Bittersweet Dissonance

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

Victor's attention is swayed to the gorgeous violinist playing in the park across from the rink. Yuuri is baffled by the kind actions of the attractive figure skater. In the meantime, both learn to open up to each other, and their lives finally take a turn for the better.

Notes

-A few days ago, @randomsplashes on Tumblr got an Ask from an Anonymous person, suggesting this type of AU. I branched it out.

-This is a five-shot. The rest of the story is finished already and will be posted within the week.

-I actually took violin lessons for many years(as well as piano). I don't play both perfectly, but I like to think I'm decent. I'm also better at memorization than those I took classes with. My fingering is pretty good too.

-Street performers do a lot of work and really have to put themselves out there. Imagine Yuuri having to do that with his personality.
-Victor's life is bittersweet. Yuuri's life is dissonant.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Yuri!!! on Ice.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

The first time Katsuki Yuuri played in the park outside the best skating rink in St. Petersburg, he hadn't expected much to happen. He'd been standing off to the side beside a large tree, swaying back and forth as he worked on a melody that was in his head. He had been working on it for days, but there always seemed to be something missing. Something that would make the melody complete, although he couldn't seem to find what it was. But he kept it fresh in his mind just in case the inspiration came to him at some point.

Either he needed more instruments, or he should try to just rewrite the piece. Which would take more work than necessary. It had the potential to be a great song if he could just get rid of his mental block and find out what he should do! Being on his own was much different than following a guideline given by an instructor in a class. And he wasn't in a group now. He was doing this solo and it was
annoying to an extent.

As Yuuri ran through small possibilities for the branching of the melody, someone had come up behind him and cleared their throat. The harsh screech of the bow against the strings was enough to make both men wince, and the stranger apologized for startling him as Yuuri turned in a one-eighty to see what stranger had managed to sneak up behind him so well.

Said stranger was gorgeous. Probably one of the most attractive people Yuuri had ever seen in his life, which was a lot considering who his best friend was, and his childhood crush was, and who his former ballet instructor was. But this man was very different compared to those types of beauties. And it was easily noticeable in the way he walked and talked, let alone how he styled himself which was definitely more fanciful than anything Yuuri was used to.

His hair was so blond it looked silver under the slightly overcast sky, and a large uneven fringe blocked his left eye. In fact, Yuuri was certain that it was actually silver in color! But the man looked incredibly young, with an enviable complexion. His blue eyes would put the sky on a sunny day to shame, and probably embarrass it as well for even attempting to use such a color.

"I'm Victor," the man said with a thick, Russian accent, his hand extended in invitation. There was a charming smile on his face. One that spoke of ease and contentment, and an absolute sureness of himself that Yuuri might only slightly envy. "I skate at the rink across the street and I couldn't help but come over." Even his voice was like sex. How did such a person exist?

He was an athlete, which would explain his brand name tracksuit, fancy bag, and delicious body. The man looked like someone who spent a lot of time at the gym in order to attain a sort of look. And because he was into sports, he would then have to work hard in order to maintain said look. And in Yuuri's eyes, that look was doing him so many favors!

"I'm Yuuri," he answered shyly, a bit shocked that he'd managed to somehow get the god's attention. Because there was no way someone that attractive was human. He also remembered - just barely if truth be told - to shake the man's hand as was custom in western countries. He almost made an ass of himself ten seconds after meeting the living statue of perfection.

"I haven't seen you out here before," said Victor conversationally. "I come to the rink almost every day, but never have I come across any musicians. Or at least those who haven't been chased away somehow. Not many people would come around here during the winter especially, unless they are paparazzi wishing to get a look at the figure skaters inside as they train up for the upcoming competitions."

Yuuri flushed and pushed a lock of his hair behind his ear in a nervous gesture that he'd grown used to over the years. "I moved here a few months ago and I rotate parks during the week days. Things are a little tight right now so instead of lingering in different places for too long, I change locations every day. And I'm usually not out for very long because my other job is very demanding. Any donations come from kind people who won't be annoyed with seeing me every day, because the schedule always changes."

Victor was quiet for a moment and Yuuri had to withhold the urge to hide his face in his scarf. Being a street performer wasn't always easy. Sometimes he was harassed. Sometimes people were rude. And as any money from this was basically helping him stay afloat for the time being until he could get settled in better, he had to rely heavily on the generosity of random passersby. A shame in some respect, but it could be worse he realized.

It was embarrassing to need financial support, that was true. Until he could support himself or find a better job at least. Though performing in a small bar wasn't exactly cutting it, it was still much better
than having nothing to do with himself. Still much better to make use of his talents then to let himself go to waste when he could contribute something with his existence.

Sometimes he wondered why he dropped ballet. He could have probably been a dancer instead of a struggling musician. He had the rhythm necessary. He had the ear for the music. He could have probably made a better living instead of being stranded in a foreign country, all alone, with nothing to show for his life. And he wouldn't have to divulge the embarrassment that had become his life to a god in human form.

"Will you be here to perform tomorrow?" Victor asked suddenly, startling Yuuri from his depressive thoughts. The man was standing casually, with his hands folded behind his back. He didn't look anything but interested in Yuuri's answer, which was so odd because looking at him, he didn't seem the type of person to be interested in Yuuri of all people. Or people like Yuuri at least.

"Um… I hadn't planned to be?" He really hadn't though. It wasn't the right day n his schedule.

"I only have my credit card on me right now, but if you come by tomorrow, I'll be able to donate something. I have a competition coming up so my coach wants me to get in as much practice as possible. If you let me relax with you for a bit before I have to dedicate my entire day to destroying my knees, I'd be very appreciative," Victor offered with an easy grin.

His smile was angelic. Beautiful, with such nice teeth. He put Yuuko's beauty to shame and it was so unfair! Yuuri could feel his mouth going dry at the sight of such a look. And the fact that it was being aimed at him did him no good.

Yuuri was flushed however. "I mean- I could just play for you. You don't need to pay me or anything." It wouldn't be too long anyway. Especially if the man had to literally go and train so much that his knees would be hurting afterward. He wouldn't want to take up too much time in the man's day.

The Russian man merely smiled and winked. "I'll see you tomorrow, Yuuri."

Yuuri did not think about how amazing the man's voice had been. He did not sink onto a nearby bench and fan himself despite the fact that it was cold out already and he could see his own breath even when breathing in. And he certainly didn't sit there and proceed to fiddle around with his violin, playing the same tune he'd been previously working on until he was playing a moderately sexual piece that suddenly came to mind because of his interaction with Mr. Sex on Legs Who Couldn't Possible Be Mortal.

Said piece would go well with a guitar and some castanets in order to amp up the feel of the sexuality. Perhaps Paso Doble worthy, or even a Flamenco should he use Flemenco oriented instruments. He would probably have to see what he could do about recording it later. For now, the name that came to mind was, On Love: Eros. And boy was Victor full of Eros in every way. Even just standing was erotic.

Not that the song was about him or anything! It was just the fact that Yuuri had been playing a melody he hadn't managed to finish and he'd gotten inspiration from the man who had come up to him. It wasn't about the man, it was just sort heavily inspired by him. Which meant that it was okay and not creepy in the least.

And the song itself wasn't even finished! It still needed work. But he'd finally built ground on where it was going, which should eventually help him.

He played a few basic notes before bridging into something more modern and relatively new. He'd
always fancied Adele's music after all. **Someone Like You** was heartfelt and sounded lovely on the violin.

Someone paused beside the bench and bent down to place a note into the open violin case. A red haired little girl with a toothless smile. She waved twice at him before running off toward an older woman who too was smiling. The two walked away, hand in hand, swaying to the sound coming from his violin.

Sometimes he was reminded over why he officially took up music and not dance. Today would be one of those reminders. Yuuri loved music more than anything.

"Vitya! Why are you not paying attention?!"

The man winced as the voice of his old coach reached new levels of loud. And the problem was that things echoed in the rink and came back twice as loud, which meant that his ears were ringing all because of Yakov's yelling.

"I'm paying attention, Yakov. I'm just a little out of sorts today," he answered. "Lakshmi can't do the music, and there is no one available to compose in her place so things are a little frustrating at the moment. I have more on my mind than usual."

The old man didn't seem to find his plight in any way worrisome. He merely snorted and said, "Instead of having to go overboard for no necessary reason, how about you use pre-existing music like all of your fellow skaters? Then you wouldn't be wasting money and you wouldn't have to strain yourself over something as simple as choosing your music."

He gasped theatrically, offended at the mere suggestion of being like the other skaters out there. Victor was in a different class and just worked differently than they did, and he didn't want to do the obvious thing! "Yakov, I am surprised! Music can make or break the performance! Me being able to work alongside something that holds all the feelings I have, is what helps me do so well in presentation. This needs to be made specifically for the routine and nothing that already exists will do it justice! I know this deeply."

Victor was consequently sent home early due to being 'too lazy and wasting time'.

He readjusted the strap of his bag and glanced over to the sparse park. Said park where he had met a really adorable Asian man earlier that day, who played the violin really well, even when he was just playing around and not being serious. Victor had promised to pay him on the morrow in exchange for a private performance. And he was really looking forward to challenging him!

The man, Yuuri, was not there any longer, which was kind of sad once he thought about it. But Victor was certain he'd come by again. Besides, he was really cute and if Victor pulled enough strings, he'd probably be able to find him easily. All it took was one post on social media and he'd probably have everything he needed to know about Yuuri the violinist.

He was looking forward to the next morning with relish.

He was there! He was sitting on the bench and playing something much different than the angelic sound from the day before. This one had far more passion in the tune than the last one did, though it sounded familiar to the other in a sense. Possibly a different arrangement of the same melody if he guessed correctly. He wasn't that inclined to music, but he knew enough to get by. He once dated a cellist and heard a few musical terms here and there that stayed.
While his ears were pleased like his eyes were - because damn, did someone look fine in dark shades of blue - something caught his attention and he didn't really like it as much as everything else.

It was January. It took some dedication to be out in the middle of winter, playing an instrument that requires delicate handling, without any gloves on. Yuuri's hands had no protection from the elements, and while it wasn't snowing currently, it was still pretty chilly outside. Enough so that any sort of heat created steam and fog against the cool temperature.

He winced at the thought of freezing hands and dry, cracked fingers. It would hurt a lot and make it harder for the man to play, which was something he apparently did for a living. Perhaps Victor could buy him a pair of thin gloves? Could he even play the violin with gloves on or would they get in the way? This was why he got confused over simple things.

"Hi, Yuuri!" Victor shouted, coming up behind him and smirking when the other man jumped in place, whirling around to gape at him. It was apparent that Yuuri truly got lost in his music and that it was easy to sneak up on him when in such states of concentration.

"Victor," the man greeted him with a nod, voice soft and sweet and kinds of beautiful. "Hello."

His eyes were warm and brown despite how cold it was outside. Victor was weak for brown eyes. And the face said brown eyes were set in, was a fine piece of creation as well. Soft and adorable.

"Aren't you cold out here? Do you want to come into the rink to get warm?" Victor offered, not wanting the man to freeze to death.

Immediately, Yuuri began to stutter about how he couldn't loiter and take up unnecessary space and how he was just there to play for an hour and then he'd be on his way. He seemed to be a very fidgety individual, which was both cute and worrisome. Though not in a bad way.

Victor plopped down beside him on the bench, noting that Yuuri's shuffled to the other side, eying him shyly. It was adorable. The man himself was just a bundle of cuteness in a perfect package!

"I suppose that I'll just have to sit here with you until you have to go. Then we can both be cold together!"

"Y-you can't do that! You'll freeze!" protested Yuuri, looking altogether horrified and flattered that Victor would offer to sit with him at all.

"Dearest Yuuri, I've lived in Russia my whole life. I am immune to the temperatures here!"

"What about your training?"

"Yakov can wait. I wasn't exactly on point yesterday so he might not be too cross with me if I'm not doing as well today either."

That was a lie, but Victor would just do as he usually did. Lie or pretend that he couldn't hear the man. It usually worked. Or it got him booted from the rink for a few days. But as Europeans was coming up soon, Yakov wouldn't risk practice time for his upcoming performances. He wanted Victor to win Russia the gold again after all. And if he wanted that gold, compromising his own student was not a good plan.

"You are frustrating."

Victor's jaw dropped, though he apparently wasn't the only person who was shocked, because Yuuri's entire face went red and he began apologizing profusely.
"I swear I didn't mean it! Well- I didn't mean for it to be mean! I wasn't trying to be rude either, I was just trying to say that you were annoyingly persistent! Wait! It's actually a really good quality and it's not annoying at all! It's a good thing that you can be so persistent in getting your way! It shows dedication! Dedication is very admirable!"

Victor doubled over, charmed and amused. More so than he had been in a long time, and it felt good to laugh with everything in him. Yuuri was adorable in every sense of the word and he felt blessed just to be able to speak to the man. Speak to him as a person and not have to think about something scripted ahead of time. Because Yuuri wasn't a fan or a journalist. He was just Yuuri.

"Yuuri, you are cute. Please don't ever think otherwise," he said in between laughs, trying to bring himself down from the emotional high.

The man turned away to mumble something in what Victor recognized to be Japanese. He understood 'kawaii' but the rest was lost to him. The flush on his face pretty much told the rest easily though.

"You are cute," Victor insisted.

"You came here for music, right? Why don't I finally play you something so I'm not taking up your valuable time? I'm sure you have more important things to do with your day than to sit here with me!"

Yuuri situated his violin, chin slotting into place on the fabric covered chinrest.

Victor was merciful enough to allow the man to calm himself. But it was just so fun to fluster him! Yuuri was great!

Yuuri would admit to being a little sad when Victor had to leave for practice. And the only reason he knew that Victor had to go, was the fact that an old man stomped outside of the rink, screaming 'Victor Nikiforov' at the top of his lungs. And Victor was easily spotted. The man proceeded to threaten to bodily drag him inside if he did not get in immediately, meaning Victor had to go and their time was cut short.

"I really love your music," said Victor as he pulled out his wallet. "It's very relaxing and reminds me of days when things used to be more calm in my life. Before I was scouted and became famous. It's nice to be reminded now and then."

Victor then stood and moved on over to slip a folded note into the violin case. "I hope I can see you again some time in the near future."

Another wink was sent in Yuuri's direction before the man sauntered away, yelling back to his coach that 'some things in life were more important than training'. To which the man replied frostily, 'since when have you believed such?'. The two disappeared inside, leaving Yuuri to stare after them in bemusement.

Yuuri's gaze lowered to the purple case, where Victor had slipped the money under the small flap that held the rosin he used for his bow. It had been more pink than blue or green like he'd come to expect from people. And it was a note, not a coin like other people had been giving him, so he knew there was a bit more there than donations he usually received.

When Yuuri reached in and plucked out the bundle of notes - not a single note, Victor had left a small roll - he found himself faced with ten, crisply rolled 5,000 Ruble notes. Victor Nikiforov had given him fifty thousand Rubles all for an hour of on and off playing and talking.
Either the man was crazy, or he was planning something.

That was like ninety-six thousand Yen! That was way more than generosity. And it would probably finally get him a bed instead of a sofa!

But he felt bad. That was a lot of money. He hadn't done much beyond argue with the kind man and play a few songs that he had specifically asked Yuuri to play. He didn't deserve the equivalent of eight hundred plus dollars for only that much.

Yuuri straightened up. He'd keep what he needed - enough for an actual bed at least - and give the rest back. He didn't need that much for so little work. The man had given him his gloves and scarf even! That was already enough! So yes, Yuuri would give him back the rest of the money.

Yeah. That would do.

"What was that about?" Yakov demanded once Victor and he were safely inside the man's office.

Victor shrugged. "His music is inspiring and I wanted to meet him again."

"You have training to be doing, Vitya!"

"But I can't possibly get any better at what I'm doing already!" he whined, petulantly folding his arms. "I understand keeping myself sharp in front of Georgi and such, but I don't see why I have to keep practicing these routines when I've started on my new routines for next Season!"

He sent an almighty pout in Yakov's direction, imploring the man to pay him the pity he was due.

Yakov gave no such thing. Instead, he gave Victor glares and pursed lips. His extended forehead was almost purple.

"That still requires you to train, Vitya. Spending your time out in the cold weather can make you ill. And if you miss the European Championships and end up breaking your streak of winning, it'll cause unholy hell to fall upon your shoulders from the Federation. And none of us want to actually deal with any of them if we can help it!"

He scoffed. "They still have Georgi if they want worthwhile representation so badly. And Yuri is coming up quickly. He'll be joining the Senior Division next year and I won't always be able to skate, so why do they put all of their hopes on me when we all know that I don't have many Seasons left in the first place?"

Maybe he would like to have a life of his own at some point in the near future? Something outside of figure skating and the cruel ice he'd dedicated more than two thirds of his life to. For a little bit. He'd love to go somewhere with his dearest poodle Makka and just take a long holiday. Besides, his knees were starting to ache more and more as the days passed. Eventually, he would be able to keep up.

Yakov understood him to a point, but the man eat, slept, and breathed figure skating for the past fifty plus years. Skating was what literally ended his marriage. Twenty years of dedication to the ice had already been stacked against Lilia when she had married the man. And the ice ended up taking more dedication that she had earned in the end.

Victor did like having a life outside of skating. Yakov never got a chance. It was performing as an Ice Dancer, then choreographing for others. Finally, he just decided to become a coach. And for the past thirty or so years, Yakov had been coaching Russian figure skaters nonstop.
He didn't want to become like that. Anything in order to not become like that.

"For now, you are the face of Russia, Vitya. You have to play nice. You get away with far too much anyhow and you cannot afford to go out after such an astounding career, in embarrassment and misery."

"I know."

He knew all too well. That didn't mean that he liked or approved of it.

The old man sighed and stood from his chair. "Get your skates on and get warmed up. And if I ever catch you walking around in the winter without a scarf or gloves on again, I will make you do compulsory figures for a week."

Even Victor had to cave to the man's demands. Figures were so boring! And Yakov was so damned old fashioned too! He would do it just to spite someone.

"Don't give me that look, boy or I'll make you do them now for wasting unnecessary time today!"

Victor skipped off quickly, knowing that if he stuck around any longer, then he would probably infuriate his coach even more and would probably end up doing the figures anyway. It had happened enough int the past that he knew the signs well enough by now.

Halfway through his warm up, half an hour later, Yakov's voice exploded through the room and Yuri Plisetsky ended up being sentenced to a week of compulsory figures. Victor would only sigh in pity for the teen. Victor was just simply glad that it wasn't him.

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A/N: The first is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.
Chapter Notes

-I made Yuuri's violin case purple because mine should have been purple and I got stuck with teal. I don't like teal.

-Mikail was Yuuri's ex who dumped him so cruelly after they went to Russia after uni. Phichit has some words and actions involving said asswipe.

-Yuuri is experiencing some troubles because he did what he wanted and followed his dream of being a musician, but it hasn't really shown anything useful in his life. He's gotten nowhere and he'd frustrated over being seen as a failure.(No one actually thinks he's a failure though.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Yuri!!! on Ice.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.
@Phi-Chu: Boy, I know you aren't ignoring me!

@Phi-Chu: I've got dirt on you and I don't like being ignored!

@Katsu: I'm not.

@Katsu: I'm just having a difficult time right now.

@Phi-Chu: ?

@Phi-Chu: Trouble is paradise?

@Katsu: Something like that.

@Phi-Chu: Did something happen?

@Phi-Chu: Do I need to make Mikhail's life hell?

@Phi-Chu: I know things you don't know.

@Katsu: Whatever you want to do to that asshole, go ahead.

@Katsu: I honestly don't give a damn.

@Phi-Chu: You've only been there since like September!
@Phi-Chu: What could have happened between then and now?

@Phi-Chu: I need to know. For science.

@Phi-Chu: Or for how bad my actions need to be.

@Katsu: The ass wanted too much too soon and when I wouldn't give, he kicked me out.

@Katsu: I've been in a small apartment for the past month or so.

@Katsu: I work at a less-than-reputable bar and I do street performances.

@Phi-Chu: The fuck?

@Phi-Chu: So you're just alone in a new country?

@Phi-Chu: Have you called your mom yet?

@Phi-Chu: Would you be opposed to me dragging Mikhail to hell?

@Katsu: Yes. No, and please don't call her either! No, do what you want to him. idc

@Phi-Chu: YES!

@Phi-Chu: Also you should definitely call your family.

@Katsu: I don't want to be a burden.

@Katsu: Besides, it's embarrassing and I'm not ready to face them.

@Phi-Chu: It's a part of adulting, Yuuri.

@Phi-Chu: Sometimes we fuck up.

@Phi-Chu: The sooner you deal with it, the sooner you move on.

@Phi-Chu: And the sooner I am to wrecking havoc all over Mikhail.

@Katsu: I'm friendly with one of my coworkers. She's nice.

@Katsu: I saw her punch a guy out for being too familiar with her.

@Katsu: She didn't get fired either.

@Phi-Chu: Cool! She got a Twitter?

@Katsu: Yes?

@Katsu: Phichit?

@Katsu: Hello?

@Phi-Chu: Sorry!
@Phi-Chu: I was checking to see if you've gotten any new Twitter followers.

@Phi-Chu: Her name is Elle?

@Katsu: It's creepy how you feel the need to do this.

@Phi-Chu: You are my best friend and I am protecting you.

@Phi-Chu: You're all the way over in Europe while I'm still in America.

@Phi-Chu: This is the best I can do for now.

@Katsu: ^-^

@Phi-Chu: She seems okay. The Bing translations kind of suck though.

@Phi-Chu: She reminds me a bit of Leo though.

@Katsu: She's German, not Mexican.

@Phi-Chu: To-may-to, to-mah-to.

@Phi-Chu: Both are tanned, have the same hair and eye color, and like yellow a lot.

@Phi-Chu: You have your own Leo to keep you chill!

@Phi-Chu: Speaking of Leo, he was asking after you.

@Phi-Chu: Told me to tell you to 'stay safe' and not go into strange places, loco.

@Katsu: I'll thank him when I get the chance.

@Phi-Chu: Good.

@Phi-Chu: Don't be a stranger. I need to get your input on my music!

@Katsu: I'll be available early mornings between 6-7 here.

@Katsu: So like 11pm-12am for you.

@Phi-Chu: KK. I'll be up around those times.

@Phi-Chu: Can you take texts or is it too much money?

@Katsu: Twitter or Tumblr chats are best for now.

@Phi-Chu: When you get the chance, Skype me!

@Katsu: Okay.

@Phi-Chu: See ya, bruh!

Victor stared down at the generic, white envelope in his hand and looked back up to Yuuri, whose face was a red as the scarf Victor had given him. He looked as if he wanted to just disappear or melt
into the fabric. He was also refusing to meet Victor's gaze despite the Russian attempting to catch his eyes. No, Yuuri seemed to find Victor's old scarf - one of many that he had been given over the years - more interesting.

"What is this?" the Russian inquired, holding the folded paper up, using the sunlight as a way to see the contents inside. Long and rectangular it appeared.

Yuuri sighed and readjusted his gloves for the third time since Victor had greeted him that morning. He was definitely one to fidget at any given chance. "You were a little too generous the other day," said Yuuri, voice muffled a little through the fabric of his scarf. "I was able to rent a bed with some of it, which was great! But I felt bad that you had handed me so much, and decided to just give the rest back."

Behind blocky, blue glasses, Yuuri's eyes sparkled slightly. And while Victor's breath was certainly caught whilst in awe of the other man's beauty, Victor couldn't help but frown. Because fifty thousand Rubles was nothing. It was like the price of a half-decent suit at least. And to think, Victor had been worried over the fact that he hadn't given Yuuri enough money. How incorrect he'd been.

"It was a gift, Yuuri," Victor said, pushing the envelope against the other's chest, refusing the other's generous offer. Yuuri was far too good for the world and Victor was baffled that he could even look at money and decide that he didn't need some of it. No one had ever said or done anything of the sort while in Victor's company before, so he was allowed to be shocked. "I enjoyed your company immensely and I actually had fun for the first time in a long while. Of course I wanted to thank you for that, and the best way to do so was to contribute in a meaningful way."

"B-but it's too much!" protested Yuuri, trying to shove the envelope back into Victor's arms but to no avail. Victor's hands refused to reach up and take the envelope from the other man, and remained stubbornly pressed against his outer thighs. He could see Yuuri's growing frustration flashing in his eyes, and found it minutely charming and partially hilarious, though he would never admit such aloud.

Victor shook his head, an almost mad grin on his face. "Not to me it isn't."

The man groaned and sent him an exasperated look.

"Besides," said Victor, "how do you know that something won't happen and you won't need the extra money? You've only been here for a few months. You told me so a few days ago. And whatever job you have right now isn't helping you very well if this is when you finally managed to get yourself a bed." He wasn't wrong either, which made the situation all the more surreal for Victor. He didn't like the thought of Yuuri not having a bed to sleep in, so he was very happy that what he'd been able to give had finally gotten something for Yuuri to sleep on. He'd never been faced with something of this magnitude before, but it was nice to know all the same.

Yuuri flushed and looked away, his insistent pushing on the envelope dying down. There was no point in continuing if Victor wasn't even going to bother playing along. Not now.

"Yuuri, I would prefer you to be okay than to think that you're struggling to get by. I don't know why you came to Russia of all places when it's obvious that you aren't a native, but you are here right now and you somehow managed to run into me of all people. I don't like the thought that someone so amazing is having a hard time when I know I can help even a little bit."

"It's really not as bad as you think," insisted Yuuri, still refusing to make eye contact. "I was in a relationship that fell through and I got kicked out. I managed to get by though and I've decided to stay for a while, until I'll no doubt have to go back to Japan. Things aren't great, but they could be
worse, so I'm not complaining. I'm a lot more lucky than many other people are."

Yuuri was such an inherently good person, Victor was beside himself with shock. Anyone else - Victor included most definitely - would be complaining about their situation and whining to any available ear. Instead, Yuuri was there in the middle of the winter months, working day in and day out in the freezing weather in order to make himself some money in order to continue existing.

That kind of determination was admirable. It was also enough to make him more aware of things happening outside his own flat and the rink. That other people had lives too and not everyone was as blessed as he was. A wake up call if there ever was one.

"If you need any help, don't be afraid to ask me," he told the other man sincerely. He would be anywhere in an instant if Yuuri decided that he needed some help and came to Victor for it. "I know sometimes it's hard to ask for help, but I wouldn't want my friend suffering."

Brown eyes widened. "We're friends?" the man asked in wonder.

"Yeah. If you'd like to be."

"W-we haven't even exchanged mobile numbers yet!"

"We can do that now!" said Victor, pulling his own mobile out and taking a photo of Yuuri immediately. It was a great excuse to do so.

"You're so embarrassing!"

He laughed, charmed and happier than he had been in a while. Nothing could bring his mood down right now. Not even Yakov's insistent yelling to 'get his ass back into the rink and start practicing'.

Once they both had exchanged mobile numbers officially, and he finally learned Yuuri's full name - Katsuki Yuuri - he was able to focus on exactly why he'd skipped across the street to see the man. "If you'd like to earn some more money, I have a few song suggestions and I'd like to see what you can arrange on the spot. If you're up for the challenge at least."

Yuuri's eyes sharpened instantly at the thought of a challenge, and Victor found himself wishing the other could skate. Facing off against someone with such a nice outlook on competition would have been nice. "I can do anything you throw at me, Nikiforov."

Yuuri was very good, he found out. And it might have given him ideas. But he had to be absolutely sure first before saying anything. What he was sure about though, was that he was absolutely smitten after only three encounters with the same man.

Some odd sort of magic he was not privy to. Katsuki Yuuri had it in spades.

---

v-nikiforov No one will understand the depth of my loneliness right now! I am missing my dear Makka!
#mypuppyisstillathome #helpme #imissmypuppy
#itssoquiet #lookatthepupperihave2wait2see

christophe gc @v-nikiforov You'll only be gone for a few days. You can handle the separation for now. Besides the reunion will be all the sweeter. #petproblems #feels

Jjeroy!15 @christophe gc @v-nikiforov It is not JJ's Style
to miss that which he already knows he possesses!

v-nikiforov @Jjleroy!15 Who are you again?

christophe-gc *pfft* @v-nikiforov you are one hell of a dick. If you know what I mean. (°_°) #funnyshit #luvit

v-nikiforov @christophe-gc You would know! ^-* Though to be honest, who is he? #ireallydontknow

With Victor's challenges every week, Yuuri had noticed that he was becoming better at arranging on the spot. He hadn't had to do it so much before, but he realized just how helpful Victor's little game was for him. His fingering had improved the more they played the game, and he wondered if he'd finally be able to do Michael Jackson's Beat It on time with the actual guitar solo.

He hadn't tried it yet, but he was certain that given enough time to perfect his work, he'd be able to do it. He would also need a home of his own because the only time he could use his laptop was at the coffee shop and he wasn't going to disturb the other diners by playing his violin so early in the morning.

Of course without Victor there with him he wasn't as excited to play for others. People didn't usually bother to engage him in conversation. Victor had, which was what had helped soften Yuuri to him. The skater was bubbly and happy and seemed to be full of never-ending energy. It was lonely without him.

"So what exactly is your job?" Victor asked him the day after he got back from competing at the European Skating Championships. It was now early February and they had known each other for about three weeks, seeing each other three or sometimes four times a week.

"I perform at a bar. I'm a strings lover. Piano, guitar, violin, harp, if it's got strings, I can probably pick it up easier than most other instruments. I play guitar most of the time for the house band. It's not great, but the other players are decent people in similar positions as I am so we all know to just go for it and hope for the best each night."

Victor sipped at the hot cocoa he'd brought along. "Are you like a prodigy?"

Yuuri's face no doubt had gone red. "Yes," he admitted quietly. He wasn't comfortable thinking about his skills beyond being able to play. It made him feel like he was bragging and he didn't want to brag. Braggarts were annoying and he greatly detested hypocrisy.

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"I'm a prodigy too!" said Victor, grin wide and bright. "Did you take classes?"

He shrugged. "Basic ones. My family couldn't afford to get me real lessons in music. I could have gone into dancing free of charge. I took ballet for many years before I fell in love with the violin. My instructor was a prima ballerina and a recipient of the Benois de la Danse. I could have done it. But then I picked up a violin, messed with the strings, and started playing all the songs I could find. Even if I was 'playing wrong'.

"As a gift, Minako-sensei enrolled me into some basic classes so that I could learn to read sheet music and notes. Unfortunately, I felt bad that she was paying for it, and I quit after the second year. I attended an America university on a half scholarship and took AP Music Theory while there. Everything else came with practice on my own and I just seem to be really good no matter what I do, so I suppose I'm just very lucky."
Victor whistled. "You are amazing. And it isn't luck, Yuuri. That is talent that you work with to train yourself."

"So says the four time World Figure Skating Champion!"

It was Victor's turn to flush. "You know about that?"

"I looked up your name and watched some of your videos."

The look on Victor's face was like a deer caught in headlights.

"You were beautiful," Yuuri admitted, remembering the fluttering in his stomach when he watched the man completely bare himself in the rink in front of millions of people worldwide. A type of artistry not seen often.

He'd been paranoid that people would look over his shoulder, and had crammed himself into a booth at the far end of the shop in order to watch.

"Thank you, Yuuri."

It was just the truth. But the truth seemed to be touching for Victor, so Yuuri merely smiled in response and waited for the man to suggest his first song of the morning.

Hallelujah was one he had never tried before, but it certainly set the mood.

"Who the fuck do you keep wasting time with every morning?"

Victor looked down at the blond and could only think about how this Yuri was not his favorite. He was a decent kid, but his attitude left a lot to be desired and Victor just found himself more fond of the Japanese Yuuri than the Russian one. The other Yuuri knew how to have fun. This one was too much like a grouchy old man to be any true fun.

"He's a friend of mine who plays violin beautifully. I like having the pleasure of his company."

The teen scoffed. "You should be choreographing my Short Program for my Senior Debut, not messing around with an idiot who carries a purple violin case of all things."

Victor had to think about his response. Technically, he had already begun working on his next two programs, as well as the program he had promised for the boy. As he had begun working on his own, it wouldn't hurt for Yuri to begin training for his next season either.

Besides, he had an idea.

"I've already finished the choreography for both of our Short Programs. It's acquiring the music that is taking so long," he said flippantly.

The blond gaped. "You actually remembered?"

"I can remember things when it's most important!"

A scoff. "You forget a jacket half of the time. How can we expect you to remember your promise to me if you can't remember things for yourself?"

"I remember my own choreo, don't I?"
Yuri said nothing, knowing that Victor was correct after all.

"Just show me already!"

Victor did. He showed the teen everything he had, giving his all to the performances, even when he didn't have the music on hand at present. It was still a breathtaking routine.

"Why do I have a feeling that this is going to be about sappy shit?"

Victor winked. "It certainly has a heavenly vibe to it, don't you think?"

"It's disgusting and so not me."

His smile turned evil. "But it's going to be your Senior Debut piece!"

At the boy's eye roll and murmur about 'ridiculous idiots', Victor added, "It would be a gold winning routine if I skated it, so you better give it your all, Yurachka."

Once the blond was sufficiently riled up, Victor moved on to practice his own routine. The one that was inherently more sexual and probably very naughty if he gave his all at the right competition. With the right motivation probably.

"Why couldn't I get that one?" the teen demanded after Victor's first run through. "I would have totally been able to do that one!"

He scoffed. As if Victor would give a currently fourteen year old, such a sexual routine. He wasn't that irresponsible.

Yuuri stared at the letter on his small bed and sighed. Of all the things to have happened to him, this had to be it.

Phichit had told him that going to Russia was a bad idea, and he finally understood why. Sure, getting dumped after a few months of living together had been harsh, but it didn't fully hit him until he was living on his own and barely managing to live week by week.

He didn't want to bother his family for help. They'd done enough for him and he wasn't going to prove that basically everything he'd done so far in life, had been pointless. He didn't want to disappoint anyone. And it wasn't like he could do more than text them anyway.

He had no internet, because it was expensive. He had no television even, not that he wanted it. He wasn't much for TV or movies. The heat and electricity were very expensive for one person living alone in a single bedroom apartment. It was much different than the dorm had been in America. And kind of lonely. Seeing Victor every other day was like a blessing. The second familiar face that he found pleasant in his current life.

He missed his friend Phichit, but he couldn't do more than text the other currently, and even that was on a limited plan for a while until he could switch to something better. He had to be more delicate with his funds for the time being. That meant using less heat, water, and electricity until he was more financially stable.

And now. Now it had happened. Which was annoying.

His landlord was an asshole. There was no kind way of putting it. The man was greedy and disgusting, and he tried to play Yuuri for the fool. Yuuri had been stuck with him because he'd been
the only person to understand any English, and Yuuri wasn't going to complain when he needed the apartment.

Yuuri was being evicted because he, apparently, used up too much of the power. Yuuri, who was rarely home for more than eight hours a day, had used up too much electricity. Yuuri, who didn't have a refrigerator or microwave. Nor a television, DVD player, or gaming system. Or even used the lights because he slept during the day mostly and was gone to work before it got dark enough to use lights.

Yuuri was being evicted on the grounds that he wasted too much energy. He had two weeks to pack up and get out. Thankfully, he only had his laptop, which he used early mornings at the coffee shop that offered free wifi. His new bed that was smaller than the one he had back in Hasetsu Japan and it had been rented so it would just have to return to the shop. A small table and a small sofa would be sold easily.

He had thirteen days to find new lodgings or else.

Yuuri currently had about fifteen thousand Rubles to his name. Suddenly, Victor's insistence on him keeping the money instead of giving it back, made a lot more sense. He really needed it now, and he didn't know what to do.

"Yuuri! I have a new challenge for you today!"

Victor was running down the walkway, his iPod in his hand and a pair of earbuds in the other. "I want you to listen to this and then I want to see if you can play your own arrangement!"

Yuuri smiled when he finally laid eyes on Victor and shifted to the other side of the bench so that they could share the space. He'd been patiently waiting for the skater like always, and Victor hadn't disappointed. He'd wanted to see Yuuri as soon as possible.

The Russian plunked himself down and held the earbuds out to the younger man. "It's one of my favorite songs and I think you would do it wonderfully. Also I'd just like to see what your fingers are going to do for it. You have such lovely fingers."

It was a piano piece done by an up and coming artist. She had composed it herself and it was a very quick piece of music, requiring deft handling of any instrument one wanted to play it on. Yuuri was a monster on the violin and Victor wanted to know if it was possible for him to do it.

And if not, there was nothing wrong with that.

"I could probably do it on the piano," the musician admitted. "I don't have a piano though, so it would be a while before I could show you."

Victor pouted. Just when he had gotten all excited over it. But it was fine.

"I could try on the violin if you want me too!" Yuuri offered, rushing to take up his violin then.

He was halted by Victor's hand on his elbow. His face was serious. "Do you think you can actually do it, or would you prefer to do something else today? I don't want to push you if you aren't comfortable or ready."

Yuuri's smile was breathtaking.

"Play me your favorite song instead," said Victor, taking the earbuds back and turning the device off.
"I want to know what speaks to Katsuki Yuuri most at this very moment."

It ended up being a very sad piece. It made him think of great loss and loneliness. But Yuuri simply sat on the edge of the bench, playing the soulful notes and leaning from side to side occasionally as he lost himself in the music.

There was a morose expression on his face. Even though his eyes were closed, he looked so very sad.

If whatever the song was called, was Yuuri's favorite song at present, Victor had to wonder what was wrong. He also wasn't sure of how he should go about asking though. He didn't want to seem weird, getting up in Yuuri's business when he didn't really have to.

But Yuuri was also his friend, and he didn't want Yuuri to be sad. Victor didn't like sadness. He'd dealt with it for far too long to approve.

Maybe Yuuri would do good with a little poodle time! His Makka would probably like Yuuri a lot. He could take time off from skating because Worlds was a few weeks away, and he could bring Makka around for a walk on the next day they would meet up.

It was settled. A day to make Yuuri feel better, was going to be planned once he was done with practice for the day!

Yuuri sighed, incredibly sad that he had to bring the bed back to the rental center, but it was much better than buying it outright. The sofa and night table had been sold for a few thousand Rubles, which was fine since they weren't even that great to begin with.

He was currently staying in a inn. It wasn't that bad considering they offered free wifi and a complimentary breakfast to everyone. There was a laundry room and a snack room. Down the road there were shops of all kinds.

He'd be paying every three nights he stayed, and there was even a discount for staying three nights in a row.

So in essence it could be worse. He just had to have six thousand Rubles every three days until he could find a new place. Preferably one that didn't have a human douche for an owner.

At least the washroom was in good condition. And housekeeping had the bathroom restocked every day with new towels and soaps. Honestly, the inn was a much better choice than the small apartment had been. There was a coffee/tea maker. A microwave. A mini fridge. He almost felt pampered.

Yuuri slept the entire night on a full sized bed instead of one that made his childhood bed look decent.

At least he could finally Skype Phichit back. He just knew that he'd be in for a long talk about making good decisions and how Phichit was probably going to smack him the next time they met up in person. But he missed his friend and it was totally worth it.

When he finally talked to Phichit face to face, he found out what became of Mikhail.

Phichit had saved a few embarrassing things on his mobile. Things that come about after a drunken night in uni where he said and did things that were probably borderline illegal and immoral. Phichit had sent the evidence to everyone on Mikhail's friend list on Twitter. Shared links to it on every other social media site the ass had a profile on. Practically embarrassed the ass for hurting Yuuri.
Mikhail deleted his accounts and his new girlfriend dumped him and Friended Phichit, and kept him up to date on the happenings. Apparently, Yuuri's ex was kicked out of his recent ex's house and was struggling to get by, living on his parents' sofa for the time being.

Karma was actually a thing. And despite everything going on recently, Yuuri felt a lot lighter in spirit.

"Hey Victor, get over here!"

When the man finally deigned to grace the blond with his attention, the boy looked like he was going to burst.

"Yes, Yurachka?"

"Did you know that your buddy is living in one of those shitty hostels off the side of the highway?"

Victor frowned. "Do you mean Yuuri?"

"The guy with the violin, right?" the boy asked, looking like he was ready to kill someone.

"Yes."

"Well grandpa came to visit and as we were coming off the exit, I saw the guy you've been crushing on, walking down the street. We saw him cross the road twice. He walked in the grass for like ten minutes and then went inside one of the small rooms as the hostel. He had a key card and everything. He was carrying his stupid purple violin case with him and he looked like shit."

Victor stared for the better part of a minute, before asking, "Why did you follow him?"

"I was just curious, I don't care or anything! But he's your friend and shit, so whatever."

Victor nodded. "Thanks for telling me, Yura."

He had to message Yuuri and ask him what was going on. He just hoped that whatever it was, it wasn't what his mind had come up with first.

Katsuki Yuuri was too sweet and innocent to have to live a life where he had to do… things in order to survive.

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**A/N: Another is done!**

**How was it? Let me know!**

**Check out my other fics!**

**See ya! :D**

**CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON, I FOLLOW BACK.**
Check out my many other YOI fics! ^-^
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Time to get new lodgings!

Chapter Notes

-Yuuri moves in with Victor.
-Sorry for the wait. Several fandoms I'm in have been socked with either games, movies, or upgrades, so I've been running around like a chicken with my head cut off.
-Phichit is a protective best friend.
-Trostpflaster is German and it's like a bandage, but specifically for the emotions.
-Victor's flirting game is a bit weak.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Yuri!!! on Ice.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON, I FOLLOW BACK.
Victor: Yuuri, why are you staying in a hostel?

Yuuri: A what?

Victor: An inn.

Yuuri: Ummm

Yuuri: How did you find that out?

Victor: I have friend who might have seen you.

Victor: And they told me because they were a little concerned.

Victor: And now I'm concerned too.

Yuuri: I got evicted.

Victor: WHAT?

Victor: *what

Yuuri: My landlord was being an asshole.

Victor: Shit.

Yuuri: He sent me the letter and I decided to get out sooner rather than later.
Victor: What about the bed?

Yuuri: I rented that.

Victor: The sofa???

Yuuri: I had to sell that.

Victor: So you're all alone and have no one with you?

Yuuri: I suppose.

Victor: And

Victor: Do you LIKE the hostel?

Yuuri: It's okay I guess.

Yuuri: Free breakfast, free wifi.

Yuuri: I'd have to pay to wash my laundry, but that's fine.

Yuuri: And it's kept clean every day so I'm not dying in filth.

Yuuri: Also, a large bed. Even if it smells like stale air.

Victor: Yuuri

Yuuri: I can't really complain.

Yuuri: It's better than the apartment was.

Victor: Well I have wifi and food and a washing machine and a big bed.

Victor: You could have stayed with me.

Yuuri: O/////O

Victor: I have a poodle too!

Victor: Her name is Makka and she is a darling.

Yuuri: Victor…

Yuuri: You realize you just suggested that we share a bed, right?

Victor: ????

Victor: Oh!

Victor: I have a guest room, silly Yuuri.

Yuuri: Shut up.
Victor: Though if you wanted to get into bed with me that much, all you had to do was ask!

Victor: (°_°)

Yuuri: You are horrible.

Yuuri: I was pointing out that you were inviting a stranger to share with you.

Victor: I've known you for almost two months.

Victor: Have met you in person fourteen times.

Victor: We've exchanged numbers.

Victor: I followed your Twitter and IG.

Victor: I pay you to play me music.

Victor: We aren't exactly strangers now.

Yuuri: Still... I'd feel bad.

Victor: But I have a poodle!

Victor: She's fuzzy and loves cuddles!

Yuuri: Maybe

Victor: And you wouldn't be alone!

Victor: Everyone needs a good old poodle in their life!

Yuuri: I would have to pay rent. I refuse handouts.

Victor: :( 

Victor: Fine. You play my piano for me and you can stay.

Yuuri: ?You have a piano?

Victor: Yes. It was a gift for a commercial I did.

Victor: It'll go to waste otherwise since I can't play more then Chopsticks.

Yuuri: Just playing the piano?

Victor: We can take turns cooking dinner.

Victor: I boil a mean noodle. ^-^

Yuuri: I'm not the greatest cook either. I know only a few things.

Victor: We can learn together!
Victor: It'll be fun!

Victor: Please???

Yuuri: I will help buy groceries. I have to do more than piano.

Victor: YES!

Victor: And maybe you can finally do Trospflaster on the piano!

Yuuri: You're really looking forward to that?

Victor: Yeah.

Victor: Where am I picking you up?

Yuuri: What, NOW?

Victor: Yeah. We can get you settled in and have dinner before you have to go to work!

Yuuri: Um...

Victor: PLEASE??????

Yuuri: Okay.

Victor: Should I come to get you or will you prefer to get my address?

Yuuri: I can catch a cab to your place. I have one bag of clothes, my violin in its case, and my laptop. Nothing else.

Victor: ********************************

Victor: Can't wait to see you!

Victor jumped off the sofa and rushed to get clean linens from the hall closet. If he wanted Yuuri to be comfortable, he had to make the room as comfortable as possible. Also, he'd have to make the bed, roll the piano into the room so Yuuri would be able to use it as his leisure, and get one of the shag rugs from the storage room so he didn't have to deal with the cold floor.

The guest room, which was usually used by either Chris or Yurachka when either needed to stay over for a time, was really bare in terms of color. Victor had never felt a need to go wild in terms of decorating a room that was rarely used. He felt a little bad for it now.

It was just all white. The walls and floor were devoid of any sort of color. The bed frame and bedding matched. He'd made a very small effort by putting up a lavender painting of a ballet dancer above the bed, but it didn't do much for the overall lacking theme in the room. Yuuri would probably like it though if he did ballet in the past. And if he didn't like it, there was always the option of redecorating, which was something Victor had unmatched talent at. And spending money. He was good at that as well.

They'd have to get more decorations for the room so Yuuri would feel more at home. It was a lot like a hospital now that he thought about it. Victor didn't like hospitals or clinics.
The rug he decided to lay down was black and the most startling contrast in the room. For a moment he had considered a white one, but white stained easily and everything was white enough as it was. What if Yuuri became stressed over it? In fact, Victor would definitely have to get more color in the room because Yuuri was the anxious type who didn't like to cause problems - or what he assumed were problems - and he'd probably worry a lot about ruining anything white.

He'd simply have to ask when the man was settled in.

Yuuri was going to be in his home, he realized! They would be living together from now on! He was so excited! He could show Yuuri all of his favorite films, and they could listen to music together! And Victor would probably be able to ask for his help now that they would no doubt be closer than before! And he wouldn't have to feel strange for wanting to spend more time with Yuuri because Yuuri would already be with him.

While sad for Yuuri's situation, he was kind of glad. He would get Yuuri to himself now. It was selfish and perhaps a little creepy, but he really liked being with Yuuri. He'd felt more calm than he had in a long time, when with the other man. He would get all of Yuuri's free time because the other man wouldn't have to go to the coffee shop just for wifi now. And they could be together more. And Victor could probably commission more personal playing and wouldn't have to freeze outside simply because Yuuri was too stubborn to accept the warmth of the rink's lobby.

"Makka, we are going to have company!" Victor shouted once he was done making sure that Yuuri's new room was in fit shape. It was the best he could do on such short notice.

The brown poodle barked and trotted down the hallway toward him, tongue hanging out on the one side. He bent down to ruffle the fur on her head. "I hope you like him. I really like him and I want him to feel at home with us. I want him to want to stay with us."

Woof!

"Our Yuuri has been having a tough time lately, so we need to be supportive friends for him until he finds his way. Okay, Makka?"

Woof!

"Good girl! Make sure to give him lots of kisses."

They would be the best flatmates ever! No one could hate a fluffy poodle who only wanted love, and a clingy but sexy man nearing his thirties, who was very charismatic. It was a deadly combination that was impossible to hate, he was certain.

Maybe they should greet Yuuri with food? Victor could boil pasta with enviable skill and precision. For Yuuri though, Victor would even brave the kitchen if it meant surprising the other man.

The doorbell rang at exactly six o'clock, and Victor whirled around from the pot he was intently stirring. He'd settled for simple pasta and sauce because he didn't have many groceries and something was at least better than nothing after all. Besides, he was sure that Yuuri wasn't used to getting full meals or at least good meals in the past few months, so the musician probably wouldn't mind.

The skater placed his serving spoon down and went to answer the door, Makka trailing behind him in curiosity. And as expected, Katsuki Yuuri stood there in a long, navy blue coat, a black scarf wrapped around his neck. Slung over his left shoulder was a bag big enough for a laptop. In his right hand was the handle to a red and black striped suitcase. His right hand held his purple violin case.
"Yuuri! It's been forever since I've seen you! I missed you!" Victor said, a beaming grin on his face.

Yuuri fiddled with the handle of the violin case, eyes focusing on Victor's collarbone instead of his face. "You saw me yesterday, Victor."

"As I said, forever," he lamented. "Come in, please! I have your room all set up and everything! And if you don't like it we can always decorate it if you want. I wheeled the piano in there for you so it's all ready for you when you want it."

The Japanese man paused in his fidgeting in order to bow as low as he could with the bag strap slipping off his shoulder. "Th-thank you, Victor. You've been very kind."

"No more than usual. The room is here and it wasn't being used. And this way we can spend more time together and you aren't worrying about your future every second of the day!"

As he stepped aside, Yuuri's way was impeded but a big blob of curly brown fur. Makka. His darling friend of many years who had stalked him to the door in order to get a look at their new guest.

The dog got in real close with Yuuri's knees and sniffed several times to determine whether or not Yuuri was friend or foe. Victor would never admit to the fact that his leg had bounced worriedly for those nine seconds. Nor would he ever tell anyone they he had been on the verge of tears should Makka decide that Yuuri wasn't good enough for their home.

Thankfully, like her owner, she had good taste, and proceeded to bark up at Yuuri and lift herself onto her hind paws in order to balance herself against the man and slobber his chin with sopping wet kisses. Just as Victor had asked her too only an hour previous.

Yuuri's flush outshone his smile by miles, and was enough to tell Victor that everything was going to be okay.

"After we get you settled in, Makka and I made pasta and we want you to try it!"

Once again, he was faced with Yuuri's serene and grateful smile.

"I can't wait to see how well you both did."

Victor's night was going to be spent in utter bliss. He and Makka now had a friend who was going to stay over for an undetermined amount of time. Things wouldn't be as quiet or lonely in the house anymore. He'd finally be able to integrate himself into Yuuri's life in a way that wasn't creepy or could be considered creepy.

There were many plans in order. Victor just had to work on how to go about setting them into motion.

He took the other's suitcase in order to help him. "I hope you like sausages, because I love having it in my pasta."

If it was this easy to get Yuuri to blush even when he wasn't being suggestive, he couldn't wait to see Yuuri's reactions when he was being naughty.

"So do you have any friends at the bar?" Victor asked him as they were sat down for dinner, his poodle resting at their feet. "Do you get together and do things or is it just hard work and now play?"
Yuuri twirled his fork around the rigatoni and shrugged. "I do a lot of work and don't normally get a chance to have fun. It depends on the night in particular. Slow nights mean I can go home early, but also mean less tips and less payment overall, so it depends on how you'd view it.

"There are themed nights where a certain genre can only be played, and then there are nights where it doesn't matter. Theme nights are actually harder, but they do end up paying well because we have specific guests who come for those nights only. Also, we each have a hat, and people can choose to tip us if they want. So it's like being a street performer, but instead of freezing, you're really hot and instead of standing half of the time, you get to sit all the time."

Victor nodded as he took a bite of the food he'd so generously made for them. It was some of the best food Yuuri had had in a long time. No more fast food stops or thirty second meals. He might even be able to make the man his favorite dish. Katsudon.

"I am friends with Elle. She's the bartender and she's kind of terrifying in her own way. I really like her. We haven't done more beyond exchanging SNS into though."

"Is it an okay job for you?"

He shrugged. It wasn't that great but it seriously could be worse. He was paid a moderate sum and every week it would build up nicely until it had managed to be enough for the ridiculously high rent at the end of the month. Anything else he wanted though had been paid for by the money he got when performing in parks and on the sides of busy streets.

It wasn't something he'd ever thought he would do, having been a social recluse growing up and being very anxious around people. And it wasn't to say he was any better these days, but he was good at losing himself to his music, and he didn't necessarily have to talk to anyone while he performed each and every day. So he could compromise. Survival took the front seat first and foremost.

"I'm fortunate to have what I have now, so I can't complain."

Victor sent him a smile over the rim of his glass. "You are an inspiring person, Yuuri."

That was unexpected, but also very touching. Yuuri ducked his head so that Victor couldn't see his embarrassment. He wasn't used to people aiming such kind words in his direction. He wasn't anyone special, but Victor made him feel as if he was special. It was nice.

"I think the world could use an outlook like yours. Maybe we'd all feel better that way. Maybe we'd all be better people if we were like you, Yuuri."

One thing Yuuri knew very well of, was that if Victor was going to insist on spending their time in such ways, with him flattering Yuuri so much, Yuuri wasn't going to make it living under the same roof. He wasn't used to compliments, but when Victor gave them he felt warm and accepted. And while it wasn't like he'd been shunned his whole life or anything, he'd never been someone others took notice in because he was just another guy upon first glance and rarely did people bother to stick around and get to know him.

And it was also nice to be appreciated by someone so kind and amazing.

"I'm just a man who is aware of himself. That is all," said Yuuri quietly, holding his fork out to the darling poodle beneath the table. The last rigatoni was given in offering, which the poodle gobbled up immediately.

He'd always wanted a dog. Makka would probably be the best chance he'd get at having one.
"I'm sorry, Victor. We don't have the time to help you this season. If you can wait until August then maybe we can squeeze some time in for you, but there's just too much for all of us right now to have to add more to our struggling. We have deadlines, and I cannot lose my job just to pull strings for you, otherwise I would gladly push certain clients aside."

Victor sighed, having expected it to happen, not that he was happy about it. Still, he had tried to keep a positive outlook on the whole process up until the very end. They hadn't been ready a month ago and now wouldn't be able to help him at all. And at least he had a back up plan in place should this had ended up a failure, so he wasn't that put out over it.

"It's fine," he said honestly, shifting his mobile to his other hand. "I had a feeling that this would happen, so it's fine. I don't in any way blame you or your company."

"I can refer you to some friends of mine if that'll help your search," Sheilah offered, guilt thoroughly lacing her voice. They'd worked together many a time int he past so she must have understood what a let down it had been. But he didn't want her feeling bad. Not everyone could afford to cater to him and he knew that very well. It didn't stop him from trying at times, but this wasn't one of those times.

"It's fine," Victor reiterated. "I have someone to ask; I just wanted to be sure you weren't available before I went and asked him. Thanks for being upfront about it though."

"If you're sure," she murmured quietly, "then I hope everything goes well on your end."

"You as well."

"Good luck with your upcoming competitions."

He snorted. "I simply pray for good fortune."

Good weather on the plane ride. Good service at the hotel. Decent reporters at the press conference. Fair judging. Yes, he prayed hard like he did every time.

After the call, Victor decided that it was finally time to ask Yuuri to do the music. He'd already been mentally synching the choreography he'd made to the two arrangements Yuuri had composed. And as it would be a business transaction. He would be able to pay the other for his hard work! It would all work swimmingly if he could find the right time to ask. Though it certainly couldn't be immediately. They weren't close enough yet.

"Oi, Victor! What's going on with the music for our routines?!” Yurachka demanded, looking like a fierce kitten who hadn't gotten his way. He probably didn't know that his hair was sticking up in various directions. Victor felt no compunction to tell him either. It would be cute to see his reaction later on.

"I've decided to ask Yuuri to help us!"

"WHAT?!"

Victor merely grinned and removed his skate guards. He was certain that everything would work out. He had befriended Yuuri. Now he got to live with him. Saw him half naked the night previous - which was the most glorious thing ever - and he might even get to work alongside the man in the near future! All would go according to plan once it was safe to enact said plan.

And if he played his cards right, Katsuki Yuuri might desire to make Russia his permanent place of residence! Victor could be very persuasive when he wanted to be! And he really wanted to be!
"Why are you grinning like an idiot?" the young blond asked, eyes narrowed upon Victor's almost lovestruck face. "You are creeping me out and I don't like it!"

"Yurachka, you might come to understand the feeling when you're older," he crooned, voice slightly breathy.

"You're fucking disgusting!" the boy shouted before skating as far away as he could get, which wasn't all that far to be honest.

It was so easy to annoy the teen. Victor seemed to be particularly talented at eliciting desired responses from people named Yuri. It was a gift. He would proudly train it up into a dangerous weapon.

"You finally get a better place?"

Yuuri looked up at the bartender, Elle. She reminded him very much of his sister Mari, down to the two-toned hair, lazy demeanor, and need to smoke something once every hour. She had a decent grasp of the English language and a dry sense of humor. She was the nicest of all of his coworkers, and he preferred her company more than most.

She'd also been the only one to realize that he'd been kicked out on his ass. It had happened to her before, so she knew the signs and had even offered her sofa to him, which was so thoughtful.

He'd told her only if he couldn't find someplace in time. The inn wouldn't have lasted for very long on his meager paycheck and whatever he earned on the streets from day to day. If Victor hadn't been so insistent, he probably would be living off of Elle and feeling terrible about it.

"Um… yeah," he admitted, thinking of Victor's mega watt heart smile and how warm his home was, with his adorable poodle who was always ready for cuddles. "I'm now staying with a friend I made a while back. He offered his guest room, and so I will play him music and help pay for the food, do chores, and sometimes cook, in exchange for living there."

Elle cocked a brow. "Play him music as part of your rent? Who the hell is he?"

He snorted. "Victor saw me performing outside his ice rink. He asked me to come by the next day so he'd actually have cash on him. And it became this thing. I go every other day, he challenges me to make new arrangements to random songs he either brings for me to listen to, or chooses at random. It became a thing we do and eventually he started calling me his friend and asked for my number."

Elle seemed to understand that there was more to it, her look expectant and knowing. It made him want to fidget, but he didn't want to be obvious.

"I sort of like him a lot," the Japanese man admitted, noting how his pulse raced at the thought of Victor Nikiforov. An irregular reaction. He hadn't even reacted to Mikhail in such a way.

"I can tell," the woman murmured before taking a deep drag from her cigarette. The smoke lingered in the air for several seconds, almost obscuring his view of her face. "What's he do for a living and is he trustworthy? Do I need to knock some heads around?"

So much like his sister that she made him feel more at home in Russia. Even just a little bit.

"He's a figure skater. His coach is a very scary man. I believe they're trustworthy. Besides, Victor has a poodle and Makka is adorable and well behaved, so he has to be a good person." After all, how could a bad person raise such a sweet and gentle dog like Makka?
Elle seemed to just freeze in place. "Victor," she stated blandly. "A guy with the receding hairline of an old man but the body of a god?"

If Victor only knew that some people considered his hair to be 'old man hair'. He tried not to laugh but it was so hard! Victor had a really wide forehead! His hair would probably recede faster than others! And it was just so funny to think about the blunt words in reference to Victor!

"If you're talking about Victor Nikiforov, then yes," he said between chuckles, completely beside himself at her description and willing to take it to the grave. Victor could never know.

The woman whistled. "You bagged yourself a national treasure, Katsuki. Damn, do you aim high."

Apparently, he really did.

Phichit would lose his shit once he found out.

"Yuuri, you should do YouTube videos of your song covers. It would be good to get yourself out there and spread your talents!" Victor said one evening when the two had just finished a Chinese film about the Great Wall and a war. It had been riveting, so Victor's non sequitur had jolted him for a moment.

"Um... I don't really have the tools necessary to-"

Victor was swifiting interrupting him though. "I have all sorts of things lying in unopened boxes because I never had need of them. We can totally do something to get you more notice!"

Victor seemed to think Yuuri becoming a well known artist was the most amazing thing ever. It was so strange that someone he hadn't even known that well yet, was so intent upon seeing him succeed. Victor Nikiforov was like an angel.

"Just think about it, okay?" Victor asked. "Makka could be your mascot and then you'll get to share your amazing talent with the world!"

"Perhaps," he said quietly, thinking about the pros and cons immediately. And true to his anxious brain, he came up with at least ten different reasons as to why this was a bad idea. And if he wanted to truly consider it, he'd have to take a deep breath and focus his attention on the overall picture instead of just the negative.

"I promise to think about it."

Victor's sudden glomp probably crushed his ribs.

Not that he minded.

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@Phi-Chu: Boi!

@Phi-Chu: Why is a sexy international figure skating star following your Twitter?

@Phi-Chu: And why are you follow him back?

@Phi-Chu: Holy shit he's talked about you and your thighs!

@Phi-Chu: bruh
A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

Check out my many other YOI fics! ^-^
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Life continues on, with a lovestruck Victor, a happy Yuuri, and artistic creativity shining its brightest.

Chapter Notes

-So I'm in the FFN Doc, checking to see if anything was in danger of being deleted. This chapter and next chapter were. And for a second, I thought it was fine because I posted them already, right? WRONG! I looked just in case, and NO, I had not posted these. My bad. I edited this just now.

-A manual, in musical terminology, is the actual keyboard. Where all the keys are. Many organs have many manuals. Yuuri was able to once play a four-manual organ. I've only even touched a dual-manual organ before, so I'm jealous.

-A console, in studio terminology, is the black slab of electronic equipment the audio engineers have to sit in front of and use. Sometimes called a Mixer. All the lovely controls and such to mix with in order to record shit.

-Spanish Flamenco is rather famous in Japan.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Yuri!!! on Ice.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELTON. I FOLLOW BACK.
"This is Yuri Plisetsky!" Victor said, pushing Yurachka through the front door. Yuuri, who was smiling kindly, gave a small wave from where he was seated on the sofa. "Yura is going to one day be Russia's Ace skater so he needs a lot of guidance!" And Victor wasn't lying. He had full confidence in the teen to be able to take over Victor's position. But that was still quite a ways off. Victor wouldn't hand over his records and title easily. That wouldn't be any fun!

The blond huffed and folded his arms. "I'm the better Yuri between us!" he insisted loudly.

"If you say so."

Yuuri was more quiet and complacent whereas Yura was loud and a bit obnoxious. Yuuri didn't do confrontation and he also didn't seem in the least bit interested in arguing with a teenager over which of them was better. Victor didn't really care, because he was the oldest and he had already deemed Yuuri as being the better of the two. Simply because he was more fun to be around. He would even get into all the other reasons he had for preferring Yuuri.

Yura sneered. "So what the hell is for dinner anyway?"

Both Victor and Yuuri winced, which made the teen roll his eyes. "Neither of you idiots can so much as boil pasta, can you?"

Offended, Victor was about to go on long rant about his mastered ability to salt and boil water for his pasta, but he couldn't really get anything in because Yurachka's glare silenced him. Sometimes it was best to admit defeat.

"I will make some pirozhki. You idiots will watch carefully. If you cannot make good pirozhki by the next time I come around, I will kick both of your asses with my knife shoes."
Yuuri frowned in confusion. "Don't you meant your skates?"


Victor counted the evening as a success when Yura found out that Yuuri could play the electric guitar and that he liked Heavy Metal among other genres of music. And he did not miss the calculating look that flashed across the teen's face when he stared at Yuuri's back while he was unaware. Yes, the night was most definitely a success. And Yuri invited himself over for dinner next week, which was great!

"Yuuri!"

Said young man turned and couldn't help but smile at the sight of Victor. Though seeing Victor there of all places was a bit different seeing as it wasn't a day for Yuuri to be outside his ice rink, it was still nice to see him all the same. There was something about Victor's presence that just made Yuuri want to smile all the time, which wasn't something he usually felt the need to do.

And Victor was with Makka! The large poodle was bounding on over to Yuuri's side, having no need for a leash because she was just that well behaved. Victor had done right by her and she was absolutely adorable! He bent down in order to give the dear girl a good scratch behind the left ear. Her tail thumped wildly against the ground and her tongue poked out just a little as she stared up at him with her cute, beady eyes.

Victor finally made it to Yuuri's side, his smile still wide and happy. "We have a free day today so I decided to bring Makka to see you!"

Yuuri took a seat on the bench behind him in order to give Victor his full attention. His violin rested gently in his lap, bow still in hand. "What can I do for you both?" he asked after a moment of making sure that he gave Victor the proper amount of space, not that the other man seemed to care about such things. Who needed personal space when Victor Nikiforov was around?

"Makka likes Swan Lake. Can you play it for her?"

A poodle liked classical music? He was insanely curious to know why Victor thought such, but who was he to argue? Though to be fair, it seemed that Victor as correct. Makka plopped down right beside Yuuri's violin case, head swaying back and forth as the music rose and fell in pitch. He'd never seen a dog do such a thing and it was adorable. And on the particularly drawn out notes, Makka would lift her head and whine until the note was finished.

Victor was smart enough to get a few videos that he proceeded to post all over his Instagram, gushing about how adorable his 'dear puppy' was and how he loved her so much. Seeing someone who loved their pet so much, made Yuuri feel warm inside. Victor was such a good person.

"Isn't our Makka such a darling, Yuuri?"

'Our Makka'. Victor had referred to Makka as their dog. Honestly, the world did not deserve to have Victor Nikiforov. He was far too good for anyone, especially Katsuki Yuuri of all people. He was incredibly fortunate to have Victor as a friend.

"She certainly is," he agreed, secretly liking how open Victor was to including him in things. As if it was something he secretly yearned for.
"I'm sorry that I have to go! I don't want to leave you but it's a requirement."

Yuuri placed a hand on Victor's shoulder and smiled up at him. Victor's breath was gone in seconds, completely taken by how amazing Yuuri's eyes were and how lovely he looked wearing a white turtleneck sweater. "I understand. This is your dream and you are living it. I won't hold you back, Victor. I can handle a few days away from you, as I have done so before. And I know how to care for pets. My best friend has three hamsters and I minded them whenever he had to go home for the holidays. We'll be fine."

Victor sniffed, still not liking the idea of having to leave two of his favorite people alone in the house for almost a week. But then again, he'd always had to take Makka to a dog sitter whenever he went somewhere for competitions. This time she would get to stay home with someone she actually liked! So it was a lot better than just being alone. And she loved Yuuri - as anyone smart would - so it just worked out better for her in the end.

This time both she and Yuuri would have someone with them, so they'd be together. But they would be together without Victor, which was what made him so sad! He didn't want to go! And if it was possible, he would have totally done everything within his power to make them come along. But Yuuri had to work still and as he refused to just let Victor handle everything - that stubborn and beautiful pride of his! - Victor couldn't take him away from his job.

He couldn't encroach upon the other's independence, despite how much he wanted to take care of Yuuri. It wouldn't be right for him to impose himself that much, on the other's life.

So this would have to do for now. Or at least until they could figure something else out.

"Everything will be fine, Victor," Yuuri soothed confidently. "If you win gold, I'll make sure to make you some Katsudon. It's not as good as my mother's is, but I'm sure you'll like it. After all, it's my favorite dish and one of the very few that I can actually make!"

Yuuri would make him his favorite food if Victor won the gold! Victor was going to take that gold as quickly as possible! A meal made by Yuuri's delicate hands was like a gift from the gods! He wanted to try the very food that made his friend so happy.

He clasped his hands around the smaller ones that belonged to the man he was smitten with, and promised, "I swear I will present you with that gold medal. And when I do, I want you to kiss it."

The flaming red spreading across Yuuri's cheeks was fetching, and Victor didn't feel like taking his words back, no matter how suggestive they were. He wanted Yuuri's lips on his medal. And then Victor would be able to kiss it and imagine that they had shared a kiss. Indirect or not, it was still a kiss and that was what was important. Yuuri's mouth and Victor's mouth, both having touched the same object.

"Okay," Yuuri breathed, chest heaving only slightly. "I'll kiss your medal. So long as it's gold."

Victor would fly if his heart wasn't tethered to Katsuki Yuuri's existence.

"Someone is looking a little too happy to be normal," Christophe Giacometti sang once he laid his green eyes on Victor's lovesick form.

The Russian skater couldn't help but beam in his friend's direction! He was just so happy and he wanted to gush! And who better to gossip with than Chris? "Chris! I have so much to tell you! I
have been building up to this and I swear if I don't say anything I will burst!"

"Come get some coffee with me and tell me at the shop. And you know, we both have mobile phones. And internet. It's not as if either of us cannot get into contact with each other. You could have very well sent me a text or an IM some time."

"But this is something that needs to be done in person!" protested Victor as he followed the Swiss man from the hotel lobby. France was currently very sunny. Enough for him to wish that he'd brought a hat. "I saved up photos and recordings and I just have so much that I want you to see! You are going to lose your mind and will probably be jealous."

A whistle in response. "It must be good if you had to reign in your impulses to tell me until now."

It was and he nodded gravely to show his honesty. Victor was going to brag about his Yuuri and he wasn't going to let Chris get a single word in. He'd rehearsed what he planned to say, had the folder he wanted Chris to see already lined up in the order that he preferred. The recordings and videos were also ready to be played at any time. He had it all to go!

They walked for a few minutes until Chris spotted a large white sign with a brown coffee cup painted over the front. After ordering and collecting their purchases, they sat themselves in a secluded booth at the back of the shop and Victor took a deep breath.

"I met someone," he admitted quietly, pulling his mobile out.

A lone, dark brown lifted slightly. "This could be taken in many ways, but judging by your excitement, this would be a new lover?"

Victor wilted for a split second, because no, he and Yuuri were no lovers. Yet. But that did not mean that he didn't have hope for their futures! So he would keep a chipper attitude until the very end!

"Not yet, anyhow. But soon I intend to marry this man."

Another shocked whistle.

Victor placed his mobile in Chris' hand. "Just look at all the photos I've managed to take of him! He'd gorgeous and amazing and so very talented and I adore everything about him!"

Chris' green eyes flickered back and forth. He tilted the mobile from side to side and even turned the phone upside down a few times. Finally, after what felt like a millennia of him appreciating Yuuri's subtle beauty, the man looked up from the screen and said, "He's got some wicked thighs on him. Strange for such a cute, baby-faced individual."

"He is not baby-faced! He's just a little chubby." And that chub was adorable and made Victor want to hug Yuuri all the time!

The other man shrugged. "Chubby or not, those thighs are killer. What's his name and what does he do for a living? And why in the nine hells have you not given it to him yet?"

"Katsuki Yuuri. He's a musician. And I don't think he understands that I'm interested in him in more than a friendly way."

Chris snorted. "Are you serious? Have you actually tried all the usual moves?"
"Some, but he is a bit shy and I don't want to scare him off. We've only known each other for about three months."

"And you want to marry him." Chris rolled his eyes toward the ceiling. "What do you even know about him, Victor?"

His lower lip jutted out in an intense pout that usually got him whatever he wanted if he worked it hard enough. Katsuki Yuuri is twenty-three years old. He's a graduate of Wayne State University in Detroit Michigan. He's a musical prodigy in terms of stringed instruments, and plays the most beautiful music I have ever heard. Born in Japan. Speaks three languages fluently. Loves white chocolate and rice. Has never had sexual intercourse, which might play into why his ex dumped him, though I didn't want to intrude by asking. He snores when he sleeps and loves poodles."

"So you seem to know a lot. Why would you know if he snores?" asked Chris, eyebrow wiggling up and down repeatedly.

"Yuuri was dumped cruelly after moving to Russia to pursue a relationship. He was stuck in a terrible flat with a horrible man as a landlord, barely getting by with the pay from working at a bar and whatever money he managed to get while playing his violin in different parks during the weekdays. He was evicted suddenly and Yurachka found out that he was staying in a hostel and told me about it, and I guilt-tripped Yuuri into moving in with me."

There was a moment of silence between them, before Chris managed to just sum up everything almost perfectly.

"You sure know how to pick them."

And yes, he really did.

"Just wait until you meet him! You'll adore him too!"

Woof!

Makka trotted into the kitchen, television remote in her mouth. She proceeded to sit at his feet and stare up at him expectantly.

Yuuri nodded along for the overgrown puppy's benefit. "I know, Victor is going to be on soon."

Makka was a lot smarter than people gave her credit for. She seemed to understand the happenings going on around her more than even Yuuri did. Knowing when he should turn the TV on and watch Victor perform even.

Instead of going out, he'd stayed home with the poodle because he'd promised Victor that he would watch him perform. He'd even made a note of it on his mobile. And it seemed that Makka just instinctively knew when he should be in the lounge, watching her human perform for him.

Yuuri had never seen competitive figure skating. He'd never been interested enough in what his friend Yuuko had liked. Sure, he'd done a few things on skates, and if needed, could make his way around a rink without smashing his face off of the ice, but dancing had taken precedence in his younger years, so he didn't try anything more than the basics.
Victor was literally called the 'God of Figure Skating' and the 'Living Legend'. He was a prodigy who worked his ass off to keep the top spot he'd worked hard for for the past twenty years. His Wikipedia page listed his birthday as Christmas day. Said that he was born in St. Petersburg twenty-seven years prior. He'd set many records over the course of his career. Those set in the Junior Division had yet to be broken by any of the Junior skaters, and no one had come along to take the Senior records from him either.

For someone like Victor Nikiforov, there was nowhere else to go from now. He was at the top and one couldn't get any higher.

"Makka, let's go!" he said, grabbing his bowl of unhealthy food and leading the poodle into the lounge to arrange himself on the sofa. Makka followed along, situating herself over his lap and dropping the remote into his free palm.

Once the correct channel was found, Yuuri sat back and reached for the bowl of pirozhki that he and Victor had worked hard on before the man had left for France. And, because he never intended for Victor to find out, he gave Makka the last bite of each one. She was such a good dog. How was he expected to avoid those eyes the entire time?

They managed to catch the competition before Victor was up to perform. It was easy to find him among the long line of skaters however, because the cameras kept flickering to him, and sometimes they would pan out and play parts of what looked like a pre-competition interview. Victor promised to win gold again to keep his winning streak alive, and said that he'd been feeling more inspired than ever before. When asked why, he merely grinned and said that his life had been dissonant for a while, and he'd managed to find harmony in an unexpected place, and was grateful for it.

Yuuri had been confused until Victor added that he was bringing said harmonious inspiration a gold medal. Then he realized what Victor was talking about, and flushed to the tips of his ears at how blatant the man had been while on camera, live! There was just no shame anywhere in that perfect body.

Perhaps that was a good thing.

"Makka, your owner is a dork."

Woof!

She agreed, obviously. It was hard to miss even if one was sane of mind. Reporters were too blinded by the perfect hair and gorgeous smile to see it though.

He almost felt bad for them. Almost being the operative word. If they chose to be ignorant, that was their problem.

@Yuuri: You were beautiful!

@Victor: :3!

@Yuuri: I am telling the truth I swear!

@Yuuri: I have never seen anything like that!

@Yuuri: How could you have been experiencing troubles when you move like that?!
@Yuuri: I didn't think I could be even more impressed than I already am.

    @Victor: !

    @Victor: I'm so happy that you liked it!

    @Yuuri: Of course I liked it!

    @Yuuri: Your dedication shows.

    @Victor: ^_^

    @Victor: I'm so happy!

@Victor: You're the only friend I have whose life isn't centered around figure skating.

    @Victor: So I was a little worried that you wouldn't understand or like it.

    @Yuuri: Of course I would like it! It's you!

    @Yuuri: I can't help but like everything you do.

    @Victor: Really?

    @Victor: Everything?

@Yuuri: Well, you're a little too into PDA for my tastes, but other than that you're golden. :)

    @Victor: This is the best day of my life.

    @Yuuri: I would hope so.

    @Yuuri: You broke your old World Record by 3 points!

    @Victor: Not that.

    @Victor: I'm happy that you like it.

    @Victor: It's what I've been hoping for the most.

    @Yuuri: :) :) :) :) :)

    @Yuuri: You like my music. How could I not like skating?

    @Yuuri: It's like you were making music but with your body only.

    @Yuuri: You were enchanting and inspired so much!

    @Victor: Yuuri...

@Yuuri: I literally had to find a notepad in order to write down my ideas.
@Yuuri: I then spent an hour working through the notes that flowed in and out of my head, and I perfected some dangling compositions.

@Yuuri: Thank you for inspiring me. I might have finished a big project because of you!

@Victor: I’m crying a little.

@Victor: You are an angel.

@Victor: I hope you’ll let me hear the music when I come home?

@Yuuri: Sure. :)

@Yuuri: We miss you.

@Victor: I miss you too! Give our Makka some kisses from me!

@Yuuri: Okay.

@Yuuri: Just did.

@Yuuri: [PHOTO]

@Yuuri: She’s happy.

@Victor: [PHOTO]

@Victor: [PHOTO]

@Victor: How will I go on without you both?!

@Yuuri: You simply have to win the gold and get on the next plane out.

@Victor: K.

@Victor: And when I get back you’re kissing it, right?

@Yuuri: I promised I would, you big dork.

@Victor: :3

@Yuuri: Go and get some rest.

@Victor: I have all day tomorrow to rest. I want to talk to youuuuuuu!

@Yuuri: Talk about what?

@Victor: Anything.

The bow slid across the strings in a movement well practiced from years and years of playing. Yuuri swayed back and forth as he played, the music heavenly and definitely more tame than Eros had been. But he finally understood why. This was the opposite of sexual desire. This was unconditional, and it was beautiful all the same.
Agape.

He could imagine a church organ doing the soft arrangement more justice than a simple piano and violin duet or even a harpsichord could. The musical notes ghosting through large metal pipes, into a room that had proper acoustics would create that sort of godly affection that the song would need. It made him think of angels and choirs.

Luckily Yuuri had gotten his hands on a such an organ before and had managed to work out the details after a few attempts. From the four different manuals to the pedals, Yuuri had sat and dedicated four hours of his time to that instrument until he had finally gotten the hang of playing it. And it had been worth it. Honestly, the harpsichord was more difficult. For him at least.

So for On Love: Agape, he would need to get his hands on a church organ at least. For On Love: Eros, he had the violin already. He could get a guitar and the castanets. He didn't know where he'd acquire an accordion, but he could certainly try his best to get one. It would give the song a Spanish Flamenco sort of feel. And it was good thing he was familiar with such, having grown up in Japan under the tutelage of a ballerina who loved all styles of dance.

It would also further separate the two songs from each other and make it difficult even for the more experienced musicians to pinpoint their similarities and the fact that both were just two different arrangements of the same basic sheet music.

It was the first time in a long time that Yuuri was able to actually finish any of the music he had composed! He had a notebook filled with pages upon pages of trills, chords, and random melodies he'd decided to throw together because they sounded nice. None of them had ever actually gotten further than the page they had been written on. But with his time around Victor slowly increasing, he found himself more inspired than ever, and whatever it was that Victor had, he needed to find it as well. So he could keep his creative streak. So he could prove that his life hadn't been a waste.

Unlike Victor, Yuuri didn't have medal after medal to show for what he had done with himself. He'd dedicated his life to his career choice and it hadn't brought him any success as of yet. And while he'd been referred to as a 'late bloomer' in terms of musical talent, he often worried that maybe he wasn't meant to bloom at all.

But this proved that he had something! And if he stayed with Victor, then maybe he could keep it!

Yuuri would need to make some calls and prepare himself if he wanted to surprise Victor with his work.

"Makka, we're going for a walk!"

The poodle rushed to her feet and barked in excitement.

The music shop he got the replacement strings for his violin, had a few instruments he might be able to either rent or borrow. It just depended on the generosity of the owner. Or perhaps they would know of a studio within the vicinity that came equipped with some of the instruments he was in need of!

Phichit was completely beside himself when Yuuri finally contacted him again later that evening. He had been demanding to know everything and anything there was to know about Yuuri's knew housemate. He had been relentless in his stalking of Victor's social media and it
took forever for him to label the man as someone worthy of spending time with his best friend.

Strangely touched, a bit worried for Phichit, Yuuri had allowed the other to have his fun. After all, it was in hopes of protecting Yuuri and that was what mattered most.

And now... now he could finally tell the other that he'd finally finished the songs he'd been working on! After griping about them for months and months with nothing to show for his efforts, he could finally tell him all about it! It was a weight lifting off of his shoulders.

"I will be going to do the music tomorrow. I promise that I will Skype you so you can listen to the finished products. I really think I have it this time." He felt so excited!

"I'm so proud of you! Despite the shit that happened in the beginning, I think Russia has been a good place for you. And your Victor seems decent. But I still want to meet him!"

"The next time we Skype," Yuuri promised. "Victor has been wanting to meet you as well. He says that you seem like a good friend."

"Hell yeah, I am!"

After a moment of teasing, Phichit asked, "So who is the blond kid that shows up in a lot of your Victor's posts? Wikipedia says that he's a skater and stuff, but nothing more about personal anything. His Instagram is lacking in terms of information. He's just got a cat he posts about, and every now and then some rolls he likes to eat."

Yuuri snorted, knowing that Phichit knew nothing of priozhki. "That is, Yuri. Victor calls him Yura or Yurachka. He's a little rough around the edges, but I like him. And he has good fashion sense and a nice taste in music. He just turned fifteen and he'll be competing with Victor next season in the Senior Division. Something about not wanting to wait any longer."

"Ah! The impatience of youth!" said Phichit sagely.

"What? Are we no longer youthful?" asked Yuuri teasingly.

"Nah, we're veterans now! We already earned our Recklessness badges ages ago. We know better."

Both chuckled, though Yuuri was still a bit embarrassed to be reminded of those days when Phichit had come to share a dorm with him. More partying than he ever thought he would do.

"Message me when you're ready to Skype, okay?"

"See you soon," he promised, because indeed it would be soon.

Yuuri taking three days off from working at the bar had come with complications, but he was certain that it would be worth it in the end. After all, not having to pay such a ridiculous amount in rent, upon Victor's suggestion, had been a blessing in disguise. Also, the money Victor kept insisting on paying him whenever he happened upon Yuuri while Yuuri was out playing, had begun to pile up little by little.

He was able to afford a pair of castanets, which had been necessary for the recordings. The studio he'd managed to rent out for the time he needed, provided a considerable amount of instruments, including an accordion of all things, which was the instrument he'd worried about procuring the most as none of the music ships in the area carried one. Everything else was easily
The church organ sound he'd been imagining would be coming from a state of the art keyboard that he had been skeptical over, but it ended up being really good in terms of sound and clarity. A lot closer than some of the electronic keyboards he'd used before.

The engineer that had been provided to help him, Albina, was very quiet. She simply asked about what she needed to know, and then let him do his thing. She also didn't care that he'd brought Makka with him. At least once the poodle proved to be well-behaved and simply slept by the door during the individual times Yuuri was able to come in. Then she didn't care.

Fiddling with the music was the most fun, but also the most annoying part.

Flushing out the arrangements had to begin with recording the individual melodies first. Then he had to work on incorporating other instruments and elements in order to bring more detail. Also while making small changes to the sheet music as he went.

Basically, Yuuri spent a lot of time messing around with different sounds and fucking around with the accordion - having never touched one before - until he could play enough songs by ear to possibly be considered okay at it. He would most likely never take lessons in it though. This was just for the one song. He didn't know why anything else he'd ever compose would require an accordion, and he wasn't about to think on it even further.

The Flamenco sounds were enough as they were.

The first day had been spent recording the melodies. Yuuri managed to get he and Makka home in time for supper as well as Victor's call, which had been promised to be at seven.

On the second day, Yuuri spent a lot longer in the studio with Albina, trying to determine which accompaniments should go in which place. Doing the work practically by himself as a musician was a lot harder than he had expected it to be.

Almost anything he'd done in university had been done in a group and he most certainly hadn't had full creative control since he was taking orders from someone else most of the time, so he only had to rely on others to do their parts. This time he only had a sound engineer on hand to help him out, and he was left to play all the other instruments as well as work out how to sync the individual parts together.

Sometimes he wondered if music as worth it. Then he thought about all he'd put into music - almost twenty years of dedication - and realized that he couldn't give up just because it got difficult in some areas. Or just because things did not pan out as he thought they should have at first.

Chords and harmony, the filling of the music. If he considered the melody the donut (the framework), then the harmony was the filling. An odd analogy, but he connected better to food than anything else really.

Both he and Makka had to be home early because it was the day of Victor's Free Program and Yuuri had promised to watch it. Somehow, the pup and human managed to make it back to Victor's flat four minutes before the Russian had to skating his final required performance. They'd missed all the other skaters, but had caught Victor just in time.

Though after watching, Yuuri was even more psyched to finish the music before Victor returned because he wanted Victor to hear the songs when they were finished. That meant he
had a lot of work to do on the final day if he wanted to get everything done in time. Double the work and double the effort.

Albina was a genius with the console and Yuuri couldn't have asked for a better partner. She saved him from having to do it all on his own and the studio he'd spent so much money on, would probably get further business from him if everything went well.

He could only hope.

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A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

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Chapter End Notes

CHECK OUT MY MANY OTHER YOI FICS! ^-^
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Victor pops a question or two.

Chapter Notes

The fic is finally finished!
I made Minami younger so his Senior Debut is after Yurio's

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!
I don't own Yuri!!! on Ice.
I have no beta.
ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON, I FOLLOW BACK.
"How are things going in Russia?"

Yuuri fidgeted with the cuff of his sleeve. Of all the things he had wanted his older sister to ask him when he finally decided to do more than text her, *that* was the first question she had to ask. He didn't want to lie, and if she had called him three months ago, he probably would have lied his best. Now though, he could actually have something truthful to say to her face.

"Good," he told her. And it was very true. Ever since being with Victor, things had been much better. He didn't have to worry about how he was going to eat, nor did he have to agonize over waking early to go to the coffee shop in order to make use of their Wifi. His clothes were washed on time, and his housemate was a nice man who was goofy and attractive and much better than Yuuri could have asked for. And then there was Makka who was a cuddle monster and loved to jump into bed with Yuuri any time.

Yes, things had been going a lot better and he was eternally grateful.

"That's good," said Mari with a small grin. "We'd been worried when you stopped updating your Insta. Usually there was some kind of photo every few days but you were gone for almost three weeks and wouldn't say anything in your messages, so we weren't sure of what was going on."

Damn. He wasn't very social media savvy to begin with, but he'd forgotten that when people went missing for a certain amount of time, their followers would be notified. In this case, his sister and ballet instructor, who would of course tell his parents if they thought there was something wrong. And just when he thought he'd managed to keep his distressing time away from their notice this had to be brought up.
Of course nothing was ever easy, was it?

"I was a little busy," he admitted, because it was indeed true. He'd been out and about in the winter weather, braving the harsh elements in order to earn money so he wouldn't be homeless. He didn't have time to play around and have fun or post selfies of himself going out to eat. "I had fallen out of contact with Phichit for a while as well. He already reprimanded me though and we've been talking a lot more frequently."

Mari hummed. "So what about that guy you're with? Haven't heard about him in a while."

"We, um... separated a while back." He sounded so pathetic! People broke up all the time, it wasn't anything big!

"Is that so?" Oh, she sounded very angry and that was not good. "And where have you been staying while living in a foreign country?"

"I'm with a new... friend. I met him back in January."

"And who is this friend? What does he do for a living? Is he anything like your ex? Should I get Minako-sensei to go to Russia to instill some fear into him so he behaves?"

"His name is Victor and he's great. He doesn't need any kind of fear to be instilled because he's endlessly kind and sweet. He's a figure skater and is kind of well known in the country." He definitely didn't need his sensei to come all the way to Russia just to give Victor the shovel talk! She would do it too!

There was a bit of shuffling over the line as Mari shifted her mobile. Distantly he could hear the typing of keys coming from Mari's end. She was on her laptop.

"Viktoru Nikiforofu," his sister said, pronouncing the name quite horribly though he didn't move to correct her. "He's more than well known, Yuu-kun. And his Instagram seems to be a shrine to your existence. Something else you've forgotten to add?"

Flushed and terribly embarrassed, Yuuri sighed. "He's excitable and a really good friend."

"Uh-huh."

"And I might be a little smitten and might be planning on how I'm going to ask him out properly."

"Well he certainly likes you. Don't forget to bring him home so everyone can meet him officially. Kaa-san will want to know her future son-in-law."

Yuuri was left sputtering into the phone even as the call ended. He looked down at Makka, who was sleeping at the foot of his bed. "Makka, you wouldn't mind if I made a move on your father, right?"

A squeaky noise was the only response he got. He took it as Makka giving him her blessing.

"Yuuri!"

Victor had assured the man that he didn't need to meet him at the airport. Victor hadn't wanted him to waste more money than was necessary. Besides, Victor could just come to him anyway, so why did Yuuri need to go out of his way? Besides, Victor would be able to glomp the other
without all the paparazzi getting in their faces. It was a win-win situation either way!

Yuuri usually lingered around the rink on these days, and as it was now April, the weather was nice and comforting. The sun was shining already despite it being so early. Victor had gotten a cab to the rink instead of the house because he knew where Yuuri would be. He wanted to see Yuuri and then he wanted to go home and just relax after his taxing victory at Worlds. Relaxing with Yuuri was the best.

He was especially excited to see both Yuuri and Makka at the park. Yuuri actually brought Makka along when he went places! Such love! Both perked up adorably the moment they laid eyes on him. And both looked ready for a glomp though he almost couldn't decide which one to love on first.

The decision was taken from him when Victor was taken to the concrete thanks to his overgrown puppy while Yuuri stood a few feet away, smiling at him softly. Makka excitedly lavished him with kisses and he couldn't help but laugh and scratch at her chin. "Daddy missed you too, Makka! Have you been good for our Yuuri?"

Woof!

Yuuri was standing over him, leaning down a bit in order to get a better look at his face. "It's good to see you in person, Victor."

If his face had flushed from seeing Yuuri and hearing those words, no one would be able to tell because he had run across the street as well as the entire length of the park in order to see Yuuri faster. His face was already red and his breathing was a bit erratic. No one would be able to tell whether or not it was because of Yuuri or the running.

"I have something for you!" said Victor, pushing himself to his feet and pulling his gold medal out from under his shirt. "I haven't taken it off since I got it!"

Yuuri's brow quirked. "You didn't even take it off when you showered?" he teased, smile only growing.

A flush. "Well, I did for that, but other than when I was in the shower, it remained firmly in place awaiting your lips." It sounded not as good when it came out of his mouth. His brain had made it seem suave and seductive but it just sounded weird. Why was he being betrayed by his own mind?

"I don't remember seeing it during your Exhibition performance," Yuuri added.

"Well- no," he relented, "it would have fallen off if I had worn it then."

"And what about-"

Victor placed a finger against Yuuri's lips to halt the flow of words. Sometimes the other was far too snarky for his own good. "Yuuri, I brought you the gold, that's what matters. You have to fulfill your end of the bargain now."

As expected, Yuuri's face turned an adorable shade of pink, but the man stepped closer, taking up the warm medal and shifting it a bit so he could see the face of it. The thrill of pleasure that curled up his spine, when Yuuri bent to place a kiss on the gold, made Victor almost lightheaded. He hadn't expected the vision to be so arousing, but there Yuuri was, once again defying logic. Victor was so screwed. So deliciously screwed and he honestly couldn't think of anything better in that moment. Because it was Katsuki Yuuri who made him feel such things.
"Congratulations, Vitya."

It was now. It had to be now because he couldn't wait.

"Yuuri, can I ask a massive favor of you?" Victor began, taking a hold of Yuuri's hands so that he could have all of the other's attention. He was a bit possessive that way and his heart practically did Quad Flips of its own when Yuuri decided to give him any form of attention. Those eyes staring up at him made him gidy!

"Um… sure?"

"I've been wanting to ask if you could compose the music for the routines I've choreographed for next season? The group I usually work with are unavailable until mid-August and I've been wanting to ask for your help but I didn't want to just come out with it the day we met. It didn't seem right and I wanted to make sure you would have the time to do it before laying such a request upon your shoulders."

Yuuri's jaw practically hit the ground. He looked a cross between happy and scared.

"You mean you'd be skating to the music and millions of people all around the world will hear it?"

"Yeah."

"And you want me to do it?"

"Please?" he begged, using his famous puppy eyes. "You're amazing and I really can't think of anyone I want more. It's almost as if I was meant to ask you seeing as this all fell into place so wonderfully after we met."

Yuuri glanced at his violin case which was still open on the ground, filled with a rainbow of notes from however long he'd been stood in the park, playing music for random passersby. It had to at least be a few hours judging by the amount he'd gathered.

"I think- I mean, I wouldn't dare presume or anything, but I finished those arrangements I'd been working on for the past few weeks. And they were inspired by you, and I wanted to show you them, so while you were gone, I recorded them onto a blank disc."

Yuuri bent down and retrieved a small CD case from the a small compartment within his violin case. "I don't think Agape is finished quite yet because I need a singer, but it's still pretty good and I think you'll like them," he admitted, ducking his head a bit and probably wishing he had a scarf or a turtleneck to hide his face in.

Victor however, was super glad that Yuuri couldn't hide in plain sight at the moment. He'd said that Victor inspired the finished songs. Nothing in the world could have made him happier, save for Yuuri kissing his gold medal so sweetly. And it was the most amazing gift to receive from someone one admired. Two songs inspired by you as a person. That was the most romantic revelation ever! He felt like flying!

"I know you have this thing about personal space, Yuuri, so if you don't want me to kiss you, step away now."

He gave the other man three seconds to move if he comprehended the meaning behind Victor's words, before tugging him in by the lapels, a laying a kiss on him. It wasn't perfect and it didn't possess any level of deep emotion yet, but it was endlessly wonderful and better than any other
kiss he'd ever had, even if no tongue was involved. Even if it didn't last very long.

And when they pulled apart, Yuuri stood dazedly before him, blinking rapidly as he tried to put two and two together.

"Wow," was all the man could say. "Maybe I should compose more songs for you if that's what you'll do in response."

Victor's tortured groan got him a grin from his friend and hopefully, soon-to-be-lover. Yuuri's random moments of sass were sexy as hell. Their future was going to be fun together.

"Kiss me again though, just to be sure."

"What the fuck is this?!"

Yuuri smiled calmly in reply to the blond's harsh language. He remembered being a teenager and all the angst that had heaped onto his shoulders. He couldn't really blame the boy for his gruff attitude most of the time, and there was no point in getting offended.

Besides, he had a lot on his plate. Victor had told Yuuri about what Yuri Plisetsky did for his family. For some reason, the just turned fifteen year old was the main bread winner of the family, so medaling in competitions was an absolute must. Now that the comfort of being the best was taken out from under him, he was faced with the sudden stresses of having to win.

Where he was the best in Juniors, he wasn't the best in Seniors. Some skaters who were in the Senior Division were holding a decade of competitive experience or more over his head. Victor being one of them.

The chance of winning the prize money for getting gold was incredibly low now. There was no guarantee that he'd make the podium at all. Add on the fact that he was so young and would most likely be the 'baby' in the competition, and there was trouble brewing. Then add in the fact that he was nearing puberty and a growth spurt, and life was becoming hell for the blond.

So no, he wasn't offended by the other's words. He merely smiled.

"This is just one arrangement of the song. It is called **On Love: Agape**," Yuuri told him. "It's about unconditional love," he clarified.

"Why does that idiot get the sexy one?" Yuri demanded, aggressively pointing at Victor who was running through the choreography that he'd made just by listening to a few seconds of the unfinished product Yuuri had made a month ago. Victor indeed looked very sexy and when Yuuri revealed the Flamenco history of the song, Victor had easily taken the choreograph up a notch or ten.

The man could Flamenco dance apparently. Like Yuuri. He'd retained some of the lessons from his dance classes with Minako-sensei. The Japanese loved Flamenco and his sensei had been particularly fond of it. So Victor picking up on the vibes easily and then almost controlling them with his body, was amazing and inspiring all at once.

"Victor is a grown man, who doesn't look like a twelve year old," was Yuuri's first reason, which had the blond flinching a bit at how blatant he was with the answer.

"You are a minor, and not even able to give consent by Russian law. It would be creepy to give you such a sexual song especially with how shota you look. It's heavily based in sexual desire,
hence the name Eros. And just because the age of consent is younger in Japan, doesn't mean I'm comfortable with the thought of giving you such music."

"The fuck is 'shota'?"

Yuuri, who had planned to just tell him he didn't need to know, was startled by Victor appearing suddenly, an explanation at the ready. Far too quickly in his opinion too. They would need to talk later on.

"It's like a type of little boy character typically under like 12 years who are like girly and cute and sometimes put in yaoi and made to do erotic and sexual things. Apparently it's a big thing over in Japan!"

Yuuri slapped a hand over the man's mouth, almost ready to murder him!

"I look like what?" Yuri demanded, disgust plainly written across his face.

Yuuri was flustered. "W-well I wouldn't say you completely look lik-"

"Fuck it! I'm taking the Agape! Just shut up about it! I don't want to know anymore!"

Yuuri smacked Victor's arm in chastisement. "Why did you have to tell him? He could have gone years without knowing!" he hissed lowly so no one else could possibly hear about it. Not that many of the people in the rink were fluent in English, but he wasn't looking to see if some had a better understanding than others did.

Victor simply grinned and wrapped his arms around Yuuri so he couldn't try to escape. Not that he wanted to or anything.

"Discretion next time."

"Maaaaaybe!"

He huffed and folded his arms as best as he could with Victor wrapped around him like a clingy squid. "Why do I like you?"

"Because I have a glorious ass and I'm charming."

Well… his ass was definitely glorious. Yuuri would give him that one. And he could be charming if he actually tried if he wasn't being such an ass half of the time.

Reaching back discreetly, he grabbed two handfuls of said ass and nodded firmly to himself, enjoying how Victor stiffened against his back. Victor's hips then moved in a circular motion, pushing something hard - Victor's erection, holy shit! - into his lower back as the older man groaned into his ear.

"Stop being gross and get to practicing, dammit!" Yuri yelled from the other side of the rink, causing Yuuri to flush in mortification. He'd just gone and grabbed Victor in a public area!

"Aw!" Victor whined. "He always takes away the fun!"

Before taking off to practice his own routine, Victor gave Yuuri's own ass a little squeeze and an appreciative hum.

"Delightful."
Victor: I have a new partner 4 my music!

Victor: You're going down this season!

Chris: Is this the cutie you showed me with the fine ass and thighs?

Victor: Yaaaaassssssss!

Chris: And have you made a move yet?

Victor: YAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!

Chris: Finally!

Chris: I was worried for a while there.

Chris: You're usually up on those types of things quickly.

Victor: I know.

Chris: You've never waited four months to make a move on someone.

Chris: I'm shocked and impressed by your dedication.

Victor: Thank you!

Victor: He's a good kisser!

Victor: His ex-lover is an ass 2 have given up on someone so fantastic!

Chris: You've got it bad!

Victor: Maaaaaybe?

Chris: And it's only been four and a half months.

Victor: ikr

Chris: When am I going to meet your new beau?

Victor: Soon, hopefully. When R U coming 2 Russia?

Chris: June.

Victor: GREAT!

Victor: Yuuri will be moved 2 my room by then!

Victor: U can stay in the guest room like always!

Chris: Thanks for the offer, lover boy.

Chris: Is it alright if I bring someone along?
Victor: *le gasp*

Victor: Has the casanova of Switzerland finally found someone of his own?

Chris: You remember Bastien from the Federation?

Victor: No shit!

Chris: Yes shit!

Chris: We've been seeing each other unofficially for a while now.

Chris: And he asked to make it official after Worlds.

Victor: Congratulations!

Victor: And yes! Bring him along! Double dates!

Chris: :3 You are the real mvp, Nikiforov!

Victor: :D

Chris: Can't wait to come and visit!

Chris: Do you think your Yuuri would be put off if I brought a pole?

Victor: No clue. He's surprisingly hard to predict.

Victor: Bring it anyway.

Chris: Will do! ;)

"You better call me on the regular," said Elle as she wiped down the bar with almost frustrated motions. Yuuri merely smiled and nodded, knowing that she was in the zone and he didn't want to disturb her.

"I mean it Yuuri," the woman said, tossing the rag aside and fixing him with her attention. "I will be calling you every now and then. We'll even go out to a film if anything good ever bothers to come out. And don't think you'll get away from me. Your friend Phichit and I have become mutuals. You aren't going to escape either of us."

Flushed, and slightly touched, Yuuri nodded. "I'm sure Victor would like to meet you too."

Elle snorted as she pulled out a cigarette. "He followed me months ago, Katsuki. I know things about your relationship that I probably could have gone without knowing."

Oh no! Victor had the tendency to tell people things they didn't ask to know! Such as the time with Yura and their day off. The teen had wanted to come over to beat Yuuri at whatever game he'd managed to get a hold of, when Victor announced none too quietly, that he and Yuuri had to get familiar with each other again. The mortification took days to die down.

Elle's devious smile softened a bit. "I'm just a bit put out that I won't be able to tease the shit out of you now that you're moving on to bigger and better things. Don't forget us lowly and talentless mortals, okay?"
"I promise to stay in touch. I might even come by whenever I have some free time." Victor would probably want to come along after all.

She reached out and flicked his nose. "You better."

"Oi, Katsudon! How did you get the idea for this?" asked Yura as he stomped into their flat one afternoon in the middle of the summer. Yuuri pulled away from Victor's piano in order to give the teen his full attention.

Yura was holding his mobile phone and it was opened up to Yuuri's YouTube channel. The song selected had been a recent addition named 'Wings of Fire'. Instrumental only, featuring a violin, an electric guitar, and a cello. Not exactly classical but not exactly rock either. He didn't know what genre to put it in, so he didn't even bother.

"That song was inspired by watching you and Victor skate," he admitted. "While you were doing those 'compulsory figures' as Yakov called them, your skates kept making interesting sounds as the blades moved across the ice. I sat on the bleachers and began writing out a melody that came to mind, which is what the guitar is playing. The violin and cello are just accompaniments."

The blond stared down at the screen of his mobile, mouth only slightly agape. "You just wrote a fucking song because of how our skates sounded on the ice?"

"Yep. I found a rhythm and worked with it. That one seems to be gaining a lot of popularity, which is shocking in my opinion as it has no lyrics like some of my more popular pieces." People seemed to gravitate toward music with lyrics, so those types of songs were always the preferred ones.

Yura said something in Russian, that Yuuri in no way understood. Of course Victor apparently did as he came in from the kitchen, holding a plate of fresh pirozhki, and chastising the teen for his language. All he got for his efforts was a broad eye roll. Also, one of the pirozhki were stolen.

"Katsudon, would you please do the music for my Exhibition for the GPF?"

"You're so certain you'll medal?" asked Victor teasingly.

"Fuck off, old man!" the teen hissed. "Yakov wants Lilia to choreograph an Exhibition to this crappy, flowery music called 'Angel of the Fire Festival', that so isn't me! The Exhibition is mine and I want to choreograph it and I want to choose the music. I already have to skate to Allegro Appassionato in B Minor, and this Agape song. For once I would like to choose my damn music. I'm a Senior now."

Yuuri could feel the frustration coming from Yura, and reached out to pat his shoulder. "What do you have in mind?"

The pure joy on the blond's face was adorable, and he had to withhold the urge to coo because Yura was fifteen and not a little kid for Yuuri to baby.

"Some heavy metal, please?"

Definitely Yura's style.
Yuuri lifted his mobile to his ear. "Hello?"

"Hi," a youthful voice stuttered from the other side of the line. In Japanese no less. "My name is Kenjiro Minami and I'm a figure skater who is about to enter into the Senior Division. Um… I wanted to hire you to- you know if you could, perhaps compose the music for my upcoming Season?"

Yuuri gaped, because this was not the first time this very request had happened that week. In fact, he'd gotten many requests from several figure skaters and a few dancers, to compose music for their upcoming competitions and such. It turned out that doing Victor and Yuri's music for their Season, had been the right thing to do. Both were famous Russian athletes with a lot of sway. And despite the blond's attitude, he gladly gave Yuuri's name when asked. After the Nationals for Russia, he had been getting propositions.

Yuuri was apparently 'very versatile'. By that, people were just happy with the songs Yuuri had managed to compose for his friends. In Yuri's opinion, 'Welcome to the Madness' was better than Victor's Exhibition song, which had been 'History Maker'. Victor disagreed obviously. Both were vastly different songs however and fit the personalities of the skaters very well. It had been important for Yuuri to capture them in the songs themselves.

After his name had been released multiple times, Yuuri's Instagram and Twitter had suddenly shot up in less than a week. A musician who could fit anywhere between classical music and heavy metal, was apparently much preferred.

Yuuri was already scheduled to help several figure skaters including: Victor, Yuri, Mila, Georgi, Christophe, and a young woman named Sara, who was Mila's girlfriend. And now he potentially, would have another person to compose for. And it was only February! The next Season was still a ways off!

"Um… we would need to discuss things in person so we can get to know one another," Yuuri said after nearly a minute of no talking. "Are you in Japan?"

"Yes, sir!" the boy hastened to reply. "I'm in Tokyo right now but I can literally go anywhere if you need me to!"

He seemed so sweet!

"Well, my family runs an onsen in Hasetsu, in Kyushu. I'm do to visit home in mid-April. Would you be able to stop by while I'm there so we can get to know one another?"

"Yes, sir!"

After a few minutes, they managed to hash out the details, and Yuuri ended the call, staring off at the sky in wonder.

A year ago he'd been playing music in the parks around St. Petersburg, living off the donations from the people who were kind enough to support him. And now he lived in the heart of the city. He was engaged to a world class figure skater. He hadn't been in financial trouble in thirteen months. He was able to talk to his friends whenever he wanted. And now he was taking some side classes on Pole Fitness.

What had happened in the mess of his life to bring him here?

"What is my Yuuri thinking about?" asked Victor from his left. The man was holding two
steaming cups of hot cocoa and he looked really good, even though he was bundled up to conserve warmth. His blue eyes shone in the dying light of the sun and were far too beautiful for Yuuri to handle.

"Just thinking about how you somehow managed to turn my life around so much," he admitted, taking the cup from the other man and breathing in the delicious scent of chocolate and mint.

"I didn't really do much, my dear katsudon. You were the one to draw me in with your beauty. Without you, we never would have met at all."

He smiled in gratitude, enjoying Victor's praise as something from a year back rang through his mind. He came to realization.

They'd helped each other. To have Victor beside him, made his life was no longer dissonant. And to have Yuuri, helped Victor lose that bittersweet taste he'd gotten after being at the top for so long.

"I think we should just both take credit and leave it at that."

Victor pressed a kiss to Yuuri's temple. "I support that idea very much, zolotse."

"Tadaima!" Yuuri announced the moment he and Victor stepped foot in Yu-topia Katsuki. As advised earlier, Victor set to removing his shoes first and foremost.

"Yuu-kun!"

Victor stood by and watched as an enormous group of people all rushed into the main hall, coming from various directions all so they could see Yuuri. Yuuri greeted each person with a shy hug and a kiss on the cheek, mumbling things in Japanese for their benefit.

"Yuu-kun, who is your friend?" a woman with two-toned hair asked, eying him with a smirk.

Yuuri flushed adorably and took hold of Victor's hand in order to tug him forward. "This is Victor Nikiforov. He's my fiance."

There was only a split second of silence, before a short woman bustled her way on over, eyes that were so much like Yuuri's, wide with joy. "My baby is getting married to such a handsome young man!"

There was a low whistle from another woman who stood off to the side. "Yuuri sure knows how to pick them!"

Victor was pulled into a hug by whom he assumed was Yuuri's mother. The woman grinned and jabbered away in Japanese, patting him down and then switching to English to ask if he wanted a bowl of katsudon?

He nodded enthusiastically. "Yuuri has had nothing but praise for your katsudon. If his is amazing, and he insists that yours is the very best, I would be honored to try it."

"Mari-chan, come and help your brother and his fiance!" Katsuki Hiroko said, gesturing toward the two-toned haired woman who had to put her cigarette out before coming over.

"So, Vic-chan, how did you propose to our Yuuri?"

Victor beamed then. He'd done it when he'd won gold at Worlds, presenting the medal to Yuuri
right after his Exhibition, which was to the song, 'Death of a Bachelor'. Victor had style of course and made sure to wear a white suit styled costume to add to the presentation. Social media still wasn't over it.

"I have the video saved on my laptop and if you give me a few moments, I can hook it up to a bigger screen so everyone can see it!"

Yuuri's flushed face was hidden in Victor's shoulder, which earned him a kiss on the head. He was adorable.

Hiroko giggled and tugged them both further into the inn while telling Mari to take their things to Yuuri's old room. Victor would make sure to thank her later on. For now, he had to woo his Yuuri's family.

A/N: FINISHED!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

CHECK OUT MY MANY OTHER YOI FICS! ^-^