then have my lips the sin that they have took

by flammablehat

Summary

Five times Yuuri sucks Viktor off, and one time Viktor pays him back.

Notes

Title taken from Romeo and Juliet. Act 1, scene 5, line 108. *eyebrow waggle*

See the end of the work for more notes.
Yuuri realizes he’s been doing something odd with his face when someone asks him if he’s feeling okay for the third time in only two days. It’s been a week since the Rostelecom Cup, and part of Yuuri is grateful to his friends and family in Hasetsu who are equally concerned for him and eager to tell him his progression to the Grand Prix Final was well-deserved.

The only problem is that, for the first time in as long as he can remember, skating isn’t actually what’s dominating Yuuri’s thoughts.

Of course he’s still focusing on his skating — of course his days are mostly filled with training at the rink and meditating under the waterfall and chasing after Viktor’s cheerful encouragement from his easy seat on his bike. But his nights?

The evening he returned from Moscow Viktor had towed him back to the onsen, their fingers firmly laced together. He’d pulled until they were in Viktor’s room, and he’d closed the door behind them.

It had been quiet, and simple, and for Yuuri it had been life-altering.

And now he can’t stop thinking of Viktor’s cock. It makes it a little awkward to smile and thank people who mean well but assume he’s obsessing over his mess of a free skate in Moscow. In fairness, if not for Viktor, that’s absolutely what he would be doing. It has Yuuri a little concerned, wondering if he’s developing an obsession with Viktor’s dick in place of actually dealing with more complicated or unpleasant emotions. Mostly he doesn’t care.

He’s seen Viktor Nikiforov’s cock. He’s seen it hard. It’s beautiful, because of course it is — there is no part of Viktor that isn’t personally arresting to Yuuri and he’s just come to accept that Viktor is both a blessing and curse.

Yuuri thinks about the shape of it, its graceful, ever-so-slight curve. The way it lists naturally to the left. The way Viktor’s eyes had changed when Yuuri touched him the first time. He thinks about Viktor’s come on his skin — hot and kind of sticky and a little weird but also like being handed something far heavier than it looks and stumbling under the weight. Viktor Nikiforov. Viktor Nikiforov had orgasmed in his hands with his mouth pressed to Yuuri’s temple and his arms wrapped around Yuuri’s shoulders. Viktor Nikiforov had touched Yuuri too, and he hadn’t laughed when Yuuri gasped and came literal seconds later. He’d kissed Yuuri instead and triggered a feedback loop of orgasmic aftershocks that Yuuri thinks may have had some kind of imprinting effect on his sexuality because he can’t stop thinking about Viktor’s cock.

When Yuuko draws him aside at the rink and gently touches his arm Yuuri pulls her into a hug because it’s the only thing he can think of to hide his blush.

“I’m going to head home a little early,” Yuuri says, after he manages to clear his throat. “I’ll be back first thing tomorrow.”

Yuuko nods, full of understanding, and promises to tell anyone who comes looking for him — including Viktor, who’d taken Makkachin to her follow-up vet appointment that morning.

Yuuri paces in Viktor’s room. No one has commented on the fact that he’s moved into Viktor’s space, even if that’s essentially what he’s done. Yuuri can’t wrap his head around bringing Viktor into his childhood room, and now that he’s had a taste of what it’s like to sleep with his nose pressed into Viktor’s neck, there’s no question of him going back to sleeping alone.
The door to the converted banquet room rattles open and Makkachin comes bounding through, followed shortly by Viktor, who looks concerned.

"Yuuri, are you okay? Yuuko said you went home early." He shooes Makkachin back into the hall, startling when Yuuri reaches around his shoulder to shut and latch the door. "Yuuri?"

"Shh," Yuuri says, holding a finger up to his lips and pulling at Viktor’s sleeve until he sits on the bed as directed. His eyes go huge and round as Yuuri kneels between his thighs, already working at Viktor’s belt.

"Yuuri?" he tries, a little more breathless this time.

Yuuri looks up from his hands to shoot him a small glare and hush him again, quietly. Turning his attention back to Viktor’s lap, he reaches into his loosened pants and rolls his briefs down enough to pull out his cock. It’s still mostly soft in his palm, the head hidden in his foreskin. Yuuri dips to kiss it, because it’s cute and he wants to. And then he gets it in his mouth, for no reason he can explain to himself beyond inarticulate need.

There’s a noiseless reaction above him that Yuuri ignores. This is good. This is what he wanted. Within seconds, Viktor’s pliant, soft length swells and firms between his lips, against the roof of his mouth. It feels right. Yuuri has no idea what he’s doing — he’s never done this before — but it doesn’t matter because the way Viktor fits him feels disorientingly like he’s always been empty and simply never realized it until now.

Fingers skim over his cheek, so gingerly it makes Yuuri’s eyelids flutter. He grabs Viktor’s hand and presses it to his face, encouraging him to touch, to hold on. Viktor’s cock gets harder still, tapping against Yuuri’s soft palate, leaving a little smear behind as Yuuri pulls off enough to roll his tongue over the head. It feels incredible — silky and round and fat, which thrills him somewhere deep in his belly. There’s a faint divot in the smoothness of the tip where Yuuri finds Viktor’s slit, a salty, texturally interesting place to lick at while his lips catch around the flared edge.

Viktor’s thighs tense and shift next to Yuuri’s head. His other hand comes to rest on Yuuri’s jaw, thumbs stroking across his cheeks. Yuuri wants the shivery feeling of fingers combing through his hair, so he slides down the shaft, letting Viktor’s cock drag along his tongue until it just projects into the emptiness of his throat. Curious, he pushes a bit farther, the tip of his nose brushing Viktor’s belly. The pressure makes him spasm and swallow reflexively, and he pulls off before he starts coughing.

Viktor is still cupping his face when Yuuri wipes his mouth and looks up. He’s surprised to see how red Viktor’s cheeks are, the way his lips are parted and the heat in his eyes. Yuuri settles down onto his heels, which makes it easier to look up and maintain eye contact as he licks Viktor’s cock back into his mouth. He sees it when Viktor squeezes his eyes shut and whines. It’s not completely silent, but he’s trying, and it makes Yuuri’s whole body feel as sensitive as his cock to know that Viktor is making noise in spite of himself, in spite of Yuuri’s warnings. He eases off on the suction and places indulgent little licks to the gather of skin under the head, considering.
Viktor catches his breath, his hands giving small directional cues as he thumbs at Yuuri’s lips and his fingers put the slightest pressure on the back of his neck. Yuuri ignores him. He likes making Viktor feel good — he really likes knowing that he’s going to make Viktor come, but he won’t be rushed into it. If this is something Yuuri gets to have, then he’s going to make it his.

He tips Viktor’s cock up to explore the underside, plucking at the delicate skin and faint veins with his lips. Everything is soft and smooth and wet. The sliding, easy touches are their own delight. Viktor smells good, so close to Yuuri’s face — not the same way his hair or neck smells after he’s showered, fresh with shampoo and a dab of cologne, but something a little more animal. A sharp note of salt blended with a round, satisfying scent unique to damp and skin and sex.

Still half-tucked inside his underwear, Viktor’s balls are red under their dusting of slate-colored hair. Yuuri pulls them free with careful fingers, pressing a soft, open-mouthed kiss to each side. There’s a sound like a hiccup from above him, so Yuuri spreads his lips and sucks. He’s gentle and insistent and Viktor shudders, shudders, finally breaking enough to whisper Yuuri’s name. It tugs inside his chest, pulling at his heart until he can get Viktor back in his mouth. His own cock is wet in his fist, and he shoves his pants down his thighs as his tongue curls lovingly around Viktor’s glans, his eyes falling shut in contentment.

Viktor has mostly given up on silence, fingers stroking through Yuuri’s hair as he whispers thready encouragement. Yuuri hears ‘so good, so beautiful, just like that, Yuuri, Yuuri,’ and he glows, throbbing with it. He moans when Viktor goes quiet, confused and wanting until heat and bitter salt hit his tongue, over and over again. Yuuri opens his eyes and looks up, sees Viktor grab at the edge of the bed as his face contorts and his neck flushes abruptly like he’s been doused in wine. His other hand scratches at the shorter hair at Yuuri’s nape, cupping him close and rewarding him with each grasping, tremulous touch.

Yuuri’s fist works faster — he can feel the swell of it in his spine, in his toes, in the hypersensitivity building where his thumb plays under the tip. Viktor tries to settle back on the bed and Yuuri follows him, a little spike of alarm at the thought of Viktor pulling away before he can come. His mouth tightens and sucks around the residual firmness of Viktor’s erection, earning a sharp noise and the slight jostle of Viktor’s knees against his shoulders.

It’s the hand in Yuuri’s hair that finishes him, holding him steady against Viktor’s lap. Yuuri has just enough presence of mind to cup his palm over the head of his cock before he makes a mess of the tatami, moaning helplessly at the pleasure that ripples through him, tingling from his crown to the soles of his feet.

He’d be happy to sit and bask a little longer, but Viktor pulls him up into a kiss. He mumbles into Yuuri’s mouth, drawing back to press more kisses to his lips, his cheek, his jaw and chin, before returning to lick his way past Yuuri’s still-gasping breaths. Viktor’s tongue works like he’s giving praise, and Yuuri whimpers and clings to his neck.

“Come here,” Viktor says, tugging at Yuuri’s arm until he clammers up onto the bed. His face twists with humor at the come drying on Yuuri’s hand, and he wrestles Yuuri’s shirt off and wets it with his tongue before wiping off Yuuri’s fingers. Yuuri feels like a child who’s gotten jam everywhere, but he enjoys the attention and it’s easy to let Viktor fuss and hold him close. He settles against Viktor’s chest when he tosses the shirt away and falls back into the pillows.

Viktor sighs, running one hand over Yuuri’s shoulder and the other around his waist. “We can take today off,” he says, nosing at Yuuri’s hairline. “We’ll be making up for it tomorrow, though.”

“That’s fine,” Yuuri yawns, burying his face in Viktor’s neck. He licks at the hollow of Viktor’s throat until he squirms and purrs. “It was worth it.”
Viktor’s arms tighten around him and Yuuri smiles.
Two

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Yuuri,” Viktor says, trying to sound stern. “Behave.”

Yuuri’s eyes sharpen for a brief second, glaring up at Viktor, but then they soften again — focus pulled back to the slide of Viktor’s fist. His mouth opens and he leans against the grip Viktor has in his hair.

The only thing keeping Viktor from coming on Yuuri’s upturned face is the promise he made that he wouldn’t. He is already regretting his own confidence.

Jerking himself off like this is mostly for show. Yuuri had to sit on his hands to keep from clawing up Viktor’s body, but so far it’s all Viktor has been able to win from him in terms of obedience. It makes Viktor hot, makes him want to get just close enough that Yuuri could stretch his tongue out to reach. He strokes faster, lets Yuuri hear how wet he is already, watches Yuuri’s eyes go both hazy and fixed.

“Good,” Viktor says. He firms his hold in Yuuri’s hair and pulls until Yuuri’s eyes lift and meet his.

“Just a kiss,” he warns, tilting his cock down so the head brushes Yuuri’s lips.

Yuuri makes a noise, a sigh with a hungry edge, his whole face a soft study in torture. Viktor has to breathe through his mouth to get enough air, holding himself back as much as he is Yuuri, whose interpretation of a kiss involves more tongue than is strictly decent. It feels decadent, soft and wet and wanting, ghost-like attention on nerves that sing with the need for pressure and suction and heat. God, Viktor wants to let Yuuri go.

He pulls back instead, ready for it when Yuuri wrenches to follow.

“Viktor,” he whines, his grimace some blend of pain and frustration. “Please.”

“Please what?” Viktor’s amazed at his own ability to withstand the sheen in Yuuri’s eyes.

“Let me, Yuuri says, watching Viktor’s hand with the rapt attention of a predator. Viktor rolls his foreskin up over the tip and then stretches it back down, slowly, breathing out through his nose as he does. Yuuri squirms, pulling against the hand in his hair again.

“Let you?”

“God, Viktor—” Yuuri looks up, and his expression is like a spear to the heart.

“Say it,” Viktor commands, hoarse, mining previously undiscovered depths of sadism.

“Let me suck it,” Yuuri begs in a quiet rush. “Let me, Viktor, I need it, please?” His cheeks are vivid with embarrassment, and he draws in a short breath. Before he can speak, Viktor catches him under the chin and feeds his cockhead between his lips. Yuuri moans with surprise and then again with relief, immediately angling for more. Viktor has to widen his stance and hold Yuuri’s jaw in both hands to keep him at the head.

“Earn it,” Viktor says, and he can see the effect it has in the way Yuuri trembles, hot panting breaths rolling over Viktor’s skin.
Yuuri melts on him. There is no other word for it but worship, tongue and lips pulling like they can drag Viktor deeper under the power of suggestion alone. It’s nearly true; Viktor tips Yuuri’s head to the side so he can trace the slick inside edge of his lips into his cheek, making Yuuri lean back with his gentle thrusts to maintain the shallow depth. It’s bliss, it’s agony — it’s nothing Viktor has ever experienced before and the thought shakes him.

The ring of a phone is jarring — Viktor’s so lost in the moment he can’t even tell if the ringtone is his or Yuuri’s as he looks up, briefly distracted.

There’s a burst of movement and Viktor finds himself sprawled on the bed, winded and shocked — and then his whole body is curling up around Yuuri’s head in his lap, the heat and ferocity of Yuuri’s mouth like a lash across his nerves. He cries out, fingers sinking into Yuuri’s hair, and there’s a hand at his wrist, a potent reminder that not only is Yuuri fast but he’s strong.

When it becomes clear that Viktor isn’t trying to stop him, Yuuri wraps his arms under the small of Viktor’s back, hugging him into the rhythm of his mouth. Viktor claws at Yuuri’s head, the dense muscles in his shoulders, overwhelmed with sensation. There’s some movement — the negligible inch Yuuri rides between Viktor’s groin and the distance he rocks back after every pull. Viktor can hardly bear it, gasping harshly and digging his head back into the sheets, noising desperately at the ceiling as his hips flex after Yuuri’s lead.

“Yuuri, I’m— Yuuri, I’m—” he squeezes weakly at Yuuri’s arm. Yuuri growls, digging his nose into Viktor’s belly and swallowing, swallowing until Viktor shouts, biting into the flesh of his forearm because pain is the only way he knows to stay afloat under this kind of crashing, tidal relief.

The seal of Yuuri’s mouth releases with a wet noise; come slides from his tongue down Viktor’s shaft, pooling in the crease of his thigh. Yuuri’s eyes are flinty as he chases the little pockets of white that he missed, bobbing on Viktor’s cock and making him flinch, moaning weakly, a last thin blurt spilling out of the head onto Yuuri’s tongue.

Viktor has hardly caught his breath when Yuuri nuzzles at him, casting sly looks up his body and littering soft kisses around the base of his shellshocked dick like a proud owner to a pet.

Viktor doesn’t breathe at all as Yuuri crawls up his chest and presses a finger to his bottom lip. It’s like staring into the eyes of a panther, he thinks wildly. In spite of the subtle fear that excites him and urges him to remain still, he’s ready to be kissed, and he touches his tongue to Yuuri’s finger carefully, leaning up. Yuuri pushes him back down.

“Earn it,” he says. His voice is rough.

On some unexpected instinct, the tension drains out of Viktor instantly. He softens, running his fingers through the damp hair at Yuuri’s temple, blinking slowly with happiness and satisfaction. Yuuri watches, nosing up against Viktor’s cheek and along the line of his jaw.

“Viktor?” The quiet thread of uncertainty in Yuuri’s tone has Viktor rolling them over and taking the kiss he’s been waiting for.

He’s saturated with the feelings Yuuri inspires in him, too much so to wait on extraneous things like taking a full breath between deep, searching kisses. Yuuri winds around him, seeking Viktor’s weight pressing him down into the bedding. By the time Yuuri lets Viktor’s mouth skid away, they’re both light-headed and short of breath.

“Wow,” Viktor says, rolling over onto his back and blinking sleepily at the ceiling. He smiles when
Yuuri lets his head drop sideways to look at him. “Wow, I love you.”

Yuuri shakes, and Viktor doesn’t even have to open his eyes to know he’s laughing.

Chapter End Notes

Heads up that I am driving to my new home in California tomorrow so the next update may take a couple of days. Not that I imagine too many people are like...setting their watches by this fic, lol. But just in case you were wondering what the update schedule will be - once I get settled things should follow more smoothly. ^_^
Three

Chapter Notes

So many apologies for the delay! Honestly didn't expect it to take so much time to finish this chapter. Long story very short: moving has been more complicated than anticipated, but hopefully things will settle soon. ^_^ Thanks for being so patient and wonderful.

Also, I have added new tags! Shouldn't be anything too unexpected, given the theme of the whole...sheelang...but all the same they have been updated!

Thanks as always to Panda for being the loving shoulder into which I muffle my screams, and my boos Itachi, Nell, and Samy for their patience and sage advice.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri gets home from Nationals first. He knows because he almost breaks his neck on the pile of mail Maria (‘call me Masha, I'm the property manager!’) has left stacked just inside the apartment, no doubt intended as a trap for Viktor.

Dropping his duffel, Yuuri sags back against the door and toes at the scatter of paper and packages. At least she brought everything inside. They should do something nice for her as thanks, even if her and Viktor’s relationship seems defined by a strange and inexplicable mutual suspicion. She had immediately taken to Yuuri when they were introduced, so he can admit he’s a little biased in her favor.

It’s early evening, and he isn’t sure what would make an appropriate thank you gift, which means it’s a question for Mila or Georgi the next time he’s at the rink. He puts the thought away for the time being and scoops up the pile of mail and carries it to the dining room.

Most of the stack consists of envelopes he can’t read but which have the universal quality of bills and junk mail. He sets those aside for Viktor to deal with later. There are three hand-addressed letters that are probably fan mail: miraculous survivors of the gauntlet of filters between Viktor and his adoring public. There’s a care package from Phichit, which reminds Yuuri he has to box up the strange Russian candies he promised to send. Finally, there’s a simple padded envelope addressed to him that he’s curious about until he picks it up and remembers exactly what he ordered almost a month ago and now holds in his hands.

The apartment subtly changes shape around him. It’s still home – still their home, but it’s also unquestionably Viktor’s. Warmth expands under Yuuri’s skin like smoke. He needs to get a shower to wash off the day and a half of travel, and then he needs to climb into (Viktor’s) bed and open his package.

It’s almost dusk before Viktor can get out of the airport. The enthusiasm of the press at his win over Yuri, even if by a slimmer margin than Yuri’s last win over Yuuri, had followed them both back to Saint Petersburg. Viktor had found it amusing at first, but he’s tired now, and he wants to be home. The unwelcome entourage in the terminal has already made him late enough that he can’t pick Makkachin up from boarding until the morning. Sensing that Viktor has places he would much rather be, Yuri is suddenly much more gracious and accommodating of the reporters trying to collect their
Viktor glares at him over the head of the journo asking him some insipid question about the kind of challenges the non-Russian competitive field represents to his medaling goals. Yuri nods thoughtfully before answering, and Viktor knows he’s being targeted because Yuri is never thoughtful and under normal circumstances he would answer her with his usual curt disdain, not this measured analysis of his competitors.

Viktor is tempted to leave him behind, but he probably wouldn’t get far and Yakov has already been eyeing Yuuri appraisingly – like a man who has discovered he has new and powerful leverage against an old adversary. Viktor doesn’t want to give him reason to use Yuuri against him or, worse yet, enlist Yuuri’s help to keep him in line. So Viktor waits, checking his watch and clearing his throat conspicuously.

From the moment they’d left the hotel that morning, Viktor had been thinking about Yuuri, Makkachin, and his own bed, in that order. When he finally falls into a cab outside the airport, he’s fantasizing about hugging Yuuri tight and congratulating him on his gold medal in person. The keysmash of emojis he sent while watching the livestream (hidden in a broom closet in the locker room while Yakov bellowed for him to get on the ice) was woefully insufficient to express his jubilation and pride when Yuuri twirled to a halt at the end of his free skate.

Every step closer to his own door brings him fractionally closer to home. He isn’t even tired – his body confused with the conflicting input of competition and travel and a week of terrible, lonely sleep. He’s just weary.

The apartment is mostly dark when he finally lets himself inside. Viktor moves quietly in case Yuuri has already gone to bed. He considers carrying his luggage into the room with him but almost immediately discards the idea as something that can be dealt with in the morning. Instead, he shrugs out of his coat, tosses it at the couch, and eases open the bedroom door. It’s not as dark as he originally thought – the lamp beside the bed is on, a thin slice of light falling out into the sitting room.

“Yuuri?” he whispers. There’s a small whimper, and Viktor pushes the door wide to find Yuuri naked on the bed, face obscured by something that’s difficult to make out in the low light.

Viktor’s immediate reaction is concern; he rushes over and comes up short at the edge of the bed. He doesn’t understand what he’s seeing at first. Thick black straps cross Yuuri’s cheeks and connect at the back of his head. They terminate in a large silver ring that holds his mouth in a wide ‘O’. When Viktor reaches for the buckle at the base of Yuuri’s skull, Yuuri jerks his head away and grabs Viktor's arms, pushing him back. Viktor goes still.

“You don’t want me to touch you?” he asks, uncertain.

Yuuri makes a noise and pulls Viktor’s hands to his face, his eyes closing as he presses Viktor’s palms to his cheeks.

“You don’t want me to take it off,” Viktor says. Yuuri nods, releasing a sigh. He relaxes somewhat; Viktor sees the way he holds himself soften, hands loosening to circle Viktor’s wrists.

Viktor really looks at him: at the dried spit around his lips, the heavy beat of a pulse in his throat, down over the pink of his chest and the come drying on his belly, his cock flushed and heavy against his thigh.

He’s wearing a ring-gag. Comprehension reaches for Viktor, slow and strange. He drags a finger over the plumpness of Yuuri’s lip pressed against smooth, cool metal.
“Is this for me?” he asks, wondering.

Yuuri’s eyes flutter open, his expression almost drugged. He nods again. Viktor sucks in a breath, running his eyes down Yuuri’s body in another thorough pass. He brushes his fingers under Yuuri’s chin.

“Wait here. I’ll be right back.”

Knowing he doesn’t have to be silent makes Viktor fast. He turns on the tap in the bathroom sink to get the water running hot and ducks into the kitchen to grab a glass. Back in their bathroom, he gets a washcloth and soaks it in the warm water before switching the tap and filling the glass with cool water.

The washcloth is first, while it’s still holding heat – he cleans off Yuuri’s belly, dabbing gently around his cock.

The glass of cold water Viktor takes in hand, considering the best way to proceed, before dipping his first two fingers into the glass and then inside the open circle of the gag. Yuuri’s breath rolls warmly over his knuckles. He lets Viktor clean his lips and rewet his tongue, stroking carefully into his mouth.

Viktor notices how still Yuuri is. Not in an anticipatory way, or even in a way that suggests he’s trying to be ‘good.’ He’s just…open. It’s captivating.

“Did you touch yourself wearing this?” Viktor asks, trailing the curve of the metal with a fingertip.

Yuuri nods.

“How many times? Once?”

Yuuri shakes his head.

“Twice?”

A nod.

Viktor’s groin pulses with the tingle of sudden, forceful arousal. He takes Yuuri’s face in his hands and drops a kiss on his forehead. When he pulls away, Yuuri’s eyes are crinkled – smiling. Grinning back, Viktor licks over the edge of the ring, teasing Yuuri’s tongue before retreating. Yuuri’s reaction is immediate, a catch in his throat and a sudden, yearning tilt of his neck.

“You like when I put things inside?” Viktor asks, though he already knows the answer. Yuuri kneads his hands in Viktor’s shirt, want translating through the grasp of his fingers. Viktor disengages Yuuri’s hold, drawing his hands up to press kisses to his fingertips.

Viktor stands, but he doesn’t go far. Yuuri watches from his sprawl as Viktor unbucks his belt and unzips his pants, easing everything down his thighs to the floor. He leans in as he steps out of both pants and underwear, catching Yuuri under his knees and tugging him around to the edge of the bed. Then he holds out his hands, which Yuuri takes, letting Viktor pull him up into a sitting position.

Yuuri’s eyes are fixed on Viktor’s cock, still hanging between his thighs but fuller than even a moment ago. He runs his hands over Viktor’s legs, scratching the hair in the wrong direction, gaze climbing until he looks up into Viktor’s face.

“Here,” Viktor says, touching the tip of Yuuri’s nose with a smile. He takes himself in hand and
slowly, carefully, feeds the head of his cock into the gag. Yuuri’s stillness changes again, his breath shortening and body tensing.

Viktor gives an easy thrust, their eyes locked as he slides over Yuuri’s tongue.

“Is this what you want?” Viktor asks, cupping Yuuri’s nape. Yuuri doesn’t respond except to tilt his head. “Do you want me to use you?” Viktor tries.

It doesn’t taste quite right when he says it. He can imagine it, of course, but somehow it’s easier for him to picture the gag over his own mouth, Yuuri backing him against a wall, leaving him nowhere to go. For a second his desire burns molten, a confused, blended fantasy of Yuuri standing over him and the reality of him sitting on their bed, hands at Viktor’s hips like he’s unsteady.

Yuuri hums, a thoughtful murmur that doesn’t sound like a yes or a no. His whole manner is soft, and he’s looking at Viktor like there is no one else he’d trust to deliver him from the tangle of need in his eyes. More than anything else, Viktor wants to be worthy of that look.

Pulling away, Viktor says, “Wait, not like this.”

He glances around; there is an upholstered chair in the corner of their room – it’s mostly a convenient place to drape clean clothing neither of them wants to fold. Viktor heads for the chair and grabs a pillow, sitting before dropping it at his feet. Yuuri wipes his chin, watching until Viktor pats his thigh. “Come here.”

Yuuri follows, folding down onto the pillow with easy grace. Viktor leans his elbows on his knees and takes Yuuri’s face back in his hands, tipping him up into a shower of soft, grateful kisses.

The week apart had been unexpectedly difficult. Viktor had seen Yuuri off at the airport with a small flutter of excitement, because for once he wouldn’t dread the end of a competition knowing he had nothing but the cold comfort of an empty apartment waiting for him (at least until he retrieved Makkachin). He would finally be the person who had someone to return home to. But the novelty of his poetic yearning had worn off within the first five hours.

After almost seven days, having Yuuri’s skin and his sweetness close enough to touch again is an actual, physical relief. Viktor marvels at it.

Yuuri huffs out a little noise, nose scrunching.

“I’m sorry.” Viktor smiles between another handful of kisses, as if he can’t help himself. “But I’m being unfair,” he admits, settling back into the seat. Yuuri leans into the hand still combing through his hair, looking up at Viktor intently. “Your turn?” Viktor asks. Yuuri nods quickly, making a sound high in his throat when Viktor gently directs him forward. His cock is easier to capture now that it’s fully erect, raised from his body, head unsheathed. Yuuri is careful, using the tip of his tongue to usher Viktor inside, adjusting his angle before sliding down the shaft.

Yuuri expresses want with an honesty that burns. Viktor has no defense against the sear of it, and even if he did, he would rather it consume him.

The gag changes the experience for them both. Yuuri makes odd, wet noises as he adjusts to the restraint hobbling his enthusiasm. To Viktor, it’s messy and uncoordinated, making his toes dig into the carpet on-viscerally pleased reflex. After a few false starts, Yuuri gives up on his instinct to suck and instead goes for depth, using Viktor’s cock to prod and soften his throat.

Viktor simply watches him at first, letting his mind fall out of focus. It would be too easy to picture Yuuri squeezing out his second orgasm with his fingers stuffed inside the gag, so instead Viktor
takes everything in abstract pieces: Yuuri’s concentration, the way he looks like he’s working for something, his hands clenching tight at Viktor’s waist.

Viktor brushes Yuuri’s hair off his forehead, oddly touched by the way his eyes close in response. There’s something quiet in his face that would be easy to miss if Viktor wasn’t so used to his normal, carefully hidden wariness.

Resting his hand on the curve of Yuuri’s neck, Viktor follows his uneven rhythm. Drool tickles down Viktor’s shaft and over his balls, an insistent reminder of the gag – that Yuuri has shaped and bound his own mouth for the explicit purpose of having it fucked.

When Viktor draws his fingers through the hair at the base of his skull, Yuuri shivers. He tries to lift into the touch and is startled into a choked moan when Viktor firms his grip and holds him down. Viktor can feel it in the glancing, silky pressure around his cock; the sound of it jolts right through him.

He lets Yuuri up after only a few seconds. Gasping wetly, Yuuri pulls back to clear the drool off his chin with the heel of his palm.

“Yes?” Viktor asks. “Or no?”

Yuuri nods, brow pinching. He rubs his face against Viktor’s spit-wet cock.

“Yes?” Viktor asks again, just to be sure. Yuuri nods and nods, nudging his cheek into Viktor’s hand.

Viktor pets him, fingerling the gag with slow attention. Yuuri’s eyes flick between Viktor’s face and his cock. Impatient, he stretches his tongue over the ring and laps at the head. It feels teasing, but looks desperate. He whimpers, most of his weight draped across Viktor’s thighs, his hands curled against Viktor’s hips. Yuuri could easily take what he’s asking for, but he won’t, and it feels like fire licking in the hollow under Viktor’s ribs.

Hooking two fingers under the straps to either side of Yuuri’s mouth, Viktor guides him down. A sharp noise twists up from Yuuri’s chest before Viktor’s cock touches the back of his throat. Yuuri’s hands gather in the shirt Viktor’s still wearing, his body squirming to reject the intrusion even as he whines and huffs and tugs at Viktor like he wants to sink deeper into his lap.

“Relax, relax sweetheart,” Viktor whispers. “You’re doing so well.”

Yuuri moans, and then he gags, body heaving with aborted movement before he visibly exerts control over himself and stills. His shoulders are trembling, but as Viktor slowly slips his hands free of the gag, Yuuri doesn’t move to pull away.

“Oh, дорогой, beautiful,” Viktor says, releasing a ragged breath. The praise has a powerful effect on Yuuri, who loosens like Viktor’s voice brings some panicky thing inside him to heel. In its place is that familiar fragile stillness, balanced carefully in Viktor’s hands.

Proud and awed and fascinated, Viktor cards his fingers through Yuuri’s hair, nails dragging gently over his scalp. Yuuri keens like it’s being pulled from somewhere deep inside him. A thumb smoothing over the curve of his eyebrow triggers a wet, hitching noise. Every touch makes his throat hum in reply, raw sensitivity bouncing between them like an echo. Viktor throws his head back and slides his fingertips under the sharp, delicate bones of Yuuri’s jaw, feeling the vibration of Yuuri’s muffled groan in his cock and the pads of his fingers. He pants harshly, his chest working like he’s the one with an obstructed windpipe.
On his next pass through Yuuri’s hair, Viktor tightens his grip and draws Yuuri back. He’s languid under Viktor’s direction, eyes huge and dark, spit sliding down his chin. Viktor’s stomach clenches and he fists his cock in his free hand, skipping buildup altogether in favor of a snapping urgency. His palm slides easily, the sweet pressure of orgasm gathering rapidly in his balls.

“Show me your tongue,” Viktor gasps, biting his lip as Yuuri leans up and licks over the shuffle of his fingers. It just makes everything more wet, more audible, more inevitable – Viktor’s spreads his hand wide under the weight of Yuuri’s head and hunches forward. “Yuuri,” he says weakly, pressing his cockhead just inside the gag and flooding Yuuri’s mouth with come.

Half of it slides over his lips to hit the meat of Viktor’s inner thighs in hot white strings. The other half Yuuri manages to curl into the safety of his tongue and tip back into his throat.

Hauling him up off the floor is more clumsy than Viktor intends, and the chair creaks in protest under both of their weight, but if ever there was a time for the hug Viktor has been waiting approximately six days and twenty one hours for, it’s now. He tucks Yuuri’s face into his neck and tightens his arms around his ribs. One of Yuuri’s knees is wedged uncomfortably against Viktor’s side, and it’s perfect, all of it: the smeared spit and come and that stickiness unique to not-quite-sweaty skin.

Viktor touches the clasp at the back of Yuuri’s head and turns his lips to Yuuri’s ear.

“May I?” he asks.

Yuuri nods, nose pressed to Viktor’s collarbone. The weight of the gag is surprising as Viktor draws it away. The metal is more substantial than it appeared in place; Viktor wonders if it was uncomfortable to wear for so long. He’s looking forward to finding out for himself.

Yuuri stretches his mouth and lets Viktor gather him into a bridal carry to walk them over to the bed. Viktor strips off his shirt and finds the abandoned washcloth, which is no longer warm, but it serves well enough to clean them up so they can slip under the covers.

Yuuri immediately turns into the space at Viktor’s side, nudging up under his arm and throwing a leg across his hips. Viktor smiles and drops kisses onto the crown of his head, enjoying Yuuri’s little murmur of appreciation.

“I missed you,” Yuuri says suddenly, into the quiet. His voice is rough around the edges, heavy with sleep. He nuzzles harder into Viktor’s chest and sighs.

Viktor wants to lock the circle of his arms and sink his teeth into Yuuri’s skin and hold him forever. Instead, he stares up at the ceiling and draws figure-eights on Yuuri’s arm with his fingertips, just until the lump in his throat subsides.

Eventually, softly, he says, “I’m sorry I made you wait.”

Chapter End Notes

dорогой - darling
Yuuri opens his eyes to an unusually dark morning, hissing at the cold as he pushes off the blankets and stumbles over to the window. The sky is the color of iron, snow flashing white under the blue light of the street lamps. Up against the glass, flakes pelt and gather as soundlessly as feathers.

Yuuri doesn’t exactly jump when Viktor comes up behind him, but his heart does skip a beat as arms curl around his waist and a chin drops to his shoulder. Viktor is surprisingly quiet when he’s not speaking, and seems to enjoy startling Yuuri. But he’s warm and solid to lean into, and the prickle of his stubble is familiar against Yuuri’s cheek.

“If you walk Makkachin I’ll cook after practice,” Yuuri says, eyeing the snow swirling wildly beyond the glass.

“I’ll walk Makkachin.” The depth of Viktor’s voice is warmer even than his skin, and it makes Yuuri shiver. He kisses the words into Yuuri’s temple, squeezing at his shoulders. “But the rink is closed today. Yakov texted he was going back to bed. He expects us early tomorrow so we may want to drive.”

“The rink is closed?” Yuuri half turns, dismayed. “I thought it never closed!”

Viktor shrugs, peeling away to duck into the closet. He emerges seconds later with a pair of long underwear. “Probably we could still get in, but no one will be there. Better to stay cozy and rest, let the weather pass.”

He is very nonchalant for a man who’s transitioned from stepping into his long underwear to perching on the edge of the bed to layer on multiple pairs of socks.
But...it’s just snowing?” Yuuri says, though it comes out more like a question. Viktor doesn’t answer except to look up at Yuuri from under the fall of his hair, giving him a very Russian smile before pulling on a third and final pair of socks.

Yuuri sets a kettle on to boil while Viktor and Makkachin brave the outdoors. He starts to put together their breakfast but pauses just as he’s dropping bread into the toaster. He’s never hungry in the morning, something Viktor simply will not accept, especially when they’re in the middle of training season. But the rest of the day looms in Yuuri’s mind, empty of any plans. The thought of eating now makes nausea swirl in his belly, so he plucks his slice out of the toaster and puts it back in the bag. He hesitates before starting Viktor’s toast, because if Yuuri isn’t eating with him, he may prefer to get back in bed.

After a moment’s indecision Yuuri presses the slider down, because more likely than not Viktor will appreciate something to go with his tea. Besides, the man can, and has, eaten at all hours of the day for no particular reason. All without any impact to his physique.

If Yuuri didn’t love him so much he might hate him a little bit.

As if summoned by the thought, the door swings open and Viktor and Makkachin bustle inside. Viktor’s layers make him look sturdy, like a rougher, hardier version of his normal self. Yuuri entertains a brief fantasy of being romanced in a cabin by a Viktor Nikiforov who spends his days chopping wood and...building houses, probably, instead of epitomizing grace and beauty on and off the ice. It’s equal parts silly and compelling. Moreso when Viktor approaches him — free of coat and boots but still thick with layers, snowflakes melting in his hair and visibly clinging to his lashes. The pinch of cold has brought a wash of beautiful pink to his face, and the rugged woodcutter of Yuuri’s fantasy transforms into something a little more magical, reminiscent of a fairy tale.

Yuuri’s shaken out of his (somewhat awed) staring when Viktor tucks his frigid nose against Yuuri’s neck.

Squawking, Yuuri twists away and flees to the bedroom. Viktor follows, whining “Yuuuriiii,” and holding his arms out for a hug.

He isn’t expecting Yuuri to hide behind their bedroom door, because Viktor always seems to forget that Yuuri is crafty. Like now, his eyes going huge as he realizes a second too late that he’s about to be tackled onto the bed.

Viktor’s laugh is addictive, so Yuuri dives strategically at his skin as it’s revealed, blowing raspberries into Viktor’s belly when his arms are trapped in his bunched sweater just to hear him shriek.

“Yuuri,” Viktor gasps, slumping his body weight across Yuuri’s chest, as if that will be enough to stop Yuuri when the challenge just makes him want to push harder. Yuuri gets his mouth on the tendon that joins Viktor’s shoulder and neck, rolling his teeth over the curve of it and sucking at his skin. Viktor bucks, wrenching free of his sweater with a gasp.

He rocks onto his back, taking Yuuri with him with one hand at his waist and the other cupping the back of his head. It’s clear what he wants; Viktor is shameless and likes to show off the hickies Yuuri gives him like jewelry.

But the layers are getting frustrating — distracting. Yuuri bites a little harder at Viktor’s neck; they’re not getting anywhere between Viktor’s writhing and his own hands wandering from the more mundane necessity of undressing to map the ripple of muscle along Viktor’s ribs.
Yuuri jerks himself away, the momentum almost sending him sprawling to the floor. He catches himself on Viktor’s legs, tugging jeans and long underwear down into a ridiculous bunched up shackle at his feet. Viktor kicks a bit, dropping back onto the bed with a huff as Yuuri peels off all three socks on both feet with impatient tugs.

Yuuri’s hardly freed his ankles before Viktor holds out his his hands. “Come warm me up, come on,” he says, fingers clasping greedily. Yuuri slides between his legs, deliberately dragging the length of their bodies together and pulling the sheets over their heads as he climbs.

The heat is immediate, a cocoon of warmth and Viktor's soft, pinkened skin under the wet of Yuuri's mouth. Chilled hands slip inside the worn elastic of Yuuri’s bottoms and shimmy them down his thighs, Viktor's knuckles grazing Yuuri's side as he tugs Yuuri's equally soft t-shirt further up his chest.

Viktor gets them lined up before pulling Yuuri down, the heat under the covers condensing and focalizing to the airless press of skin between their bellies. The shared space rapidly turns humid, Viktor panting against Yuuri's open mouth as his hands grip and pull at Yuuri's ass, cocks skidding against each other in micro-drags that make Yuuri feel feverish, animal.

Yuuri rolls his hips into it, enough that his balls stutter over the base of Viktor's shaft. It's the sort of sticky, artless grinding Yuuri has always associated with being an overeager teenager and found prohibitively embarrassing. But Yuuri gets a handful of Viktor's thigh and digs in, feels a gust of breath skip against his ear and fingers tightening at the small of his back, and the sweat building between them makes the slide deeper, better, and it's nothing like when he was a teen — it’s deep and dark and intoxicating as Viktor saying, "Yes, yes, yes, just like that, yes Yuuri, please——"

"You're so close already," Yuuri says, swivelling. Viktor doesn't deny it, just tosses his head back and plants his feet, lifting up into Yuuri's weight. Sweat has darkened his hairline to pewter, and his eyes glitter under the shadow of the covers, catching what little light there is.

"Make me come," he says.

His ease with authority is something Yuuri has always admired, but in bed it makes something molten pool at the base of his spine. The heat seems to double; sweat drips off the end of Yuuri’s nose as he angles up enough to get a hand between them, around them both.

"Like this?" He begins to stroke, squeezing them together under the combined weight of their bodies.

"Yes," Viktor says, hitching into the ring of Yuuri's fingers. Yuuri thrusts too, caught in the same limited motion as before— only more, better for being another layer of sensation over Viktor's cock and his own hand.

"Like this?" Yuuri asks again, fucking against Viktor in earnest. Viktor's lashes flutter, mouth open and fingers digging into the meat of Yuuri's ass. He manages to prise one hand away to grab Yuuri's neck, dragging their mouths together even as he starts to stiffen, rhythm lost.

"Yes," he says, frantic, "yes, Yuuri, I’m c——"

Yuuri feels it, digging into Viktor's unresisting mouth as he noises out something pleading and briefly vulnerable, forearm sliding over Yuuri's neck until he can hook him close in the bend of his elbow.

Purring satisfaction shivers through Yuuri at the loose, panting state Viktor slides into. He’s all breathless smiles, his fingers in Yuuri’s hair.
Out of nowhere, it slows Yuuri’s momentum. They’re sticky and Viktor’s cock is still twitching faintly in Yuuri’s fingers and Yuuri did that. Viktor stretches and groans, a happy rumble of noise deep in his throat, body so privately, easily lax as he looks up into Yuuri’s face. He’s patient and sleepy and expectant all at once.

Yuuri has to kiss him. Something achingly full in his chest keeps him from looking at Viktor’s face because he’ll just do something insane like start crying and completely ruin the moment. Viktor makes a little grunt of surprise, but still manages to work his mouth like a wizard and remind Yuuri how much he wants to come.

“God, we’re gross,” Yuuri whispers, making Viktor laugh his way out of their kisses. He squirms, running the soft, damp skin of his belly up against Yuuri’s cockhead.

“What do you want, my love?”

“A shower,” Yuuri says, honest. The soft caress over Yuuri’s arm turns suddenly into a pinch to his nipple. Yuuri nibbles Viktor’s lower lip, sucking petulantly.

“Lay back,” Viktor says, abruptly shoving Yuuri over. Cool air wafts under the covers as Viktor gets himself situated between Yuuri’s legs and begins to slide down.

“Oh— no, Viktor,” Yuuri tries to protest. He’s sweaty and he probably smells and they’re both streaked with Viktor’s come. Viktor just grins, tugging the sheet down with him and tucking it around his head and Yuuri’s waist to hide himself from view.

“No peeking, Yuuri!” he sings, muffled, before dragging his tongue from the root of Yuuri’s cock to the tip.

Yuuri drops back into his pillow, then leans up again to watch. There’s nothing to see but the vague shape of Viktor’s head and back making a broadly sloping tent of their blankets. But he can feel it, soft wet heat carefully touching over his shaft and stomach. Yuuri can breathe again, sweat cooling on his chest in the partial chill of the room, but everything from his waist down is a furnace. Abruptly, the heat redoubles as Viktor finishes his exploratory licking and sinks his mouth around Yuuri’s cock.

Cursing, Yuuri lifts a cautious hand to where Viktor’s head bobs under the sheet. His hair is a delicate cushion between the thin layer of cotton and his skull, harder to hold with nothing to sink his fingers into. Viktor hums anyway, pleased with the contact. He tongues Yuuri’s slit until Yuuri whines, and eases off only long enough to wring at Yuuri’s length with his lips before returning to kiss at the head.

It makes Yuuri feel wet, so hard and so tender. Viktor’s palms press his thighs wide, and it’s a good thing Yuuri can’t see — the sweat collecting behind his knees, in all of the fleshy crevices of his groin and, above it all, Viktor’s red, spit-wet mouth. He’d either come on the spot or die from embarrassment.

Viktor has no shame, stuffing Yuuri’s cock as far down his throat as it will go, even if it makes his throat produce thick, ugly noises. He gets a thumb on Yuuri’s hole and rubs, so obvious and honest in wanting to make Yuuri feel good that Yuuri has to collapse back into the pillows and just accept it. It feels incredible. He wants more, spreading his legs even wider for Viktor and clutching his head close through the sheet. He closes his eyes and fingers over the nipple that Viktor pinched, his huffing breath rounding out into rhythmic whimpers as Viktor’s thumb burrows a touch deeper, his mouth doing little else but softly abusing the flinchingly sensitive tip of Yuuri’s cock.
“Viktor, god—” It’s all he has time to say before his balls suddenly seize and his come hits the back of Viktor’s throat. Viktor tongues him through it, making wetness pool inside the ring of his lips even as Yuuri bites off a high noise and claws at Viktor’s shoulders.

“Oh god,” he says, disbelieving as Viktor goes back to sliding up and down his length, thumb tucked just inside and working at his rim. A second, thinner spill of come heaves out of him, sharp and sweet.

Viktor swallows, releasing him carefully before emerging from under the sheet. His hair is a staticky cloud, his whole face pink and damp over a sunny smile.

“Don’t say it,” Yuuri sighs, right as Viktor brightly declares “Vkusno!”

Yuuri buries his face in his hands, laughing even as Viktor playfully chews at his belly.

“Go get your shower,” Viktor says, shoving Yuuri out of bed.

So... they’re snowed in for the day. It might not be that bad. It could even be fun. Yuuri hums as he soaps under his arms, trying the thought on for size. It’s entirely possible he’s gotten too dependent upon their perfectly scheduled lives. A little forced reprieve might be good for him.

It sounds like the sort of thing Minako or Yuuko would say, and so it’s probably true. Even their rest days usually have a plan: the new bistro across from the rink isn’t going to try itself, and weren’t they going to stop by Lilia’s cousin’s dance studio to give it a publicity boost since Lilia won’t deign to go near it?

Yuuri eventually emerges from the bedroom in one of Viktor’s softest shirts and a pair of sweatpants with the stretchy cuffs pulled up to his calves. He is clean and wearing his poodle slippers and he is ready to Relax.

He finds Viktor stretching in the living room in a ratty t-shirt and sallow-looking grey boxers. The messy, sweaty tangle of his hair is held off his face by a cloth headband. Yuuri sighs, resigned to being stupidly in love with Viktor Nikiforov for the rest of his life.

“You smell,” he says, nudging Viktor’s thigh with the nose of his right slipper as he slides to the ground, mirroring Viktor’s spread-legged pose. Viktor cocks his head and leans forward, lipping up Yuuri’s chin to tease him into a stale, slightly salty kiss.

“Parfum de contentement,” he says, and Yuuri wishes he had enough of a grip on himself to put up a little bit more of a fight against that coy response.

Viktor finishes his stretch and uses Yuuri’s shoulder to help himself stand, pressing Yuuri deeper into his split. Yuuri grunts, trying to hold the strain of it even after Viktor’s weight lifts off him. He hears the shower come back on as he pushes up into a backbend, raising one leg slow and straight to point at the ceiling and holding the position for several beats.

He breathes, in and out, and listens to Viktor whistle and toss his clothes in the direction of the hamper. Yuuri keeps his leg steady as he brings it down, foot flat on the floor before lifting his other leg.

Makkachin ambles over and weaves under Yuuri’s bowed back, wuffling at his face before settling on the carpet to watch. Yuuri comes out of the backbend and turns around, scooting closer so he can pet at her warm belly while he leans forward between his spread knees, straining to open up his hips.

It’s still cool in the apartment. Yuuri wonders about asking Viktor if they can start a fire in the
fireplace. In the time he’s been in Saint Petersburg, they’ve never used it, and Yuuri is starting to get suspicious it’s a decorative feature. They don’t have any wood, which is another potential obstacle. Maybe Viktor has a closet full of firewood. Maybe he has some cleverly hidden door that pulls out sideways onto stacks of identical, hand-cut, artisanally branded logs. Yuuri snorts.

He stands up and shoves his feet back into his slippers, wandering into the kitchen and grimacing down at the two cold cups of tea he’d forgotten on the counter. Viktor would probably warm them back up in the microwave, because he is a monster, but what he doesn’t know won’t hurt him. Yuuri dumps both mugs in the sink and starts brewing a fresh pot. He’s nibbling at Viktor’s cold piece of toast when Viktor comes out of the bathroom in clean shorts and bare feet, toweling at his hair.

“Breakfast?” he says, smiling at the sight of Yuuri with food that he didn’t have to threaten him into eating. Yuuri shrugs, hiding half of his face in his mug as he eyes the dip in Viktor’s lower back.

Viktor digs in the fridge and draws out fresh eggs, butter, jam, and — Yuuri’s eyes widen — bacon.

“Where did you get that?” he says. Viktor glances over his shoulder, a little grin in his eyes as he sets everything down on the counter and pulls out his absurdly large skillet.

“I thought we might have an unexpected day off soon. I’m glad I picked it up yesterday.” He shrugs, as if such luxury is no big deal. Yuuri circles the counter to slip his arms around Viktor’s waist and watch over his shoulder as he cuts a slice of butter into his skillet.

“It’s the middle of the season,” Yuuri says, hushed. He doesn’t want Viktor to reconsider, but it has to be said. Viktor bumps his butt into Yuuri’s belly.

“Hush. Today is a day out of time. None of this happened. Now let me work.”

Yuuri retreats to his tea, chastised. Viktor is a little haphazard in the kitchen — Yuuri winces at the inefficient and growing pile of used plates and dishes for one relatively simple meal, but the smell of frying eggs and pork fat make Yuuri’s mouth water and keep him quiet and patient.

When Viktor finally dishes him up an overfull plate, a small moan escapes Yuuri’s throat. Viktor smirks, and pays more attention to the way Yuuri eats than he does his own food. It should probably be embarrassing, but Yuuri can’t help it. Every crispy, melting bite is bliss. The smug look on Viktor’s face says he knows it, and has calculated the value of this illicit diet-abandonment to something greater than what it’s going to cost them both when they get back on the ice.

Yuuri blushes and tries not to stare at the last slice of bacon on Viktor’s plate. Viktor picks it up between two fingers and holds it up to Yuuri’s lips. The guilty look Yuuri flashes him is pure force of habit.

“What did I say?” Viktor chides.

Yuuri accepts the bacon.

By the time they’ve made themselves a light lunch, Yuuri has taken his hundredth turn around the living room. It is every bit as bad as he feared. Viktor seems perfectly content to nap and read all day, curled into a corner of the couch with Makkachin wrapped sleepily around his legs.

Yuuri has tried to keep himself busy. He’s practiced step sequences along the wall of windows facing out onto the city, which remains caught under the gloomy layer of clouds and growing dunes of snow. Yuuri knows his mind is playing tricks on him; it doesn’t make the smothering, trapped feeling any easier to manage. There are only so many games he can play on his phone, only so many
times he can review his choreography off of his skates, only so many rounds of the bedroom and living room he can pace before Viktor finally looks up from his book with a small pinch between his eyebrows.

“Is everything okay, malysh?”

Yuuri pauses mid-stride and then tries to make the movement look more purposeful, clearing his throat. His embarrassment is the burn of a spotlight.

He can’t lie, though. So he shrugs.

“I don’t know what to do.” Even Viktor may need more embellishment than that, so Yuuri wheels his hand, gesturing loosely out the window at the flat, gray indifference of Russia’s semi-eternal winter.

Viktor smiles his flirty smile and pats the cushion beside him, helpfully tucking Makkachin’s tail out of the way. Yuuri sighs and shuffles over, letting Viktor draw him up against his side until they’ve all made themselves comfortable.

Mostly comfortable.

After a moment Makkachin whuffs and wriggles out of the pile, slumping noisily to the floor. She ignores Yuuri’s glare of betrayal. Viktor presses a loud kiss to the top of Yuuri’s head and returns to his book.

It’s nice. It’s warm and cozy. Viktor smells good. What a thing, to fit right up next to him. Yuuri taps his fingers over his knee, peeking around Viktor’s wrist at his book. Oh. Cyrillic.

Pulling his phone out of his pocket without being disruptive is a bit of a challenge. Yuuri gets it in his hand and Viktor lets him settle back again, unperturbed by all the shifting. Email, Instagram, checking the resource farm on his most recent phone game, email again, Instagram again, finally looking at the link to the webcomic Phichit texted him last night, Twitter (he doesn’t even update; why does he still have the app?).

Yuuri considers closing his eyes, but he knows it won’t work; there’s no weight to his eyelids right now. Giving up, he sits forward, shoulders hunching as it draws Viktor’s attention. Was that a sigh?

“I should do some crunches,” he says, half-apologetic, squeezing Viktor’s leg as he stands.

“Yuuri.” Viktor transfers his book to one hand, holding his place with a finger between the pages. He grabs the couch cushion Yuuri was just leaning against and tugs it free, dropping it to the floor between his spread feet.

A faint, tingling rush sweeps through Yuuri. Viktor’s expression is fond, making the heat prick more sharply under Yuuri’s skin. It only grows when the explanation Yuuri is expecting doesn’t come. Viktor continues to look at him, patient.

Yuuri’s hesitation only lasts another couple of seconds. He kneels on the cushion, listing his shoulder into the support of Viktor’s bare thigh. Viktor’s smile is brilliant, his fingers gentle as he plucks the glasses off of Yuuri’s face and sets them on the side table. When Yuuri turns the bashful weight of his head into Viktor’s hand, Viktor nods, satisfied, and returns to his book.

The loss of his attention leaves Yuuri stranded again, treading water in the futile hope his endurance will last. Viktor is solid and comforting and he smells really good. Viktor knows how to relax, and he enjoys just being close to Yuuri, and his skin isn’t itching and his muscles aren’t tense with the
repeatedly aborted intention to get up—he needs to get up, there’s work to be done—

“I can’t,” Yuuri says, helpless, into the pleasantly dense muscle cradling his cheek. “What are we doing? I can’t, I don’t know how to just—just sit here—”

“Hey,” Viktor says, leaning forward. Yuuri didn’t even see him set his book aside. His hands are gentle on Yuuri’s face, and his mouth is soft, reassuring with its easy kisses.

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri whispers. “I’m sorry I’m being annoying and stupid. I can leave you alone; I’m gonna work off some of that bacon and let you read.”

“Hey,” Viktor says again, pressing his fingers to Yuuri’s lips. “You’re so unkind to yourself sometimes.” There’s a little pinch around Viktor’s eyes, something sad that makes Yuuri desperate to fix it—whatever he’s done wrong. Viktor brushes his fingers over Yuuri’s cheeks, face shifting into something thoughtful. “Will you… Yuuri, will you do something for me?”

“Of course,” Yuuri says, embarrassingly eager. For something to do, mostly, but also for something to do for Viktor, to move away from how weird and irritating he knows he’s being.

One of Viktor’s hands stays on his face, warm and dry, while the other retreats to his lap. Yuuri isn’t sure what to expect, but Viktor’s touch is soothing. Fingers brush over his mouth again, encouraging altights briefly as Yuuri parts his lips, but flutters away again when Viktor ducks down close, sliding a slow, open-mouthed kiss past Yuuri’s teeth.

When Viktor leans back, he has his cock in his hand. Yuuri blinks.

“I want you to hold it,” Viktor explains, guiding Yuuri forward with a palm cupped around the back of Yuuri’s neck. It’s a slow, easy pull into Viktor’s lap, with the elastic snap of realization at the end—just as the head of Viktor’s cock settles on Yuuri’s lower lip. It startles a soundless gasp out of him, a sharp inhalation that draws them closer together.

Viktor isn’t hard at all. He’s soft and warm, vulnerable on Yuuri’s tongue. Yuuri groans, mouth flooding with saliva. He swallows, lips pursing around Viktor’s shaft, but Viktor stops him with both hands framing Yuuri’s face.

“Just hold,” he says, stroking Yuuri’s hair back off of his forehead. “Be good for me, Yuuri.”

Yuuri whimpers in quiet acceptance, breath huffing out of his nose.

He has to lean forward a bit, head bowed over the pale insides of Viktor’s thighs as he carefully settles back into the couch. Yuuri’s heart races and he goes briefly lightheaded when he sees, out of the corner of his eye, Viktor pick his book up again and resume reading. Like he only set it aside to check his phone or get a snack—a momentary diversion.

Yuuri burns. His nose presses into the firm slope of Viktor’s groin, where the vee of muscle cuts down from his thighs. His chin rests on the waistband of Viktor’s shorts, stretched under the root of Viktor’s cock. In his mouth, Viktor’s skin is soft, looser where the foreskin sheathes the head.

Yuuri holds him gently, his mouth a hot, wet cradle. Gravity works against him just enough that he can’t sit like a passive vessel. He rolls his tongue to keep Viktor inside, careful that the motion remains slow and measured enough to avoid stimulation. Between the faintly briny taste of Viktor’s skin and the rhythm of his mouth, Yuuri is reminded of waves on the shore of Hasetsu. They lap inside of his mind, smoothing away at the furrows dug by urgency, by anxiety—until everything is easy, slow. Yuuri burrows deeper into Viktor’s lap, nosing against the grain of dark silver hair framing his cock, breathing.
He doesn’t startle at the hand that combs behind his ear, or comprehend Viktor’s occasional murmurs beyond their low tones. It’s from a distance, and Yuuri is floating, underwater. He doesn’t need to hear the sun to feel its warmth.

Yuuri only notices that Viktor has started to get hard when fingers on his chin shift him back.

“I’m sorry,” he says. It’s reflex, falling off a tongue that feels syrupy, plump. Alien to Yuuri, watching himself from a distance.

“It’s okay,” Viktor says, quiet. “I wanted to see your mouth.” He presses his thumb into the center of Yuuri’s bottom lip. Relief rushes through him, eddying with little currents of heat at Viktor’s expression. His eyes pass over Yuuri like he’s an objet d’art, something to be studied.

The hand on Yuuri’s jaw slides around to the base of his skull, fingers knotting in his hair. Viktor tilts Yuuri’s face up, his grip firm, exposing Yuuri’s neck. Abruptly, he says, “You’d choke on it if I asked, wouldn’t you?”

Yuuri’s breath hitches, suddenly desperate. Yes. He would, without hesitation. His throat clicks, mouth open and panting, drawing Viktor’s gaze. Foremost among all things Yuuri knows about Viktor — he is a gentle, sweet man. But there is always something in his face, hidden in his sharp features: the potential for a tundral fierceness that makes Yuuri’s heart hammer whenever it surfaces. Like now, looking down on him, hungry and piercing.

“Sosi,” Viktor says.

Gravity shifts, tips Yuuri into Viktor’s lap like honey from a jar. The yawning black whirlpool of need dragging at him from the inside bottlenecks where his lips roll over Viktor’s shaft. This is what he’s for — right now, this is what he’s for. Hands braced on the cushion in front of his knees, his horizon limited to the graceful swell of leg muscle that frames him. Viktor’s sprawl is regal, indulgent.

The low rumble of noise filtering past Yuuri’s own aggressive sucking sounds like purring. It thrills up and down Yuuri’s spine like the touch of a single finger — hair-raising and delicious. Enough to ignore the wet, sloppy sounds bouncing around inside his skull.

Viktor doesn’t even make the effort to lift into his mouth. He flicks Yuuri’s fringe out of his eyes with casual fingers, the gesture sending a thread of cool air over Yuuri’s face. His breath stutters out of his nose, tripping to keep up with the galloping pace of his heart. He knows Viktor is watching him; he can feel it, even if he can’t quite see it from this angle.

“What a pretty picture you make,” Viktor says, as if he’s read Yuuri’s mind. “Slow down, let me see you.”

Yuuri sinks lower onto his heels, lips sliding back until they just catch around Viktor’s corona. His eyelids feel weighted, blinking heavily as he lifts his gaze.

“How lucky I am,” Viktor says, soft.

Yuuri flushes, pleasure rushing up from his belly like carbonation. The fizzy feeling wavers when Viktor pops himself free, but he doesn’t go far, resting up against Yuuri’s lips.

“Close your eyes,” Viktor says, sweeping his thumbs over Yuuri’s eyelids. Yuuri obeys, breathless at the narrowed field of sensation. The bulb of Viktor’s cockhead is smooth and damp, whispering in short, smearing motions over Yuuri’s mouth. Everything is quiet until Viktor inhales sharply, the sound followed by heat jetting across Yuuri’s nose and brow, dripping thickly onto one cheek and
salty-warm at the seam of his lips. A whine escapes Yuuri’s control, faint but painfully clear.

“Ah!” Viktor sighs, pressing back into the welcome of Yuuri’s mouth. “Ah, ah, be gentle,” he says, flinching back from Yuuri’s first instinct to suck. Yuuri laps at him in mute apology, shuddering, shuddering.

It’s stark, left suddenly with his own roiling desire, Viktor’s cock still hot on his tongue. Yuuri rubs between his legs, needled by his own base hunger, his greedy skin and heavy balls. No amount of shame can stop him from feeling so good.

But Viktor can.

“Yuuri,” he says.

This time, Yuuri’s whine is wretched, eyes squeezing tighter under lashes that feel sticky.

“Give me your hands, Yuuri,” Viktor continues, stern.

Yuuri fumbles his hands into Viktor’s like he’s tearing off a bandage, or like he’s afraid he won’t be able to make himself if he hesitates. Viktor laces their fingers, squeezing in acknowledgement before transferring both of Yuuri’s hands under one palm, flat against his bare belly.

Yuuri’s pulse has just begun to settle when he hears the dry flicker of a page turning. Oh god, the book.

A moan gurgles up from somewhere deep and clenched inside him, the sound muffled around the weight of Viktor’s softened cock in his mouth. The hand over his tightens before he can pull away — Yuuri’s hips twist, straining against nothing. His throat blurs warped little involuntary sounds: thready hiccups of air, just short of sobs.

With a firm, warning press to Yuuri’s wrists, Viktor brings his hand up to Yuuri’s temple and slides it into his hair, soothing.

“Shhh,” he murmurs, stroking over Yuuri’s scalp, strong fingers and short nails dragging Yuuri’s attention up, out of the mess of need in his belly and groin. Yuuri slumps into the touch, the strength to keep wrestling for control abandoning him all at once.

“There you are,” Viktor says. “That’s good, Yuuri. You’ve done so well.”

It’s not true, but gratitude surges up the back of Yuuri’s throat, collects in a sharp, damp film at the corners of his eyes. Everything is distant and watery, everything but the comfort of Viktor in and around him. Arousal teases along his skin like a current, a pleasant circuit that never touches ground.

A remote part of Yuuri’s mind notes the unfamiliar silence, briefly curious. It recedes into the rhythm of his breathing, leaving him to feel small and warm and contained. Secure between Viktor’s legs.

Every touch through his hair is praise, and it’s impossible to measure how much time passes before Viktor eases back, away, leaving Yuuri’s mouth feeling empty and wrong. He makes an unhappy noise as he licks the dryness off his lips, missing Viktor’s huff of amusement. Salt blooms on his tongue, reminding him of the dried come stripping his face.

Viktor has to help him stand, his legs having long fallen asleep without him noticing. Sensation returns first as a sharp tingling that makes him gasp and wobble, and every step is a small starburst as he’s led to the bedroom. Viktor guides him to sit on the edge of the bed, and Yuuri hears him walk away. It leaves him to contemplate how strangely heavy he feels, hands upturned in his lap.
When Viktor returns he crouches before Yuuri, taking a damp, warm cloth to what remains of his come on Yuuri’s skin. A blend of embarrassment and pride glows in his chest as Viktor tends to him.

Kisses touch over his eyes, one after the other. Yuuri blinks, greeted by Viktor’s soft grin and a much darker sky outside their windows than the one he closed his eyes to. It’s gotten late.

“Are you hungry?” Viktor asks, hushed. Yuuri thinks about it, then shakes his head. Viktor pats his knee. “Okay. Let’s brush our teeth.”

Yuuri nods, letting Viktor steer him to the bathroom and put his toothbrush in his hand. After a moment, habit takes over where motivation fails him, and he sticks the brush in his mouth, following Viktor’s lead.

Spit, then rinse, Viktor’s thumb at the edge of his lip, his hand under Yuuri’s chin, holding his head up. “Come on, zaichik,” Viktor says, walking them out of the bathroom and stripping off Yuuri’s shirt and pants before tipping him into bed, belly-first. It’s chilly, and Yuuri shivers a little as Viktor rummages in the side table and climbs under the sheets behind him.

He lifts his head as Viktor’s weight settles up against his back, pressing him more firmly into the mattress. A nudge draws Yuuri’s knee up, Viktor slotting in against him like a matched piece. He gets a soft kiss over his shoulder for his confused murmur, and Viktor’s hand finds Yuuri’s under his chest, their fingers twining just beneath his heart.

The kiss is easy and sweet until Viktor’s free hand snakes under Yuuri’s belly and grips his cock. Yuuri freezes, mouth open against Viktor’s jaw, trembling as Viktor begins to pull. It’s slick with lube and tight and slow, and raw sensation hits the cottony haze in his mind like water on candy-floss.

Yuuri turns his face back into the pillow, startled and overwhelmed to realize he’s pinned — he can’t move, can’t get the leverage to fuck into his relief, can only vibrate as Viktor twists his wrist and noses behind Yuuri’s ear.

“Come back to me,” Viktor whispers, the flex of his forearm just visible out of the corner of Yuuri’s line of sight.

Yuuri squeezes his eyes shut, panting into the bed as the lube warms to the friction. Squirming does nothing but drag him up against Viktor’s chest, skin skidding together, tacky-smooth and soft. Viktor’s hand pumps over him, measured as a bassline, pleasure soaking into every awkward corner of his body. It’s inexorable, maddening, sinking right through Yuuri’s defenses until he gives up and writhes, grabbing at Viktor’s thigh behind his and turning his face into the unshaven rough of Viktor’s cheek.

“Yes,” he grits out past clenched teeth, because what started as saturation has begun to crystallize, prickling at the top of his head and in the soles of his feet and throbbing in Viktor’s palm.

“That’s it.” Viktor kisses his ear, nibbles at the lobe, flicks his thumb just beneath the head of Yuuri’s cock on the upstroke. Yuuri jolts, rocking back into Viktor’s hips, mouth falling open. “Right there?” Viktor asks.

“Yes,” Yuuri says, then again, “yes, yes, Viktor, like that——” he stops, quivering as Viktor’s thumb plays mercilessly over that little gather of skin, and there’s a weightless moment before Yuuri—

shouts

—slamming back into his own body as it shatters.
Viktor’s fist is rapid and tight on his cock even as he kisses gentle encouragement into Yuuri’s neck. Yuuri’s ears stop ringing in time to catch the noises abrading their way out of his chest, lungs heaving like he’s just surfaced from somewhere deep and airless.

In the first seconds after the bulk of the wave pulls back, the echoes of sensation lap at him, receding from his fingers and toes first. The sheet beneath him is a puddle, but before he can collapse flat into the wet, Viktor hooks his arm around Yuuri’s waist and rolls them over to the other side of the bed.

Yuuri lets himself be manhandled, utterly boneless. He nudges at Viktor’s arm, summoning the strength to turn around so they’re facing each other.

“I made...a mess,” he says, hiding in Viktor’s collarbone.

“I know,” Viktor mumbles, sounding mostly tired but at least forty percent smug. He pats Yuuri’s bottom reassuringly.

“We should change the sheets.”

“Tomorrow, lyubimiy.” Viktor’s chin tucks more securely against Yuuri’s head, arms and legs getting noticeably heavier as they tighten around him. It feels a little like sinking in human quicksand. Yuuri’s nose is mashed against Viktor’s throat. It tickles when Viktor adds, “No point tidying when I’m just going to have you tomorrow morning, is there?”

Yuuri puffs out a laugh, sucking Viktor’s clavicle until the skin blooms a dark purple. His shirt will probably cover it. Most of it. “Aishiteru yo,” Yuuri mumbles, flushing just to hear it out loud, tucked under Viktor’s jaw.

Satisfied, he sneaks his arm around Viktor’s waist and burrows into their combined heat, back to the snow flashing silently outside the window.

Chapter End Notes

- Malysh - baby
- Sosi - suck, or suck it
- Zaichik - bunny
- Lyubimiy - beloved
- Aishiteru yo - I love you

End Notes

So I don't know what prompted this but I was talking to Panda and said 'I think Yuuri is kind of obsessed with Viktor's dick,' and here we are. Fun fact: the working title for this in my gdocs is inhalemyrichard.fic. This is going to be a 5 + 1 fic and I'll add tags with each section. This is the first.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!