

Final/Only

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Final/Only

by [hershpa](#)

Summary

A continuation of the hotel scene in Final Girl (2015), set right after the conversation. We all know this is what happened next.

You should see the movie to understand this.

Notes

Un-beta'd, unreviewed, just written and posted at 3 in the morning.

“We can’t do this.”

Veronica studied William’s face from her place on his shoulder.

“But,” she lowered her eyes, “you’re my trainer.”

“That’s right,” he said. He knew where this was going. They’d danced this dance before.

“So train me,” she said, pushing against him. He could feel the water on her skin. They were so close. “Don’t you find me attractive?”

Of course he did.

“Who wouldn’t?”

“So?” She was beautiful, there was no doubt, but she was his responsibility, his student, his ward. Almost his daughter. Veronica knew why he was hesitant. She understood, but she couldn’t accept it. Not when they were so good together. Not when he was here, half dressed, sharing a bed with her. Just within her reach.

He swallowed hard.

“No.”

Veronica felt her heart drop. Plainly, simply, no. It hurt to hear it that way.

“Fine.”

That was all she could say. If he denied her even now, when her skin was one layer of terrycloth from his, she had to accept it. She kept her head on his shoulder, unwilling to give up the moment of contact. He was so warm. She felt the heat radiating off his chest and warming her skin. It threatened to send a chill up her spine.

They lay in silence for a while, and Veronica wished she would have left the TV on. There was no sound except for their breathing and the hard beat of Veronica’s nervous heart. She was sure she should go to her own bed and let William sleep, but she was so reluctant to tear them apart... They had never been this close. His shirt and her towel were all that stood between their naked chests. She wanted to lie in that nearness forever.

She couldn’t. They had work to do. She was keeping him up, she could tell, he was stiff all over like he was afraid to move. Afraid he might do something wrong. She gripped her towel tighter and moved to stand.

“Wait,” William said, without moving a muscle.

Veronica waited for him to continue, but when he didn’t speak again she settled back down against his chest.

“Okay,” she said, and William finally turned his head to see her.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. He brought his hand up to rest on her arm and let his thumb rub circles into her skin. She closed her eyes.

“I’m sorry,” he said, and moved his hand higher, up to her neck.

“I’m sorry,” he said. His hand cupped her cheek now, and she looked so innocent. He had to stop this, he tried, but he found he didn’t want to.

He inched closer to her, close enough to feel her breath on his lips. He watched her face for any sign of fear, any hint that she was out of her depth. He knew she was, but he could imagine she was ready. She was grown. She was mature and competent, he had made sure of that. She would go to war tomorrow. He could give her this. He found himself still afraid.

“I’m sorry,” he said, his words less than a breath against her mouth. She inhaled sharply once, and William closed the distance.

All at once her heart was a bird in her chest, her stomach in knots, her body shaking. She hadn’t expected to get this far. William’s mouth was hot and soft and warmer than she could have imagined. He moved his lips slowly. She needed time to catch up, he knew, and she tried to follow his lead. She was young, but she was a good student. Soon, she found their rhythm, and their lips came together like the tide against sand.

William thought she tasted clean, young, and so much like herself he was overwhelmed. He pulled away from her and looked at her face, trying to read her, trying to make sense of what he’d just done. He breathed so hard he felt light headed.

Veronica was lost, it seemed, her eyes still shut and her lips parted. She was waiting. When William didn’t move again, she met his eyes and smiled, and he was gone. He had come this far knowing he wouldn’t be able to go back. He knew she wanted him, anything he would give her, and until now he knew what he could give. Now, he’d crossed that line. He was in uncharted waters. This was something he thought he could resist, but he hadn’t. He was there, Veronica nearly naked beside him, wanting him, and the only thing he could do was kiss her. So he did.

Veronica eased her arms around William, kneading his shoulders, still shaking. She was so inexperienced. He would have to teach her. The thought was terrifying and exciting. William wrapped his arms around her to still her. She seemed to melt against him.

When they moved to sit up, Veronica’s towel slipped, just barely, exposing the tops of her breasts. William kissed her shoulder and stared.

“Can I?” he asked, and Veronica just nodded and let the towel fall. William was struck with her beauty. He had seen her like this before, when she was much younger, but she had grown. The thought scared him. He felt like he was taking advantage. When he didn’t react, Veronica looked bashful and took the towel up against her chest again.

“No,” William said, taking her hand, “Please. Let me look.”

His gaze was piercing. It was all Veronica could do to uncover herself again. When she did, William took her breast in his hand, just touching. He felt her heart jump against his hand. He met her eyes and saw nothing but wonder. He let his hands roam her body, mapping her chest and shoulders before they cupped her neck and he took her mouth again. It was faster this time, harder, and he knew he couldn't stop this anymore.

Veronica tugged at his shirt and he broke away only long enough to peel it off and press their bodies together. He felt her breasts between them. He couldn't help but roll his hips, seeking relief, seeking her. She moaned.

At that, William rolled her body underneath him. He hovered over her for a moment, taking in the sight of her. The towel still covered her waist, but her breasts were gloriously bare. Her skin seemed to glow in the low light. He pulled the towel away and tossed it aside. Veronica let her eyes roam over William's face, his chest, and lower to the waist of his pants. She met his eyes and without looking away, brought her hand to his belt and unfastened it. She slid her hand lower, between his legs, to cradle his erection through his pants. He hissed and pressed his hips into her touch.

With that he could take no more. He tore his pants off as fast as he could manage and leaned forward over Veronica's naked body, rolled his hips against her thigh, let her feel the full length of him. He pressed his nose against her neck, breathing her in.

"Do you want this?" he murmured into her ear.

"Yes," she breathed. "Yes."

William slid his hand between them, urged Veronica to spread her legs and touched her. He slid his fingers over her, moaning at the heat he found there. Veronica held her breath. When William circled his finger over her clit, she gasped.

"Veronica," he said, "Tell me to stop."

"Never."

He smiled and pressed lower. He teased around her entrance, found it wet and open, and breached her. At the first curl of his fingers inside her, Veronica arched up against him. The ache in her center became a flame and she cried out.

William kept his rhythm slow, building her toward orgasm. Veronica gripped his shoulders and tightened her thighs around him, breathing hard and fast. Soon, William felt her stiffen. He kept the pace of his fingers, pressed harder into her, and found her clit with his thumb. She came with her mouth open and eyes wide, and her thighs shook with the force of her climax.

William moaned at the sensation of her fluttering around his fingers. He needed her. He didn't wait for her to come down before he withdrew his hand and replaced it with his cock. He kissed her deeply, rubbing the tip against her. When he pulled back to look at her, she caught his gaze and held it, then slid her palm down his chest to find his cock. She took it from his hand and caressed it gently, then guided it to her cunt and canted her hips. William

groaned. He followed her lead, pressed into her carefully, slowly, so slowly. She gasped at the sensation. She had never been stretched so wide. When he stopped, she whined and pressed her heels into his hips, urging him forward.

“Please,” she gasped, “William.”

William nearly broke at the sound of his name on her lips. He pressed fully into her and waited as long as he could, but she was so tight, so hot, so fucking wet that he was helpless. He started a slow rhythm, thrusting at an agonizing pace, and after a moment Veronica threw her head back and moaned. William felt her nails in his back, scratching him, urging him to move. He went as slowly as he could, and with every thrust Veronica’s moans grew louder, longer, needier. Soon she was rolling her hips up into his, meeting his thrusts, and her legs were tight around his hips. She felt him swell inside her, huge and hard. She felt the latent power in him, taught in every muscle, every bit of him solid.

William breathed her name, low and worshipful, and Veronica came.

She was so tight already that the spasms of her cunt became unbearable. William shuddered against her, gritting his teeth. He felt his own climax coming. He snapped his hips into hers once more, and again, and again until he stilled, shaking, as he came inside her. He held his weight as best he could when he collapsed onto her.

“William,” Veronica sighed contentedly, then laughed. William withdrew from her and rolled slightly aside. He couldn’t help but smile.

He turned to look at her face, and he was struck once again with how beautiful she was. How in love with her he was.

Veronica closed her eyes and relaxed, basking in the bliss of her orgasm. She rolled back to the position they began in, with her head on his shoulder. He could feel her breasts against his arm, the swell of her breathing. Her heartbeat.

He knew she was his. He loved her more in that moment than he had ever loved before.

“Be careful tomorrow,” was all he could say. After a pause, he added, “Come back to me.” She finally met his eyes. She smiled.

“I will.”

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