, fingers brushing gently against the bundle of nerves as he spoke, his words being what sent you spiraling into your climax. Michael continued pumping through the waves of your orgasm, coaxing out as much as possible until you finally collapsed forward.

“Fuck, baby,” he groaned, thoroughly enjoying the view you presented, round ass and pussy drenched. “You came so fast. That was… so hot.”

Catching your breath, you leaned forward to let him slip out of you and instantly regretted it; you felt so hollow without him. You flashed him a grin and said, “How could I not when you’re talking like that?”

“If that’s all it takes, I’ll fucking record you an entire audiobook.”

“Think it’s my turn now,” you murmured, turning to face him, still on his knees and erection standing proudly, glistening with your slick. You leaned forward to run your tongue up his length, tasting yourself on him. “Want you to know how it feels.”

Casting a wicked glance up at him, you pushed him backwards so he was laying down and moved to straddle his hips. The desire to make him feel as good as he just made you feel was overwhelming as you began to grind on his length, coating it in more of the moisture from your pussy.

“I’m so fucking wet, Michael,” you purred, letting his hands trail their way up your legs to rest on your hips. “You’re the only one who can do this to me.”
You felt his cock twitch at your words; you had a feeling that stroking his ego would hit a spot with him. Reaching between your bodies, you fisted his member before lining it up with your entrance and sinking down on it. Michael let out a deep groan at the feeling of being enveloped completely in your warm wet cavern.

You began to move, slowly sliding up and down his length before setting a steady rhythm. He stared up at you, his mouth open slightly, drinking in the sight of you on top of him; he was fairly convinced he’d never seen anything hotter in his life.

“You like it when I ride you? When I ride your cock?”

“Fuck yeah,” he breathed, eyes glued to your chest.

You noticed, your hands dragging up your stomach to hold your breasts, squeezing them and pushing them together. “You like watching my tits bounce?”

Michael hummed in response, running his own hands up your sides to join yours, replacing your hold on your breasts and giving your nipples a tweak. He muttered, more to himself than to you, “Fucking perfect tits.”

You continued your leisurely pace, occasionally stopping to rotate your hips on his groin, moaning at the feeling of him twisting inside of you. You leaned forward, pressing your palms on his muscular chest, before beginning to move your ass up and down. Michael growled at the change, his hands instantly moving to your ass to help guide your movements.

“Mmm, yes, just like that,” you moaned, eyes closed as your head leaned back, taking in the feeling of his thickness filling you up deliciously. He began to meet your strokes, fucking up into you as you came down on his cock. “You’re so deep, baby.”

Michael’s skin was covered in a light layer of sweat, the sound of soft grunts leaving his throat. He didn’t realize how much you talking dirty and praising him would affect him, but it had him beyond turned on, wanting to keep fucking you like this forever.

“Jesus, you’re so big,” you sighed, rolling your hips yet again and feeling his length nearly inside your stomach. “You stretch out this tight little pussy so good, Michael.”
You moved a hand to your center, lazily beginning to circle a finger over your clit. Your moans grew as you worked yourself closer and closer to the edge, feeling the coil tightening in your belly again. Michael drew a hand back and delivered a sharp slap to your ass, earning another low moan from you.

“Gonna make me come again,” you breathed, now rubbing your bud more intensely. At this, Michael began to meet your thrusts harder, hand gripping your ass.

“You want me to cum on this big, hard, cock, don’t you, baby?” you asked teasingly. “Fucking me so good, making me feel so good.”

“Fuck, love. Come again for me.”

You opened your mouth in a silent scream as you reached your peak, legs clenching on Michael’s side as you felt your walls convulse around him. He groaned at the feeling, so close to his own release, letting you ride out your high.

“Want you to cum in my mouth,” you muttered quietly, sighing yet again at the loss as you sat up and let his dick slip out of you. “Want to be on my knees again for you.”

_Fuck._ Michael watched you slide off the bed, kneeling in the same spot you had been before as he, too, rolled off to stand in front of you. He wasn’t sure his legs would hold out, given the sight of you: knees parted slightly, pink pussy lips puffy and glistening with your own cum, breasts heaving with your breath, and eyes looking up at him — he would say innocently, if he hadn’t heard the filthy things that had just come out of your mouth.

“You want my mouth on your cock?” you asked, and Michael could do nothing but nod eagerly as you stroked him once, twice, before wrapping your lips around the head. You ran your tongue on the underside, tasting the tanginess of your own slick. “Mmm… I love tasting my cum on your cock.”

“Fuck,” Michael grunted out. No way was he going to last much longer.

“Can’t wait to taste your cum, too,” you murmured as you began stroking him with both hands, your mouth sucking and licking the small portion of his length that wasn’t taken up by your fingers.

“Jesus, fuck, Y/N —“
“Feel good, baby?”

“You’re so fucking good at that. Not going to —” he stuttered, swallowing, as you gave him a light squeeze with both hands. “Not going to last long.”

You smiled, opening your mouth and letting your tongue stick out, ready to catch every drop of his cum. “Cum for me, Michael.”

That sight of you was what sent him over the edge with a loud groan, thick, white spurts shooting out onto your tongue as he murmured your name. You let him come down slowly, stroking gently as you obediently held your tongue out.

He didn’t even realize he had closed his eyes, until they shot open at hearing your moan, seeing you showing off your mouth full of his fluid before closing your lips and swallowing with a smile.

“Fuck,” Michael swore his cock twitched at the sight, despite being completely spent. “That’s hot.”

You smiled again, taking a finger to wipe off the small drop that had landed on the side of your lip and licking it off. “How’d I do?”

“Fucking… amazing,” he sighed, leaning forward to kiss you. “Just when I thought you couldn’t get any hotter, you whip that shit out.”

You beamed, feeling oddly proud by his praise. “You were hot, too. I didn’t think I’d be that into that, but apparently I was.”

“Oh… I knew you would be,” he winked.

You raised an eyebrow as you moved to climb into bed next to him. “How?”

“I just had a feeling,” shrugged Michael, before he gasped. “I - I just realized we didn’t use a condom. Is that okay?”
You nodded. “I’m on the pill, and I’m clean. I’m good with it if you are.”

“If it means I get to come in your mouth more often, then I’m just mad we didn’t do this sooner.”

You had just settled in under the covers when you realized you didn’t lock the front door. You jumped up to run and lock it, Michael admiring the view he had of your naked form. As you walked back in, you cocked your head to the side. “What about Gus?”

“I had a feeling I might not make it home tonight, so I asked Isaiah if he would go and let him out before he got home.”

You hummed and crawled under the covers again, letting Michael drape an arm over you. “You did, huh?”

“I figured I’d either stay the night consoling you, or stay the night fucking you,” he explained. “I hoped it’d be the latter.”

You let out a soft laugh. “Well, thank you.”

“I know I’m a sex god and all, but I don’t think I’ve ever had a girl thank me for dicking her down before.”

Rolling your eyes, you swatted lightly at his arm. “That’s not what I meant.”

“I know,” he smiled, pressing a kiss to your temple. “You’re welcome. And I should be thanking you, because tonight is definitely being saved in the spank bank.”

“Jesus,” you closed your eyes and feigned face-palming. “The ‘spank bank’? Really?”

“What? I’ve gotta have something good to go off of when I’m on roadies!”
You raised an eyebrow. “And who’s to say I couldn’t help you out then, too?”

“How do you mean?”

“I’m just thinking of all of the text messages I could send to you after a particularly hot fight on the ice, and the Snapchats to go along with it. Don’t even get me started on the FaceTime potential. Have I ever showed you my dildo?”

Michael groaned at the image: your naked form, on your back, legs spread, moaning while you thrust a pink dildo in and out of you. “You better quit talking like that, or we’re not going to be getting any sleep tonight.”

At the mention of the word ‘sleep,’ you suddenly felt the exhaustion from the excitement of the game, the alcohol in your system, and the physical exertion you had just demonstrated. You smiled at him sleepily, “Let’s save it for tomorrow; I’m exhausted.”

“Sweet dreams, love,” he said in a singsong voice before settling in himself.

After several moments of silence save for the soft sounds of your breathing, the waves of sleep were beginning to wash over you. You felt yourself slip back out when you heard him murmur quietly.

"You wanna know what I said to him before he left?”

“Hmm?”

“I told him that for being a slut, you were pretty tight when I fucked you on the kitchen counter.”
Long Way Down

Chapter Summary

Point of no return and now
It's just too late to turn around
I try to forgive you
But I struggle 'cause I don't know how
We built it up so high and now I'm fallin'
It's a long way down
It's a long way down, from here
- One Direction

Chapter Notes

Warning: Explicit language.

Thank you to @penaltbox for the inspiration (check out her amazing Nolan Patrick story!) and for giving this a read through!

Three months went — no, flew — by, and your world had turned nearly upside down, thrust into a completely new normal. Before you realized it, your life suddenly revolved around the Blinders and, right smack dab in the middle was Michael Gray. Whether it was cheering them on at games or hanging out on off nights, you spent much of your free time with him or him and the team, enjoying time with your new friends and new… boyfriend? Is that what he was?

You and Michael had never discussed that portion of your relationship, nor did you feel a need to put a label on anything. Things were going well, the sex was great, and you enjoyed spending time together, so why bother?

It was nearing the end of the season, and the Blinders were on a particularly tough losing streak, and had spent the last 4 of 5 games on the road. You had quickly learned that there was no real way to prepare for how Michael might be after a game. Win or loss, sometimes he wanted to drink, sometimes he wanted to fuck, and other times he just wanted to hold you without any words.

Tonight was no different. The team had just lost their 6th game in a row, tonight being a particularly
tough loss to their rivals, putting them officially in last place in their division. Arthur was out with an injury, which didn’t help morale in the locker room.

Normally, Michael would text you and tell you to meet him after, but tonight you received no text. Against your better judgment to just leave him alone, you decided to stop by his house to check up on him.

Finding the door unlocked, you pushed it open and gave Gus a few pets before closing the door behind you and stepping into the mudroom, noticing a hole in the drywall that looked dangerously like a fist had come into contact with it.

You stood hesitantly at the entrance to the kitchen. His back was facing you as he leaned against the counter, his head down and hands gripping the side of the countertop. His knuckles had a light smattering of blood on them, confirming your suspicions about the dent you had seen in the wall. His hair was still wet from his shower, beads of water dripping onto the team sweatshirt he had thrown on. Timidly, you approached him, reaching your hand out to touch the fabric of the team sweatshirt on his arm but you backed away at the last moment. How could you even begin to console him?

You opened your mouth to speak, but no words came to mind. Instead, you opted to set your hand gently on his, hoping your wordless gesture would speak for you. He made no motion or movement to acknowledge he even realized your presence, still staring ahead.

“If you want to talk about it…” you started quietly, but trailed off, not sure how to finish the sentence.

“What the fuck is there to talk about?” he asked crossly, his voice harsh.

You recoiled slightly in shock and hurt. You opened your mouth, but found no words.

“We just lost in overtime, we’re the bottom of the division, and we’re about to miss the playoffs for the first time in two decades.”

You remained silent, this time making no effort to speak or find the right thing to say, opting to let him continue.

“I haven’t gotten a single point in over three fucking weeks, and I’m pretty sure Coach is about to
drop me to the third line.” Michael’s jaw clenched, his temper rising, yours bubbling along with it for being yelled at for nothing. Trying to remember that it wasn’t you he was mad at.

You were quiet. Then, “I’m sorry.”

“You’re fucking sorry? That’s all you’ve got?” he scoffed. “This was a great idea, Y/N. What other brilliant suggestions do you have?”

“I don’t know, talk to me about how you’re feeling,” you offered, desperately grasping for something, anything, to make him stop speaking in that voice — the voice that was so cold and unlike him.

“Jesus Christ, not this again —“

“Not what?”

“All of this ‘talk about your feelings’ bullshit you’re always up my ass about.”

You seethed, heat rising in your cheeks, anger completely replacing your fear and uncertainty. “‘Up your ass’ about? Are you kidding me?”

Michael sighed angrily and ran a hand through his wet hair, a stray strand falling back into his face. “Fuck, Y/N, I can’t do this right now. I can’t handle more of your bullshit.”

Cold pierced your heart as you stiffened at his words. “My bullshit? What about all of your bullshit? I’m not the one who’s moping and moaning about —“

“Moping and moaning? That’s rich coming from you — the girl who can’t even run into her ex at the bar without losing her shit.”

“You didn’t seem to have any problem with running into him when you were fucking me afterwards.”
“Oh, fuck off, Y/N,” Michael pushed himself off of the counter and threw his hands up, stalking through the kitchen to his liquor cabinet, pulling out an amber bottle and taking a swig directly from the handle. “I don’t need this.”

You crossed your arms over your chest. “What the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

“It means I don’t fucking need this right now! I don’t need a fucking therapist. I don’t need a fucking girlfriend to prance through the fields with. I don’t need another obligation. I don’t need this —” he flailed his arms around, motioning between you two, “—right now!”

As soon as the words left his mouth, he regretted it. You bristled at his words, a chill settling in the room instantly. You looked at him pointedly, giving him the opportunity to take back what he had said, but his silence was deafening.

“Just go, okay?”

You stared at him, the anger reduced to a low bubble in the pit of your stomach, shock and hurt settling in its place. Turning on your heel, you gathered your purse and slung it over your shoulders and headed toward the door.

“You know,” you said quietly, stopping with your hand on the doorknob. “If everything that’s happened between us was because you felt obligated, I wish none of it would’ve happened in the first place.”

Michael remained with his back to you, unmoving. You almost weren’t sure if he heard you, but you didn’t feel like making the effort to repeat yourself. Opening the door, you gave Gus one last scratch behind the ears before slipping out without another word, leaving Michael alone with his thoughts.
Strings

Chapter Summary

And oh, love
Do you feel this rough?
Why’s it only you I’m thinking of?
My shadow’s dancing without you for the first time
My heart is hoping you’ll walk right in tonight
And tell me there are things that you regret
‘Cause if I’m being honest I ain’t over you yet
That’s all I’m asking
Is it too much to ask?
-Niall Horan

Chapter Notes

**Warnings:** SMUT. Language, alcohol use, unprotected sex, creampie.

254 hours. Ten and a half days. Almost two weeks had passed since your fight with Michael, and you had received no word from him. The first two or three days after the incident, you were still mad about everything that had gone down, finding yourself fuming whenever you replayed the scene in your head (which was pretty much all the time). You had run nearly 15 miles in that 3-day time span just as a way to burn off some of your rage and frustration.

As the days slipped by, you found more hurt and sadness settling into your bones. After work, you would drag yourself home and coop yourself up in your room, feeling weak and listless, ignoring phone calls from Isaiah, John, and Ally. Once the weekend hit, you were met with Ally at your door, sweeping past you to pack a to go bag for you. You had spent the last two nights on her couch, downing glasses of wine and letting her distract you with Disney movies.

The way the conversation had ended, you were sure that whatever was going on between you and Michael was over. Part of you wished you didn’t have to have the last word and had just left in silence when he asked; the other part of you still felt so stupid, so foolish to believe that he — a professional hockey player who could probably get any girl he wanted — wanted to be something, anything, more than a one night stand with you. What made you so special, after all? What business did you have trying to act like your relationship was more than it was?

Thoughts rolled through your mind, the inner battle you were having with yourself about whether or
not you should reach out to him — whether or not he was even bothered by it — constantly flipping back and forth. Maybe you should say something, just to clear the air. Maybe he was already seeing someone new. He had to still care, though, right? But if he did, wouldn’t he have reached out by now? This thought in particular haunted you. You knew he was busy and had spent a lot of time on the road that week, but you thought at least a call would suffice. You weren’t sure what you would do if and when the realization came that he wasn’t coming back. Somewhere, stuffed deep down in the cobwebbed depths of your heart, you knew, but you weren’t ready to admit that yet.

Among other things, the time apart made you realize how strong your feelings for him had grown. Of course, now it was too late to say anything, but you had so many occasions that made you want to send him a funny tweet or snap an inside joke that it made you ache more. You missed his presence, his scent, his laugh. You just missed him.

Sighing, you gathered your things to leave, not wanting to outstay your welcome at Ally’s (despite her protests that you could stay on her couch as long as you needed), tossing your empty wine bottles in the recycling bin on the way out.

Once you pulled into your driveway, you sat and opened your texts, checking for a notification that you knew wasn’t there. Still, you found yourself disappointed when there was nothing. Radio silence. Suddenly, you felt so weak and hollow and raw as the realization crashed down on you that it — the whole whirlwind — was over. Swallowing the tight knot that had just formed in your throat, you gripped the steering wheel tightly and took a shaky breath, steadying yourself. In through the nose. Out through the mouth. You forced yourself out of the car, wanting to wait to cry at least until you got inside the privacy of your home.

As you lugged your overnight bag over your shoulder and began to trudge your way up the steps to your condo, you stopped in your tracks as you saw Michael standing there, flowers in hand. He hadn’t noticed you at first, but heard your gasp and turned on the spot, your eyes meeting for the first time.

Of all the emotions that flew through your system at that moment, you couldn’t really make out which one was most prominent. Shock? Relief? Hurt? Anger? You stood frozen, staring at him, not sure what to say, waiting expectantly for him to speak first.

And he did.

“Hi,” he offered, shifting on his feet awkwardly, his eyes casting downward.

“Hi,” you replied.
“Got these for you,” he mumbled, gesturing to the bouquet he held, wrapped in yellow.

“Thanks.”

“Could I… could I come in?”

You were still standing, holding your duffel bag over your shoulder as you looked him up and down. He had on a pair of gray sweatpants, and you didn’t miss the way his faded gym t-shirt hung perfectly on his figure, stretching ever so slightly over his chest. It was so simple, but he looked good. Why was that something you had to notice in that moment? Like rubbing salt in the wound. You almost wished that he looked half as awful as you to make you feel better about the whole thing. You tried not to remember that you had on leggings, an oversized sweatshirt, and probably looked a healthy mix between sleep-deprived and hungover with no makeup. Suddenly, you wished you had opted to shower at Ally’s before coming home.

“Sure.”

You moved past him to unlock the door, slinging your bag on the ground once you entered. You stood awkwardly, not sure what to do, before you decided to pad your way into the kitchen to pour yourself a glass of wine, acutely aware of his eyes on you the entire time.

Michael followed you, raising an eyebrow as he watched you take a large swig. “It’s one o’clock in the afternoon. On a Sunday.”

“Your point?” you asked shortly. “Jesus drank wine, didn’t he?”

He let out a small laugh at this before casting his eyes down again. He didn’t know why he could hardly look you in the eye. Instead, he chose to nod toward your bag on the floor in the hallway. “Where were you?”

“Ally’s,” you said, deciding against letting him know that you had been curled up on her couch for days. Based on your appearance, you figured it probably wasn’t hard to deduce. You shifted on your feet. “What do you want, Michael?”
He took a breath and sighed deeply. Then, “I’m sorry.”

You looked at him, his eyes finally dragging back up to meet yours.

“You’re not an obligation,” he continued. “I don’t know why I said that. I was mad, I was so, so angry, and frustrated, and I took it out on you because you were the one that was there. You were trying to be supportive, and I was an asshole. I shouldn’t have done that.”

He stepped toward you, gauging your reaction. You really weren’t sure what to say or do in that moment (even though deep down you knew you wanted to rush into his arms and never let go), so you stayed where you were.

“I hate knowing that I made you feel like anything that’s happened between us was forced or not something I wanted. I know I don’t have much to complain about, but I mean it when I say that my life got that much better once you walked into it. The last few months with you have been the best of my life.”

You blinked. Your heart was swelling, and part of you felt like you were in some kind of rom-com at this confession. The logical side of you, though, was hesitant, cautious, waiting for a “but…” to come from his mouth. His perfect mouth. You briefly remembered the way it felt pressed against your lips, and your neck, and your —

“And I know you might hate me for what I said, and I know I’m not very good at talking about my feelings, and I know I’m a big idiot most of the time, but I hope you can forgive me and give me a second chance,” he said all in one breath, and looked at you pointedly. “I know it’s only been a week and a half, but I’ve been fucking miserable this week.”

Finally, you had something to say; you scoffed, “That makes two of us.”

He winced ever so slightly at your words. He hated the thought that you were sad; that he was the cause of your sadness.

He paused, composing himself, before speaking carefully, “At the risk of sounding like a chick flick, this whole week without you just made me sure that I want you, Y/N. I want you and me. All the strings attached.”
Michael ran a hand through his hair and sighed.

“I think what I’m trying to say is… I love you, Y/N.”

_Oh_. Again, you blinked, still not sure what to do with the onslaught of information he had just dumped on you. He loved you? Michael Gray loved you? Like, _the_ Michael Gray, star hockey player from London, was in love with _you_?

Staring at him, you watched as he took another hesitant step toward you.

It was your turn to cast your eyes down, suddenly feeling overwhelmingly emotional and almost abashed at how much emotion he was showing. His hand reached out and gently tucked his index finger under your chin, lifting it up to meet your gaze.

“Please say something.”

“I…” you swallowed, heart pounding in your chest so hard you were sure he could see it in your throat. “I love you, too, idiot.”

Then, the biggest grin you’ve ever seen began to break out on his face, and he breathed a sigh of relief, pulling you into a tight embrace.

“I’m so sorry,” he murmured again in your ear. “God, I’m so fucking sorry.”

“I’m sorry, too.”

You weren’t sure if it was the profession of love, or maybe just the weight being lifted from the fear of losing him, but the tears that had threatened to fall back in the car were now blooming in your eyes, spilling over your cheeks as he held you close. A sob wracked your body, and you tried to contain it, but he just squeezed you tighter.

“Please don’t cry,” he whispered. “I don’t ever want to make you cry again.”
Michael pulled away, dipping his head down to meet your level, his thumbs wiping away the tears from your cheeks.

“I’m probably going to fuck up a thousand more times, but I swear that I’ll get better at this. I don’t want to lose you because I’m being an idiot.”

“I’ve known you’re an idiot for a long time now,” you said, smiling softly.

He laughed, and you noticed his eyes were wet, too. “Can I kiss you now?”

You nodded, smiling again, your face still in between his large hands and he leaned forward to press his lips against yours. The kiss was full, but gentle, and not an ounce of lust in it, almost like he was trying to show you how sorry he was by putting everything into the kiss. In that moment, you wanted nothing more than to fall into him forever.

When he pulled away, slowly, he moved his lips to your forehead, and you swore you melted into a puddle in his arms.

“I saw your goal on Thursday,” you murmured, breaking the silence.

“You watched?”

“No, but I got an alert on my phone and watched the highlight reel. I… I couldn’t watch the whole thing.”

His lips pursed at your unspoken implication. “I thought I saw you in the stands and I got so happy that I guess it just gave me the motivation.”

“That’s the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard,” you rolled your eyes.

“Love makes you do stupid things,” he winked. This action alone seemed to take away all of the remaining tension, finally able to breathe again from the weight that had sat between you.
“I need a shower,” you commented, gesturing to your current get up.

“Could I join you? Show you *everything* I missed about you,” he grinned, wiggling his eyebrows.

“As lovely as that sounds, I haven’t showered in days and I don’t want to know what’s underneath these clothes. I’ll only be a little bit.”

“Don’t take too long,” he smiled, leaning in for another peck on the lips.

Once you got out of the shower, feeling refreshed and like a new woman, you stepped in to your bedroom to find Michael sitting on your bed. He had divested himself of his sweatpants, now lounging in black basketball shorts, and had been scrolling through his phone. He looked up when you walked by him in your towel and you felt his eyes on you as you dug through your dresser for a pair of shorts and a t-shirt.

“No much point in putting clothes on, love,” he called.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. First, you look *way* too good in just a towel, and second, I’m going to have you naked soon anyways, so I’m really just aiming for efficiency here.”

“Is that so?” you turned and raised an eyebrow at him, popping your hip out.

Michael nodded, eyes trailing up your figure and enjoying the way your skin glowed slightly from the hot water of your shower. “C’mere.”

Against your own will, your feet took you to him, standing between his legs as his hands reached out for you, fingertips pressing into the soft towel as he pulled you in by your hips.

“Missed you,” he murmured, his lips ghosting your own. You felt his hands tugging at the towel, letting it fall open and drop at your feet, the cool air of your room hitting your body.
Michael’s eyes dropped immediately to rove over your figure, and you took the opportunity of him being off-guard to pull him into a deep kiss, almost as if you were trying to re-memorize the way his lips felt against yours.

His hands quickly moved up to cup your face, pulling you gently as he leaned back onto the bed so you had no choice but to hop up and straddle his hips. You could feel his cock, firm in his thin shorts, between your legs, and in that moment you realized just how much you had missed him.

A low moan escaped your lips as his tongue snuck its way into your mouth while his hands trailed a path down your body to land on your ass, squeezing firmly.

“Missed this, for sure,” he said against your mouth. In response, you wriggled your hips and sucked in a slight breath as the action caused your core to brush against the smooth material of his shorts. He growled lowly at the teasing gesture, giving your cheek a sharp slap.

It was then you realized he had entirely too many clothes on, and you grasped at the hem of his shirt and struggled to pull it over his head. He laughed at your efforts before sitting up and slipping the garment off before gripping your hips firmly, remaining sitting upright, and grinding you against his now fully erect member.

You threw your head back, letting out another gasp at the feeling, and he seized the opportunity to begin suckling your neck. God, you had missed that feeling. He was so damn good at it, licking and gently nipping your favorite sensitive areas until you were a mewling mess beneath him.

Unfortunately (or fortunately?), he didn’t spend too much time on your neck before he was moving to your breast, squeezing them together and leaning in for a taste.

“Definitely missed these, too,” he whispered. “I thought it was just deprival making me imagine how perfect they are, but nope, they’re just that perfect.”

You chuckled, the sound melding into a moan as he licked over your nipple before beginning to suck a hickey on the inside of your breast. You let your fingers thread through his hair, earning a guttural groan from him.

“You thought about my tits?”
“I think about your tits every day of my life.”

You rolled your eyes, laughing at what a boy he was. But, if you were honest, you had thought about him and his best features during the week, too.

Michael lavished your breasts, your neck, and returned to your lips, as if he was trying to show his appreciation through his mouth. All things considered, he was doing a pretty damn good job.

“Sit on my face,” he said, stopping abruptly, nipping at your jaw. “Want to make you feel good.”

You hesitated for a moment, but nodded after seeing the dark cloud of want in his eyes that caused you to shiver in anticipation. Michael leaned back again, pulling your body up his and helping you to scoot up to his face before settling your core over his mouth.

“Gonna make you feel so good,” he mumbled against your center. His words sent a shiver down your spine.

Immediately, he swiped his tongue over your folds and you keened, letting out an involuntary moan. His arms snaked around your thighs, holding you in place as he continued to lick, lap, and suck at every inch of your pussy pressed against his lips.

A muffled “fuck” came from his mouth, his tongue taking in the taste of you. You could feel his hot breath against you, which only increased the anticipation you felt building between your thighs.

You chanced a glance down at him, his eyes closed like he was savoring every moment, as if afraid he might never get to do this again. His nose nudged against your clit as he devoured you, eating you like you were his last meal on earth before he descended into the heaven of your pussy. The sight caused heat to break out across your body, sending a fresh wave of arousal straight between your thighs and probably onto his tongue that was now probing inside you. You were more than happy to be his last meal if it meant he’d just keep doing that thing with his tongue.

“Fuck, Michael,” you moaned. The pressure was building in your belly, a white hot flame, having been deprived of him and thinking you’d never get to feel this again. Thank the lucky stars that wasn’t true.
Michael hummed underneath you, and the vibrations went straight to your clit. You let out a gasp, grip in his hair tightening as he began to move faster, letting your clit slip inside his mouth to suck on it.

You were mumbling nonsensical words, peppered so often with his name and breathy sighs. Michael’s hand slapped against your ass once, causing you to lurch forward, giving you the idea to grind on his tongue. He groaned at this action, encouraging you to continue. You were almost there - you could feel it, like a train hurtling to its destination, and he was the conductor ready to send you flying off the tracks.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” you chanted as you ground onto his tongue, hitting just the right spot. “I’m gonna cum, Michael.”

His eyes snapped open to watch you fall apart, an exclamation of his name leaving your throat as you exploded, spasming onto his eager and waiting lips. He coaxed the waves of your orgasm with his tongue as you continued grinding against him, riding out your high.

Michael pressed a light kiss against your lower lips before pulling his face out from between your legs. He grinned, his mouth coated in your slick, “Definitely missed this pretty girl the most.”

You laughed, catching your breath. “She missed you, too.”

His eyes lit up, and you moved to slide off of him before leaning down to kiss him, giving yourself a moment to regain your composure.

“Now,” you breathed, “let me see what I’ve been missing most.”

Michael’s breath hitched in his throat and you smirked at him, eyes focusing on the tent in his shorts. You moved to settle between his legs, palming the hard and heavy bulge and earning a strangled moan from him.

Moving quickly out of the way, your fingers dug into the waistband of his shorts and boxer briefs, pulling them down his legs. You took a moment to enjoy the tone of his thighs, enjoying the way his muscles flexed beneath your fingertips as you trailed them lightly up the skin. Training your eyes back on his dick, hard and firm, but flesh soft to the touch, you licked your lips at the sight, wanting to feel it hot and heavy on your tongue.
“You’re looking at me like my cock is your last meal,” Michael chuckled, torn between being highly amused and highly aroused.

“Says the guy who just ate me like a starving man who’s been trapped out at sea,” you shot back.

“Well, can you blame me?”

You shook your head, smirking. “You’re so fucked for me, baby. Can’t even go two weeks without my tight, wet cunt.”

Michael let out a groan as you accentuated your words with light squeezes on his cock, shutting him up effectively. You were right, too. He was so fucking for you.

“What about my mouth, huh?” you purred, dragging your hand up and down his length, your pace agonizingly slow. “You miss my mouth on this cock?”

He nodded desperately, painfully hard and throbbing in your hand. “Yes, baby -- please.”

Your tongue darted out to taste the leaking precum on the tip, and he let out a sigh at finally feeling some slight relief. You let the salty taste melt on your tongue before sucking the head in between your lips. He thought he might explode into your mouth right then, seeing your pretty pink lips wrapped around him like that.

Not wanting to wait any longer, you slid his length into the waiting cavern of your mouth and felt yourself clench at the sound that left his throat.

“Fuck,” he breathed.

You began to bob your head up and down, letting your tongue flatten against the underside of his cock. On your way up, you took the base of his cock in your fingers and slapped it against your outstretched tongue, smiling smugly when he whimpered. Making a fist, you twisted his length in your hand as you focused your mouth on the head, alternating between licks and sucks that had him gasping and cursing under his breath.
“Fuck, love, you - you gotta stop,” he panted. “M’not gonna last if you keep doing that. Need to feel you around me first.”

Your core clenched at his words, and you planted a gentle kiss against his cock before pulling off and looking at Michael expectantly. You bit your lip as he dragged his fingers between your legs, coating them in your slick before pushing a finger inside, pumping gently.

Your lips parted in a sigh when he added another finger, stretching you with something more than his tongue for the first time in several weeks. Already, you could feel the delicious burn building, the spring coiling back up inside you.

“You feel so fucking good wrapped around my cock, baby,” growled Michael, his hands resting on your hips, gripping them and helping you to set a pace.

You hummed in response, leaning forward to press your lips to his as you ground back onto him. Your tongues melded together, letting him swallow your moan. Michael’s fingers pressed into the flesh of your ass, squeezing roughly.

“So fucking tight,” he said lowly.

He drew his arms around your lower back, holding you in place as he began to thrust up into you at a rapid pace.
“Oh, fuck,” you whined. How did he always know how to take it to the next level and have you melting for him without any effort? It was like he had a manual for your body and always knew how to set your skin ablaze with his touch.

“Yeah? You like that, baby?”

“Mmm,” was all you could manage to whimper as he pounded relentlessly, skin slapping against your thighs.

“You just want to be fucked, don’t you?”

You nodded into his neck, and clenched when he growled and flipped the two of you over roughly. Bracing himself on one elbow by your head, he wrapped your thigh around his waist with his other hand before fucking into you again.

“I’ll fuck ya just the way you want, love,” he whispered into your ear. “Just like that, yeah?”

“Yes, please, Michael,” you moaned, arching your back, wanting as much of your body to be in contact with him. He held you in place, your breasts pressed against his chest as his hips rolled, driving his cock into you. This was hands down the hottest and most sensual sex you two had ever had. You could hear his rough breathing near your ear, just as he could hear your gasps and whimpers as you held onto him while he pounded. Your nails grazed down his back, and he brought his mouth’s attention back to your favorite spot on your neck.

“Love you,” he murmured against your neck, so quiet you barely heard it.

A breathy exhale left your lips, your eyes fluttering shut. The full feeling of his cock driving into your folds, pushing against your walls, was almost overwhelming. Michael pulled your other leg around his hips, dragging his hand hotly up the skin of your thigh, trailing up your side, before entwining your fingers and holding your hand over your head. The shift changed the angle just enough to have him driving into the perfect spot, and you cried out at the feeling.

“Oh - right fucking there,” you moaned, the sound spurring him on. His free hand trailed from gripping your breast to settle between your thighs, circling your clit. The train conductor was back, this time ready to send you hurtling over the edge of the tracks.
“Come on, baby,” he urged, licking your clavicle, keeping his rhythm on your clit steady. “Want to feel you cumming ’round my cock.”

“I — I’m cumming —“

Your entire body shook with your orgasm, seizing up as your walls clenched around him, still pounding you through your climax. Your moans extended, crying out and driving him close to his end, too.

“Come inside me,” you whispered into his ear, drawing him in as close as possible as your arms and legs were both wrapped around him as he drove home. “Please, baby, want your cum inside me.”

Your words sent him over the edge, and you clenched at the feeling of the hot liquid spurting inside, as his hips stuttering and a strangled groan leaving his throat as he emptied himself into you.

“Fucking hell,” he cursed, panting.

You winced slightly as he pulled out and you felt the warmth leaking down your core. He was enraptured by the image of his hot cum spilling out of your tight pussy, his cock twitching at the sight.

Michael took an index finger and drew some of the liquid on his finger before slipping it back into your folds, pushing it back into you, and you moaned. You were sensitive from your orgasm, but it was so fucking hot you couldn’t help but get turned on.

Your eyes locked, and you pulled his hand toward your mouth. He swore he almost came like a teenager when you inserted his finger into your mouth and fucking sucked the cum off of it, swirling your tongue around the pad of his finger. He really didn’t deserve you.

“Fuck,” he swore again. “I need like, 15 minutes, but I need to fuck you again after that.”

You smiled, pulling him down to meet your lips. “Love you, too,” you breathed against his mouth before he kissed you fully.
Michael hopped off the bed and trotted into the bathroom to grab a cloth and clean the both of you up. When he walked back in and plopped next to you on the bed, he turned his head and looked at you with a dopey smile on his face.

“What?” you questioned, briefly letting your eyes flutter shut as he brushed a strand of hair away from your face.

“Just admiring my beautiful girlfriend, is that not allowed?”

You raised an eyebrow. “Girlfriend, huh?”

He froze, his eyes wide. “You are, aren’t you?”

You smiled, watching him stutter.

“Uh, I mean, I just — that’s okay if you don’t want to be, I just —“

“Michael.”

“— we, you know, I thought —“

“Michael.”

“Hm?”

“Of course.”

“Of course what?”

You rolled your eyes. “Of course I want to be your girlfriend.”
“Oh.” He smiled. Then he beamed. He scooted closer to kiss you, smiling against your lips. He mocked in a teasing voice, “You looooove me.”

“And you, the infamous ladies man, loooove me;” you mocked back.

“And proud of it,” he grinned. “Man, the guys are gonna be so happy. Zay was so mad at me.”

Your heart nearly melted. You had really enjoyed spending time with the guys over the last few months, and you were glad to hear the feeling was mutual. “I’m not going to lie to you, that was like, the second most disappointing thing when I thought it was over.”

“First was missing my dick?”

“Nah,” you waved him off jokingly. “First was no more free tickets to games.”

Michael feigned offense, when you heard his phone begin to buzz on the nightstand. He sat up to peek at who it was, and grinned, showing you that it was Isaiah FaceTiming. “Speak of the devil.”

You nodded, signaling he could answer, and you secured the sheet across your body as he slid to answer.

“Hey man,” Michael greeted.

“Hey, dude — how’d it go?” came Isaiah’s voice from the phone.

“Hi, Zay!” you waved, peeking your head into frame.

“Hi, Y/N,” he smiled knowingly, obviously discerning you were naked under the sheets you covered with. “I take it your ‘talk’ went well, then?”

“It went great, but it was long if you know what I mean,” Michael winked dramatically, and you
rolled your eyes.

“Yeah, I bet,” Isaiah chuckled. “I’m really glad. Y/N, I promise that Finn and I would not have let him live this down if he fucked this up.”

“Thanks for the support, Zay,” you laughed.

“Anytime. Hey, so listen, a few of us are getting together at Johnny Dogs’ later — you in?”

“Johnny Dogs!” you blurted. “I miss him!”

“Sounds like a yes.”

“Yeah, we’re in, but I’m gonna have to let you go, Zay. I have to fuck my girlfriend first,” Michael cut in, wiggling his eyebrows.

You covered your face with your hands in embarrassment, exclaiming, “Michael!”

“Jesus, dude.”

“See ya.”

“See you later, Zay!” you called before Michael hung up, smirking at you.

“You can’t just say stuff like that!”

“Why not? It’s the truth.”

“Your friends don’t want to know about that, Michael.”
“Sure they do. You’re smoking hot,” he shrugged.

You rolled your eyes again, shaking your head at him and his logic. “Whatever you say.”

“Don’t be mad, babe,” he said, nuzzling his nose in your neck. You didn’t miss the pet name or the way it felt like 1,000 butterflies had been released in your stomach. Though he often used pet names in bed, this time you knew it was different.

“I’m not mad!” you exclaimed, squealing as he blew a raspberry against your skin.

“I can’t believe you love me,” Michael grinned, already on the next subject.

You raised your eyebrows. “I’ve never seen you like this. You’re giddy.”

“Well, yeah.” His face dropped, suddenly serious. “I’m just… I thought I’d lost you, Y/N. I don’t want to feel like that again.”

If your heart hasn’t melted earlier, you were pretty sure it had turned to mush now.

“Well, good thing we don’t have to worry about that anymore, do we?”

“No,” he mumbled.

You shook your head, confirming “no.”

“Now,” you reached for him, pulling him on top of you so that he was hovering over your face. You smirked at him. “What was it you said you were going to do to your girlfriend?”

He grinned. “I said I was going to fuck her.”

“Well, what are you waiting for?”
Wrecking Ball

Chapter Summary

"You, look at you, send me one more shot sitting on a bathroom sink
Damn you really turn me on,
painting your toenails pink
Easy baby before you say
But if I can make it just one more day
That old house is gonna be shaking
I hope those bricks and boards can take it
But I won’t be surprised if the whole damn place just falls
I’m gonna rock you baby
Like a wrecking ball"

- Eric Church

Chapter Notes

**Warnings:** Language, explicit content, sexting, unintentional edging?

This is where the story starts veering from my plot and more into a series of blurbs. Snapshots in time of life with Michael.
Unrelated A/N: The song inspo for this chapter is so good for sexy times, I felt like it was a perfect fit.

It was day 3 of a 4-game, 7-day road trip. Normally, you found pride in being able to distance yourself and not be a clingy girlfriend while Michael was away, but the morning he left, he had turned you into a moaning mess and you couldn’t stop thinking about his hands and his lips and the way he did that thing with his tongue that made your toes curl.

You were missing him. **Bad.**

Sure, he would call or FaceTime you each night he could, but you hadn’t been apart for this long since you had professed your love for one another. And, even so, that didn’t solve your other issue of missing specific parts of him in particular.
You picked up your phone, biting your lip as you opened up the Snapchat app. You laid back against your pillows, holding the phone at an angle to capture your breasts pushed together in a white tank top, the red bra you had changed into visible through the thin material. Snapping a quick photo, you typed a short message, “Missing you,” before sending it to him.

Not 5 minutes later, you felt your phone buzz with a text from him.

Michael: Whatcha doin on Snapchat, love?
Y/N: Just want to show you what you’re missing
Michael: Oh, I am definitely missing it
Michael: Wish I could be there
Y/N: I wish you were here too… we could have some fun ;)
Michael: Oh yeah? What kind of fun?

You smirked, removing your tank and slipping one of the straps of your bra down your shoulder, toying with the strap with your thumb as you posed, biting your lip and snapping another picture, captioning it with, “Does this give you a better idea?”

Buzz.

Michael: Oh, you mean THAT kind of fun
Y/N: Of course
Michael: You look so good baby
Y/N: Just trying to give you some more footage for the spank bank
Y/N: I know it helps improve your performance
Michael: How very generous of you
Y/N: I do what I can to support my favorite hockey team!

With that, you removed your leggings and stood, making sure the lace of the black cheeky panties you wore was straightened before taking a picture of your ass, opting to send it without a caption.
Michael: Fuck

Michael: You’re making me hard on the plane, you naughty girl

Y/N: Oops 😊

Michael: I’d rail you so hard in those panties

Y/N: Is that a promise?

Michael: You know it is, baby

Y/N: So what can I do to make you come home early?

Michael: I wish I could

Y/N: I bet I could persuade you

Michael: Oh yeah? Try me, love

Y/N: You’re on, Gray

Unclasping your bra, you placed your arm over your nipples and angled your phone to get a full body shot, showing off the swell of your breasts, expanse of your stomach, and curve of your ass. You took a few until you found the right angle, then typed, “Ready when you are.”

Buzz.

Michael: You’re bad

Y/N: Am I?

Michael: You’re a fucking tease.

Y/N: I think maybe I deserve a spanking

To accompany this text, you leaned over the edge of the bed and twisted your body to get another picture of your ass bent over.

Y/N: What do you think?

Michael: I think I’d like to put handprints all over that sweet ass
Y/N: Mmm I’d like that

Y/N: Are you hard, baby?

Michael: Hell yes

Michael: Sitting next to Zay, have to hide it

Y/N: When do you land?

Michael: Should land in about an hour, then we have team dinner

Y/N: So I guess that means I can’t FaceTime you to show you how I fuck myself with my dildo?

Michael: Fuck, that is extremely unfortunate because that is a sight I’d love to see

Y/N: Have I convinced you to come home early yet?

Michael: You’re making me strongly consider it

Y/N: Let me make your decision for you

Pressing the voice record button, you moved your hand over your panties and let out a soft moan at finally feeling a touch of relief. You continued the recording as you rubbed yourself through the thin material. You sent the sound clip, trusting he had headphones in to listen.

Buzz.

Michael: Fuck, are you touching yourself?

Instead of typing a reply, you sent a video of your hand trailing from your breast, down your body, and slipping into your panties to circle your clit.

Buzz. Buzz.

Michael: God that’s so hot

Michael: What are you thinking about?

Y/N: Thinking about your cock

Michael: Oh yeah? What about it?

Y/N: Thinking about having it in my mouth

Y/N: Taking you slowly into my throat, letting you fuck my face
Michael: Fuck baby I’d like that

Y/N: Need you Michael

Michael: Get out that dildo love, I wanna see you fuck yourself with it

Thrill coursed through you upon reading his text, as did a wave of arousal. Padding over to your dresser drawer, you dug out the toy that you kept in a box underneath your sweatpants. Gripping it tightly in your hand, you returned to your bed before pulling your hair out of your ponytail, fluffing it lightly and leaning back to make yourself comfortable. You weren’t sure why, but you were suddenly nervous.

Buzz. Buzz.

Michael: You still there?

Michael: It’s just me baby, just pretend I’m right there with you. Want you to make yourself feel good

Taking a breath, you pushed the nerves out of the way and let his words soak in. Closing your eyes, you let your mind wander to the other day when he had woken you up with his face between your legs and had littered marks on the inside of your thighs. You felt your stomach clench in anticipation at the thought alone, fingertips grazing over the faded bruises on your legs.

Taking the dildo, molded with veins and a head, you flipped the camera to film your lips sucking lightly on the head before sticking out your tongue and sliding it into the waiting cavern of your mouth. You moaned slightly, imagining it was Michael.


Michael: Jesus

Michael: 😊 suck that cock baby

Michael: Get it nice and wet for your cunt

Y/N: Wish it was you

Michael: Only a few days left and I’m all yours

Michael: How wet are you?

Y/N: I’m soaked baby

Michael: Let me see
Peeling your panties down your legs, you settled back into your pillows as you let your hand snake between your thighs. You snapped a video of your fingers gently massaging your folds before sliding your index finger inside, letting out a breathy moan.

Buzz.

Michael: That’s my girl, can you add another for me?

You did as you were told, slipping another digit in and pumping gently. Smirking, you withdrew your fingers and brought them to your lips before inserting them in your mouth, licking off your juices and letting the tangy taste melt on your tongue. You sent another video of you repeating this action.

Buzz.

Michael: Taste good baby?

Y/N: Yes, not as good as you though

Michael: Ready to take that cock now? You gonna take it all for me?

Y/N: Mmm yes, I’m so ready for it

Michael: Slide it in that tight pussy nice and slow, love

Taking the toy and rubbing the tip against your folds, you inhaled shakily as you coated it with your slick. Pressing the record button on your phone, you let out a gasp as you pushed the dildo inside, letting it slowly stretch out your walls. You withdrew it entirely before slipping it back in, nearly bottoming out.

Buzz. Buzz.

Michael: Shit baby, that’s so fucking hot

Michael: Feel good?

Y/N: So good, just like your cock

Michael: Love the way it disappears inside that tight cunt of yours

Y/N: Taking all of it for you, Michael

Michael: That’s a good girl
Michael: You gonna fuck yourself faster?

You bit your lip and began to pump the toy, starting slowly and setting a steady pace, just like how Michael would. Moaning softly, you recorded another video of this, your hips rolling to meet your own thrusts as you closed your eyes and imagined Michael was there.

Buzz.

Michael: I wish I was that dildo

Y/N: Me too baby, you do it so much better

Y/N: I also like when you’re talking dirty in my ear 😊

Michael: If I wasn’t on a plane surrounded by teammates, coaches, and the entire PB staff, I would have no hesitation in calling you and talking you through the best self orgasm you’ve ever had

Y/N: Good thing you can still text me

Michael: Challenge accepted 😊

Michael: I want you to pinch those pretty nipples for me

Michael: Run your hands down that sexy body of yours and touch your clit

Y/N: Feels good baby

Michael: Now take that dildo and rub it on those tits

You decided to snap a video of you doing just that to show him you were following directions. Even if he couldn’t get off now, maybe he could use it later. Good girlfriend points, right?

Buzz. Buzz.

Michael: Shit baby, just like that

Michael: Now take that dildo and rub your clit with the head, I know you love it when I do that

Y/N: Want you so bad, Michael

Michael: Yeah? You want that cock?

Y/N: Yes please

Michael: How bad?

Y/N: I need it inside me baby, I’m dripping onto the bedsheets
Michael: Fuck love

Michael: Slide it back in that sweet pussy, angle it up so it hits your g spot

Y/N: Fuck

Michael: Feel good baby?

In lieu of a confirmation text, you recorded a video of your obscene moans at the way the dildo struck just the right spot, immediately setting the rest of your body on fire. You closed your eyes, imagining him fucking into you instead, and you whimpered his name.

Buzz.

Michael: Jesus love, you’re gonna make me bust and I’m not even touching myself

Y/N: Wish I could help you with that problem

Y/N: But you should help me with mine first 😊

Michael: Your wish is my command, sweetheart

Michael: I want you to shove that cock back in, take all of it for me

Michael: Fuck yourself on it nice and steady

Y/N: It feels so good Michael

You allowed yourself a few more moments, eyes closed and creating the perfect image in your mind: Michael’s face, that face he makes when he’s focused on giving you the greatest pleasure, his lower lip between his teeth as he pounds into you. His body on top of yours, watching his hips roll as he drives his length inside you. Your mouth fell open in a gasp as you began to lightly rub against your clit with your free hand, feeling the pressure coiling up in your belly. Almost there —

Buzz.

Michael: Can I watch you cum, baby?

Y/N: You mean like FaceTime? What about Zay?

Michael: I can go to the restroom, I just can’t talk too much ’cause they’ll hear me

Y/N: Okay. Call me when you’re in there.

You anxiously awaited his call, slightly disappointed at not being able to finish, but excited to see his
face. Adjusting your hair, you glanced in the reflection of your phone to make sure you didn’t look too fucked out, wiped away some smudged mascara, and fluffed out an extra pillow to prop your phone against.

Your heart nearly leapt into your throat when you felt your phone buzz again, this time with an incoming FaceTime from Michael. Swiping to answer, you couldn’t help but smile when you saw him grinning on the other line.

“Hi, baby,” he greeted, speaking quietly into his headphones. You could see he was crammed into the small plane bathroom, looking handsome as ever with his glasses on and a simple team sweatshirt.

“Hi,” you replied shyly.

“Don’t be shy now, love,” he smiled. “This isn’t any different than if I was there, yeah?”

“That’s not true,” you mumbled, looking off camera. “If you were here we wouldn’t be having to FaceTime and you’d be the one fucking me so I don’t have to.”

Michael’s eyes flashed, darkening at your words. “Fuck, baby, d-don’t talk like that.”

Hearing his stutter had you looking up to meet his gaze. “Like what? Telling you how I’m just picturing you on top of me, fucking me while I drive this cock into my pussy?”

Michael swallowed, his mouth suddenly drier than the Sahara. His eyes shifted, as if afraid someone might walk in on him.

“I can’t be too long.”

“So you’re saying I should hurry up and cum, huh? I was pretty close before you decided you wanted to call,” you rolled your eyes, feeling your confidence building knowing that his smooth exterior was crumbling.

You placed your phone against the pillow so it was angled to reveal from your face to your mid-
thigh and plucked the dildo from the bedsheet, placing it back between your legs. You had waited long enough that you’d need a minute to get warmed back up, but it wouldn’t take long from there.

You heard a sharp intake of breath as you dragged the head between your lips and over your clit, biting your lip as you went. Eyes fluttering shut, you slowly pushed it back in and let out a small moan. Quickly, you began pumping, working yourself back up and recoiling the spring inside you.

“That’s it, baby,” you heard Michael’s voice mutter quietly. “You’re doing so well.”

Michael’s voice in your ear made the vision in your head so much more real, making it easier to find yourself rapidly approaching the edge.

“Michael,” you let out another breathy moan, and you heard him let out a stifled sigh. Glancing at the screen, you saw his brow furrowed and noticed his arm moving rapidly - he was jerking himself off. The sight sent more heat coursing through your body and you moved your free hand to your clit, rubbing furiously.

“Fuck, Michael, I’m gonna cum,” you announced. “Cum with me, baby, please.”

A few more strokes had you exploding, your walls clenching on the silicone and letting out a cry as your body rolled, working through your orgasm. You heard him stifling a groan, doing his best to stay quiet, as he worked through his own climax.

“Fuck,” you sighed, knowing he wanted to stay as quiet as possible. Casting him a glance and grinning at his blissed out expression, you murmured, “Go back to your seat, Michael. People are going to wonder what you’re doing.”

He grinned at you, blowing a kiss, and then hung up. You took the time to clean yourself up, and get dressed, before you heard your phone ding.

**Michael:** Good news: no one had any idea

**Michael:** Bad news: that just made me want you more

**Y/N:** Good job, keeping secrets is fun 😊

**Michael:** Gonna fuck you so good when I get home baby
Y/N: Are you sure you can’t be *cough cough* sick and come home early?

You let out a snort as you searched for a Zoolander gif with the text, ‘I’ve got the black lung, pop’ and sent it.

_Buzz._

Michael: Wish I could baby, but you know I can’t

Y/N: I know, I guess I’ll have to make due with my friend John for the time being 😊

Michael: You named your dildo John? Are you fucking kidding?

You giggled, searching and sending a gif of John Shelby.

_Buzz. Buzz._

Michael: Y/N

Michael: Please tell me you’re joking

Y/N: You jealous, baby?

Michael: Y/N you can’t have a dildo named after my fucking teammate

Y/N: Why not? I did before I met you

Michael: Jesus Christ

Michael: Thought I already showed you I can fuck you better than him

Y/N: Well, technically speaking, I’ve never fucked John so I wouldn’t really know for sure, would I?

A mischievous grin crept over your face, watching the dots pop up, then disappear, pop up, then disappear again as he processed your words. You him stew for a few more moments before deciding it was probably best to relieve him.

Y/N: I’m only joking, baby

Y/N: You’re the only one I think about when I’m using it

Michael: I better be
You smiled, setting your phone on the table as you finished cleaning up and set out to run a few errands. You were just leaving Michael’s house after feeding and walking Gus when you saw texts from both Michael and John pop up at the same time.

Curious, you read John’s first.

**John Shelby:** Hey babygirl 😊

You furrowed your brow, confused at the random and out-of-context greeting, then read Michael’s text.

**Michael:** um, I may have messed up…

You cocked an eyebrow at the cryptic message that provided no clarity whatsoever, then saw a message from Isaiah come through.

**Isaiah:** You named your dildo after John?!

*Oh, lord.*
"Your love is bright as ever
Even in the shadows
Baby, kiss me before they turn the lights out
Your heart is glowing
And I’m crashing into you
Baby, kiss me, kiss me
Before they turn the lights out
Before they turn the lights out
Oh, baby love me lights out

In the darkest night I’ll search through the crowds
Your face is all that I see
I’ll give you everything
Baby love me lights out

I love you like XO
You love me like XO
You kill me girl, XO
You love me like XO
Is all that I see
Giving you everything
Baby love me lights out"
- John Mayer

Chapter Notes

**Warnings:** Smut, unprotected sex, choking, creampie. Some fluffy, in-love Michael, too.
The end of the season came and went in a blur. The Peaky Blinders, for the first time in 20 years, missed the playoffs. While the boys were disappointed and inconsolable for a few days, they found solace in the fact that summer started earlier for them, booking flights home and planning vacations. Michael was no different, looking to keep himself busy with trips and activities. So, when your mom had invited him to your family’s house for the graduation party of younger cousin, Ashley, he had grinned at you and eagerly accepted.

“Meeting the parents, huh? That’s a big deal,” he commented.

“Not just the parents, the entire family,” you pointed out, running a hand over your face. “That’s a lot of people, Michael.”

“I deal with the press and crazed fans on a regular basis. I think I can handle my girlfriend’s family.”

You cast a glance at him, the hesitation evident in your eyes despite the soft smile you sent his way.

“Hey, c’mon,” Michael said softly, tugging on your folded arms to pull you into his chest. “I love you. And you love me, yeah?”

You looked up at him, feeling embarrassed because you still hadn’t quite gotten used to the fact that he loved you and made it known on a regular basis. His arms wrapped around you, hands coming to rest on your hips as he gazed at you adoringly, a small smile playing on his lips. You definitely hadn’t gotten used to that expression on his face when he looked at you. You nodded in response to his question.

“Then what’s the big deal? Let me meet your family. I want to do this, Y/N.”

You pressed your lips against his, light and soft, before sighing. “It’s just… it’s still just us right now, and bringing them into this is so… public?”

“Love, you handled me telling half a million Peaky Blinders fans about you just fine. If you can handle that kind of public, I think we can manage this.”

You chewed your lip, your mind flashing back to the conversation you two had had when he posted the first picture of you on his Instagram.
“Oh my god, this is so much pressure!” you exclaimed, somewhat jokingly, but partially serious. “I don’t know if I’m ready for this.”

“Babe, we’ve been together for like, 6 months.”

“No,” you objected, nerves fluttering in your chest. “We’ve been fucking for 6 months, but we’ve only been ‘together’ together for 2 months!”

“Still,” Michael sighed, brushing his lips against your temple. “I want to show off my hot girlfriend to everyone.”

You paused, thinking it through, and knowing he would hold off if you truly weren’t ready to go “public” yet. The worries tumbled through your mind as you tossed the thoughts around. What would the fans think? Would you get hate mail? Did you have to monitor what you posted more closely? Should you go back and look through your old posts? Would this affect your career somehow? What did this really mean for you?

You simplified the onslaught of worry with one question: “What am I getting myself into?”

“Honestly, it does take a little adjusting, but in the end you have to remember that it’s just a social media account. I’m guessing you’ll just get a shit ton of followers the first few days, but you’re private, right?”

You nodded.

“Then you can decide if you want to accept them or not. We have nothing to hide, but you can do whatever you’re comfortable with. Your call, babe.”

Taking a breath in, you nodded again. He had a point -- you didn’t have to share anything you didn’t want to, and it’s not like there was a ton of gossip about the players and their girlfriends on the big media outlets. Having control over what strangers on the internet could see from your personal social media account made you feel much better about dating a minor celebrity. The fact that Michael was so nonchalant about all of this still blew your mind, because you were convinced you’d never get used to the publicity and popularity. “Okay, go ahead. But you better post that picture where my ass looks great.”
Michael grinned. “Your ass always looks great, babe, but whatever you say.”

“Gotta let the fans know, you know?”

The next day, you had been caught slightly off-guard while scrolling through Instagram when you unexpectedly stumbled across a photo of yourself. The memory was vivid: You had spent the weekend at the lake with a couple of the guys and their girlfriends, and Zay, insistent on documenting the summer, made you stand at the end of the dock to pose for a picture. Your arms were wrapped around Michael’s middle, wearing his baseball cap backwards on your head, and had burst out laughing at a joke he had told. The caption read, “Love you like XO,” the John Mayer reference putting a smile on your face.

“Yeah,” you said slowly, smiling at the memory, “but that was a million strangers. This is my family we’re talking about.”

“Oh, you mean people who love and care about you and want you to be happy?”

You rolled your eyes, giving him a light shove for his sarcastic response. “You know what I mean. Family is different. I didn’t get to pick them.”

“Trust me. Nothing they say or do is going to turn me away. I got this,” he said confidently, giving your arms a reassuring shake. Just then, it clicked into place that that was your real concern all along. How could he know that when you didn’t even realize it yourself?

“You sure about that?” you winked, and he nodded. Crinkling your nose up at him, you pressed your lips against his softly to signify you were giving the go-ahead. What’s the worst that could happen?

“I want to see how you became you. And thank your mom for giving you this hot ass,” he grinned, delivering a quick slap to your behind.

You giggled. “Actually, that’s definitely from my dad’s side of the family. Not sure you want to be thanking him for that.”
Michael’s face fell, a serious expression crossing his handsome features as he cleared his throat, speaking with an exaggerated politeness. “It’s very nice to meet you, Mr. Y/L/N. You have raised a lovely daughter. I understand I have you to thank for her most perfect and particularly fine ass. There simply isn’t anything quite like watching it bounce on my cock, you know what I mean, sir?”

You snorted and rolled your eyes, laughing at his impression. He then moved his gaze across the room, his fake smile plastered on his face. “And Mrs. Y/L/N, so wonderful to meet you as well. I’d like to pass my compliments on to you for that smart mouth of Y/N’s. She can be quick-tongued, but god damn, can she suck a dick.”

“Michael!” You laughed.

“Yeah, I really think that’ll go over well,” he said, nodding thoughtfully.

“I’m sure it will.”

Thursday afternoon came, and Michael met you at your condo to make the trek across the state. The graduation party wasn’t until Saturday, but you were going to spend the day on Friday helping to setup and prepare, and your mom had promised to make her famous lasagna for dinner on Thursday.

You spent a large portion of the two hour drive explaining your family tree, complete with Michael using his tablet to look up photos and ‘study,’ as he called it. Though you laughed at him for being a dork, you thought it was sweet that he would go through so much effort to learn about your family.

“So… Uncle Greg is your mom’s brother, and Shelly, the blonde one, is his wife?”

You nodded, letting him continue. “And their kids are Ashley, with the dark hair, and… Emily?”

“No, Emily is Uncle Adam’s daughter. She’s the blonde one. Danielle is Ashley’s sister; she’s the one closest to my age.”

“Right. I knew that,” he shook his head, mentally filing the information away.
Pulling into your neighborhood, you watched Michael observe his surroundings as you drove down the winding road, surrounded by landscaping, as you approached your home. You knew his childhood hadn’t been a walk in the park, and you felt a pang of guilt. Your family wasn’t rich, but knew you were privileged to have grown up in a good town, in a good home, with a good family dynamic.

The car rounded the final turn before pulling into your driveway. Anticipation was bubbling inside of you, but he looked calm, cool, and collected as you retrieved your bags from the trunk.

“You ready?” you asked, turning to face him and wrapping your arms around his middle. You looked up at him and studied his face, searching for any sign of nerves or hesitation and found none.

“Born ready,” he winked, leaning forward to plant a chaste kiss on your lips. “Let’s go.”

As your hand brushed against the doorknob, Michael pressed himself against you, brushing your hair to the side.

“Can’t wait to fuck you in your childhood bedroom,” he said lowly in your ear. A subtle shiver ran through your body, heat coursing between your thighs. You had no time to reply, though, because as you opened your mouth, the door was opening and Michael was pulling away from you as your mom let out a shriek of excitement.

Quickly beckoning you in the house, she pulled you into a tight hug before you said, “Mom, this is Michael.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Mrs. Y/L/N,” he smiled, extending a hand.

“Oh, please,” your mom waved a hand and opened her arms, gathering him in for a hug. “Give me a hug!”

Your father, on the other hand, was not quite as welcoming, as to be expected, but he smiled as he stuck out his hand. Michael grasped it and shook it firmly. “Good to meet you, Mr. Y/L/N.”

You made introductions with the rest of your family -- your brother Will, aunts, uncles, and cousins -
- and your mother quickly ushered the group in, offering drinks and snacks. Michael was charming as ever as he mingled with your family, staying by your side but unafraid to strike up a separate conversation nearby. Your uncle quickly stole him for a conversation about the Peaky Blinders, eager to discuss the team’s offseason plan.

The next few hours passed quickly as you caught up with family and told and retold the story of how you and Michael met. He would slip his arm around your shoulders and proudly claim that he had known from the moment he saw you that you were special, causing you to roll your eyes but smile as your family members “aww”ed. He knew exactly what he was doing, that sap.

Your mom was bustling about in the kitchen with your uncle, and when Michael offered to help, she shooed him away. “Why don’t you go put your things upstairs, Y/N? You can show Michael your room. Make yourselves comfortable; we’ve got another 20 minutes or so before dinner’ll be ready.”

Michael was quick to the draw and grabbed both of your bags, slinging them over his shoulders (“you don’t have to be a show off, Mr. Muscles,” you scoffed sarcastically) and following you as you opened the door to the room you had grown up in.

“Wow, this is…”

“A lot? I know,” you grinned sheepishly, watching him take in the decor of your room that was still decorated the basically the same as it had been when you lived there 7 years prior. Good Charlotte, My Chemical Romance, and The Used posters covered the blue walls, along with a photo wall of magazine cutouts, band members, and album covers.

“I went through an emo phase, okay?”

“I can see that,” Michael chuckled, taking in the unknown subjects of the collage of high school photos on another wall as he set the bags down. He paused, one photo in particular catching his eye. “I like this one the best.”

You stepped closer to see the picture: It was you at a Peaky Blinders game, against the glass, sporting a Thomas Shelby jersey and a sign that said, ‘#61 on the ice, #1 in my heart.’

“So that’s why you like John so much — you were in love with his older brother when he was a Blinder,” Michael tutted, understanding dawning on his face.
“Honestly, I don’t know a single girl my age who wasn’t in love with him,” you defended yourself, cheeks going slightly pink. “He truly is the GOAT, as the kids say.”

“Can’t blame ya there, he’s a legend,” Michael agreed with you. “Have to say, though, of all the jerseys I’ve seen you wear, y’look the best in mine.”

“Really? Because you seem to enjoy taking your jersey off me more.”

“Now that is true,” he nodded, smirking at you before pulling out his phone and taking a picture of the photo. “Definitely sending this to the guys.”

“Oh my god, don’t you dare send that to John!”

Michael held his phone above his head, out of your reach, but that didn’t stop you from jumping to try and grab it from his hand. He laughed at your attempts as you placed your hand on his arm (and in the back of your head, a small part of you knew you just wanted to get your hand on his bicep) to use it as leverage, stretching your arm out.

“What do I get in return if I don’t?” he challenged, smirking at you again.

You narrowed your eyes, ceasing your now feeble attempts at retrieving the phone. “Don’t think I don’t know what you’re doing, Gray.”

Michael held his hands up, feigning innocence. “I’m not doin’ anything. Don’t know what you’re talking ‘bout.”

Biting your lip, you glanced at the door to check no one approaching from the hallway before stepping closer to him defiantly, eyes lifting to meet his. Their normal greenish blue color had darkened as he met your gaze. “I’ll blow you later if you don’t send that photo out.”

He chuckled lowly, slipping his arms around you and pulling you closer to him, phone all but forgotten as he murmured quietly, “I told you, love, I want you to do more than just blow me.”

You froze, staring at him incredulously. His smirk only grew as you felt his hands trailing from your
waist down over the fabric of your jeans, squeezing a large handful of your ass.

“Michael, I can’t — we can’t… you were serious?”

“As a heart attack, baby,” he said, moving his mouth closer to your ear to whisper. “I know it turns you on thinking about getting fucked while your parents are down the hall.”

Another involuntary shiver shot through your system, heat rising in your cheeks and pooling between your thighs.

“You’re wet right now thinking about it, aren’t you?” he asked teasingly, letting one of his hands move from your ass to the front of your jeans where he cupped your heat.

“Michael, we can’t —” you protested, trying desperately to resist the feeling of his fingers running over your clit through the denim. “My bed is so squeaky.”

“Then I’ll fuck you on the floor,” he said matter-of-factly.

You had to actively stifle a whimper at his confidence and determination, despite the fact that you really did not want to get caught in that compromising position by your parents, or anyone in your family, really. Unfortunately for you, Michael noticed.

“You do like the thought, don’t you? Dirty girl.”

Biting your lip, you glanced down the hallway again before moving to shut the door quietly. Michael’s face spread to the cockiest smirk you’d ever seen, and part of you wanted to slap it off his face, while the other part of you wanted to put it between your thighs and not let him out until you were moaning his name.

“Blowjob only. Prove to me you can be quiet, and then we’ll talk.”

He raised his eyebrows, nodding in agreement, before signaling with his hand to get on your knees. You obeyed, looking up at him, when he motioned to his crotch expectantly, letting you know he wanted you to do the work.
You rolled your eyes, running your hand over the fabric of his jeans, feeling his member and palming it before dragging a hand to unbutton and unzip his pants. Pulling the material down his legs, your palm returned to his dick, rubbing it gently and feeling it quickly harden underneath your fingertips, making you feel all-powerful.

Smirking up at him, you pressed your lips against him through the fabric of his boxer briefs and heard a sharp inhale. You ran your tongue along the outline of his length before letting your teeth graze along.

Briefly, in the back of your head, you remembered you were supposed to be returning downstairs and didn’t have time to drag this out as much as you’d like to. You dragged his boxers down to meet his pants at his feet and licked your lips at the sight that greeted you, a sight that never got old. Honestly, his dick belonged in a museum.

“Have I ever told you how gorgeous your cock is?” you breathed, looking up at him while you languidly stroked his length.

Michael swallowed, eyes boring into yours, and shook his head.

“Well, it is,” you whispered lowly. “It’s a fucking work of art, and I’m so lucky that it’s mine.”

You watched him bite back a groan as you stuck your tongue out and slapped his length against it. You sucked the head between your lips, swirling your tongue around the tip and tasting the precum.

“Don’t tease,” he growled, careful to keep his tone low.

With that simple command, you let his tip slip further into your mouth as your lips enveloped more of his length. Casting another glance up at him, you saw his eyes shut and mouth open in a deep exhale before you started to pump. You took him repeatedly into the hot cavern of your mouth, hollowing your cheeks out and running your tongue on the underside with each bob of your head.

“Shit, baby,” he groaned lowly, eyes opening and looking back down at you, admiring the view. “Look so good on your knees for me.”
Bringing your hand up to circle around his member, you stroked the base as you set a rhythm between your mouth and your hand. You were careful to keep your slurping noises quiet, but when you pulled away for a breath of air, a thick string of saliva and precum trailed from the tip of his dick to your lips and he had to stifle a groan, his cock twitching at the sight.

You looked up at him as you licked your lips before taking him in your mouth again, setting a faster pace that had him bucking his hips against you.

Michael grumbled, “Fuck. M’close, babe.”

Maintaining your speed, you brought your hand back to wrap around him, squeezing him slightly, determined to hit his climax. You watched his face scrunch up and he barely gave you a warning as he exploded into your mouth, hot liquid coating the back of your throat.

Swallowing the salty mixture and licking your lips, you sent him a smirk as he tucked himself back into his shorts. He pulled you up off your knees and pressed a kiss against your lips. “You’re amazing, d’you know that?”

“I know,” you grinned, allowing him to adjust himself before opening the door and heading back downstairs for dinner, Michael feeling sated and your family none the wiser.

After eating second — and, in Michael’s case, third — helpings of lasagna, the rest of the evening passed quickly with a few family board games, several beers, and lots of belly-laughter.

“Damn it!” you exclaimed, throwing your cards down onto the table, admitting defeat from Michael, your brother, and aunt.

“I know you too well, babe,” laughed Michael, casually collecting the cards from around the table. You made eye contact with Danielle, a smirk gracing her face at the pet name, and rolled your eyes, stifling a yawn.

“Time for bed, I think,” you commented, glancing at your phone to check the time. “Wow, it’s 11:30 already?”

“Time flies when you’re having fun,” Will grinned. “And when I’m kicking your ass.”
“Yeah, yeah, whatever,” you shook your head, standing up and nudging his shoulder with your fist. “You coming, Gray?”

“I’ll be up in a bit,” he called after you. “I want to show Will this video I saw yesterday.”

You hid your slightly surprised reaction, nodding and retreating upstairs to get ready for bed. It felt almost cliche, like a movie, that he got along with your family so well; it was like he had been part of it for years, gelling so quickly with the dynamic. You could hardly believe that this was real -- and it was your life.

Little did you know, as you had long since snuggled yourself into your bed and dozed off, your brother, Will, was thinking the same thing.

“Dude, I can’t believe my sister is dating Michael Gray,” he chuckled, running a hand through his hair as he started a new round in the video game he and Michael were playing. “And that I’m playing Fortnite with him on my couch.”

Michael laughed, “Yeah, man, it’s real.”

“Sorry, I know you’re just a normal guy. I just mean... Y/N’s great and all, she’s my sister and I love her, but dude, you could probably bag any chick you want.”

“Yeah, I guess that kind of got old after awhile.”

Will grinned, “I can’t imagine a day where I’ll feel that way.”

Michael laughed, leaning forward to take a swig of his beer. “Someday, you will. I guess… I guess she is the chick I want. It sounds stupid or whatever, but once I met her I didn’t even think twice about leaving that life behind.”

“I really love her, man.”

Will nodded understandingly. “That explains it.”

“What d’you mean?”

“Well, I had a feeling based on that stupid look she gets on her face around you. But Y/N hasn’t brought a guy home… ever.”

“She hasn’t?”

“Nah, man. I mean, she had a few boyfriends in high school that would come over, but never anyone serious.”

“I didn’t know that.” That explained why you were so nervous to bring him to meet your family. The knowledge instilled a pride in him, knowing that he was the first one to be introduced to those closest to you as your boyfriend. He smiled to himself, filing that information away for a rainy day.

“I’m not gonna do the whole ‘you hurt my sister and I’ll kill you’ thing, ’cause let’s be honest here, I’m not gonna try to take you in a fight,” Will joked. “But I’m really glad she found you, man. She deserves it.”

“Thanks,” Michael smiled sheepishly, returning to his controller, noting the end of the moment they shared. A few moments of silence passed, then —

“You can never tell her I said something nice about her,” Will said sternly, shooting Michael a look of warning.

“Your secret’s safe with me, man.”

The next morning, you awoke to the smell of bacon wafting through the hallways. Yawning, you rolled over — at least, you attempted to, but sharing a twin sized bed with a professional athlete
proved difficult, not to mention, his legs were sprawled across the already small mattress, reducing your space that much more.

Michael’s body stirred next to you and his breathing altered, letting you know that he, too, was awake. Gently, you nudged his legs back to one side with your knee and he obliged, but not before stretching his limbs and letting out a good morning groan.

“Have to say,” said Michael’s gravelly voice, pulling the twisted sheets from between your bodies and adjusting them to cover you both properly. “As terrible as this bed is, kinda like that it forces you to snuggle up to me.”

“You’re like a fucking furnace,” you whined, kicking your feet out from under the sheets to feel some cooler air on your skin.

He hummed, ignoring your comment, the arm that was lazily spread underneath your body pulling you closer to him. Nothing else made Michael feel as on top of the world as he did when he woke up with you next to him. Watching you dreaming, oblivious to the world, your warm, bare skin pressed against him after trailing his tongue, lips, fingertips over it the night before; the faded scent of your vanilla shampoo on him and in his nose and on his skin. Here was a man who played a sport full of adrenaline and energy, had won championships in front of thousands of fans, and yet it paled in comparison to you and your skin and your sleepy morning smile. He loved making you cum — God, he loved making you cum — but this was a whole different kind of high.

“Love you like XO,” he breathed against your temple.

“Mmm,” was your effort in agreeing, tilting your head slightly so your lips brushed the skin of his neck. You slid your arms to wrap around his muscular torso and hooked your leg around his to hold him closer to you. Though he’d never tell you, this was his favorite thing. To be here, like this, with you. Even if it was in an old, small bed in a bright blue room covered in band posters.

You laid that way for awhile, listening to soft footsteps downstairs and muffled voices, drifting in and out of a light sleep only to be woken up by soft kisses and feather-light caresses of fingertips.

“We should get up,” he prompted, but made no effort to move.

“Want to stay here like this all day,” you mumbled into his shoulder.
“We’ve got plenty of time for this later, love.”

Grumbling, you sighed dramatically as you wrenched yourself away from the warmth and comfort of his arms, immediately missing his touch. He laughed at you, tossing his shirt at you in jest.

The two of you trudged down the stairs, wiping the sleep from your eyes, grateful for the fresh coffee waiting for you at the bottom. You watched as your aunt reviewed the to-do list for the day, handing out assignments for once breakfast had been consumed. You had been assigned to helping to clean the bathrooms and create photo collages, while Michael and Will were tasked with setting up the tent and tables in the backyard.

Breakfast consisted of bagels and scrambled eggs and short conversation, and then the group dispersed. You opted for a quick shower before spending the next hour or two cleaning the bathrooms (part of you wondering why you had to scrub the upstairs bathroom spotless when no guests would be using it), then finally moved on to the photo display.

Your mom had sent you upstairs to the office closet to sort through a few boxes of pictures in search of childhood photos of Ashley. Once you had located them, you bent down to carefully pull two boxes from their spot on the floor.

Standing up straight, you felt his firm body pressed up against yours. Hands slid into place on either hip and you felt lips press against the back of your neck.

“Hi,” you smiled, placing the box you held onto a shelf in front of you. “Tent all set up?”

“Mmhmm,” he said, then squeezed your hips, murmuring against your skin. “You look so good in this dress, baby... Been thinking about peeling it off of you all day.

“Oh yeah?”

“Mmhmm,” he said again, pulling your hair away from your neck as he brought his lips to the side of it, hands slipping down the backs of your thighs and dragging the material of the dress up. Goosebumps erupted in its path, causing a shiver throughout your body. “M’here to cash in on that promise.”

“Michael, not here, my family is downstairs and awake to hear us,” you protested, but weakly. He
was suckling at *that* spot on your neck that never failed to turn you into a whimpering mess in his hands.

“Guess that just means you’ll have to be quiet then, huh?”

You stifled a moan at his words, instantly turning you on and sending heat coursing through your body. Next thing you knew, the skirt of your dress was bunched up around your hips and his large hands were massaging the globes of your ass, torturously slow in the way that drove you mad. You found yourself involuntarily pressing yourself into his touch, craving more, wanting anything he would give you.

“Gotta make this quick so they don’t wonder where we are,” he whispered, fingers hooking in the lace of your thong and pulling it to the side before rubbing your folds. “Mmm… always so wet for me.”

Michael pushed a finger into you slowly, groaning in your ear as you leaned your head back against his shoulder and stifled another moan. He pumped a few times before quickly adding another finger and finding a rhythm that had you clenching around his digits in no time. You barely registered that you needed to remain quiet, having trouble focusing on anything that wasn’t his fingers fucking you slowly.

“So fucking tight,” he murmured softly in your ear. “Wish I had time to eat this delicious cunt.”

“Michael, please,” you pleaded, throwing any hesitation that remained aside, desperate to feel more of him inside you. You were actively pushing yourself back onto his fingers, meeting each push of his hand.

“You ready for me, baby? You want my cock?”

“Fuck yes,” you whimpered, bracing yourself by placing your hands on the wall in front of you and pushing your ass out. “Always ready for you, Michael.”

“That’s my girl,” he praised, and you heard the sound of a zipper and rustling of fabric before feeling his length heavy against your ass, thrusting roughly between your cheeks. Sticking your ass out to grind against him, you felt more wetness pool between your thighs at the soft grunt he let out.
Michael gripped your hips again and slid inside with one smooth push of his hips, your mouth falling open silently as he filled you to the brim. Tucking your bottom lip between your teeth to stop yourself from moaning, you arched your back to allow for easiest access. He immediately set a fast, rough pace that only fueled your fire, his cock rocking into you and stretching you deliciously. Call it cliche, but sneaking around in the closet of your childhood home was hot.

“Feels so good,” he grunted lowly, hands trailing up to the front of your dress to tug the fabric down and reveal your breasts. He grabbed them both in his hands and began kneading them roughly along with his thrusts. “Always so fucking tight.”

Soon, he was pounding into you relentlessly, and the sensible part of you would be worried about someone hearing the slapping of his hips against your skin, but you were too far gone to actually care. Anyone in your family could walk in at any moment and you wouldn’t stop, needing him to keep driving into you so deliciously. Whimpers escaped from your lips as he changed his angle ever so slightly so he was hitting the spot.

“F-fuck,” you gasped, unable to do anything but take what he was giving you.

Michael slid his hand from your breast up to your mouth, muffling your moans with his palm.

“Gotta be quiet, baby,” he murmured into your ear. “Wouldn’t want everyone to hear us, would we?”

Fuck.

“N-no,” you replied, but immediately after, another moan escaped your lips.

“Think I need to help you be quiet,” he said, pulling out and earning a groan from you at the loss, before turning you around and pushing your back against the wall, wrapping your leg around his waist.

He wasted no time in thrusting back into you roughly, this time his hand sliding up your arm to wrap around your throat.

Fuuuuuuuck. This was new.
Your mouth opened in a silent scream at the action as he drove home, fucking you relentlessly.

“Fuck, you like that, don’t you, baby?” he murmured, the quiet and almost gentle tone a stark contrast to the way he was slamming into you. His fingers squeezed the flesh of your neck, restricting your windpipe as you felt your orgasm rapidly approaching. “Fucking squeezing my cock so good, gonna make me cum in this tight pussy, aren’t you?”

You nodded, not trusting yourself to let any sound out of your throat. You were rolling your hips against him with each thrust, growing desperate for your release. His eyes were boring into yours and you were pretty sure your body was on fire. Biting your lip, you couldn’t help but smile at him through the intensity of the moment.

“Yeah? You wanna feel my cum dripping out of you while you’re sitting next to your dad, huh? You dirty girl.”

Jesus Christ. His words sent a shock straight to your clit as your hands found his biceps, clinging desperately onto them as they flexed from the force he was exerting.

“Michael —“ you mouthed, gasping for air as he released his hold on your throat, hand returning to your hips as he used that as leverage to pull you onto his cock. You were putty in his arms, letting him twist and pull you whichever way he pleased.

“Shit, love, cum for me,” he murmured, slotting his lips over yours to capture your moan on his tongue as your orgasm washed over your body, holding onto him for dear life.

“Fuck,” Michael cursed, keeping his pace and working you through the last waves of your climax while simultaneously chasing his own. You bit his lip as it ghosted over yours, his thrusts becoming rougher and more sloppy. His hips pressed into you as he reached his peak, biting your shoulder to keep his outcry at bay as you felt his hot load spurting inside of you.

Turning your head to capture his lips in a heated kiss, you winced slightly as he pulled out and you felt warmth dripping out of your core.

“Better be careful not to spill any of that, love,” he commented, nodding his head toward the liquid dribbling on your thighs.
You adjusted your underwear, feeling his cum still pooling in your panties underneath your dress, causing you to rub your thighs together for the rest of the day.

After confirming with your aunt, Michael officially joined you on the photo squad, and you spent over an hour sifting through the boxes, sorting out useable photos and reflecting on the memories held in each one, like the time you and Danielle had decided to do your own makeup and covered your faces in red lipstick, and the time that you and your brother both sobbed upon meeting a mall Santa.

Finally, you pasted the photos on the trifold board and took it downstairs so Ashley and the others could admire your handiwork.

“This looks great, Y/N! Thanks!” she exclaimed, pulling you into a hug. You watched her eyes dart to your shoulder, a confused expression taking over her face. “What’s that?”

Craning your head to look at what she was referring to, you noticed a dark spot on your shoulder from where Michael had sunk his teeth. Your stomach lurched as you frantically searched for an excuse. Straightener burn? Massage gone bad? I-don’t-know-I’ve-never-seen-that?

“Oh, I... hit my shoulder at a weird angle with the car door the other day.”

She looked as if she was going to question it, and you silently thanked the higher powers that she didn’t as she commented, “ouch,” before shrugging and walking away. You turned sheepishly to Michael, who was grinning at you.

“Nice save, love.”
Raining on Sunday

Chapter Summary

"Your love is like religion
Across in Mexico
And your kiss is like the innocence
Of a prayer nailed to the door
Oh surrender is much sweeter when we both let it go
Let the water wash our bodies clean
And love wash our souls
Pray that it's raining on Sunday
Storming like crazy
We'll hide under the covers all afternoon"

-Keith Urban

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Smut, unprotected sex, a little dubcon if you squint. Inspired by a Katie Kush video and PJ set similar to this.

It was early on Sunday afternoon in the middle of July, the rain gracing the land for the first time in weeks but forcing you to stay inside. Having spent the previous day on the lake, the primary goal for the day was relaxation. Michael had spent much of the morning between your thighs, taking his time to coax you through two body-shaking orgasms, turning the day into that kind of sleepy morning that extends through the whole afternoon.

After making a simple breakfast of toast and eggs, Michael moseyed his way to the basement to hop on his Xbox and play video games, leaving you alone with the book you had rented from the library and were eager to dig into.

A few hours passed quietly, the calm of the house and Gus’ rhythmic breath settling in as you dove into your novel, shifting poses occasionally on the couch.
“Hey babe,” came Michael’s voice as he walked through the kitchen to find you lounging on the couch in the living room. “M’gonna head to the gym —“

He stopped in his tracks at the sight of you, laying on your stomach and engrossed in your book, but that wasn’t what caught his attention. You were sporting a simple matching short and tank set, baby blue, the material thin and loose yet clinging to the curve of your ass.

Michael swallowed audibly, sure that his brain short-circuited for a moment as he registered the sight in front of him, your tank riding up to reveal the smooth, creamy skin of your stomach and lower back, glowing tan from your day on the boat. (Somehow, this outdid seeing you in a bikini, which never ceased to distract him.)

“Jesus, love,” he breathed. “What is this?”

Your eyes remained trained on your book, though you had stopped taking in the text to listen to him when he spoke to you. “What’s what?”

“This… outfit.”

“Just threw it on to relax,” you said casually, eyes focusing back on the text.

His eyes trailed your figure hungrily, particularly taking in your ass, as the cut of the fabric left little to the imagination. He stepped forward, entranced, his knee coming to rest on the side of the couch cushion, fingertips grazing the flesh of your ass before feeling the soft material between the pads of his fingers.

“Fuck,” he cursed. The way he had grabbed the bottoms had caused the fabric to move, falling at a different angle and allowing him to see beneath. “You don’t… you aren’t wearing any panties?”

You shrugged, turning a page of your book, barely coming back to reality as you answered, “Didn’t feel like it.”

Michael sucked in a sharp breath, feeling the blood rush between his thighs and immediately inflate his member. He fingered the hem of your shorts before lightly dragging them to the side to catch
another glimpse of your bare pussy beneath the material, swallowing thickly.

He stood staring, unmoving, almost feeling like a creep, but he couldn’t manage to stop himself, mesmerized by the way the material clung to your figure in all the right ways. He was fairly certain he might’ve forgotten how to breathe, enticed by the view you presented. He definitely wasn’t sure if he was breathing -- that was a far away thought, out of mind while you laid in front of him like a perfectly wrapped gift on Christmas morning.

Embarrassingly, he was hard as steel in his gym shorts, throbbing almost painfully, just from seeing you laying there. You were completely oblivious, lost in the world of your book, unaware of your peeping Tom. Or, rather, peeping Michael.

“Shit,” you vaguely heard him mumble again, his other knee falling to the couch as he kneeled beside you, fingertips brushing your thighs as he moved to massage the globe of your ass. He wanted to stay like this all day, feeling the flesh of your ass, your perfect ass, in his large hands — no, scratch that, he wanted to do a lot more than just squeeze your ass. “You look… fucking magnificent.”

“Thought you were going to the gym,” you said, casting him a glance. Your ankles crossed and absentmindedly rubbed your toes against each other, flipping a page in your book.

“Changed my mind.” he replied casually, hooking your shorts to the side, easily revealing what he wanted to see most at how loose the material was. He trailed his index finger through your folds, gently teasing you, testing the waters. He was hungry now, ready to ravish you until you were crying out his name. The tent in his gym shorts twitched at the thought of being buried inside your delicious heat.

“Michael,” you sighed, realizing what he was up to. “I just want to relax and read my book.”

“So relax and read your book.”

Though you tried to ignore him, you had all but forgotten about the book in front of you as his fingers continued to tease your entrance. You made no indication to him that you were no longer reading, though, determined not to let him win for the sake of your relaxing Sunday. His breathing hitched when a second finger joined his first, rubbing some of the wetness that had collected on his fingertips against your lips, traveling to slowly circle your clit, gentle against the sensitive bud.
Shocked at how convincing your disinterested act was, your eyes still gazed down at your book (though neither of you had noticed that you hadn’t turned a page in awhile). Your indifference changed, though, when Michael pushed a thick finger in between your folds; your mouth fell open silently and you knew your pussy clenched around his digit. He withdrew entirely and slowly pushed back in, letting your walls suck him in, greedy for more. You wondered if he was watching the way your lips grabbed his finger, engulfing it in your slick. Taking the finger into his mouth, he quickly licked off the juices, a low groan leaving his throat as he savored the taste, tangy on his tongue.

He slipped his finger back inside your hole, and you could feel yourself involuntarily clench as he teased you, feeling his body leaning forward to whisper softly in your ear and send shivers down your spine.

“If you just want to relax, how come your cunt is soaking wet, baby?”

You bit your lip, deciding to finally give in to the pleasure and roll your hips ever so slightly against his hand. Noticing your encouragement, Michael added another finger and was soon pumping you steadily, deliciously, perfectly, obscene wet noises being the only sound in the room every time he withdrew.

“I think you like being a little fucking tease, huh? That why you’re so wet for me? Fuck, you’re so wet.”

You let out a small whimper in response, his words causing even more wetness to gather. Your body trembled with arousal, soaked into every inch of you, and you were certain you wouldn’t last much longer if he kept doing that —

Much to your dismay, he pulled his fingers out, leaving you feeling very aware of how empty you felt and how badly you wanted him on every inch of your skin all at once. You let out a frustrated whine in an effort to let him know you were displeased. Next thing you knew, you heard the rustling of fabric, what sounded like clothes crumpling on the floor, and soon felt his cock pressed against the cheeks of your ass. Looks like your message was received.

“Keep reading your book, baby,” he murmured softly. “Don’t want to stop you from relaxing.”

He pulled the material of your shorts again, hooking it to one side as he rubbed the head of his cock against your soaking folds. Your head fell forward onto your arms as he pushed in slowly, stretching every inch of you out deliciously.
“Look so fucking good in this little outfit,” he said lowly, pumping in and out of you slowly. His eyes were glued to where you connected, almost hypnotized by the way his cock looked sliding out of your wet folds and the way your ass jiggled with every push forward. “Got me hard as a rock just looking at you. Can’t help myself when you look so tempting all laid out for me with this pretty pussy out on display.”

You let out another whimper, louder this time as he bottomed out, filling you completely to the brim, hips nestled against your ass. The book lay forgotten in front of you as you hiked your ass up for him to squeeze, setting a smooth and steady tempo that drove you mad.

“Michael, please.”

“Yeah, what do you want, baby?”

“Fuck me, please,” you whined desperately, pushing back to meet his thrusts.

Michael took your direction immediately, bunching up the fabric of your shorts in his hand and using it as leverage to pull you back onto his dick as he began to bounce your ass against him. He used his other hand to spank the flesh once, twice, as you let out a moan.

“This what you wanted, yeah? You wanted to tease me? Don’t get enough attention so you wear this tiny little thing to tempt me?”

Truthfully, you hadn’t worn the get-up for any reason other than it was comfortable (though you did like the way your ass looked in the shorts), but now you thought it was a pretty good outcome. Even if your afternoon wasn’t quite turning out as originally planned, knowing that he saw you and simply had to have you right then and there was an instant turn on; the thought that he would use your body for his own pleasure made your skin tingle.

Michael was now fucking you harder, slamming into you with full force as you braced yourself with your hands on the couch cushions. The feeling was exquisite, sending waves of pleasure through your body, your skin on fire with arousal.

“Baby,” you moaned, sounding straight out of a pornographic video. The sound sent a wave directly to his cock. “Feels so good.”
“Yeah, let me hear those sexy moans, love,” he panted, encouraging.

You didn’t hold back any sound that escaped your throat as he continued fucking you, driving into your slick folds. He felt so damn good stretching you out, feeling the head of his cock dragging between your walls. You began to push yourself backwards onto him as he thrust forward, and he let out a strangled groan.

“Fuck, baby, fuck yourself on my cock. That’s so sexy,” his low voice said, delivering another smack to your ass, eyes not leaving the spot.

You were bracing yourself on the couch cushion, pushing yourself back with all of your effort, desperate to keep feeling him filling you up, desperate for his cock inside of you.

“Shit,” he cursed, slowing down for a moment and causing you to whine. “Can’t look at your ass so much or I’m gonna blow my load early.”

Grinning, you wiggled your hips around his cock, which earned another sharp slap to the flesh of your ass.

“Naughty girl,” he growled.

Feigning innocence, you turned to look back at him. “Thought you liked watching my ass bounce on your cock.”

“I do, baby,” he said, pressing his lips together. “But I want to make this perfect pussy cum first. Isn’t that what you want?”

“Mmm,” you nodded.

“Flip over for me, love. Spread those legs like a good girl.”

Eagerly, you did as you were told, settling on your back and really looking at him for the first time of
this escapade. His pupils were blown and his face looked totally fucked out, cheeks flushed and a
light sheen of sweat on his brow as he gazed down at you, raking in your figure and the outfit from
the front.

“Jesus Christ, you look so good,” he mumbled, hands running up your body to push up the tank
slightly to reveal more skin of your stomach before palming one of your breasts through the material.
He didn’t know what part of you to touch, to kiss, to fuck; he was overwhelmed by you and your
skin and your curves, wanting all of it at once.

You arched your back into his touch, looking at him through heavy, hooded lids before slowly
dragging your hand down your body to pull the shorts to the side again and revealing your wet and
now slightly puffy pussy.

Michael’s eyes immediately shot to your movement and he swallowed heavily as he took in the sight
of you spread out beneath him.

“Didn’t you say you were gonna make this pussy cum?” you asked, looking up at him with the most
innocent eyes you could muster as you drew a few light circles around your clit. “It’s dripping for
you, baby.”

He growled a little in response, fisting his cock and stroking it before pressing it against your clit.
Your eyes closed, reveling in the electricity it sent through your core.

“You want this cock?”

“Mmhmm,” you whined, rolling your hips in an attempt to feel more friction. You could feel your
juices dripping, wanting more — needing more.

“Say it.”

You bit your lip, obliging, “Baby, please, fuck me with your big cock. Need to feel you inside me.”

“God damn, I love it when you beg,” he smirked, lining himself up and sliding back into you in one
smooth thrust.
You let out a low, extended moan as he continued his slow rhythm, letting you feel every inch and watching you whimper, desperate for more. Without warning, he bottomed out roughly and set a bruising pace, holding your legs spread open as he drove into you. Your hands slid to his forearms, gripping them tightly, tossing your head back. Michael’s eyes roved over the smooth expanse of your neck, down to your tits that were bouncing perfectly in your rumpled tank top, one hard nipple poking out.

He scanned the rest of your body, landing on your delicious pussy and his cock sliding in and out of it. Your juices coated the flesh of his member, and your lips welcomed each thrust, accepting everything he was giving eagerly.

“Look at you,” he murmured. “All spread out for me like a little slut. You love being a dirty girl for me, don’t you?”

You whimpered, nodding your head, pulling the fabric of your shirt down to squeeze your breast.

“Taking me so well,” Michael groaned at the sight, watching you roll a nipple between your fingers. “Look so fucking good taking this cock, you know that?”

“Michael,” you whined, his words sending vibrations to your core, the pressure close to a peak. “I’m close.”

“Yeah? Want me to make you cum with my cock, baby?”

“Mmhmm, please.”

He pressed the pad of his finger against your clit, rubbing it roughly, and your climax hit you full force. Michael drank in the sight of you, your mouth open in a cry of his name, your body rolling with the waves of your orgasm. This was his favorite sight — you, letting the high take over and, for those few sacred moments, in a complete state of bliss and freedom. He loved that those were moments only you two shared together; loved the intimacy and connection it brought, that he was the only person who got to see you so vulnerable and raw.

As you came down from your high, Michael continued pushing into you, now determined to reach his own. You looked up at him, biting your lip before saying smoothly, “You gonna cum for me, baby?”
Pulling both breasts fully out of the tank top, you pushed them together and watched his eyes dilate, zeroing in on them, his thrusts losing their rhythm as he began to fall over the edge. He pulled out of you quickly, jerking his length once, twice, before letting out a guttural groan and spilling hot ropes of his cum over your chest and torso, coating the soft blue fabric in the thick liquid.

You looked up at him as he regained his breath, and the deceptively innocent look in your eyes combined with your puffy lips that gave you a pouty expression made his cock twitch as his eyes raked over you. No, this was definitely his favorite sight.

“Fuck, you look so good in this little outfit, just fucked, covered in my cum,” he murmured, fingers grazing over the warm skin of your thigh as his breathing steadied. “Stay right there for me, love.”

Michael slid off the couch, rummaging through the heap of clothes on the floor until he seemingly found what he was looking for. He pulled out his phone, climbing back onto the couch to resume his previous position between your legs.

You began to protest, concluding that he wanted to snap a photo, but he silenced you by leaning forward to capture your lips in a slow, steamy kiss that sucked the air out of your lungs. He slid his tongue into your mouth and felt you relax under his touch, threading a hand through your hair. Nipping at your bottom lip, Michael swallowed your moan as you grasped at his neck, pulling him in for a deeper kiss. Despite just having an out-of-this-world orgasm, you could feel fresh wetness pooling between your thighs as your hips involuntarily rolled against his legs.

You let out a whimper in protest as he slowly pulled away, smirking at you, before he unlocked his phone and snapped a picture of you. He looked over the photo, admiring his work.

“God damn, this is hot.”

“Michael --”

“Don’t worry, love, this is for my eyes only. I’d never let Zay see this masterpiece,” he winked before turning the phone to you for you to admire. “Look like a proper little slut, don’t you?”

You observed: your hair was tousled, skin glowing from the heat of your orgasm, and somehow he had managed to capture the bedroom eyes you didn’t even know you were making. Your eyes trailed down your own body in the photo, your legs spread slightly and tits poking out of the top hem of the tank top, cum splattered on the soft material and the smooth creaminess of your skin. If you
didn’t know better, you’d think it belonged on a porn site. But, it was you and it was real and it was hot.

“Mmm,” you hummed. “I look good like that.”

Grinning, Michael took his phone back, locking it and tossing it gently back on the floor, hands moving to either side of your head as he looked down at you. His expression told you he was ready to eat you alive, but his eyes were soft as his eyes took in the features of your face. “Fuck yeah you do, baby girl. So fucking sexy.”

“Made you hard just looking at me, huh?”

“Mnhmm,” was Michael’s only reply, lips already moving to attach themselves to your neck. Taking in a shaky breath, you turned your head to allow more access for him to lick and suck into your favorite spots, arching your back into his warmth.

You let out a sigh as he found your sweet spot, sending a wave of goosebumps over your body. You let your hands smooth over the muscles in his back — one of your favorite parts of him — as he sucked a hickey into your neck. By now, your core was completely drenched and you were ready, burning for him once again.

“Baby,” you whimpered as he trailed hot kisses down your chest before taking in a peaked nipple between his lips, attempting to let him know how much you needed him inside of you by rutting your hips against his thigh. Figuring that wasn’t quite communicating the message correctly, you decided on something more direct: “Please fuck me again.”

“Already ready for more, love?”

“Mnhmm, I need it.”

Michael smirked at you, his fingers hooking into your ruined shorts. “Think I’m gonna have to buy you another set, love. This is all you’re allowed to wear around the house anymore.”

You returned the smirk, peeling the tank top off as well, tossing it on the floor to join the bottoms. You felt your skin heat up under his scorching gaze as his hungry eyes took in the sight of your naked body laid out for him. “You’ll never get anything done.”
“I dunno what you’re talking ‘bout,” he grinned. “This is great cardio.”

He never did make it to the gym that day.
Steal My Girl

Chapter Summary

Kisses like cream
Her walk is so mean
And every jaw drop when she in those jeans, alright

Everybody wanna steal my girl
Everybody wanna take her heart away
Couple billion in the whole wide world
Find another one ‘cause she belongs to me

- One Direction

Chapter Notes

Author’s note: This is a request from Tumblr - wasn't part of my original plan, but I went a little nuts with the prompt request so here we are. Also, I know my timeline is a little bit off on this - the end of the regular season is usually beginning of April, and the draft isn’t until the end of June, but let’s just pretend the draft is a little earlier in June. ALSO, I tied in a request from a comment on AO3 to follow up on some Chapter 8 events, too. Enjoy!

Warnings: NSFW 18+. No smut, but sexual content ahead.

After the whole “John Shelby dildo” fiasco, it went without saying that you had been somewhat mortified at the entire scenario — apparently, Michael had left his phone unlocked on the table when he went to use the restroom at team dinner, and Finn had picked it up thinking it was his, seeing the text conversation you had been having with Michael. Chaos — and hilarity — ensued as he spilled the beans to the entire table, Michael returning to John’s ridiculously smug smirk and hoots and hollers from the boys.

Needless to say, you were pleased when the season ended, allowing you to distance yourself from the rest of the team — John especially — for the summer while the whole thing blew over, Michael
quickly agreeing.

Now, nearly a month and a half had gone by and you missed hanging out with the guys, so you figured you might as well accept the situation for what it was: awkward and hilarious. So, when Michael invited you to come to a get together at Arthur’s house to help some of the new draftees assimilate with the team, you hesitantly but happily accepted.

Once you arrived, you slipped the temple of your Ray Ban sunglasses into the white scalloped tank you sported, tucked into a pair of ripped jean shorts (Michael had wolf-whistled upon seeing you walk out of your room when he picked you up, claiming you were a ‘Midwestern Daisy Duke’). John was the first to greet you two, and you played into the joke, returning John’s wink when he hugged you.

“Lookin’ good, love,” John grinned as he released you from the embrace. “Missed you ‘round here the last few weeks.”

“Thanks, babe,” you emphasized, causing Michael to grimace next to you. “Heard you were on a trip in Greece, though, so I can’t imagine you were missing me too much.”

“Oh, I’m always missin’ you,” he said, exaggerating the action of licking his lips and letting his eyes trail down your figure.

Michael cut in dramatically, unnecessarily attempting to assert his position between the two of you, not amused by John’s facetious flirting. “We haven’t left the house much, if you know what I mean.”

“Been spending a lot of time horizontal, eh? She callin’ out my name instead of yours?” John teased.

Michael clenched his jaw, and you placed a hand gently on his shoulder. “Michael, stop. John, you too. Cut it out. We’ve been spending a lot of time at the lake, John, you should come by sometime! Bring that girl you’ve been seeing; Esme, yeah?”

“Sorry, man,” John rolled his eyes, knocking Michael in the shoulder. “Just fuckin’ with ya. I’d love to come hang.”

“Yeah, yeah, it’s all good,” Michael forced a smile and waved him off, before you quickly led him to the bar to grab a drink for both of you.
You let him diffuse for a moment, pressing your lips chastely to his cheek, letting him know it was all just a joke and to relax. Michael led you to a group of young guys, and you allowed him to introduce you to a handful of the new draftees, fresh-faced and eager. You shook hands with each of them, recognizing most of their faces from watching the draft live with Michael and Isaiah, vaguely recollecting some of the stats and observations they had made about each of the young players.

Mingling with the bunch and flitting between groups, taking some time to chat with Ada and Lizzie (whom you had quickly befriended since the beginning of your relationship with Michael), you made your way to the bar once you finished your drink, finding new Blinder Bonnie Gold fishing through the cooler. Feeling your presence, he glanced up at you and nodded, asking, “What’re you drinking?”

“Oh, I’ll take a Corona, please,” you smiled, accepting the bottle he handed you. “Thanks. Bonnie, right?”

“Yeah, that’s me. You’re Michael’s girl, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, I suppose that’s me,” you laughed, taking a swig while looking around the open room at everyone chattering. A few of the guys, Michael included, were out on the expansive porch, involved in what appeared to be an intense game of ping pong. “Where are you from again?”

Conversation flowed as Bonnie told you about his family and how he got into hockey. Soon enough, you had learned about his ambitions and that his hockey mentor was none other than Tommy Shelby, Peaky Blinders alumni, legend, and General Manager. More than that, you learned that Bonnie was funny. He had you bursting into laughter, nearly spitting out your drink on more than one occasion as he recanted stories of John growing up.

“Hey, love, you doin’ alright?” Michael’s smooth voice approached, and he offered Bonnie a smile as he slipped an arm around your waist. You watched Isaiah sidle up beside you two, joining the conversation casually. Where there’s one, the other is never far.

“Yes, Bonnie was just telling me about how John broke two pairs of skates in one weekend — have you heard that story?”

“Oh, no, I bet this one is gold,” Isaiah laughed, encouraging Bonnie to re-tell the story.
You felt Michael tug gently on the belt loop of your shorts, and you met his eyes. “Can I talk to you for a second?”

Frowning slightly, you followed him just out of earshot and slightly down a hallway. “What’s going on, Michael?”

“You tell me.”

“What? What are you talking about?”

“Are you having fun talking to Bonnie?” he questioned, voice low and calm, contrasting the look in his eye as he drank in the sight of you. He eyed you like a predator watching its prey, ready to devour you at any second.

“Yes… Why? What’s the problem?” you looked at him, confused.

“Think he’s awfully funny, do you?”

“Yeah, he’s funny. What’s the big deal?” you shrugged.

Michael scoffed, as if it should be obvious what he was referring to. “Do you know how good you look?”

“I… what?”

“You look hot as fucking hell today, Y/N. Everyone thinks so.”

“Thank you, but I don’t see what this has to do with — Hang on, are you jealous, Michael Gray?”

His jaw twitched, lips firmly shut in a line as he tossed your words around. Suddenly, he became very interested in the grain of the hardwood floor. “No.”

“You are jealous! John, I understand, but Bonnie? Babe, you’re jealous of an 18-year-old kid who
probably has never seen a pair of tits before in his life,” your taupe-glossed lips broke into a grin, giving him a light shove on the shoulder.

“He wants to see yours, that’s for sure,” he mumbled, taking a long swig of the beer held loosely in his hand.

“I’m sorry?” you raised an eyebrow, placing a hand on your hip and trying to stifle the laugh that wanted to escape.

“I’ve been watching him, he’s been eye-fucking the shit out of you and you’re eating it up!”

This time, you weren’t able to hold back the laugh that ripped through your throat, tossing your head back. The thought that Michael could be jealous and insecure over a young recruit was hysterical to you.

Michael’s jaw clenched again, clearly not as amused as you were at the situation. “Stop laughing, it’s not funny.”

“Oh, but it is funny, babe,” you said, shifting on your feet and leaning against the wall. “Why does it even matter?”

“It matters because you’re my girl. You’re mine, Y/N.”

“Oh yeah?” you crossed your arms, shifting your weight onto one leg. “Is that so?”

“Yeah, and —“

“First, I want to make one thing clear: I am your girlfriend, but I do not belong to you, Michael. I can speak to whoever I want to speak with. And second, you are the one that wanted me to be here to get to know the new guys!” you stepped toward him, looking at him defiantly, daring him to challenge you.

“Yeah, well, that was before I saw how they were going to look at you,” he mumbled sheepishly, hand shoved in his pocket.
“Michael,” you sighed. “I don’t know why we have to do this every time — you know that I want you, not John, not Bonnie, not anyone else. I don’t care how everyone else looks at me.”

“But you… You’re too good for me. I’m…” he lowered his voice so it was barely more than a murmur. “I’m afraid you’ll realize that and leave me.”

You had to restrain yourself from rolling your eyes so hard they nearly fell out of your head. This was a macho man, a professional hockey player — a beautiful one, no less — and here he was, worried you would leave him for someone better. *At least he was humble,* you thought. “Michael, we’re not doing this right now.”

“What? All I’m saying is you’re so damn hot and I —“

Your glance at him silenced him. “Do you *really* need me to remind you how much I want you? Is fucking you in my parent’s closet not enough?”

He swallowed audibly, Adam’s apple bobbing in his throat as he looked at you. Clearly, your words invoked a memory he was torn between reliving and pushing away for the sake of continuing the discussion.

You held his gaze as your allowed your manicured fingers to brush down his bicep, feeling the goosebumps that erupted from your touch. You brought your mouth to skim his jaw, flicking your tongue against his neck and breathing, “You want me to show you how bad I want you?”

Michael only let out a slight whimper in response — you loved the rare occasion when you could render him speechless, and you were going to take full advantage of the opportunity. You murmured again in his ear, “You know, you look pretty hot today too.”

Glancing up and down the hallway, confident the view of you was obstructed by the wall, you let your nails drag down his muscular arms, taking his hand in yours, allowing your fingers to gently tangle with his before and pulling them to the waistband of your shorts. You bit your lip in an attempt to stop your smirk as you pushed his hand down until he got the hint, his fingers taking on a life of their own as they made their way into the thin thong you wore, seeking contact with your core.

He sucked in a breath once he met his target, feeling the wetness between your legs.
“Feel that?” you whispered, eyes fluttering shut as he dragged a finger between your folds. “Feel what seeing you in that shirt does to me? Always wet for you, baby.”

Michael groaned slightly as your other hand gripped onto his bicep for support, waves of pleasure pulsing through you at the sensation of him against your sensitive area. “Sure this isn’t for John?”

“No, Michael,” you purred. “It’s all for you.”

He hummed in response, and you felt like you could feel the confidence returning to his body as he inserted one finger, pumping you lightly, and suddenly you felt ready to fuck his brains out in the hallway.

“You’re the only one who does this to me,” you murmured, mouth falling open as he added another finger.

“Yeah? Would you ever let Bonnie boy finger you in the hallway like this?”

“N-no,” you moaned lowly.

Before you could process, his fingers were gone and you heard a slurping noise, opening your eyes to see him sucking your essence off of his digits. You bit your lip, reading the look in his eye that told you he wanted you naked.

He took your hand, leading you out of the hallway and sending a curt nod toward Isaiah. You helplessly followed him, waving goodbye to those who you made eye contact with, and John knowingly wiggled his eyebrows at you.

“Oi, Mike!” he called after you. “Give me a call when you need my help finishing her off, mate!”

You rolled your eyes, Michael flipping him off as he led you out the front doors of the house.
Chapter Summary

"She's a California red in a dive bar
  Hourglass body like a guitar
That forever wild smile appears like a glitter bomb in the atmosphere
  Eyes locked on her like a movie
Like they ain't ever seen a pair of blue jeans
  Can't blame 'em if they want her like I do

I'd be jealous too, if she was with you
I'd be out my mind, watching her move
If I was just the guy with across the room view
I'd be jealous too, if she was with you, with you

She comes on stronger than a bourbon street hand grenade
Feels like you know her 'fore you even really know her name
If you could see her in the morning sleeping next to you
Just like I get to, I'd be jealous too"

-Dustin Lynch

Chapter Notes

**Warnings:** No smut, but adult content ahead. Slight voyeurism kink I guess?

Inspired (with permission) from this HC by the lovely @holy-pucks!

Bonnie sucked in a breath, blood immediately rushing between his legs as he stared, open-mouthed, at the Snapchat he had just received from Michael.

Though the face was cut off, he could tell it was you; that much was obvious. Your left arm draped over your breasts, covering your nipples, but not enough to cover the cum splattered over the swell of your cleavage and your toned, tan stomach. Your golden tan legs were crossed, the angle not showing any sight of what lied between them, but revealing that you most certainly were naked.
“Fuck,” he mumbled, not wanting to tear his eyes away from the photo. Clearly, it was a warning: Don’t fuck with my girl.

Truthfully, he hadn’t meant anything by the conversation he was having with you; he was just trying to make a connection. Of course, he’d be blind if he didn’t think you were pretty, and admittedly, your tits did look exquisite in that tank top, but Michael was one of his biggest idols. He wasn’t about to fuck that relationship up.

Bonnie sighed. Looks like you might’ve already without even trying, Bon.

When he brought up the photo to Isaiah, the man laughed and nodded knowingly. “Ah, so you’ve become victim to the Michael Gray Snapchats. Welcome to the club, man.”

“W-what? He sends these regularly?”

“Oh, I wouldn’t say regularly, but yeah, I think we’ve all gotten at least one. You might be the first one who’s gotten one as a warning though, mate.”

“I wasn’t—”

“I know, man, I’m just messin’,” Isaiah chuckled again, waving away the worry. “Mike’s just like that. Little territorial an’ all, especially over Y/N. S’also what makes him a good teammate.”

Bonnie nodded in agreement, but still confused. “I just… she lets him send those?”

“Oh, Bonnie boy, she lets him do a lot of things.”

The younger boy stared, gaping at all of the actions that his words implied, wondering which were true.

Isaiah clapped him on the shoulder. “Just wait ‘til you get the videos.”
“Michael, why did you have to send that to Bonnie?” you huffed, stepping out of the shower and wrapping your gray towel tightly across your body.

“Just sendin’ ‘im something he already wanted to see,” Michael shrugged.

You rolled your eyes. “You don’t even know that for sure.”

Michael looked up and met your gaze, stating bluntly, “Y/N, it’s common knowledge you’re the hottest girlfriend on the team.”

You scoffed, hardly believing his claim, “Yeah, okay. You’re a little biased, babe.”

His face fell somber. “No, I’m serious. Everyone agrees. Every guy in that locker room has thought about fucking you.”

“And whose fault is that?” you challenged, raising an eyebrow. “You’re the one that sends them Snapchats of me.”

“Thought you liked that.”

“Well, I… I do,” you blushed slightly. “But not when you’re going to get all territorial around your own friends. Our sex life shouldn’t affect that.”

Michael took you in, expression nearly unreadable save for the glint in his eye and slight twitch of the corner of his lip. “You’re telling me you don’t like the thought of little Bonnie boy seeing that snap and getting hard looking at those perfect, perky tits covered in my cum?”

Your blush grew, heat coloring your cheeks. He stepped closer to you, arms pressing around your hips and pulling you against him. He was warm against your already shower-warm body, and you swore you could feel the blood thrumming beneath your skin.

“I know you like being a little bit slutty,” he murmured. “Like knowing that people like looking at
The heat was growing along with your blush, trailing across the rest of your skin. You blinked slowly, dragging your eyes up to meet his through your lashes. Michael was smirking down at you, his grin positively shit-eating and devilish.

“You like that the guys get to look, but not touch, huh? Love that they want you, but I’m the only one that gets to taste these perfect tits,” he reached to cup your breasts in his hands, “and fuck this gorgeous ass,” hands trail to squeeze the flesh through the towel, “and have these sweet lips on my cock,” his fingers brushing your bottom lip. “Don’t you, baby?”

You whimpered, feeling positively soaked from the suddenly thick and very hot tension in the air. Somewhere, in the back of your head, you were amazed at how quickly he could change the mood with just a few filthy words. Wordlessly, you nodded.

“Yeah?”

You bit your lip shyly, almost as if afraid to admit your next statement. “I like to make them jealous of how good I take care of you.”

Michael’s eyes darkened, clearly enthralled by the more territorial side of you, contrasting your usually sweet and friendly demeanor.

“Babe.”

“Oh?” you hummed, embarrassment creeping over you, afraid maybe you had gone too far. Is that weird? Oh, God, that’s weird.

“Hmm?”

You looked at him again, eyeing him cautiously to make sure he wasn’t messing with you. “It is?”

He nodded enthusiastically, sure his head might fall off his neck because he couldn’t agree quick enough. “That honestly might be the hottest thing you’ve ever said to me.”
Licking your lip, you loosened your grip on the towel, watching Michael’s eyes drop to the hem, waiting for your curves to be revealed.

“What do you say we go make those boys jealous, then?”

Isaiah roared with laughter at a joke John had just made, before leaning forward to take a sip of his neat whiskey. A comfortable silence fell over the group — John, Isaiah, Bonnie, and Johnny Dogs — as the conversation trailed off.

Bonnie picked up his phone, appearing to be sending a text, before a blush crept over his cheeks and he shifted in his seat uncomfortably.

“Oi, Bonnie, you good, mate?” John quirked an eyebrow at him.

Flushed, more color heating his face at being called out, he nodded, stammering, “F-fine.”

Isaiah shook his head, brushing off the moment before noticing his phone light up with a notification. Snapchat from Michael Gray. Absentmindedly, his slender fingers reached to view it as he took another swing of his drink, but choked on the liquid as he viewed the contents of the Snap.

It was a black and white video of you, your eyes blocked out, sliding Michael’s cock between your pink, pillowy lips until they reached his pelvis, taking him deep into your throat, then hollowing your cheeks out as you pulled back until you reached the tip. Immediately, Isaiah felt a twitch between his thighs, blood rushing south, and knew in that moment that Bonnie had received the same video.

Normally, Michael’s snaps were suggestive but tame — a video of him pulling your shirt down to reveal your cleavage or your ass in a pair of booty shorts, at most the occasional shot of you lying naked in bed, any private areas colored out. But this, this was a whole new style.

John shifted next to him, also staring down at his phone before hastily closing it. Isaiah met his eyes.
“Michael?”

“Yeah.”

“Same.”

“That’s uh… a new one,” Isaiah commented, John nodding in agreement. Bonnie looked between the two of them, bewildered.

“You, too, huh?” John asked.

“Uh huh,” Bonnie swallowed.

Isaiah broke into a grin, almost feeling a sense of pride at the boldness of his best friend. “You gotta hand it to him, the man knows what he’s got and he ain’t afraid to show it off.”

“Am I missing somethin’ ‘ere?” Johnny Dogs piped up. “Who’s he? Why’re yeh all lookin’ like yeh just got caught stealin’ from the cookie jar?”

Isaiah turned his phone to reveal the video, shutting Johnny up instantly.

“What the — why’d you show me that!? Y/N’s like my little sister! Aw, Jesus Christ!”

Isaiah raised an eyebrow at him, “You asked.”

“Wish I hadn’t,” Johnny mumbled, crossing his arms across his chest and shaking his head to rid himself of the image.

“Shit’s hot though,” John grinned. “If I’d have known she had a thing for me I would’ve been all over that. Hell, I probably would’ve made a move that night we met if Michael hadn’t swooped in first.”
“Y/N is an intelligent young woman!” Johnny cut in, attempting to end the conversation to save your dignity.

“Yeah, she is,” John grinned. “She’s also got a killer body and some DSL’s.”

At this Johnny dramatically rolled his eyes, waving his arms to stop. Bonnie, on the other hand, spoke up, embarrassed to ask, “DSL’s?”

“Dick sucking lips,” Isaiah informed him. “Not the most respectful term, but I’ve heard quite a few stories from Mike, and —”

“Not another disrespectful word about Y/N or I’ll kick yer arses meself!”

“Sorry, Johnny.”

“Alright, Johnny.”

“Come off it, Johnny!”
Real Thing

Chapter Summary

"Thought I’d been in love a time or two
Didn’t know that I was lost ‘til I met you
I could tell that every other girl history
Never knew how real it could be ‘til you found me

"All it took was one kiss and you blew my mind
An all-American kind of fine
You know a good woman is hard to find
Ain’t nothin’ like the real thing

And you can’t go back once you get a taste
Everyone is second rate
Talking genuine, made in the USA
Ain’t nothin’ like the real thing"
- Zac Brown Band

Chapter Notes

**Warning:** Smut, unprotected sex, semi-public sex?

The start of the season came and went, and though the Blinders were playing decently, they weren’t consistent. The first several games were rough, the guys still adjusting to new lines and getting back into the swing of things.

Before you knew it, the holidays had passed and it was now January. Michael had suggested taking a tropical vacation during the NHL All Star break, as he anticipated not being invited and wanted to celebrate your “anniversary,” of sorts.

“You want to celebrate our anniversary? Of the first time we fucked?” you asked, quirking an eyebrow at him.

“The anniversary of the first time I laid eyes on that ass,” he winked.
“If you take me on this trip, you can see it whenever you want,” you promised, laughing at how his eyes lit up.

“Consider it done, then, love.”

Michael had landed on Mexico as your destination, as it was tropical, warm, yet still relatively easy to get to given the limited time you had. He had stayed true to his word, paying for the entire thing, despite your protests that you could buy your own plane ticket.

“Don’t worry about it, love,” he had said, waving a hand to brush you off. “I’m just trying to do my best to guarantee that you don’t put a single item of clothing on the entire trip.”

You giggled. “What about a swimsuit? On the beach?”

He pondered, the thought of you on a nude beach intriguing him for a moment. “Alright, fine, I’ll revise: the only items of clothing you’re allowed to wear are either a bikini or lingerie.”

“I think I can manage that,” you had smiled, planting a kiss to his cheek.

The day came, and you arrived to the resort without so much as a hitch. Michael had rolled out the red carpet, booking the best King suite available with an ocean view — normally reserved for honeymooners, he told you.

“How did you manage that?”

“They may or may not think we’re Mr. and Mrs. Michael Gray,” he admitted, somewhat sheepishly, as he began to unpack his bag.

You nearly blushed. It had been nine months, but part of you was still not quite used to the fact that you were his girl, let alone the thought of being his wife — it was overwhelming and wonderful all at once.
“Someday, you’ll be Mrs. Gray,” he murmured, stepping closer to you and pressing a chaste kiss to your temple; you leaned into his touch and smiled softly. “And we’ll really be honeymooning.”

“Oh yeah? What makes you so sure I’d be dumb enough to marry you?”

“Well, for one, you can’t get enough of my dick,” grinned Michael as he delivered a quick slap to your ass.

Rolling your eyes, you tossed your clothes into the drawers of the rich mahogany dresser across from the large, fluffy bed with a towel swan on it. Once you stepped into the room, you had immediately toed your tennis shoes off, and you padded into the large bathroom, complete with a wide, marble vanity, multiple poufs to sit at, and a large, tiled shower with a floor-to-ceiling glass wall. Peeking around the corner, you saw an outdoor jacuzzi on a private patio, nestled behind white French doors.

“Well, shit, if this is the treatment I get for being Mrs. Gray, then sign me up,” you joked, returning to the bedroom to find Michael already sporting aqua blue swimming trunks that fell just above the knee. You looked him up and down, admiring the cut of his muscles and the fine hair that dusted his lower abdomen.

“Eyes up here, love.”

You felt your cheeks flush slightly at being called out for blatantly checking him out, and he smirked at you.

“Like what you see, eh?”

“So what if I do?” you challenged, dragging your finger across his chest and watching goosebumps erupt across his skin.

“Can’t say I blame you,” he winked, puffing out his chest and flexing his biceps teasingly. “Now, come on, love, I held up my end of the bargain. I thought we agreed — bikini, lingerie, or nothing. What’ll it be today?”
The first few days passed quickly, as you spent the majority of it napping by the pool or in bed — so far, you had stayed true to your word; you hadn’t even gone down for dinner the first two nights, opting to order room service in favor of remaining undressed, sporting only the plush white robes the hotel had provided to answer the door.

On the third day, Michael rented a private cabana on the beach for the two of you to enjoy. You raised an eyebrow at him as you entered through the sheer ivory curtains, setting your beach bag on a bench and observing the rose petals scattered on the large cushion that was more like a bed.

“After you, Mrs. Gray,” he winked, gesturing for you to climb onto the bed first.

He pulled back the curtains to let some warm sunshine spill inside, and you laid back to soak in the rays, a light breeze blowing through. The salty scent of the ocean drifted in, flooding your senses as you closed your eyes to take it all in.

“I think I could get used to this,” you murmured softly. You felt the mattress dip as Michael climbed up next to you.

“The cabana or being Mrs. Gray?”

“I’ll let you figure that one out,” you grinned, shooting him a wink.

Michael laughed and leaned over to press a kiss to your lips. You sighed contentedly, lazily turning your head to face him. Reaching up, you played with a few strands of his hair and watched his eyes flutter closed at the feeling of your fingers running through his locks.

A few lazy hours passed, sipping your piña colada, kissing, and catnapping in the cabana. Deciding you were overheating, your sun kissed skin warm to the touch, you jumped up and announced you were going for a swim. Michael nodded, opting to stay in the shade for awhile longer.

Wading into the water, shivering slightly at the feeling of the water on your legs, you dove in before laying on your back, floating, letting the sound of the waves surround you. You looked up at the cloudless sky, feeling the ocean slowly bump you closer to shore and you hummed contently. This was a happy moment, a happy place; you’d cherish this memory forever.

You swam around for awhile, smiling as you saw Michael watching you intently from your cabana
— realizing how secluded and perfect it was, settled higher than the rest of the beach and tucked away slightly in a small cove.

As you stepped out of the water, feeling the droplets run down your torso, you ran your fingers through your hair to tousle it and shake out some of the excess water. You could feel Michael’s eyes on you as you walked through the sand and slipped through the curtains to plop down on the bench, searching for a towel.

“Look like a fucking supermodel walking out of the ocean like that, love,” he commented, eyes watching the water dribble down between your breasts. “Y’look so fucking sexy, babe.”

“Michael,” you laughed, using the fluffy towel to pat yourself dry and wring out your hair. “I’ve had less clothing on than this almost the entire trip.”

“Yeah, but, this white bikini — if you can even call it that — makes you look like a fuckin’ goddess. Leaves a little more to the imagination,” he waggled his brows, snapping the strap of your bikini top against your shoulder. His hand trailed down to your barely-there cheeky bottoms, cupping your ass and giving it a firm squeeze. “And I’m imagining everything.”

Michael pulled you back onto the fluffy mattress so that you were straddling him, and you could feel his package firming up between your legs as his eyes hungrily feasted on your figure.

“Oh yeah?”

“Mmhmm,” he nodded, licking his bottom lip before flipping you two around so that you were on your back, your wet hair spread haphazardly beneath you. With his arms on either side of your head, he bent down to kiss you.

“You’re so beautiful,” he murmured, and you smiled shyly in response.

“You’re beautiful, too, Michael.”

“You’re god damn right I am,” he grinned, moving down your jaw to plant a wet kiss on your neck. “Mmm, salty.”
He began licking thick stripes across the skin of your neck and chest, tasting the salt from the ocean that had since dried and you giggled at the tickle. The mood changed pretty quickly, however, when he bit into that spot on your neck, sucking the flesh.

“Michael,” you sighed, turning your head to allow him better access, weakly protesting. “We can’t ___”

“This is a private cabana for a reason, love,” he murmured into your skin, one palm squeezing a handful of your breast. Instinctively, you pressed yourself into him. “Besides, I told ya, you can’t resist me.”

Your eyes flicked to his, smiling at his smirk as you wrapped your arms around his neck.

“Well, you better get to it and fuck me, then,” you quirked an eyebrow, dragging your heel seductively up the back of his leg.

“Think y’need to reapply your sunscreen first. Let me help you,” he grinned, climbing off the bed to tie the privacy curtains shut. “C’mon, love, lie down, face down.”

You did as you were told, then felt his fingers slowly pulling the string of your bikini top and the fabric loosen against your skin. You heard the cap to the suntan bottle snap open and next you knew, his warm hands were smoothing the lotion into your skin, massaging as they went.

“Mmm, that feels nice,” you mumbled into the towel, letting him knead the muscles in your back as he worked.

“Yeah?”

“Mmhmm.”

He stopped to massage slowly down each of your arms, before paying the same attention to each of your legs, working his way up your thighs. He deliberately slowed even more once he reached the apex, very intentionally brushing over your mound through your bikini bottoms.
Holding in your impatient whine, you let the feeling of his fingers rubbing your skin take over, slowly igniting your body on fire with his touch — until he gently tapped you, signaling to flip over onto your back. You obliged, letting him remove your top completely, your nipples pebbling from exposure to the salty air. Michael continued lathering the lotion onto your stomach and up over your breasts, taking his time to squeeze and caress each one. Again, you arched into his touch, and he tried to hide his smirk.

Michael slid both hands down your sides, fingers hooking into your bikini bottoms as he pulled them down your legs; you bit your lip to keep from whimpering after his painstakingly slow antics, building the anticipation, feeling the wetness between your legs that had nothing to do with the water from the ocean. You watched his eyes focused on your core as it was revealed to him, tossing the garment behind him in favor of spreading your legs.

“You know,” he said, eyes flicking up to meet yours briefly as he began to kiss a path up the inside of your left leg. “This is one of my favorite views in the whole world, and I’ve been a lot of places.”

“What about favorite meal?” you shot back, smirking at the expression that took over his face. He ran his hands down your thighs, securing them around his neck as he settled in between them.

“Oh, love, it is by far my favorite meal on earth.”

He immediately kissed your core, flicking his tongue to taste your juices as his arms wrapped around your hips. You sighed as his tongue explored between your folds, probing at your entrance as you writhed, craving more. The tips of his two fingers swirled over your wet lips, bringing them to your mouth, and you moaned as you sucked on them.

Using your saliva as lubrication -- not that you needed any with how wet you were -- he gently inserted one thick finger, then two, and you let out a breathy moan at the feeling of the delicious stretch. Your hips bucked as he pressed a kiss against your clit, giving a few light flicks with the tip of his tongue.

“Mmm, you like that, baby?”

It was all you could do to nod breathlessly as he continued, letting the sound of your mewls mix with the crashing of the ocean waves in the distance. Your hips rolled against the strain of his forearms, seeking more friction. His fingers pushed in and out, working you closer and closer to the edge. Whining, you moaned his name, begging him not to stop.
“Christ, love,” he breathed against you. “You’re squeezing me so damn tight.”

“F-feels so… good,” you sighed, breathless. Goosebumps had erupted all over your body from the pleasure, despite the humid air surrounding you, and your nipples pebbled as his fingers curled to hit the perfect spot inside of you.

“Yeah?” he asked lowly. “You want me to make you cum, baby?”

“Mmm,” came your moan in response, and he took that as a go ahead. Michael began to pump his fingers faster, continually hitting that fleshy magic spot as he scissored inside of you. Leaning forward, he licked at the juices that were leaking out from his fingers before he circled your clit with his tongue, teasing it. Your hips bucked at the sensation, and without warning he dove in and began to suck.

“Oh, fuck —” you cried, hurtling toward the edge. Your pink, manicured fingers gripped the cushion as you got closer and closer, until the pressure broke and washed over you. Michael didn’t let up until your hips had stopped rolling and your body relaxed underneath his touch, panting slowly.

“Beautiful, Mrs. Gray,” he grinned, crawling back up your body to kiss you. Tasting yourself on his lips, you moaned as you ran a hand up his muscled arm.

“Michael,” you sighed pointedly, feeling the familiar throb returning between your legs already.

“Want more already, huh? Told you you can’t get enough of my cock,” he smirked.

“Shut up and fuck me.”

“Oh, now we’re getting bossy, are we?”

When you thought you couldn’t get any wetter, he always managed to prove you wrong. He, in fact, did not listen to your request, but rather took his time to worship each inch of your body, letting you stew in your own arousal as he planted kisses to every area of your skin. When he finally pushed into you, hard as steel against your soft, warm walls, you sighed your contentment in his ear. The feeling was more intense than it ever had been before as he began to rock his hips, cradling your head in his arms as he pressed his lips to yours.
And, with the sounds of the palm trees rustling in the wind and the waves crashing around you, Michael made love to you for the first time. As he filled you up, pumping slowly and steadily, you swore you could feel him in your soul as he poured his tender love into yours, and vice versa; now you knew you had never felt so whole in your entire life. The moment was almost too intense, yet neither of you could tear your eyes away from one another, drinking in the sight and bathing in each other’s warmth.

When you both hit your climax at the same time, you were certain you had never come so hard or so deeply. Part of you felt like your soul might’ve left your body for a moment, mingling with his as they loomed over your entwined bodies, connected as one physically, mentally, and emotionally. The blanket of bliss covered you both, shielding you from the reality surrounding you, only allowing the faint sound of the tide washing up to shore to penetrate.

“Michael,” you said weakly, still feeling the tingle in your thighs as he laid next to you, panting. *That had to be as profound for him as it was for you, right? “That was… I’ve never…”*

“I know,” he whispered, pulling your body to his and softly caressing your hair. Though you had parted physically, your souls were still connected, and he knew your thoughts before you even spoke them out loud. “I know. I can’t feel my toes.”

Silent for a few more moments as you both regained your regular breath, Michael seemed to be lost in thought. Absentmindedly, he stroked the bare skin of your back as he swallowed before murmuring, “This really is the real thing, huh?”

You were suddenly overcome with emotion, as if with your orgasm also came a wave of adoration and affection, and you buried your face into his neck to mumble, “I love you.”

“I love you, too, Y/N. Like XO.”
Chapter Summary

"All I do is sit and think about you
If I knew what you’d do
Collapse my veins wearing beautiful shoes
It’s not living if it’s not with you

And all I do is sit and drink without you
If I choose, then I lose
Distract my brain from the terrible news
It’s not living if it’s not with you"
- The 1975

Chapter Notes

**Warnings:** Smut ahead, NSFW 18+. Y’all are in for it now, folks.

Returning from Mexico to the cold, bitter climate of the Midwest in February wasn’t an ideal transition. However, to brighten the winter blues, a few weeks after you got back, you found out that you received a promotion to a management-level role in your department, overseeing a team of Financial Analysts for the division. Michael, ever the supportive (and sometimes over-the-top) boyfriend, insisted on taking you to a posh Italian restaurant to celebrate.

“Let this double as our Valentine’s Day celebration, since you wouldn’t let me take you out,” he had said (you proposed ordering takeout and staying in on the couch with Gus in lieu of going out for a nice dinner, and you wouldn’t have had it any other way).

Somewhat begrudgingly, you agreed, doling yourself up for a ‘romantic night on the town’, as Michael called it. It wasn’t something you had the opportunity to do often, given Michael’s travel schedule, so you figured you might as well take advantage.

Glancing in the mirror, you double checked your makeup and gave your wavy hair a quick tousle before slipping on your shoes. You were wearing a heather grey sweater dress that fell off the shoulder, revealing a few inches of smooth skin between the hem of the dress and the top of your black thigh-high suede boots. It was *your* celebration, but Michael would sure love this.
He walked in as you were applying a fresh coat of your red lip stain, having let himself in with the key you had given him, and let out a low whistle once he caught sight of you.

“Damn, babe, you look…” he shook his head, whistling again. “You look fucking good.”

You caught his eye through the mirror and smiled before turning around to face him. He approached slowly, his eyes crawling over your body — you had to admit, the feeling of him ogling you still hadn’t quite gotten old yet — before he reached his hands out to touch your waist.

“You’re a fucking smoke show,” he said, leaning in to press a kiss against your lips.

“Thanks,” you smiled, your arms taking their place around his torso. “You look good too, baby.”

“Me? I look like a fucking snack,” he winked before his hands snuck around to grab a handful of your ass, watching it in the mirror. “You sure we have to go out? Suddenly I feel like I’d rather fuck you in nothing but these boots.”

Heat coursed through your body at his blatant confession, and you were half inclined to agree with him. You didn’t really want to go out that much anyways —

“No,” he said, his tone final, obviously having changed his mind. “We’re going — you just got a huge promotion, Y/N. That is worth celebrating. But when we get back, I’m going to wrap these gorgeous legs around my head and eat that perfect pussy for days.”

“Sounds like I should get promoted more often,” you teased, letting him lead you out of the door. Ever the gentleman, he opened the car door for you and you made your way downtown, weaving leisurely though evening traffic.

Michael took your hand walking from the car under the guise of affection, but you knew there was a piece of him that wanted any onlookers to know that you were with him. You strolled Once inside the restaurant, you were seated in an intimate booth and a bottle of Cabernet was quickly ordered.

“To Y/N, someday taking over one of the largest automotive companies in the world,” he said, raising his glass. “Congratulations, babe, I’m so proud of you. You deserve this.”
Smiling, you rolled your eyes slightly at his dramatics as you thanked him, clinking your glass against his. You made normal conversation as you worked through your pesto linguine, and he ordered your favorite chocolate torte for dessert. Leaning toward you, he lowered his voice, “Bet this won’t taste half as good as your sweet cunt.”

“Michael,” you warned, your cheeks flushing, arousal flaming back up in your belly. Underneath the table, you crossed them tightly, as if refusing to feel the sudden throbbing between your legs.

“What? It’s the truth,” he smirked devilishly, popping a forkful of cake into his mouth. You shook your head and let him know how ridiculous he was as he grabbed the check, a healthy mix of amused and aroused.

On the way home, Michael placed his hand on your thigh, squeezing gently before beginning a slow descent upwards. You shifted in the passenger seat, knowing what he was up to, keeping your eyes looking forward. As his fingers reached the apex of your thighs, his jaw dropped and he took his eyes off the road, looking at you, “You’re not wearing any panties?”

You grinned, shaking your head.

“Fuck,” he groaned, his index finger swiping your folds and feeling your wetness. You bit your lip, involuntarily spreading your legs slightly to allow his hand more room, and you breathed a sigh of relief at finally getting some contact on your heat. You could tell he was stuck in an internal battle on if he should keep his eyes on you and risk getting into an accident, or tear his eyes away from the sight of you to keep driving.

Suddenly, Michael veered the car off your path, turning down a side street, then another, taking you away from the city. As you were about to ask where he was taking you, he pulled into an alley, immediately killing the lights before turning back to you. “In the back. Now.”

Raising an eyebrow at him, you hesitated for a moment but did as you were told, climbing into the backseat and hearing another guttural groan from Michael at seeing your ass as you did. He was quick to follow, and you wondered how the hell a grown man and professional athlete could fit his body between the front seats. He pushed you back so you were leaned against the seat, taking his large hands to spread your thighs, feasting his eyes on what you could only imagine was quite a sight.

Michael nearly moaned, falling to the floor to position himself as best he could between your legs. “Dirty girl, not wearing any panties, huh?”
“Just thought I’d surprise you,” you said softly.

“Probably a good thing I didn’t know before now, or I definitely would’ve eaten you for dessert instead,” he commented. “But now…”

He dove forward, licking almost desperately at your folds, as if he couldn’t possibly wait another moment. His hands held your thighs in place, lapping away at your entrance and flicking your clit. You let out a moan, letting his tongue work its magic as he brought you close to the edge; you thought he might be enjoying this just as much as you, based on the sight of his eyes closed in bliss as he laved up your juices.

Michael hummed as he went to town, licking, sucking, and kissing his way around your mound; he made a filthy slurping noise as he tasted you before probing your hole with his tongue. You thought there might be bruises with how hard he was gripping your legs, holding them open.

“God, your pussy is fucking perfect,” he groaned against your inner thigh, moving to close his lips around your clit, sucking harshly. And he meant it.

Your head was thrown back, sighing out his name, grasping the headrest for support you while your other hand found its way to his hair. Latching onto his locks, you pulled to keep him in place as you found yourself teetering on the edge, ready to free fall into bliss at any moment.

And just like that, you were spiraling, the waves of your orgasm washing over you. Your legs tensed up, the heel of your boot kicking into the car door as you rode out your high, rolling your hips against his mouth.

“That’s my girl,” came Michael’s deep voice from between your legs, emerging with a wet mouth and a wide grin. “A nice snack, but let’s get you home so I can really celebrate you.”

Michael sped home, the wine still on your breath as you laughed at his eagerness, your fingers interlacing tightly. He spent the evening doing exactly as he had promised, sending you over the edge of euphoria once more with his tongue, and another time with your legs braced on his shoulder, pounding into you roughly as you cried out his name.

The two of you laid in a sex-filled haze, covered in only a thin, drying layer of sweat and the bedsheet as you laid in his arms, sated, blissful, and content. He brushed his hand against the skin of
your arm, rubbing slow circles as he pressed a kiss to your temple. You were so happy — you had a new job waiting for you, good friends, and a man that you loved, who treated you better than anyone ever had — you felt so whole.

“Love you like XO,” Michael whispered, and you hummed in response, flinching slightly when his phone began to ring loudly.

He disentangled himself from your arms as he sat up to see who the caller was at 10pm on a Saturday night, while you lay back, lazily running a hand through your hair. He answered, and you took the opportunity to grab your own phone and respond to a text message from Ally.


Michael hung up the phone, staring at you. You sat up, realizing the seriousness of his expression, looking at him curiously and waiting for him to speak.

“I’m getting traded.”
Sad

Chapter Summary

"Man, it’s been a long day
Stuck thinking ’bout it driving on the freeway
Wondering if I really tried everything that I could
Not knowing if I should try a little harder
Oh, but I’m scared to death
That there may not be another one like this
And I confess that I’m only holding on by a thin, thin thread"
-Maroon 5

February 25

Breaking news: Shelby to send Gray to Cheltenham for draft picks

Michael Gray traded to CHL for 2020, 2021 draft picks

Blinder no more: Michael Gray to Cheltenham Bookies

The headlines were everywhere — social media, on the news, blowing up your phone. Furiously, you shut it off, figuring you’d deal with the onslaught of notifications later.

Sitting back on your couch, you closed your eyes and rubbed your face with your hands, exhaling roughly. What the fuck were you supposed to do now?

After Michael had told you the news, you didn’t believe him, thinking it was a prank he and Isaiah were pulling — or maybe just hoping it was. But when you looked deeper into his eyes and saw the fear inside of them, you knew it wasn’t a joke.

“What?”
He swallowed, mouth in a thin line as he stared straight ahead, processing the news, trying to wrap his head around it as it began to sink in as the new reality.

“To Cheltenham. For a couple of draft picks.”

You were certain your heart stopped beating for a moment. Cheltenham? How far even was that? Did he have a choice? You knew he didn’t, but in that moment you were desperate to cling onto something, anything that would keep your life in tact.

“Y/N, say something.”

You looked up at him, not even realizing you had gotten lost in your train of thought. Your voice was small and more of a whisper as you asked, afraid of any answer that wasn’t ‘never’, “When do you leave?”

Michael’s gaze shifted downward this time, tracing a pattern onto your thigh with his index finger. “They want me to be on a plane tomorrow for practice. They’ll put me up at a hotel until I find a place for myself.”

You nodded, words barely registering with you as you felt yourself emotionally shutting down. The inevitable question was burning inside of you, but you were clinging on to the last few moments of normalcy, and, if you were being honest, you were terrified of the answer.

Apparently, he was thinking the same thing, and he beat you to it, braving the words that you could not: “What are we gonna do?”

Michael dragged his eyes up to meet yours, questioning, uncertain, and afraid. Like hell if I know, you thought to yourself.

“I… I don’t know what to do,” you confessed.

“Come with me.”

“Michael, I can’t — I can’t just... do that. You know I can’t,” you said softly, and you knew he
knew that, but it wasn’t going to stop him from trying. “I have friends, family, a career — the promotion — I have a life here.”

He nodded, choosing to remain silent. It took everything in him not to say, “But you are my life,” like a sappy sack of shit.

Your heart was heavy, so heavy, and you wanted to gather him in your arms and hold him tight until this all blew over. But you remained where you were, settling to take his hand in yours and trace the lines of his palm instead, suddenly kicking yourself for not savoring every moment you had spent with him up to that point. How could you have taken any of it for granted?

“We can try long distance,” you offered quietly, the slightest flutter of hope inside the weight of your heavy heart. “We could make it work.”

Michael swallowed, and you could see the gears in his brain turning, desperately searching for an easy solution to what had just become a monstrous issue. His voice was quieter than you had ever heard it as he spoke slowly. “Yeah. It’s just… I’m so busy during the season that it’s hard enough to see each other even while I’m here. And it’s so far. I’m… I’m afraid that it would make it worse.”

You nodded, wishing you didn’t agree with him, but you knew it was true. There was still the rest of the season — three months, at least, of him being completely across the country, with games nearly every other day. And then there was all of next season; unless he got bought out, which was unlikely, he would play out the remainder of his contract, which ended next year. From there, it was all a matter of who wanted to sign him to a contract, if anyone.

There was a quiet pause, not uncomfortable, but you felt like you could actually hear the moments ticking away until —

“So… that’s it, then?”

Michael’s words sent your heart plummeting to your stomach, and you suddenly felt like you might be sick. Your breath caught in your throat, and looking back, you were pretty sure that was the moment your heart shattered. Slowly, you blinked and met his gaze, looking pleadingly, longingly at you, eyes begging you to please fix this and say it was all going to be okay.

“Are we… ?” he couldn’t bring himself to finish the sentence, swallowing the sharp words instead. Speaking it out loud was just too much, too painful, to bear.
You were silent, but the non-answer was an answer in itself, and you could feel tears brimming in your eyes and the familiar, choked up feeling forming in your throat. Your lip quivered as you whispered, “I don’t know how to do this without you anymore.”

Michael’s face was hard, jaw tense, as he contemplated the acceptance of the unspoken decision you two made (though, little did he know, he’d spend hours questioning that decision over the next few months). He reached forward to caress your face, and you immediately nuzzled into his touch, your eyes closing and forcing a tear to trickle down your cheek. He wiped it away with his thumb as he placed his other hand on the other side of your face, pulling you toward himself for a kiss.

It was different from any other kiss you had shared — the last time you thought it was over between you two, you hadn’t had a chance to commit your last kiss to memory, but this time, you knew you had to make it last as long as it could. You took in the feel of his lips — soft and full — the way they felt so sure and certain against yours. You didn’t know much, but you knew this was a feeling that would be unmatched for the rest of your life.

Michael agreed to stay the night, and the rest of the evening was spent in each other’s arms, stealing kisses and soft whispers of affection. You could feel the minutes winding down, the inevitable goodbye looming heavily over you, and you were attempting to squeeze in a year’s worth of love into one night. You were even reluctant to fall asleep, knowing that it would only bring the morning sooner and any time spent sleeping was time you could be memorizing every detail of his face. Eventually, you fell asleep in his arms, blissfully unaware of what lay ahead as the two of you snoozed softly, bodies breathing contently against one another.

The morning came too soon, and after several more kisses and a steady stream of tears from your eyes, Michael reluctantly got up to leave, as he had to pack some things and figure out the logistics of getting Gus to the hotel. He stood in the doorway, turning to face you again, pulling you in for a hug. It was more than a hug — he was trying to say everything he couldn’t by squeezing you as tight as he could.

“I love you,” you mumbled into his shoulder, and you felt him jerk. You almost pulled away, thinking he was hurt, until you realized he was crying, too. The two of you stood like that, letting the tears flow freely, until the shoulders of each of your shirts were soaked through.

“I love you like XO,” he said finally, and you smiled weakly as you followed him out the front door to his car. As he approached the driver’s door, he pulled you in for one final kiss, hoping that maybe this time the feeling of your lips against his wouldn’t disappear.

“I’m going to come back to you, Y/N. I promise.”
You smiled again, nodding slightly as he pulled away, your hand slipping out of his slowly as he got into the car. Your fingers tingled from the contact with his skin as you crossed your arms in front of your chest, hugging the remaining warmth he’d left on your body.

In a daze, you watched his taillights pull out of the driveway, watching until his car disappeared on the horizon, and then you were alone. Once you finally realized you were standing and staring at nothing, you went back inside and sat on the couch; you couldn’t quite bear to go back to your room where the sheets were still warm from his body. Staring at the wall, you realized this was the loudest silence you’d ever heard, embraced by the void of Michael.

You weren’t sure if it just took time to sink in, or maybe you were just in shock, but you couldn’t bring yourself to do anything — move, breathe, cry. You knew in your head what was coming, and you had no idea how to prepare yourself for it.

That night, you slept for as long as you possibly could, because you knew that when you woke up for good, you wouldn’t even know what hit you (but deep down, you did — it would be cold, unforgiving heartbreak). When you had slept all you could sleep, you woke up, and in the moment before you were fully conscious, everything was still okay, still so peaceful. When your eyes fluttered open, it hit you — but not full force; it sank slowly into your body, your mind, and the shattered pieces of your heart, like the grains of sand slipping through an hourglass.

The feeling that washed over you when you remembered what happened was unlike anything you’d ever felt before; it was full-fledged, aching, excruciating, raw, pure agony. You spent the next few hours in that agony, unable to move, unable to do anything. For a brief stint, you tried to use your phone to distract you, but everything on it reminded you of him, and you realized that he was fucking everywhere — on your skin, in your sheets, even in the air surrounding you. You glanced at the left side of the bed, vacant and cold because that was his spot, and you realized how much of him was in you.

That’s when the tears came. You cried. And you cried. You weren’t sure if it was minutes or hours; you just knew the feeling of hot tears spilling down your cheeks, staining your pillowcase, feeling like a never-ending waterfall in your eyes.

You were drooling, and there was snot on the pillow, and you thought to yourself that maybe you’d stop soon because there couldn’t possibly be enough water left in your body, but the tears just kept coming. Gasping for air, you couldn’t breathe, and you felt physical pain in your chest from the force of your sobs.

You knew there was nothing you could do but keep crying until your tears ran out, or maybe, if you
were lucky, you’d fall asleep and have another hour or two of peace again, but then you’d have to do it all over again when you woke up — and you couldn’t decide what was worse. It was in those moments that you showed true strength, as you desperately wanted to call him and tell him ‘fuck it, I’ll quit my job and follow you across the country,’ but deep down you knew that wasn’t smart, no matter how badly you wanted it.

Finally, once you mustered up enough energy to sit up — avoiding the mirror because you didn’t want to see the tear tracks, puffy, red eyes, and salt residue on your face — you got in your car to drive to Ally’s. You were sobbing on the freeway, the road glossy and unfocused because the hot tears wouldn’t stop coming. When you got to her house, you collapsed into her arms and you cried and cried and cried. Even though best friends are magical, Ally knew there was nothing she could do to fix your broken heart, so she just held you and rubbed your back, letting you cry your tears out.

And so this became your life, living the cycle of heartbreak — waking up, letting it hit you all over again, and crying until somehow miraculously you become numb. You knew that you were vulnerable and that any minute it could sink back into you and the tears would take over. You dreaded human contact, but when you were alone the silence infected your mind and got under your skin, so you threw yourself into work and yoga practice. At least it was a distraction, and made you feel productive, strong, and peaceful — even if only for a moment, it was a much needed break from the misery you felt otherwise.

Ally and Zay took turns checking on you through texts, calls, and visits, making sure you were eating; it wasn’t that you were intentionally starving yourself, but you simply had no appetite. Once you returned home from work, you’d head straight to bed, attempting to drown yourself in the realities of a Netflix show rather than facing the cold, gray reality surrounding you.

The episode would end, and you’d glance at the clock to realize it was 9pm. You’d sigh, deciding to retire for the night, bracing yourself for the inevitable stream of tears that would soon fall, somehow soothing and more heartbreaking all at once.

You’d cry, and think to yourself, *this too shall pass*, right?
March 3

The first week was the worst, and passed in a blur while simultaneously feeling like the longest week of your life. You were constantly torn between wanting to reach out to Michael, to hear him tell you things would be okay, and wanting to avoid talking to him altogether; each thought was more painful than the last. More often than not you decided against calling him, your thumb hovering over the green “call” button, clicking your phone off instead. Michael needed time to adjust without you bothering him, you told yourself, and if he missed you, he would call.

And call he did.

Michael called two days after he had left, having spent the first day traveling and the second day in meetings and practices with the team. He told you about the guys, about the apartments he was looking at, and how Gus loved the bellman at the hotel they were staying at; part of you envied him for not having any clue that his life was completely uprooted. You tried to act like this was all totally normal, like Michael was just on a regular road trip and would be coming home in a few days’ time. But he wasn’t.

Talking to Michael was simultaneously the best and worst part of your day, leaving you happy to have talked to him, yet empty and desolate at the reality of the situation. But, it wasn’t something you were ready to give up yet, so when he called, you dropped everything to answer.
The second time he called was a Monday evening, about a week after he left, and you had just finished cooking dinner for yourself and were settling in to watch some Netflix to distract yourself before bed. Hearing the familiar ringtone you had set just for him, you felt your heart begin to race as you scrambled for your phone.

“Hello?”

“Hey,” his voice came through the speaker. It had only been a week, but it still stung every time he greeted you without a “babe” or a “love” after it. In hindsight, you appreciated that he avoided this; it would’ve made it worse down the line.

“Hey.”

“Just wanted to hear your voice,” he said softly. You nodded, though you knew he couldn’t see, because you understood. “How was your day?”

“It was okay. Had a big report due for the VP of Manufacturing, so it feels good to have that taken care of,” you explained, trying to keep things normal.

“That’s good. Darren still being a dick?”

You laughed. “Nah, he’s toned it down a bit since HR talked to him. I think he might be fucking one of them.”

Michael grinned, “Sounds scandalous.”

“I’m sure it is, somewhere. How was practice?”

“Pretty good. Still getting a feel for how the guys gel, but it’s going pretty well. They’ve been really welcoming. I have a thing with the media team in a little bit, a sort of ‘get to know the new guy’ thing.”
“That’s great! I bet that’ll be fun, right?”

Shrugging, Michael agreed. “Should be.”

“Hey — guess who I saw the other day?”

“Who?”

“Do you remember Tyler, that little boy we met when… when we went to that restaurant?” you asked, closing your eyes at the memory, not wanting to say ‘when we first started dating’.

“Yeah, the hockey player. I signed my receipt for him,” Michael recalled fondly.

“I saw him on his way to the game the other night. It was his birthday, and I got Isaiah to get him a puck and a signed stick.”

Michael laughed, ignoring the way his heart swelled at the kind action and the thought of you with a child —

And then it slipped out — “That’s my girl.”

There was a pause as both of you realized what he said, and another moment as the both of you felt your heart sink at the comprehension that you were, in fact, *not* his girl.

“I’m sorry —“

“No, it’s fine —“

A silence fell over the phone again, and you began to stroke the fur of your stuffed animal for something else to do, ignoring the ache in your chest. You heard him inhale, then exhale slowly, blowing the air forcefully out of his nose.
“Fuck, Y/N, I miss you so much.”

“I know. I miss you too, Michael.”

“I don’t… I didn’t think it’d be this hard, but it is. It’s so fucking hard,” he confessed. “It’s not fucking fair.”

Your eyes closed, and you knew exactly how he felt. It felt ironic and backwards and so *fucked up* that the only person who understood the way you felt was also the cause of the way you felt.

“I know,” you said again. “It’s not like we wanted this… We just have to be positive, though, right? I mean, you’re going to get a real shot at playing for the Cup. The Blinders won’t, most likely. Not now that you’re gone.”

“Yeah,” Michael said, though you knew he wasn’t *really* agreeing with you. He paused again, then, “If we make it, will you come to the games?”

“Of course, Michael.”

Your heart perked up at the thought — of not just Michael going to the playoffs, but selfishly, of seeing him again, feeling him in your arms again, maybe tasting him again. *No*, you quickly brushed that thought away. *That would only make things worse.*

“Tell me about what’s going on there.”

You sighed, thinking back to what had changed since he left. Everything had changed, yet nothing had changed. Your life had been flipped completely upside down, but on the outside everything went on like normal, unnoticing of your pain.

“Y/N?”

Blinking, you realized you had gotten lost in thought. “Really, not much has changed. I mean, everything has changed, but nothing else is different.”
Michael remained silent, unsure of what to say. For him, absolutely nothing was the same — everything had changed, other than the hockey part, and so that’s what he had been throwing himself into.

“They took your banner down in front of the arena.”

“Hmm,” was his reply, hiding the sinking in his heart. He didn’t care about the banner itself, the fame or recognition unimportant; it was the harsh reality behind it, almost like the final act of putting the nail in the coffin.

“Michael,” you started, unsure of what you wanted to say. “I know this is tough, but embrace the change. This is an opportunity to prove yourself as a player, get a fresh start, yeah?”

He was quiet for another moment as he took in your words. Though part of him wanted to shout that he didn’t want a fresh start, that he had had everything he needed before all of this, he bit his tongue. You were always trying to see the positive, to see the glass half full, and that was something he admired about you. Somehow, during one of the most difficult times of life, during a time when it would be so easy to let the darkness take over and feel sorry for yourself, you were encouraging him and reminding him to see the opportunities.

“You’re right,” he said at last, feeling positivity cautiously glowing within him. *Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad. “What would I do without you?”*

The words rang in silence, the unintentional implication between you two settling into your bones. You forced a chuckle, brushing it off like it didn’t just hit your core with a jolt. Just one week ago, a comment like this would’ve been received with (real) laughter and most likely a sarcastic response, and now it only left you feeling emptier.

“So do you want to see Gus?”

Thankful for the quick change in conversation, you grinned. “Of course I want to see Gus!”

Clicking the FaceTime button to switch from audio to video, you swallowed your heart back down to its place upon seeing Michael’s handsome face smiling back at you before flipping the screen to view Gus, open mouthed and tail wagging. He heard your voice, and was searching and sniffing to find you.
“Gus, look here — there’s Y/N! See her?”

You waved, calling his name, and laughing when he licked the phone’s camera in an attempt to give you a kiss. “Hi, Gus! How’re you doing, buddy? You taking good care of Dad?”

“He loves it here,” came Michael’s voice as his large hand came out to scratch behind Gus’ ears. “He made some new friends already, didn’t you?”

“That’s great,” you said, watching Gus fondly. “You gonna introduce your dad to your new friends, too, Gus?”

He pressed his nose against the screen again, and you took that as a ‘yes’. Without warning, Michael flipped the camera back to his own face, and you were pretty sure you felt your heart physically ache at seeing his face.

“It’s good to see you,” he said softly, the smile fading as seriousness set back in. “See your face.”

You blinked, smiling and nodding in agreement. “It’s good to see you, too.”

Quiet fell between you two as you both took a moment to study the other’s features, memorizing them as if you’d never see them again. Then, all too soon, you saw his eyes flick off screen for a moment and he swallowed, “I’ve gotta get going soon.”

Nodding again, you forced a smile, “Have fun. I’ll talk to you soon, okay?”

Michael returned the smile, soft but not reaching his eyes. “Sounds good. See you.”

“Bye, Michael.”

The call clicked off, the automated beeps ringing in your ears as you sat back, sighing. You felt the familiar ache taking up its residence in your heart, pushing down the urge to call him again and beg for him to take you back, wondering if this would ever feel normal again.
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