on growing;

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**on growing;**

by crossroadswrite

Summary

Yuri Plisetsky glares at him with all the righteousness five year olds possess, and says in heavily accented and clumsy English. “Be more gooder, stupid!”

And then he storms out in a sweep of blond hair and blue and red lights from his Sketchers.

(Or: in which Yuri Plisetsky is Victor Nikiforov's bratty five-year-old and nothing is the same.)

Notes

Biggest shoutout to my shining light in this dark dark world LadyDrace for betaing this for me and also generally putting up with me on the daily!

And second shoutout to you for giving this a chance! I'll try my best to update every monday, so let's see how that goes!
See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Katsuki Yuuri is not having a good day.

He knew it wasn’t going to be a good day when he woke up this morning and had to rush to the bathroom to throw up, his stomach upset from the too heavy food he ate the previous night - a bad decision spurred from the high of landing a solid fourth place after the short program.

Then it was the anxiety that had made his hands unsteady and his breathing ragged, making him even more nauseous.

Celestino had called his parents and pressed his phone to Yuuri’s ear before he could say anything. It hadn’t been a bad idea. Sometimes talking with the people back home, especially Minako, could help Yuuri find the center of gravity he needed and do his best. It could’ve worked if weren’t for Vicchan.

If the pressure of the whole world watching and Yuuri’s indisposition hadn’t been enough to wreck him mentally, the death of his childhood dog did the job quite thoroughly.

That had been the final blow to Yuuri’s already poor mental state. The grief and guilt that the death of his dog brought him clouded his entire performance and sunk him down to sixth place, and somehow Yuuri managed to score the lowest he’s ever scored this season.

And now this.

As if crying in a bathroom wasn’t bad enough, he had to get shouted at for it by a tiny Russian child.

Yuuri crouches down, because it seems like the polite thing to do. If this kid is going to yell at him and Yuuri has sunken as low as humanly possible, why not sink a little lower and at least be at eye level while he’s being yelled at?

“Sorry,” Yuuri says, thanking past him for being obsessed to the point of taking Russian classes for years until he was fluent enough to hold a polite conversation and read news articles. “My Russian isn’t very good.”

The kid stops shouting and blows hair out of his face, revealing a cherubic face contorted in what Yuuri can only describe as holy, bratty wrath.

Yuuri blinks twice at him and then sighs in utter resignation. He’d like to say he’s surprised that Victor Nikiforov’s child is yelling at him in a public bathroom, but at this point he’s really, really not.

Yuri Plisetsky glares at him with all the righteousness five year olds possess, and says in heavily accented and clumsy English. “Be more gooder, stupid!”

And then he storms out in a sweep of blond hair and blue and red lights from his Sketchers.

Yuuri stares after him for a moment.

Well, at least his day can’t get any worse than this.

He considers going back into the stall and having another good cry, then reconsiders and decides
that locking himself in his private hotel bathroom and crying in the bathtub is a much better, more comfortable option.

It takes three solid seconds for Yuuri to convince himself to get up, and an additional seven minutes for him to walk out of the bathroom.

Yuri Plisetsky is walking up and down the hall, head swiveling around, eyes wide.

Yuuri looks heavenwards for strength.

“Are you lost?” he asks, switching to Russian.

Yuri stops and Yuuri can see how his bottom lip trembles and how he bites it and gives him a fierce glare.

“No! I’m not a baby! Babies get lost!”

Yuuri blinks and hums. “Okay.” He takes in a steadying breath At least having a child in distress overrides the low thrum of his anxiety for the moment. “I’m a bit lost, do you think you could show me the way?”

Yuri glares at him some more, eyes squinting in suspicion. “Yes, but only because I’m not lost.”

Yuuri nods, “of course,” and starts shuffling towards the right direction. Yuri picks up the hint and strides in front of him.

They don’t speak as Yuuri herds the boy as subtly as he can back to the locker rooms where at least one of the members of the Russian team will be to take him back, and then Yuuri will be more than free to collect his things and go have a mental breakdown somewhere he won’t be interrupted.

“Dad!”

The word registers too late, and before Yuuri can properly panic there is Victor Nikiforov standing a couple of meters away from him and crouching down to check his son for injuries, talking in soft worried Russian that Yuuri doesn’t manage to understand.

It’s jarring for a lot of reasons.

Yuuri wasn’t expecting to be faced with him just yet. Not when he’s still not worthy, not when he has just delivered the worst performance of his entire career as a professional athlete, and certainly not before he painstakingly picks himself up and gets back on his feet, not before he tries his best to mold himself into something worthy of standing before Victor.

He’s not ready to officially meet Victor, not by a long shot, but part of his brain – the part that spent long hours staring up at dozens of images of him on his wall and learning Russian so he could understand all the nuances of the interviews Victor gave – can’t help but think maybe, maybe maybe…

But then Victor looks up and spots him.

Yuuri doesn’t pretend to know Victor well enough to judge what he’s thinking or to suss out his thoughts from his expressions, but even him, who has only watched Victor from afar for as long as he can remember can see the change.

Victor’s smile is camera ready, he loses the softness that dote the corners of his eyes and mouth.
He looks at Yuuri like he might as well be looking through him, and all Yuuri can think is don’t say anything don’t say anything don’t say-

“A commemorative photo?” Victors asks and tilts his head in a move that has been perfected to break hearts. “Sure.”

Ah, Yuuri thinks.

Ah, I was wrong. It could get worse.

He turns on his heel and walks away.

«»

Victor watches the Japanese man walk away.

Well, that was… surprising.

Victor can’t remember the last time someone walked away from him so dismissively, especially after he offered a photo. It wasn’t hard to tell the man was a fan by the way his eyes widened. Victor was very well acquainted with the starstruck sheen with which people looked at him, and yet.

Something hits him in the thigh. Victor looks down just in time to see Yuri punch him again.

“Dad, you ruin everything!”

“You’re going to hurt my feelings, Yura.” He clutches his chest. “I will die of heartbreak, then what will you do without your poor father?”

Yuri crosses his arms and glares. “Live with Grandpa because Grandpa isn’t mean to other skaters.”

“I wasn’t mean,” Victor denies immediately before the second part of the sentence catches up to him, and oh.

Oh.

Victor might’ve messed up a little bit back there.

“Then why did he go away! I wanted to ask him why he fell so much and why he was crying in the bathroom and now I can’t.”

Okay, Victor might’ve messed up a lot back there.

“Is this the skater you like?”

Yuri looks away and flushes. “I don’t like him. I just think it’s cool that we have the same name. Except when he falls a lot. Then it’s stupid and he needs to better if he’s gonna have the same name as me.”

Victor should’ve known better back there. He should’ve recognized Katsuki Yuuri, if not as a fellow competitor who he thinks did fairly okay for himself in the short program, then as the name Yuri keeps asking him to write on the Youtube search bar.

He hasn’t actually watched him do a full program, he doesn’t think. Just bits and pieces here and
there. Enough to know that he’s not a threat and enough to know that he’s a fan.

The first one is obvious by how lackluster some of his programs are, the choreography good but not great, a clean triple axel but a messy everything else, good step sequences and spins, but overall, very average. The second one is obvious in his hands. He moves them like Victor has trained himself to move his own hands for years, and in the little step sequences that recall to Victor’s past programs, one or two costumes that he has seen that have one or two similarities to past costumes of his.

“How about this. I’ll apologize at the banquet and you can ask whatever you want, okay? But be nice.”

Yuri’s face twists at the last word.

“Fine. I’ll go ask Mila how to be nice since you’re so bad at it.”

“I’m perfectly nice,” Victor informs him and Yuri punches him in the thigh again. He should really start breaking him out of that habit.

“Fake nice doesn’t count, stupid.”

Victor considers this for a moment and replies the only way he can: by hauling Yuri up and throwing him over his shoulder.

Yuri screeches and grabs fistfuls of the back of Victor’s shirt. “Put me down! Put me down! I’m not a baby. Dad!”

“You know I would, but since I’m very mean I’m not going to.”

“Ugh,” Yuri sighs and flops against his back, wrapping his hands as best as he can around Victor’s middle. “You’re the worst.”

“I know, I’m just awful,” he says, turning back towards the locker rooms, and see if he can get Yuri back to the hotel room where it’s quiet and he can take a nap after all of today’s excitement, and if he’s really lucky, Yakov will let him rest for the rest of the day and not pull him into any unnecessary interviews where Victor will be asked repetitive and invasive questions.

And Yuri must’ve been getting really tired, because his arms starts going lax around Victor as he grows heavier in his arms. Victor changes positions and puts him on his hip, where he can comfortably lay his head on his shoulder and pass out if he wants to.

«»

[Image description: Victor winking at the camera, his cheek pressed against Yuri’s who is glaring at the camera and looks like he’s trying to untie the little bowtie on his tailored suit]

Liked by christophe-gc, phichit-chu, icedaddyfc, therealkatkat and 52,002 others

v-nikiforov Getting ready for the banquet with the seconds handsomest boy #grandprix #sochi #sochibanquet #prouddad #hehateshisbowtiebutlookssocute #beautyispain

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christophe-gc can’t wait to see the cutest boy and his dad ♡♡♡
Yuuri is not drunk, but he’s about to be in just a moment.

Getting plastered at the banquet probably isn’t the smartest idea, but after the day Yuuri had yesterday, combined with how beautiful Victor looked during his gala skate—which Yuuri watched because of course he did, after all whether he had crushed Yuuri’s dreams or not, he’s still Victor Nikiforov—he thinks he has earned the right to drown his sorrows in alcohol.

Someone should probably stop him, but there’s no one in the world who cares if Yuuri ruins his career further or not, so-

He loosens his tie and undoes the first couple of buttons on his dress shirt. downing his fifth glass of champagne of the night.

Yuuri whirls, looking for a waiter with another flute or two he can swipe, maybe with a little luck, he’ll even be able to swipe a whole tray, and almost trips over something small and blond and definitely angry.

Yuri Plisetsky glares up at him. “You!” he shouts.

“Me!” Yuuri says cheerily. “Hello again.” His Russian isn’t the best, but he’s not drunk enough to forget some basic courtesy phrases.

Yuri looks up at him. “Why did you suck?” Yuri demands, tugging at the collar of his shirt.

That looks uncomfortable. If tipsy Yuuri couldn’t handle a tie, he can’t imagine a five year old who has been up way past their bedtime can handle a bowtie.

“Is the knot too tight?” he asks, tapping his own collar twice when Yuri gives him a confused look.

“Yes! I hate suits, they’re stupid and boring.”

Yuuri crouches down at his level, overbalances and ends up falling on his ass.

In any other circumstances he’d be hit with a wave of shame and embarrassment, anxiety riding quick on their heels, but right here and right now he thinks it’s funny, so he laughs.

“Ah, that’s bad. I hate suits too,” Yuuri confides.

Yuri is looking at him very carefully now. It’s like he’s found a brand new animal and he’s not quite sure if it’s the kind you can pet or the kind you need to get an adult to handle.

“Do you want me to take it off?” he asks, pointing at Yuri’s bowtie.

Yuri continues looking at him and then, after a second, nods, taking a step towards Yuuri and lifting up his chin.

It is tied kind of tightly, but considering how much Yuri has had to have been messing with it all night—and it must’ve been a lot if that adorable Instagram picture earlier was anything to go by—
it had to be.

Yuuri slips the scrap of fabric from around his neck and gives it to Yuri, who clumsy shoves it in his pocket before unbuttoning the top button of his shirt and sighing.

Yuuri gives him an indulgent smile because he can relate. That was him just a couple of seconds ago. Then he remembers the question Yuri had asked and says, “my dog died.”

The boy is obviously startled by this, going so far as to take a step back.

“That’s why I was so bad. My dog died so I was too sad to skate.”

"That’s an okay excuse. I guess.” Yuri plops himself down in front of Yuuri. And then, “sorry your dog died. Can I see him?”

Yuuri blinks and then gives him a smile. “Sure,” he says, taking his phone out of his pocket and opening up his gallery.

He passes the phone to Yuri.

“His name was Vicchan. He was the best dog.”

“He looks like Makkachin. Was he better than Makkachin, because Makkachin is the bestest dog ever. Dad says so.”

Yuuri considers this. “He was the best dog for me. I taught him how to do ballet and everything.”

Yuri scrunches up his nose and drops Yuuri’s phone back in his lap. “Ballet is stupid. You don’t get to do any cool jumps like in skate. Or beat up other people.”

“I can do cool jumps.”

“No, you can’t.”

“Yes, I can.”

“No, you can’t.”

“I’ll show you,” Yuuri decides, pulling his shoes off and shedding his jacket. He starts slow and easy, standing on the tip of his toes and stretching a leg out behind him, arms poised but loose, making it look easy. He falls into a couple other familiar positions before he takes a leap across the room and launches himself into a first jump, something nice and easy.

He spins in the air, one rotation, then launches himself into another, two rotations this time, then a leap that stretches his legs into a split. He lands neatly on the banquet room’s floor like he struggles to do on the ice.

Yuuri slows down, spinning slowly, elevating his leg until they stand perpendicular with the floor. He lets years of classical ballet melt down through his shoulders and touches one hand to the floor.

He goes into a handstand, pointing his toes towards the ceiling, ankles slightly crossed. Then, very carefully, stretches one of his legs to the side to balance his body weight and takes one of his hands off the ground, bending his arm at a 45 degree angle, hand in front of his abdomen. It’s difficult like this. Especially tipsy as he is, but-

He looks over at Yuri who has his mouth hanging open looking at him.
“Upside down ballet,” Yuuri says and carefully gets himself back on his feet, taking a proper bow.

“Teach me! Teach me, you have to, that was so cool! I wanna do upside down ballet, too.” He’s bouncing on his feet a little. Yuuri isn’t really one for children. He never quite knows what to do with them, and he lives perpetually afraid of accidentally making a kid cry. But he has to admit, there’s very few things cuter than a five year old, bouncing with excitement.

“Well you have to learn regular ballet first.”

“I’ll learn all the ballet! I’m going to do upside down ballet on the ice and destroy Dad’s records,” Yuri proclaims, with a fire in his eyes that tells Yuuri he might’ve just made a mistake.

“Yura!” a gruff voice calls. “It’s time to go.”

Yuri turns at the same time as Yuuri looks up.

“But Yakov -“

“No buts, I have let you stay one hour past your bedtime. It is time to go. Now.”

Yuri huffs, disturbing his bangs.

“Fine,” he pouts. He turns to Yuuri and says, “That was kind of cool,” he shoves his hand in his pocket and takes something out, extending it towards Yuuri. “And the thing with your dog sucks, so you can have this, and the next time you skate you can’t fall so much. Because we have the same name and it’s embarrassing, okay?”

Yuuri accepts the tiny piece of wrapped chocolate Yuri gives him. He looks down at it dumbly, then up at Yuri.

“Chris gave that to me. It’s really good.” He looks away, looking suddenly shy. It’s giving Yuuri whiplash.

“Thank you.”

Yuri nods once, firmly. Then turns on his heel and runs away.

Yuuri looks back down at the chocolate, oddly touched by what’s possibly the softest, warmest thing that has happened to him in the past two days. He might be tearing up a little.

“Yuuri!” someone calls, and he looks up in time to see Sara making her way towards him. “That was beautiful- oh.” She halts when she sees his face. “Oh no, what’s wrong?”

“My dog died and Yuri Plisetsky was really nice to me.”

“Oh no. Vicchan died? That’s awful, I’m so sorry. Here let’s have a drink, you can tell me about it.”

[Image description: Yuri Plisetsky looking down at a phone while Katsuki Yuuri sits in front of him, his tie gone and the first couple buttons of his shirt unbuttoned]

Liked by phichit-chu, icedaddyfc, milababecheva, katsu-mari and 8,243 others
Katsuki Yuuri is a revelation.

“Who is he?” Victor asks, clutching faintly at Chris’ bicep because wow.

First, a beautiful and elegant display of ballet that had ended in upside down silliness, which had made Victor’s kid, a self-proclaimed hater of ballet, to want to give it a try. Yuuri had managed to accomplish in five minutes what Victor hadn’t managed to in over a year.

Then, the salsa dancing with a laughing Italian girl that Chris informs him is named Sara. Yuuri somehow twirling her with one hand, keeping the steps perfectly in times with her while he held a bottle of champagne in the other and chugged it down. Sara stole the bottle from him during their dance, a couple of times, trying to chide him, and Yuuri smiled, and dipped her and stole it right back, keeping in step with the upbeat Latin music filtering from the speakers Sara plugged into her phone.

“And more importantly: is he straight?”

A man approaches Yuuri and Sara and wrenches her away from him. Victor faintly recognizes him as one of the other competitors. Maybe.

The man yells at a confused looking Yuuri, and then grabs him by his collar.

“Get away from my sister, you depraved sex demon!”

“Mickey, oh my god, let him go! We were just dancing.”

Yuuri cocks his head and smirks, leaning forwards. “Dance off!”

Mickey lets him go and takes several steps backwards, taking Sara with him. “No way will I let you entrap me with your unholy wiles!”

Yuuri frowns. “No dance off?”

Mila steps between the siblings. “Pair dance off! Come on, Crispino, don’t tell me you’re going to back out from a challenge like this.”

Mickey goes a little red in the face.

“My job is to protect Sara.”

Mila takes Sara by the hand and twirls her to Yuuri, who catches her clumsily, making a soft sound when he almost drops his bottle.

Sara laughs and Mickey makes this unholy sound in his throat, not unlike an angry goose.

Mila takes Mickey’s hands and twirls him, just as Sara coaches Yuuri to regain his dance with her. There are quick steps and lifts as the pairs dance around each other, Mickey trying to get to Sara,
Sara trying to get the bottle from Yuuri, Yuuri trying to get his bottle and Mila just having the time of her life playing a very fun looking version of keep away.

Victor watches helplessly as Yuuri lifts Mila and Mickey lifts his sister in an oddly synchronized move, and how Mila passes the bottle of champagne she snaffled from Yuuri into Sara’s hands. As soon as the girls are safely back on their feet, Mila shoves the bottle into Mickey’s hands, before she twirls her way into grasping Sara’s hand and switching partners.

Mickey splutters something about sex demons and **not getting to me this time Katsuki** to which Yuuri seems impervious to as he dips an increasingly reddening Mickey and steals the bottle from him in a grand finale as the music comes to a close.

Mila and Sara have fallen over each other, laughing at how Mickey pushes away from Yuuri’s arms and takes several steps back, heaving.

Yuuri upends the bottle and frowns when nothing comes out of it. He peers into it suspiciously, and shakes it, then pouts when he realizes there really is nothing left.

Victor can’t help but think he looks absolutely adorable.

Mickey scrambles to put himself between Yuuri and his sister. “Sara, what did I **tell you**?! You can’t get near him, he’s dangerous! Before you know it you’ll be **entrapped** -“

Sara slaps her forehead. “**We were fifteen, let it go!**”

“Sara! You have to resist! Don’t tell me he has gotten into you, too!” He grabs Sara by the shoulders and shakes. “Resist, Sara!”

Chris snickers. **Poor Crispino. I can’t believe he’s still not over that.**”

“Not over what? Chris! **Who is he?**”

“You know exactly who he is. Your kid is half obsessed with him.”

Victor huffs, disturbing his carefully styled bangs into an artful disarray. “I might not have been paying as much attention as I probably should have.”

Chris side-eyes him. “**Shocking** .”


Chris sips on his champagne, puts the empty glass in Victor’s hand, and says, “I’ll do you one better and show you something exquisite. Pay attention, darling.”

Then he takes long strides across the ballroom, picking up another two glasses from a passing waiter and sidling up to Yuuri.

Victor watches as Chris hands one of the glasses to Yuuri and slides a hand onto his hip, leaning close until his mouth is ghosting Yuuri’s ear. From this angle he can’t see Chris’ lips, but he can see Yuuri’s expression, and the way his eyes widen incrementally and then cut to Victor.

Yuuri’s eyes are a soft, warm brown, pupils wide with the drink, and as Chris continues whispering they grow lidded, still watching Victor and pinning him to the floor. He doesn’t think he could move if he wanted to.

Chris steps back and tilt his glass towards Yuuri.
Yuuri doesn’t take his eyes off of Victor when he clinks their glasses together clumsily, spilling some champagne on the tiled floor and on his pants, before downing the rest of the glass and giving it to Chris.

Chris turns to him with a wink that promises very bad (or good, it’s always a toss up with Chris) things to follow.

And then, while Chris borrows the speaker from Sara, Yuuri takes off his pants and suddenly there’s a pole and slow sensual music playing out of someone’s phone as Yuuri wraps his hand around the pole and walks a lazy circle around it, as if getting acquainted.

If Yuuri does ballet like a graceful paradoxically strong and fragile creature, and dances salsa like he’s having fun, then he pole dances like he’s trying to seduce a crowd that will never be allowed to touch him.

Victor’s jaw is somewhere on the floor, and his soul somewhere in the high heavens, because, again, witnessing Katsuki Yuuri is like revelation and at this point he’s pretty sure he’s ascended.

There’s a complexity to him that clashes and that Victor itches to unravel.

And then Chris gets on the pole and Yuuri steps down, cheering and clapping, as happy to witness as he was to do. He’s panting a little, and Victor should probably do his friend the courtesy of watching him work the pole, but instead he’s watching Katsuki Yuuri smile stupidly and slide his hair back from his forehead, gripping it for a second, before his bangs fall over his eyes again and wow.

If Yuuri was beautiful with his bangs over his eyes, he’s devastatingly handsome like with them pushed back, his features growing a little sharper.

Victor watches Yuuri climb back on the pole with Chris and watches them put on an exhibition of core strength and charm. There’s more than one phone recording and taking pictures, though, knowing the ISU, everyone at the banquet will be sworn into secrecy over threat of some sort of legal action.

What happens at ISU banquets, stays at ISU banquets, even if most of them are mind-numbingly boring.

Chris climbs off the pole first, with Yuuri stumbling into his arms barely a second after, laughter bubbling out of him. Victor watches Yuuri leaning forward and pressing his lips against Chris’ ear, words too low for him to hear, before he pushes back and cocks his head.

Victor is reminded of a puppy.

Chris nods once and Yuuri beams launching himself forward to wrap Chris in a hug.

Someone pushes Yuuri’s clothes into Chris’ arms and Chris takes no time trying to get Yuuri into them, managing to slip his dress shirt back on and his ugly blue tie around his neck. Yuuri makes a disgruntled face and immediately unfastens his tie and starts tugging it out. It gets caught on his forehead and after a second of clumsy tugging, he lets it rest there.

Victor is filled with an inexplicable need to step forward and help.

Now, Victor isn’t a cruel person, at least he doesn’t like thinking himself one. He knows he has his moments of compassion, but mostly Victor is extremely jaded and self-centered. He can admit that much. Life has made him too weary to have enough energy to care enough for others to want to
help random drunk Japanese men at Grand Prix banquets. The extent of his caring encompasses Makkachin, Yura, and chasing the sort of validation that has been eluding him ever since Victor stopped being able to surprise his audience.

Happiness had always been a shiny gold medal, but lately shiny gold medals aren’t cutting it for him anymore, so maybe he should start chasing after pretty Japanese boys drunk on champagne instead.

He takes a step forward just as Chris is leaning down to attempt wrangling Yuuri into his pants.

Yuuri must catch his movement in the corner of his eye, because Victor has barely finished taking his first step and Yuuri’s head snaps to him, face going bright and sparkly. He pushes off of Chris like it’s nothing and throws himself on Victor and wow-

Wow. Okay. If those hips seemed fluid when he had been twirling on the dance floor, they are certainly fluid now, grinding against Victor as the man speaks quick Japanese.

Chris comes to his side looking surprised and absolutely *delighted*.

Victor has no idea what to do with himself.

Not when Yuuri shouts “Be my coach, Victor!” and certainly not when Yuuri drags him to the dance floor – after Chris managed to wrangle him into his pants and some shoes - and slowly coaches Victor in what he thinks is supposed to be a dance off but quickly develops into something exciting and new and somehow intimate.

Katsuki Yuuri dips Victor with one hand on the back of his neck and the other on his thigh like it’s the easiest thing, giving him a low-lidded and completely smitten smile that Victor can’t help but mirror in earnest, completely breathless.

He hasn’t been this excited in a very very long time, and the way Yuuri thumbs his bottom lip like Victor is his personal plaything and then leans their foreheads together like Victor is only to be held and touched as if he were made of spun glass, does nothing to quell his interest or to make his heart beat any slower.

And then just as he had appeared, he’s gone again, leaving Victor and probably a good amount of the people in the ballroom feeling ill footed and breathless.

Victor slumps against a chair, *dazed*.

“Who *is* he?” he asks helplessly for the third time that night.

No one can really give him an answer.

«»

[Image: Yuri Plisetsky sitting on top of two suitcases stacked up, eating swiss chocolate with a soft tiger plushie laying carelessly across his lap]

Liked by phichit-chu, jjstylz, yurasangelz, icedaddyfc and 37,413 others

v-nikiforov Thanks for the memories Sochi #sochi #grandprix #prouddad

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Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

my beautiful, beautiful beta LadyDrace continues to do The Most and help me out with my messes, so shoutout to her <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor Nikiforov never thought he’d have to stoop so low as to internet stalk someone, but he guesses Katsuki Yuuri is the kind of boy that coaches you into opening exceptions, gently and sultrily, like he dances.

**giacumetti** no amount of cajoling will get me to give you his number, darling

**giacumetti** Yuuri is a private person and I’d /hate/ to upset him

**giacumetti** he looks like a miserable abandoned puppy

**vicki nikaj** CHRIS I0M DOYING

**vicki nikaj** ILL DO ANYTHING

**giacumetti** start by turning your autocorrect back on

**vicki nikaj** CHRIST THIS IS SERIAL

**vicki nikaj** *chris *serious

**giacumetti** that was apparently a terrible idea. how can you type worse with the autocorrect??????

**vicki nikaj** it’s a gift

**vicki nikaj** now HELP ME

**vicki nikaj** WHY IS HE NOT ON SOCIAL MEDIA

**vicki nikaj** WHERE DID HE GO

**vicki nikaj** yura says hi and that he wants more chocolate at europeans btw

**vicki nikaj** also he wants a picture of your cat

**vicki nikaj** NOW HELP ME IM HAVING A GAY CRISIS

**giacumetti** victor all your crises are gay crises
Yura slumps against Victor’s chest and starts kicking with his legs. “I’m hungry! We haven’t eaten in forever.”

“I fed you thirty minutes ago,” Victor says, setting his phone to the side. Chris doesn’t seem like he’s going to be that forthcoming with information, no matter how much Victor begs.

“Then why am I dying. If I die, I’ll tell Grandpa and he’ll kill you because you didn’t give me food.”

“We’re having dinner in an hour, Yura. Wait until then. Papa has some things he has to do.”

Yuri makes a disgruntled noise and starts taking a big gulp of air, all the forewarning Victor gets for the impending temper tantrum, and Victor barely manages to cover his mouth with his hand.

“No yelling. You can wait an hour.”

Yuri blows spit bubbles against his hand, and Victor wrenches it away, wipes it on Yuri’s t-shirt. It’s already messy from their trip to the park, adding his son’s own spit to it won’t really matter at this point.

“I’m hungry!” he shouts. “I’m hungry I’m hungry I’m hungry I’m hungry I’m-“


Yuri licks his hand and Victor jerks it away again.

“I want Grandpa’s pirozhki.”

“You ate the last one. You can get one snack from the snack cabinet.”

Yuri huffs, letting Victor nudge him to his feet and hightailing it into the kitchen.

Victor gets up a little slower. It’s not like he’s getting old or anything, but he went through a grueling practice session with Yakov today and his knees creak a little from being bent for so long
and supporting the weight of a five year old on top of that.

Apparently he’s slow enough to give Yuri time to start climbing onto the counter.

Victor swoops in and plucks him off the counter before he falls and splits his head open, setting Yuri on his shoulder so he has a good view of the overhead cabinet.

“Okay, one snack.”

Yuri nods and leans forward, making grabby hands at the shelf.

“Nuh-huh. I’ll take it out, tell me what you want.”

He doesn’t need a repeat of Yuri grabbing a harmful of candy and running under Victor’s bed before he could catch him. A sugar high Yuri is not a fun Yuri to deal with, most of the time. The rare occasions in which a sugar high Yuri is fun is when Yakov is babysitting and tries to wrangle clothes onto Yuri while Victor watches in delight.

Yuri hits him lightly with his heel and points.

Victor puts him down, before grabbing his snack, and opening up the package before he hands it over.

Yuri crams an entire oreo cookie in his mouth and starts marching back towards the living room.

Victor sighs and follows, plopping back down on the floor, a pillow strategically already placed there, his laptop on the coffee table in front of him, showcasing all results for *Yuri Katsuki Grand Prix Final*.

Yuri ducks back into a sprawl on his lap.

“What are we gonna watch?”

“The other Yuuri’s programs at the Grand Prix.”

Yuri groans. “Again? I wanna watch something else! Where he doesn’t fall. Can we watch his twirly prince ice show?”

“His… twirly prince ice show?”

Yuri nods. “Yeah. From the movie with the secret princess that you like.”

“Anastasia?” He asks, already leaning forward and inputting in the search box *Yuri Katsuki Anastasia*.

“That one,” Yuri says, pointing at a video that has apparently been watched before.

Victor clicks it and is greeted with the sight of Yuuri holding a pose in the middle of the rink as the familiar intro cords of *Once Upon a December* begin to play.

“It’s in Russian,” he says, blinking as Yuuri slides across the ice.

*Once Upon a December* starts fairly slow and then swells, and Victor watches, helpless and entranced as Yuuri slides his way achingly slow across the ice, reaching for something unseen and dear. There’s not a lot of jumps in the performance, but there are a lot of spins, one of Yuuri’s best aspects, just as the music picks up and swells, a culmination of instruments and does Yuuri spin
beautifully, one arm raised, still reaching, always reaching.

Victor sees his body move and the music shape around it, adjusting, instead of the other way around. He watches Yuuri tell a story of things he cannot reach, of heartache, of homesickness. And for the first time he thinks *why wasn’t he on the podium with me?*

The video comes to a close too soon, with Yuuri hugging himself at center ice, and before Victor can move, Yuri leans forward and hits replay.

“*You really like him, huh, Yura? You don’t even watch your own father’s performances twice.*”

“Dad I see you train *all* the time. I see you perform a gazillion times. And he has the same name as me so I have to make sure he’s cool.”

“He could’ve been on the podium with me and Chris the last time.”

Yuri hums, eyes glued to the screen as Yuuri performs a perfect triple axel and transitions into an intricate and beautiful step sequence before throwing in a bielman spin.

“He was sad so I’ll forgive him that time.”

“Do you know why he was sad?”

“His dog died. He showed it to me. It was like a mini Makkachin.”

Makkachin, upon hearing his name, lifts his head up from the armchair and grumbles softly at him, before shifting and going back to sleep. Victor looks at him and wonders what he’d do without his dog, the only being who has been there for him unwaveringly. He probably would have done worse than Yuuri.

“That’s very sad.”

“I gave him a chocolate so it’s okay,” Yuri shrugs, unconcerned, and pops another oreo into his mouth.

Victor ruffles his hair which gets him some angry batting. “That was very good of you, Yura. Grandpa would be proud.”

Yuri huffs petulantly even as he sinks lower in the seat Victor made for him with his crossed legs, pushing himself against Victor’s chest.

The video comes to an end again, and this time Victor is the one who needs to move forward to replay it, since Yuri doesn’t seem like he’ll budge any time soon.

“Play that one instead,” he says, pointing a crumb covered finger at the still image of Yuuri in the middle of a dimly lit rink.

There’s no music in this one, just the sound of Yuuri’s skates on the ice and hushed voices that the camera doesn’t quite pick up.

He’s running through a step sequence, slow and unhurried, movements lethargic and absent. It’s almost like the recording has been slowed down. Then he speeds it up, and Victor watches as he runs through that step sequence over and over, making it faster and faster and faster until Victor can hear the excerpt of the song it belongs to.

It’s not one of his, and the thought disappoints him a little because *what would it be like to witness*
someone like Yuuri owning Victor’s music and fastening it tight around his bones like Victor has half forgotten how to do.

Victor faintly recognizes it, but is unable to put a finger on who skated it.

“Yuuri!” a voice shouts, sudden and violent, disturbing the quiet lull of Yuuri’s skates and hushed voices. Victor jerks. Yuri doesn’t, most likely expecting it. “Do the thing!”

Yuuri looks up to the stands with a frown, and as soon as Yuuri’s eyes lock with his through the camera the breath is punched out of Victor because there he is. There he is.

“I’ll buy you dinner if you do the thing,” the same voice gambles.

Yuuri seems to consider this for a handful of seconds, before nodding. “Don’t post it, okay?”

“Sure.”

Yuuri skates backwards bringing his arms up in a familiar motion, sweeping them in invitation towards his audience, a perfect mirror of the movement Victor took weeks to perfect. Then he winks, and gives the camera a smirk.

Victor makes a noise in the back of his throat and lifts Yuri up by the armpits, using his son as a shield against Yuuri’s casual charm.

“You’re gonna miss it!” Yuri says, kicking his legs.

Victor sets him back down and looks at the screen, just in time to watch Yuuri prepare for a flip. His entrance is clean, his form very close to perfect. It’s obvious he’s been practicing this, but then again a lot of other skaters have given the quad flip a try to little to no success.

Victor counts one, two, three, three and a half-

He holds his breath; the camera goes black and the video ends.

“What.”

“Wasn’t that cool?”

“Wait.”

Yuri leans forward and clicks on another video.

“Wait, wait, wait. Can he land it?”

Yuri shrugs and pops the last oreo in his mouth. “I bet he can.”

Victor scrambles for his phone and calls Chris.

It rings once, twice-

Victor averts his eyes to the screen and catches Yuuri in a crop top and loose pants dancing with a group of other guys, something hip hop-y and fast that makes him throw his whole body into it, hair already slick with sweat.

“Allô?”
“I’m gay.” Is the first thing out of Victor’s mouth, and then. “How is he doing that? Chris, help me! Is this what gay panic is?”

Chris laughs. “Victor, I don’t think-“

“Because I’m gay and panicking.”

“Victor-“

“Can he quad flip? If he can, I’m flying to Japan immediately and proposing. Right now.”

“Dad, shut up. You’re being too loud!”

“I’m having a crisis, Yura!”

“Then go be gay in your room! I can’t hear the music.”

Yuri climbs out of his lap and goes to sit on the other side of the coffee table, pointedly turning the laptop to him.

“Did you hear that? Chris, stop laughing. This is serious. I might never recover. Why hasn’t he called me yet? Chris! Stop laughing.”

Chris predictably does not stop laughing.

“Ah, I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” he says, not sounding terribly apologetic. Victor pouts. “I’ve never seen you so desperate before, Victor. It’s refreshing.”

“Have some pity. I’m a dying man, Christophe.”

Chris laughs again. “Of thirst, I’m sure.”

“Chris!” he whines. “Help me, stop mocking me.”

“You should join a support group. I’m sure there is one out there for victims of the Yuuri Katsuki effect.”

“Maybe I should.”

«»

Later that day, not only does Victor actually find three different support groups on different social media dedicated to recuperating from Katsuki Yuuri, but he’s also found two different blogs dedicated to his ass, four dedicated to his thighs, seven dedicated to him smiling, and an uncountable number dedicated to everything Katsuki Yuuri.

Yuuri’s fans are sweet and warm, but also fiercely and viciously protective. They call him son and cinnamon roll and precious boy and light of my life and, sometimes, daddy.

He also finds various blogs who fiercely defend Yuuri and his friend’s - Phichit Chulanont - relationship, which, according to a lot of people is more than strictly platonic. And of course, after he finds these, he finds Phichit Chulanont’s Instagram account. And his Snapchat, Facebook, Tumblr, Pinterest, Twitter, Vine, and Youtube accounts.

It takes him exactly three seconds on Phichit’s Instagram to understand why so many people proclaim him the messiah of the Katsuki Yuuri fanbase.
Yuuri is heavily featured on his Instagram. Sometimes alone, sometimes with other people, sometimes alongside Phichit.

He rolls onto his stomach in bed, disturbing Makkachin who had been laying down on his legs and starts his perusing.

«»

Phichit has been looking down at his phone for ten straight minutes now, which isn’t really a foreign occurrence. What is a little weird is how little his fingers tap the screen – only once every two minutes or so, keeping the screen from going dark.

“Phichit, is everything alright?” Yuuri asks.

“Yuuri, is there something you’re not telling me about the Grand Prix?”

Yuuri flinches. The Grand Prix is a banned topic in their apartment. Phichit hasn’t mentioned it once since Yuuri came back, so for him to be mentioning it now…

He grips his mug of tea tighter, and shifts uncomfortably on their crappy couch.


Phichit frowns at his phone, then tilts his head. “Victor Nikiforov has been liking every single picture of you for, like, the last two hours.”

Yuuri almost drops his tea.

“What?”

Phichit turns his phone to him where a notification has just popped up.

“That one is two years old.”

Yuuri stares. “What.”

«»

[Image description: Yuuri Katsuki lying face down on the couch with several hamsters curled up on him and several random knickknacks and a couple half full glasses of various drinks balanced on his back and legs]

Liked by v-nikiforov, therealkatkat, katsu-mari and 33,543 others

phichit-chu tfw @v-nikiforov breaks ur bf by liking a bunch of pics of him on insta so you start using him as a coffee table #katsukiyuuri #victornikiforov #nochillforov #hesbeenlikethisforthreehours #lol

View all 274 comments

v-nikiforov <3 <3 <3 <3

v-nikiforov my yuri wants to fight you to defend yuuris honor!!!! #watchout #hebites

3 HOURS AGO
“There’s only one thing I can do,” Yuuri mumbles against the chipped wood of their breakfast bar.

“Actually take advantage of your Twitter account and slide into Victor Nikiforov’s DMs?” Phichit asks, with a definite hopeful tone to his voice.

“Move back to Japan, delete all my media accounts, and dedicate the rest of my life to my parents’ inn.”

Phichit sighs. “Or, instead of that, you could, I don’t know, talk to him or something equally as crazy.”

Yuuri glances up to glare at him. “Phichit be serious.”

“I am! Yuuri he literally liked every single picture of you. I checked.”

Yuuri groans and hits his forehead on the countertop.

Phichit grabs him by the cheeks and lifts him up so they can look each other in the eye, squishing his cheeks.

“Do you even know how many pictures I have of you?”

“Fifty?” Yuuri tries.

Phichit gives him a thoroughly unimpressed look. “Eight hundred and fifty-three. Do you know what that means?”

“That you’ve been uploading more pictures than the ones I give you permission to?”

Phichit turns the squish into a pinch. “No. It means that Victor Nikiforov totally wants the D.”

Yuuri makes a distressed noise and slaps both hands over his face. “You’re terrible,” he mumbles.

“Yuuri! Come on, just slide into those DMs or something.”

Yuuri makes another noise and Phichit huffs, grabbing his phone and thumbing through it. “Fine. If you won’t, I will.”

Yuuri immediately drops his hands from his face and stares. “What?”

“As your wingman-“

“Phichit, no!”

“Phichit yes!” he says tapping away at his phone. Yuuri tries to reach for it but Phichit dodges out of the way, speed-walking into the living room. “Oh, he’s on and everything! Perfect!”

Yuuri falls off the stool in his hurry to chase after him.

“Give me your phone!”

“Nope!” Phichit says, gleefully tapping away and popping the ‘p’ in the word.

“Phichit!”
“Sorry, I can’t hear you over the Victor Nikiforov being thirsty for your ass.”

Yuuri flushes and tries going around the couch to catch him, but Phichit keeps him a good distance away, keeping one eye on Yuuri and the other on his phone, fingers barely stopping their frantic tapping.

“What are you saying to him?”

“Nothing, just that-“ Phichit’s eyes stray to his phone and he stops. “Why didn’t you tell me you had his number! And you haven’t called him yet. Damn Yuuri that’s some long game of playing hard to get, this boy is starving.”

Yuuri stops too. “I don’t have his number.”

“You don’t?”

“Why would I have his number?! I didn’t even talk to him during the banquet, only with his son and I’m pretty sure I made an utter fool of myself.”

Phichit frowns and starts tapping on his phone.

Yuuri carefully inches towards him while he’s distracted.

He barely has time to register Phichit’s face of mischievous delight, before he tackles him down to the floor and grapples the phone out of his hands.

v-nikiforov Ahh~ I’m being a gentleman and waiting for Yuuri to call so I can take him up on his offer!

phichit-chu !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! HE DIDN’T TELL ME HE HAD YOUR NUMBER!!!!!!!!!

phichit-chu wait he says he doesn’t???????? omg????????

v-nikiforov ????

v-nikiforov I wrote it on him at the banquet. He said he’d call

phichit-chu ????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????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Yuuri lets the phone clatter to the floor, a wave of nausea and shame hitting him.

“Yuuri,” Phichit tries, “it’s not that ba-“

Yuuri scrambles up and runs to the bathroom, locking himself inside where he can hyperventilate and *die* alone.

«»

“It’s been like a *month*, Chris. Why doesn’t his friend reply to me? Was it something I said?”

“It’s *been two days*,” Chris says, sounding somewhere between amused and very much done with Victor’s antics.

Victor sighs and readjusts his grip on his phone, trying to shift on the bed.

“Dad stop moving! You’re going to make me lose!” Yuri complains from his current perch – on top of Victor’s stomach and leaning back against Victor’s bent legs - as he slams the buttons on his little console.

Victor tickles one of his feet, which proves to be a horrible idea when Yuri jerks with a giggle and almost kicks him in the face.

“Dad!”

Victor sticks his tongue out at him, and Yuri pulls his console away from his face enough for Victor to see him doing the same.

“*Things sound lively on your end.*”

“Things are always lively with Yura around, being a little hurricane and using me as a chair.”

Chris laughs. “*In his defense, you are very comfortable.*”
“You’re too in a relationship to sit on my lap, Chris.”

“Oh, boo. I’m sure my darling wouldn’t mind .”

Victor laughs. “I’m sure.” He pauses, a sudden thought crossing his mind. “Do you think Yuuri would sit on my lap? Do you think he would let me sit on his? His thighs look so comfy,” he sighs dreamily, almost drowning out Chris’ groan.

“Shouldn’t you be focusing on Europeans?”

“My programs are as good as they’ll ever get, and anyway this is more important.”

“You’re the one who’s going to be losing, so do as you please, darling. I, for one, can’t wait to have another gold adorning my neck.”

“If you can take it away from me, I’ll even take pictures of you wearing it.”

Chris chuckles. “I’ll hold you to that .” There’s a beat, and then. “I have to go, some of us are actually focused on winning.”

“Bye, Chris. Keep it clean on the ice. Yura, do you want to say bye to Chris?”

Victor clicks on speakerphone and holds his phone out, and Yuri shouts “Bye, Chris.”

“Byebye, Yura. Make your Dad behave ,” Chris says in practiced Russian.

“Okay,” Yuri answers, drawing out the word boredly.

Victor clicks off speakerphone and presses the phone back to his ear.

“Say hi to your darling for me, Chris.”

“Will do. Oh, and Victor? About Yuuri. He’s a shy boy, give him time, okay?”

Shy is definitely not the word Victor would use to describe Yuuri, but then again, if the messages Phichit had sent were anything to go by, drunk Yuuri was at least a little different from sober Yuuri.

“Okay. Even if I’m dying .”

Chris chuckles again. “Ta-ta, darling.”

“Ciao.”

Victor sighs and pulls his phone away from his face, watching the call screen disappear and Yuri and Makkachin’s beaming faces fill his screen.

He glances over at Yuri, gauging if he should start on dinner or if it can wait another half hour, and given how invested his kid looks in his game, he decides to wait. Victor clicks on Instagram, immediately navigating himself into Phichit Chulanont’s account.

He’s blessed with a new picture of Yuuri. He clicks on it and frowns slightly.

«»

[image description: Yuuri lying down on the floor. You can see a couch and the edges of a coffee
table which was pushed out of the way. There’s a small dog standing on his chest, touching his cold nose to Yuuri’s as Yuuri scrunches up his face against it, smiling. There’s another dog, laying belly up under Yuuri’s left hand, and a third dog curled down against his feet, seemingly asleep.

Liked by v-nikiforov, katsuki_fc, milababechiva, sara-crisp and 41,065 others

phichit-chu shoutout to all our friends and classmates who brought their dogs over for puppy therapy when they heard Yuuri was a bit pupset #cute #dogsofinstagram #katsukiyuui #puppytherapy #hesfeelingbetternow

View all 623 comments

sara-crisp I hope everything is okay <3 get better soon Yuuri, we’re all cheering for you!!!

5 HOURS AGO

“But why can’t we just take Makkachin? Yuuri’s dog was like Makkachin so he probably likes Makkachin better than all those other stupid dogs,” Yuri asks, stabbing his food viciously.

Victor wonders if he should downgrade him back to spoons.

“He’s all the way in America, Yura. It’s very far away, and it would take a lot of time for Makkachin to get through airport security.”

“That’s stupid,” Yuri huffs, and continues his massacre of his meatballs.

“Very,” Victor agrees, easily.

Yuri doesn’t really say a word through dinner, which Victor gets a little worried about, but he’s learned to let Yuri be when he gets in these moods, and sooner or later he’ll come to him with whatever is troubling him.

Victor has just finished loading the washing machine and is getting things ready to give Makkachin his last walk of the day when Yuri approaches him.

“No, we can’t just take Makkachin!” Yuri shouts, stabbing his food viciously. “Peru’s dog was like Makkachin so he probably likes Makkachin better than all those other stupid dogs,” Yuri asks, stabbing his food viciously.

Victor wonders if he should downgrade him back to spoons.

“He’s all the way in America, Yura. It’s very far away, and it would take a lot of time for Makkachin to get through airport security.”

“That’s stupid,” Yuri huffs, and continues his massacre of his meatballs.

“Very,” Victor agrees, easily.

Yuri doesn’t really say a word through dinner, which Victor gets a little worried about, but he’s learned to let Yuri be when he gets in these moods, and sooner or later he’ll come to him with whatever is troubling him.

Victor has just finished loading the washing machine and is getting things ready to give Makkachin his last walk of the day when Yuri approaches him.

“You can’t just take Makkachin! His dog was like Makkachin, so he probably likes Makkachin better than all those other stupid dogs,” Yuri asks, stabbing his food viciously.

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“Can we shoot a video?”

Victor gets Makkachin’s coat out of the hanger. Makkachin, taking notice of this, jumps off the couch and trots over to Victor, wiggling in excitement and whining softly.

“A video?” Victor asks, kneeling down to put the raincoat on Makkachin.

“Yeah. For Yuuri. He’s sad, right? And being sad is stupid. And he has the same name as me, so if I show him things that make me happy maybe he’ll be happy too. And teach me upside down ballet.”

Victor drops Makkachin’s raincoat and hugs Yuri, lifting him up off the ground and squeezing, as he squaks and kicks about in protest.

“That’s a great idea, Yura.”

[video description: Yuri Plisetsky holding up a sign in english saying “Five Ways To Kick Down
The Sad”. There’s a little smiling face to the side, steadily drawn in black pen. Someone drew wobbly whiskers and cat ears on it with bright red crayon.

The image shifts and Yuri stands outside in what appears to be a park. He raises one finger and says “Jump around really hard in puddles!” before he runs off and starts doing just that, jumping from a puddle to the other as hard as he can, face alight in the kind of glee only a child can experience by doing something as simple as jumping around. There’s a firm “Makkachin, no” before Makkachin seems to have slipped his leash and runs after Yuri, jumping around in the puddles and barking happily. The person behind the camera sighs, before the scenery changes.

You can clearly see Yuri standing in the middle of a rink, some people skating behind him. He holds two fingers up and shouts “Skate!”. The camera seems to be stationary this time, and as soon as Yuri is done speaking it zooms off so it captures most of the rink. Yuri starts skating, sliding around like he was born on the ice with skates on his feet. “I wanna do a tall jump!” he shouts, speeding up. A moment later Victor skates behind him, lifting him off the ground by his arm pits and throwing him a little bit in the air before he catches him and sets him back down on the ice. Yuri grins. “Again! Again, again, again!” This goes on for another solid minute.

Yuri stands in a kitchen, an older man next to him, with a hand on his back in case he falls off the stool he’s standing on. He raises his three middle fingers. “Food!” he proclaims, followed by several shots of him and the older man cooking something, Yuri getting increasingly messy, while Makkachin weaves around and rises on his hind legs to sniff what’s on the counter. It ends with Yuri holding up a plate of pirozhki with a self-satisfied smile, and him and the older man sitting down and eating.

When the setting changes, Yuri is sitting in a bed littered with stuffed animals and toys. The sheets are Winnie the Pooh themed with Tigger jumping around. He holds up two fingers on each hand, making little peace signs. “Tigger!” he says and grabs a floppy plushie that has been featured in a lot of Instagram pictures. “Grandpa gave it to me when I was really little,” he explains, grabbing the plushie’s front legs and making them flop around. “He kills mean people and eats their liver! So if someone made you sad, Tigger will just eat them.”

When Yuri puts five fingers up, he’s still in the same place. “This is only for if you’re super really sad,” he says, very seriously. Then he hugs his plushie. “Hugs are okay if you’re super really sad.” He jumps off the bed then and pads away, the camera following him. “Makkachin, hug!” he shouts, and the dog comes trotting over, sitting dutifully in front of Yuri and letting the kid hug him. “Grandpa!” he calls out, padding his way into what seems to be a kitchen, where the older man is moving around cleaning stuff up. “Hug!” he demands, and the older man goes around and crouches down to hug him. When the older man lets him go he stares at the camera. “Dad!” he shouts, apparently as a warning before he runs straight to the camera. There’s a bit of wobbling and something hitting the floor with a thud, before the image flips and Yuri is sitting on Victor’s lap on the floor, looking directly at the camera.

Victor smiles at the camera. “Is there anything else you want to say to Yuuri?” he asks. Yuri nods and says, “now you can stop being sad. And teach me upside down ballet like you promised!” Victor huffs a laugh and beams at the camera, crossing his pointer with his thumb and making a little heart. “Get better soon, Yuuri,” he says, and then the video ends.

For Katsuki Yuuri, From Yuri

v-nikiforov 125,872 views

[subscribe]
“Yuuri,” Phichit shouts, kicking Yuuri’s door open as he barges in his room, holding his laptop in both hands. “Holy fuck!”

“Why are you swearing all of a sudden?”

Phichit freezes just inside his room. “It’s a- you know what, it doesn’t matter. Look at what Victor Nikiforov just posted on his Youtube account.”

“I would really prefer not to-“

Phichit sets the laptop on top of Yuuri’s textbook and says, “Don’t care, this is too cute for you not to watch.”

Yuuri looks at the screen where Yuri holds up a sign saying “Five Ways To Kick Down The Sad” with a happy cat drawn to the side, then looks at the title.

“What is this?”

“Apparently tiny Yuri saw big Yuuri-“

“Don’t call me that.”

“-was sad and decided to make a video to cheer you up!”

Yuuri frowns as Yuri says something in Russian before he runs off to jump in a bunch of puddles.

“But why?”

Phichit sighs. Makkachin runs into frame, wearing a matching raincoat to Yuri’s.

“I know this is going to sound strange to you, but I think they actually like you and are invested in your well-being.”

Yuuri side-eyes him. “Sure.”

Phichit pauses the video and swivels Yuuri’s desk chair towards him, bracketing him with his arms.

“Name one person who didn’t like you after meeting you.”

“I’m sure there’s a lot of people who-“

“One.”

Yuuri rolls his eyes. “Michelle Crispino doesn’t like me.”

“Michelle Crispino has been having a gay crisis ever since he was fourteen and got a boner after you kissed him in a game of spin the bottle. Next.”
Yuuri’s eyes widen. “How do you even know about that?! You weren’t even competing professionally at the time.”

“I know all,” Phichit says dismissively. “Now, next. Name someone else you know for a fact doesn’t like you.”

“What about those first years that run away from me in one of our dance classes?”

“You, Yuuri, you’re the hot upperclassmen they want to bang. They don’t think they’re even worthy of being in your presence.”

Yuuri frowns. “You’re making this up.”

Phichit takes his phone out of his pocket and waves it threateningly in Yuuri’s face. “I can get on the phone at least, like, fifteen people who would pay 500$ for a chance to date you. And I’m talking treating you to a nice dinner and attempt to make you laugh, I’m not even talking about kissing or even holding hands.”

“I don’t-“

“Five hundred dollars, Yuuri. Just for you to pay attention to them for an hour.”

Yuuri holds up his hands. “I know you’re trying to comfort me, but-“

“Siri, call Pretty Fly for a White Guy.”

Phichit’s phone parrots back, “Calling Pretty Fly for a White Guy.”

“What are you doing?” Yuuri whispers, eyes wide.

“Hey Phichit, what’s up?”

“Hey, Jace. Quick question: would you pay five hundred dollars just to be able to take Yuuri out to a nice dinner?”

“Dude, I’d pay five hundred dollars, the dinner, and give my left kneecap if Yuuri gave me the time of day.”

“Thanks, Jace. See you tomorrow.”

“See you tomorrow, bro.”

Phichit clicks end call. “Siri call-“

Yuuri lurches forward and slaps a hand over his mouth.

“No. No Siri calling. Oh my god! Phichit!”

Phichit tugs Yuuri’s hand away from his mouth, and holds it between both of his, phone getting in the way a little, and gives it a squeeze. “My point has been made.”

Yuuri looks down at his lap, willing the flush that had taken over his cheeks to disappear, and for his heart to calm down. God, that was embarrassing.

“Yuuri,” Phichit coaxes, softening his voice. “Just watch the video, okay. If by the end you still think Victor doesn’t want anything to do with you, then that’s fine. But if you can believe even a
little bit that he honestly wants to get to know and talk to you then you have to send him a message. And lift my ban on talking to him, do you know how much information I could be getting on the Victor Nikiforov? I’m dying, Yuuri. You’re killing me! But you’re my friend and I respect your wishes.”

Yuuri worries the inside of his cheek in between his teeth, and considers this.

His behavior at the banquet had clearly been appalling, and he can’t imagine ever talking to Victor with the shame of it pushing down on his shoulders, but – a little voice inside his head counters – but if there’s any chance at all that the man he’s been chasing for most of his career is remotely interested in interacting with him, Yuuri can’t really keep running away from it.

The what-ifs will kill him more painfully than the shame he feels right now is.

“Fine. I’ll watch the video, and if- if I change my mind I’ll do something.”


“Sure, talk to Victor.”

“And lift my ban on contacting him.”

Yuuri squints slightly at him. “Yes. Within limit. Please don’t blackmail Victor.”

Phichit beams, jerking Yuuri’s chair back towards the laptop and restarting the video.

«»

**katsu-yuuri:** Thank you very much for the video. It really did make me feel better.

**katsu-yuuri:** And I apologize for worrying Yuri. It really wasn’t my intention, I’ll try to keep Phichit from posting pictures like that in the future.

**katsu-yuuri:** I just realized that you must be asleep. I hope these messages don’t wake you up, but Phichit is looking over my shoulder to make sure I send them before I lose the nerve.

**katsu-yuuri:** Please tell Yuri that I loved the video and think Tigger is very cool.

**katsu-yuuri:** I’m going to stop spamming you now, oh god I’m sorry.

**katsu-yuuri:** Rest well, I’ll be cheering for you at Europeans!! Do your best!!!

Chapter End Notes

the most unrealistic thing about canon is that victor nikiforov had enough chill to not to like every single picture of yuuri that has ever graced the internet, honestly
**Chapter 3**

Chapter Notes

The beautiful and amazing [LadyDrace](#) continues to do the most for me, so the biggest shoutout to her!

Also, I'm very very sorry this is late but I had a presentation on monday which skyrocketed my stress levels so I couldn't have this chapter ready in time. Please forgive me, I'm trying my best.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Come on, Yura. You have to cooperate with Papa a little bit,” Victor coaxes, wrangling his son’s sleep-heavy limbs out of his pajamas and into at least three layers of clothes before he even dares venture outside.

Yuri, predictably, faceplants right into his shoulder and makes displeased noises.

Victor doesn’t really blame him. If he could, he himself would faceplant into his nice expensive carpet and stay there for the rest of the day, instead of having to wake up at the ungodly hour of four am so he can be at the rink by five.

“There, that wasn’t so bad was it?” he coos, putting Yuri’s backpack over his shoulders and lifting him up on his hip.

Victor makes a beeline to the kitchen, considering his breakfast options, before deciding to just chug a can of Redbull to wake up and have an energy bar. He’ll figure something out at the rink.

“Are you hungry, sweetheart?”

Yuri shoves his face deeper into Victor’s neck and grumbles.

“I’ll take that as a no.”

Victor wonders how much it would cost to have an overnight babysitter, so he wouldn’t have to wake Yuri up so early in the morning. Money wouldn’t really be a problem, but he owns a two bedroom apartment which is not enough for him, a child and a sitter. He’d probably have to find a new place if he wanted to give that a try.

Which, still, isn’t outside his price range, but would be incredibly upsetting for Yuri. Not to mention that currently Victor doesn’t really have the time to be making such a big move.

Maybe when the season is over.

Patting down his pockets to make sure he has his keys and phone with him, he picks up his sports bag and rushes out the door, hoping he hasn’t missed the bus.

He could drive, but waking up so early makes his reaction time slower, his brain sluggish and unwilling. He wouldn’t want to risk driving through the streets of St. Petersburg with Yuri in the backseat if he isn’t absolutely sure he can do his most to avoid any accident that might happen.
As it is, the bus is the best option, and, this early, the chances of him getting recognized by someone are slim to none.

He sits in one of the worn seats, Yuri laying sideways across his lap and sound asleep as Victor hums an old lullaby quietly, even though Yuri hasn’t needed one to fall asleep in a while. He takes out his phone to check his notifications and almost drops it.

**katsu-yuuri** Thank you very much for the video. It really did make me feel better.

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**katsu-yuuri** I’m going to stop spamming you now, oh god I’m sorry.

**katsu-yuuri** Rest well, I’ll be cheering for you at Europeans!! Do your best!!

Well, that’s one way to wake him up.

Victor stares at his phone, heart racing.

To say he was not prepared would be a bit of an understatement. Sure he expected some sort of response after he had uploaded Yuri’s video, but honestly, he was almost sure that anything Yuuri could have said would be relayed to him through Phichit, like most of their interactions seemed to be after the banquet.

What is he even supposed to answer? He’s good with words, normally. This should be easy.

Except it’s not because the only things that occur to him are marry me and I will break all of my own records for you to keep talking to me and please wrap your thighs around my head, which aren’t appropriate or in any way advisable responses.

He just needs to be chill. Take things slow. Yuuri is shy. Chris had told him so, even if Victor isn’t quite convinced of that yet.

A neutral response would be best, right? Right.

**v-nikiforov** Yuri will be happy to hear that! We’re glad you’re feeling better!

There. That’s perfectly neutral and pleasant.

**v-nikiforov** I’m glad to hear you’ll be cheering for me!!! I’ll win a gold medal for sure!!!

Okay, slightly less chill, but still not too bad. He should put his phone away now, before he says something that’ll scare Yuuri off.

He’s shy, he reminds himself and resolutely locks his phone, pocketing it so he can’t say anything stupid.
He’s going to be chill. It’s not like it can be that hard.

The bus arrives at his stop and Victor climbs out, pulling Yuri’s beanie tighter around his ears against the cold.

It’s still dark out, and Victor walks fast, eager to put Yuri down on the couch in Yakov’s office and let him sleep, before he takes him to daycare later in the day.

He’s going to leave for Europeans in two days, and Yakov tries to get as much practice in beforehand as he can, taking it easier in the assigned practice days at the arena. Lulling his competition into a false sense of security, he says.

Not that Victor has much competition these days. He’ll be granted a place at the top of the podium almost assuredly, especially with his record breaking programs this season.

He probably won’t have any competition the next year either, though Chris always puts up a good fight. But Chris has been biting at Victor’s heels for almost two years now, and as much as Victor loves his friend, he’s realistic about these things.

Victor pushes past the heavy front door, traversing cold, deserted hallways that make him slightly uncomfortable, and heading directly to Yakov’s office.

“You’re late,” Yakov points out, not even deigned to look up from his paperwork.

“So cruel, Yakov. I had to drag my precious son out of bed for one of your insane and unnecessary practices, and this is how you greet me?” He sighs, more for effect than anything else, working on taking Yuri’s backpack off his shoulders and taking his shoes off.

“I’ve told you to leave the child with his Grandpa close to competitions, Vitya. If you’d stop being stubborn and actually listened, you wouldn’t have to get Yurotchka off of bed so early.”

Victor drapes a blanket over Yuri and turns to Yakov with a smile trained for the press. “Nikolai is an old man, and he still works. I can’t leave Yura with him anytime I please.”

“He’s not going to take the kid back, Victor. You signed the papers.”

Victor smile goes slightly strained, and he wishes for once that he hadn’t grown up with Yakov being like a father figure to him. He knows him way too well for Victor’s comfort.

“I’m not worried about that, of course he can’t take Yura away from me. I am his father.”

Yakov grunts and continues filing his paperwork. He hasn’t looked at Victor once since they started this conversation.

“You can’t possibly know that.”

Victor is still half-expecting the day Yuri tells him he hates him and asks to go back to Nikolai’s house.

“I’m going to warm up!” he says, as cheerily as he can convince himself to. “Don’t let Yura fall off the couch.”

Yakov harrumphs. “Georgi and Mila should be here soon. Wait for them and have some proper breakfast. I know you probably only drunk some of that Redbull shit. You can’t go on the ice
without feeding yourself.”

“You worry too much, Yakov.”

“You’ve made me bald with worry, Vitya. Now get yourself something from the vending machine, and you’re not getting on the ice until I see you eat it.”

“Okay, Dad,” he says because it annoys Yakov almost as much as it secretly pleases him. “I am an adult, you know? I’m perfectly capable of taking care of myself.”

“I’ll believe it when I see it. Now scram, I need to go over these papers before the other two disasters get here.”

«»

It’s mid-afternoon and Victor is getting a little worried about not having a reply from Yuuri yet. He might or might not have been compulsively refreshing Instagram for the last half hour.

“Ah, the pain of love,” Georgi sighs, dramatically draping himself over one of the break room chairs and looking wistfully at Victor. “That exquisite throbbing of your heart with uncertainty if your feelings are returned.”

“Don’t ever say the word throbbing in front of me ever again,” Mila says, looking at him in disgust.

“Victor understands what I mean. He is experiencing that throbbing.”

“A throbbing headache, maybe,” Mila throws back, and Victor presses down on his snort not to offend Georgi.

He refreshes Instagram again and holds his breath when there’s a DM notification.

phichit-chu i think you broke Yuuri again lmao

phichit-chu he’s been staring at his phone typing and backspacing for like 1 hour now

v-nikiforov ( シ _ _) シ

v-nikiforov I just said I was happy he liked the video and thanked him for cheering for me

v-nikiforov How come you’re talking to me again??

phichit-chu Yuuri lifted my ban!!!!!!!

v-nikiforov He put a ban on talking to me???

phichit-chu he was p embarrassed

phichit-chu ask him a question before he psyches himself out of dm-ing u

v-nikiforov What should I ask him???

phichit-chu idk you’re Victor Nikiforov ask him anything. what do you want to ask him
Phichit-Chu: lmao

Phichit-Chu: tell me

V-Nikiforov: it’s a long list

Phichit-Chu: tell me the top three

V-Nikiforov: 1. pls marry me 2. how thicc are your thighs 3. would you skate to one of my programs

Phichit-Chu: IM YELLING

Phichit-Chu: I CAN'T BELIEVE

Phichit-Chu: THE LEGENDS ABOUT NOCHILLFOROV ARE ACTUALLY TRUE

V-Nikiforov: The true reason I’m called a living legend

Phichit-Chu: S H O O K

Phichit-Chu: but you should ask him something else

Phichit-Chu: I can answer those three for you

Phichit-Chu: but first u need to text him he looks ready to vault out of the window

V-Nikiforov: REALLY?? CONSIDER IT DONE!

Victor switches chats, bringing up Yuuri’s.

There’s a message at the bottom of his screen, telling him that Yuuri is typing. As soon as Victor starts typing it stops.

V-Nikiforov: I have a very important question

V-Nikiforov: Are you a dog person or a cat person???

He takes a screenshot of that and switches back to Phichit’s chat.

Phichit-Chu: what did u tell him he looks freaked out

Phichit-Chu: nvm he’s smiling I will let you live another day Nikiforov

V-Nikiforov: [image sent]

V-Nikiforov: Proof!!

V-Nikiforov: I want my answers!!

Phichit-Chu: lmao
Victor stops at that, the sudden need to watch Yuuri perform one of his programs almost violent.

His phone notifies him that Yuuri has answered him and he quickly changes chats again.

**katsu-yuuri** I like both. I might have a very slight preference for dogs, but cats are really nice and soft too.

**v-nikiforov** \[^\] \(^\) I like dogs!!

**v-nikiforov** \(=^\cdot\omega\cdot^=\) Yura likes cats!!

**v-nikiforov** He’ll be happy to know you like cats too!!

**katsu-yuuri** Ahah, good to know!

**katsu-yuuri** I was thinking on how to thank him for the video. You said it was his idea, right?

**v-nikiforov** YES!! He wanted to make his fave skater happy \(\left(\leftarrow\leftarrow\right)\) /

**katsu-yuuri** (/\(\ast\omega\ast\)/)

**katsu-yuuri** Would it be okay for me to send him something?

**v-nikiforov** ABSOLUTELY!!! He’d love that!!!!!!!!!!

“Is this banquet boy?” Victor jerks, feeling the breath of Mila’s words in his neck.

“Don’t do that. I am frail of heart, you know.”

Mila leans back from where she had been peering over his shoulder and grins.

“He’s cute.”

Victor grins. “He’s adorable, isn’t he?”

Mila tilts her head a little bit, and her smile is that soft thing that feels almost sisterly. “You look happier. It’s good to see you like this again.”

Victor looks away, not wanting to examine that too closely right now.

“Everyone is happier when a cute boy talks to them,” he reasons, just before Yakov walks into the break room and starts yelling at all of them to get back to work, allowing Victor to escape from wherever that particular conversation was going.

«»

[Image description: a counter full of snacks and an array of alcoholic drinks]
“I’m not drinking,” Yuuri announces, hugging one of the pillows they laid out around the couch closer to his chest, watching as their living room steadily fills up with the ten or so people Phichit invited for the watch party.

Jace slides onto the couch and throws an arm around the back behind Yuuris’ shoulders. “Aw, not even a little bit? If you don’t keep us company I’ll be sad, you know.”

“Uhm,” Yuuri stutters, leaning away from him and his batting eyelashes.

Before he can really come up with an answer someone hauls Jace up and throws him on the floor.

“Stop making Yuuri uncomfortable, you dipshit,” Kat says, plopping herself down next to Yuuri and using Jace’s prone form as a foot rest.

Jace groans from the floor. “I literally hate you so fucking much.”

“I’m heartbroken,” Kat says, taking a disinterested sip of her beer. “Really.”

Jace pushes her feet aside, grabs a pillow from the couch and sets it on the floor so he can sit against her legs. Kat throws them over his shoulders and wiggles her toes at him.

“You should paint your toenails,” Jace observes.

“You paint them.”

“Bitch, don’t think I won’t,” he says, and takes a bottle of nail polish out of his coat pocket.

“You just carry nail polish around in your coat?”

“Of course. What kind of animal do you think I am? Offensive.”

Phichit comes in carrying shot glasses on a tray and a couple of bottles of different alcohol.
“Okay!” he says cheerily, setting them down on the table. “Europeans drinking game!”

“Phichit no,” Yuuri begs.

“Phichit yes!” everyone choruses.

Yuuri groans into his pillow.

“Drink every time the commentators praise Victor for breathing, drink every time Giacometti jizzes on the ice, drink every time someone makes you question your sexuality, drink every time someone falls, drink every time the camera pans over to coach Feltsman looking like he’s about to have a stroke, drink every time Yuuri cries because Victor is pretty.—

“Phichit!”

“-drink every time someone announces Victor is winning gold before he even skated, drink every time a reporter asks an invasive question. Understood?”

“Yes,” everyone choruses.

“I’m not going to cry because he’s pretty,” Yuuri says, squishing his pillow against his chest. “And I’m not going to drink.”

No one seems to be listening.

«»

“He’s just so pretty,” Yuuri sobs, sprawled over the coffee table, fingers loosely wrapped around a bottle of vodka.  “How is he so pretty?”

A camera flash goes off, but Yuuri can’t even be bothered because Victor Nikiforov is the prettiest man alive.

“Look at his hands. They’re so flowy.”

Jace pats him on the calf and tries to keep Yuuri’s foot still while he paints his toenails. ”There, there. You’re pretty too.”

Kat calls for a shot.

«»

[Image description: Victor and Chris smiling at the camera. They appear to be high up, you can see the twinkling lights of a city landscape behind them. Victor is winking and Chris is blowing a kiss at the camera.]

Liked by christophe-gc, phichit-chu, milababecheva and 67,439 others

v-nikiforov It’s good to be back competing with @christophe-gc!! Good luck for everyone!!

View all 1,005 comments

5 HOURS AGO

«»
For the free skate day they don’t drink as much, most of them still hung-over. Yuuri wakes up in his room with Phichit sprawled over his back, and Jace and Kat asleep on a futon on the floor. The rest of the people that decided to stay over are probably spread out in the living room.

Yuuri lifts his head up from his pillow, just enough to check the time on his phone and promptly winces at the brightness that assaults him. He buries his face in the pillow again, and decides that he can sleep a little bit more.

He’s definitely not drinking again.

«»

“Are you having fun with grandpa?” Victor asks, still face down on his hotel bed.

It’s stupidly early for him to be up, but Nikolai starts his mornings early so he takes Yuri to daycare early, and this was the only way of Victor catching his son before he performs later in the evening.

“Grandpa is teaching me how to make food. He says he’s gonna make a lot so you can take home.”

“Does Grandpa know I know how to cook?”

“But his is better, Dad,” Yuri huffs.

Victor flops on his back on the bed and squints at the ceiling. “You’re going to hurt my feelings, Yura. Your poor father, dead because you didn’t like his food,” he sniffs into the receiver for emphasis.

“Dad,” Yuri whines into the receiver. There’s some muffled talking on the other end. “Grandpa says we need to go. Bye, Dad!”

“Bye, Yura. Behave for Grandpa.”

There’s some rustling before the line goes dead. Victor sighs and drops the phone by his side, allowing himself to go back to sleep.

«»

On free skate day, they pool their money and order enough take out to feed them throughout the day.

Yuuri is handed a wine glass that he has no intention of drinking. He’s also offered food from everyone’s containers, most likely because they pity how much of a disaster he is. Yuuri gladly accepts it. It’s not like he has to worry about his weight, now that he is planning on retiring.

Phichit plops himself down on the sit next to Yuuri, leaning heavily against him and stealing food from his plate. “If you cry during Stammi Viccino again you owe me a pizza.”

Yuuri jerks. “It’s a beautiful piece,” he defends.

“I like it better when you do it.”

Yuuri flushes. “Phichit! I don’t have it even close to good. You don’t need to lie for my sake.”

Phichit gasps. “You’re calling me a liar? How dare you?! This is defamation, I’m suing.”
Yuuri snorts and bumps their shoulders together.

«»

Victor walks out of the Kiss and Cry in first place by a wide margin, press smile fixed tightly on his lips.

The words of the announcers are still ringing in his ears.

As expected of Victor Nikiforov, his win will come as no surprise to us.

As expected.

It’s not as if they’re wrong. He has been winning for a very long time. He can’t even surprise himself, much less the audience.

He dreads to think about next season and how he’ll undoubtedly come up with beautiful programs (he already has two mostly choreographed) and he’ll undoubtedly skate them flawlessly and he’ll undoubtedly win.

“Victor!” Yakov yells. “You have an interview in three minutes. The press is waiting for you.”

Victor grabs his phone from his Team Russia jacket and thumbs it open. “Don’t worry so much, Yakov. The press loves me ,” he says disinterestedly, clicking on a snapchat notification.

He taps on it and the screen fills with Yuuri, his eyes wide in wonderment, his whole body pitched forward towards whatever he’s looking at. Victor freezes in the middle of a hallway, turning the volume up on his phone as far as it will go and bring it closer to his face so he doesn’t miss anything.

He can hear the familiar notes of Stammi Viccino playing, and he knows exactly what he’s doing on the ice. He’s about to do his quad flip, which is confirmed by the commentators talking over the song.

Victor knows the moment he lands it because of the cheers of the crowd that drown out the music, but mostly he sees it in Yuuri’s face. How he lets out this little gasp that the camera doesn’t catch, leaning further towards what Victor assumes is a television.

The image shifts slightly, signaling a new snap and Victor has to turn his phone to read the text ‘he watches this basically every day and this is his reaction every time. ur welcome’.

The snap ends and Victor gives himself a full minute to mourn the fact, before he pockets his phone and continues towards his interview.

And he thinks, wouldn’t it be nice if he remembered.

«»

[image description: Yuuri Katsuki looking at the camera with half lidded eyes, there’s a wine glass touching his bottom lip.]

Liked by christophe-gc, v-nikiforov, therealkatkat and 53,932 others

phichit-chu tfw ur in the middle of post-eurpeans watchparty and chill and he gives you this look #chuchuswatchparty #katsukiyuuri #lookwhocametovisit #katsudamm
Fifteen minutes after Phichit Chulanont posts that picture, a video of Victor Nikiforov running into a glass window because he was too busy looking at his phone hits the internet.

Victor wins gold at the Europeans.

He’s not particularly happy or sad about it. He smiles, does his interviews, graciously accepts congratulations.

katsu-yuuri Congratulations on your medal ✿⁺\(\cdot\)'\(\cdot\)/⁺✿

v-nikiforov TANK YOU!

v-nikiforov *thank

v-nikiforov Do I get a reward for winning?

katsu-yuuri You have a medal.

katsu-yuuri I might have sent something along Yuri’s gift for you.

v-nikiforov!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! What is it????????????

katsu-yuuri A surprise ──︿● ω ● ︶/

“Yakov!” Victor calls, grabbing him by the shoulders and looking seriously into his eyes. “We need to go back to Russia right now!”

Fear flashes through Yakov’s eyes and Victor has a moment of confusion before Yakov opens his mouth to say, “is Yura-“

“Oh, he’s fine. But Yakov, Yuuri said he bought me something. We have to go back right now.”

Yakov grabs Victor by the ear and starts dragging him through the hotel lobby.

“Ow, Yakov. I am not a child, stop twisting my ear.”

Victor sees at least three different people with their phones pointed at him, and he resigns himself into two internet-wide humiliations in as many days.
Victor arrives in Moscow at midnight, and makes it to Nikolai’s apartment a little after two a.m. It’s late and he’s exhausted.

Nikolai opens the door for him with no complain, taking his sports bag off his shoulder and patting Victor on the back hard enough to make him stumble inside.

“Congrats on your gold. Have you eaten?”

“Thanks. I’m fine, I can eat tomorrow. How’s Yuri?”

Nikolai grunts and closes the door behind him, putting Victor’s sports bag on the couch and pushing his suitcase into a corner before he starts herding Victor towards the kitchen.

“Asleep. He was very excited about your gold,” he says, pushing Victor down on a chair and putting a plate of borscht in front of him. “Eat, then you can sleep. Try not to wake up Yurotchka, he has been going to bed late to watch your skates. It’s not good to make him too tired.”

Victor isn’t hungry, but not eating isn’t an option. Not when Nikolai is staring at his torso critically, looking two breaths away from poking him in the ribs and declaring Victor is too thin.

Victor likes Nikolai. He’s like the overbearing grandfather he never had. And he’s grateful of Nikolai for taking care of Yuri, but he also resents him, just a little bit, for being Yuri’s favorite, even if it is understandable.

“You should stay another day. Rest a bit before you have to get back.”

“Makkachin is still in the dog hotel. I don’t want to leave him alone longer than I have to,” Victor says.

Nikolai always tries to get him to stay a little longer, and for the most part, when Victor brings Makkachin along, it works.

Victor knows he misses having Yuri around all the time, and he feels bad that he had to take Yuri all the way to St Petersburg with him, but it’s not like relocating the entire Russian team was an option, and Nikolai refused to abandon his apartment and the life he worked so hard to build in Moscow.

There’s a lot of visits, and whenever Victor has a competition and Yuri doesn’t beg to go with him, Victor leaves him at Nikolai’s.

Victor’s gone so far as to give Nikolai an iPhone and attempt to make him learn how to Facetime.
Nikolai and technology do not get along in the slightest, and it’s half the fault of the phone’s interface, half Nikolai’s unwillingness to use anything that doesn’t have buttons.

“If I can get a couple days break, we’ll come to visit. Makkachin too,” he reassures. “There’s a couple of months before I have to be at World’s and Yakov hasn’t scheduled any ice shows for me to attend meanwhile.”

Victor doesn’t think he could participate in an ice show without the performance looking hollow and gutted. He’s still unsure how he has gold around his neck when his routines are so much emptier than they used to be. Although, since the Grand Prix, his free program has gotten some of its feeling back.

Victor is very pointedly not thinking about that.

“Good,” Nikolai says and pats him on the head like he’s a child. “You should take a long vacation. You look too tired, Victor.”

“It’s just the jetlag!” he tries, putting on one of his brightest smiles.

Nikolai harrumphs in the face of it and clicks his tongue disapprovingly.

“It’s a one hour difference between Stockholm and here. You do not get jetlagged.”

Victor’s smile falters a little bit. So much for that excuse.

“Think about it. It’d be good for Yura too if you weren’t so sad.”

“I’m not-“

“I’m going to bed now. The bakery opens early. Eat your borscht and get some rest, Victor,” Nikolai cuts him off, walking out of the room.

Victor doesn’t know what to do about that, so he eats his borscht, and he slips into Yuri’s room, not bothering to change into his pajamas before he lays down next to his son.

He gets some rest.

«»

When they come back to St Petersburg, his building’s doorman is holding a package for him.

Victor, who is currently trying to juggle two suitcases, a clingy child and a clingier dog, struggles to get everything upstairs and into the apartment before he can sit down with Yuri in front of the coffee table and open it.

“What’s in it?”

“I don’t know! Isn’t it exciting?” he asks, carefully cutting the box open with an x-ato knife. It’s not the easiest job with a dog sprawled across his lap and a kid draped over his back peeking curiously down at the box.

He manages to cut through the tape without cutting himself, and sets the x-ato knife down, fingers on the flaps of the box.

“Drumroll, please,” he requests.
Yuri leans back and starts slapping his back with his hands in a slightly offbeat attempt at a drumroll.

“Ow, ow, okay. No drumroll.”

Yuri flops across his back, making Victor tilt forward.

“Open it! I wanna see what Yuuri got me.”

Victor opens it, finding little Styrofoam green marshmallows filling the box. He takes those out, throwing them in the air like confetti, until his hands find neatly folded wool.

He pulls it out and unfolds it. It looks like a beanie, but the top is a bit weird, and it’s too small for him.

“I think this one is for you,” he says. “Come here, Papa will help you put it on.”

Yuri flops down next to him and tilts his face up, allowing Victor to slip it on.

As soon as the beanie is on Yuri’s head, Victor realizes the weird top sticks up, making cat ears.

Victor quickly unlocks his phone and opens the front camera so he can show him.

“Look, Yura. There’s little ears!”

Yuri looks at his image, eyes progressively going wider.

“Dad! They’re cat ears! This is so cool!” He reaches up and tugs one of the raised tips of the beanie.

Victor taps the screen and takes a couple of pictures of Yuri’s delighted face, before Yuri realizes what he’s doing and takes the phone away from him, making faces at it and tapping the screen.

Victor lets him, turning back to the box to find what else is in there. He has to dig through more Styrofoam marshmallows before his fingers hit paper. He pulls out a little patterned paper bag with several animals and a logo on it, for what he assumes is some sort of online shop.

He pries it open, not wanting to rip the paper because it’s too cute to suffer that kind of fate, and peers inside.

Carefully, Victor takes out a phone case and turns it in his fingers cooing at the little poodles drawn over a soft purple background.

“Look, Makkachin! It’s you!”

Makkachin snuffles at the case and sneezes, before going back to his nap.

“Yura, come here. Let’s take a picture to show Yuuri we liked the things he sent us.”

Yuri rises up to his knees and throws an arm over Victor’s neck, hanging off of him. “I’ll take it!” he says before Victor can protest, bringing the phone in front of their faces. Victor is almost startled by the dopey smile he’s wearing, and he has no time to compose himself before Yuri takes the picture.

It’s a little blurred, but you can still see Yuri’s excited smile, and Victor’s dopey one as he holds up his new phone case.
“Let me send it to Yuuri,” he says, plucking the phone off his kid’s hands before he can complain, and opening up Instagram messages.

v-nikiforov [image sent]

v-nikiforov We love it!!!!!!!!!!!!

v-nikiforov Thank you so much, it’s better than a gold medal!

katsu-yuuri I’m glad you liked it.

v-nikiforov ❤

Chapter End Notes

me: I WANNA WRITE THE GOLDEN FAM IN HASETSU GODDAMNIT
me @ me: postpone their meeting as much as you can

PSA: Next week will be my last week of this semester at uni which means i have two presentations and one exam, so I might have to skip posting for this fic! Very sorry about that, please try to understand.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

As always LadyDrace has all my love and eternal gratitude for being the best beta ever!!

Secondly many apologies for not getting this chapter up last week. I didn't have the time due to some moving and end of the semester stuff. I did post a sort of companion piece about the otayuri relationship in this universe with those two boys growing up together. So if you're into that with a side of happily married victuuri,,,,,,,,,,, well, it's there if you wanna check it out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[Image description: two pictures side by side, one of them of Victor Nikiforov taking a selfie in a bathroom mirror while holding up his son. You can see his poodle phone case reflected on the mirror. He’s winking. Yuri is scrunching up his face, eyes closed and sticking his tongue out. He’s wearing a beanie with cat ears. The picture next to it is Katsuki Yuuri, sitting distractedly on some bleachers. The picture is very well framed and looks vaguely artistic. He’s looking at his phone, and has his chin tucked in the high neck of his sweater. You can see his poodle phone case and his cat eared beanie.]

Liked by phichit-chu and 112 others

kingkatsuki IS NO ONE GOING TO TALK ABOUT THIS?? #victornikiforov #katsukiyuuri #yuriplisetsky #THEYREFRIENDS #IMCRYING #lookatourson

View all 10 comments

katsukatsudamm OUR CINNAMON MUFFIN BEFRIENDED HIS IDOL I’M SOBBING

kingkatsuki @katsukatsudamm I KNOW THEY LOOK SO GOOD WITH THEIR MATCHING PHONE CASES AND BEANIES

therealiceprinceofrussia @kingkatsuki lmao don’t u think ur reaching a bit?? it’s just a coincidence stop being a disgusting fetishists…. like victor would fuck with someone like katsuki anyway

kingkatsuki @therealiceprinceofrussia ME: I’m so happy their friends YOU: wow I caNT BELIEVE YOU JUST TOLD ME THEY DICKED EACH OTHER UP THE ASS HOW DARE YOU

katsukatsudamm @therealiceprinceofrussia lol ur the one who’s reaching, go back to trying to justify jerking it to nikiforovs junior programs [twitter link]

almightychuchu I love how people keep forgetting that our lord and savior Phichit basically indoctrinated all Katsuki fans to go for the lives of everyone who attacks his best friend #savage #RIPbuddy
Yuuri has less than a month to finish his thesis, which he only has about sixty percent done, so naturally, instead of working on it and writing that essay for one of the classes he still needs to finish to complete his course, he’s eating bacon flavoured potato chips and staring at his open closet, a couple of boxes sitting, unfolded, next to him.

He’s accumulated a lot of things in the years he’s been training under Celestino. Especially after Phichit became his friend, because Phichit isn’t anything if not a horrible enabler and a self-proclaimed fashionista.

Yuuri is unsure what he’s going to do with all this stuff when he retires. He can’t leave it here, and he’s grown attached to most of it, so he doesn’t think he could throw all of it out.

The right answer seems to be to pack it all up and send it ahead of him back to Japan, but just the thought of it makes his wallet hurt, and he really doesn’t want to ask his parents for the money to do it. He’s already enough of a burden as it is.

Sighing, he leans back against his bed, dipping his hand back into the potato chip bag which has somehow gone empty while Yuuri played a staring game with his own closet.

He balls the bag up and tosses it in his trash can, biting the inside of his cheek as he considers.

He could probably get rid of some of this stuff, and even if it’s going to make Yuuri’s wallet hurt a little bit, it’s not like he can’t get a job to earn a little extra money. He doesn’t have skating in the way anymore, and his employers, as a general rule, always seemed pleased with the work Yuuri did and told him to come back if he ever needed a job.

Decided, Yuuri gets up and starts folding a box up, so it resembles something that can safely carry his belongings all the way back home and not just a flat piece of carton.

Some of the clothes in here he can drop off at goodwill or something of the sort. It’s not like most of it will fit him anyway, he thinks, and morosely pokes at his stomach. He chucks those in the box, and goes around his room looking for other things he might want to get rid of, periodically getting distracted by something he’s found in the back of a drawer that makes him stop and reminisce.

He’s been at it for about an hour when Phichit knocks on his door, not giving a chance for Yuuri to answer before he pokes his head in.

“Hey, I’m going to- what are you doing?”

Yuuri lifts up a snow globe they bought in New York and shakes it at him as a mode of explanation. “Packing.”

“I mean yes. But- why? Are we going somewhere?”

Yuuri worries the inside of his cheek between his teeth, “I figured I should start packing and sending things ahead of me, before the end of semester rush makes things too chaotic and I run out of time.”

Phichit is silent for a beat, staring at Yuuri like he can’t make sense of the words coming out of his mouth right now.
“You’re serious,” he says, and Yuuri gets a feel that he’s saying it more to himself than he is to
Yuuri. “You are actually thinking about retiring.”

Yuuri looks down, and starts methodically wrapping his snow globe in newspaper, before gently
setting it in the box of things to take with him.

“I told you I was thinking about it.”

Phichit opens the door to Yuuri’s room wider, and steps in.

“What about both of us making it to the Grand Prix and skating together? What about skating with Victor?”

Yuuri doesn’t look at him, he doesn’t think he could bear to right now. Instead he turns back to his
desk and starts rummaging through the drawers, looking for more things that he could throw away
or send ahead.

“You’re going to do great at the Grand Prix series next season. I’ll try to come and watch you-“

“That’s not the same!” Phichit bursts, taking another step into the room. “I can’t believe you’re
giving up like this. Especially now that you’re closer to achieving your dream than you’ve ever
been!”

that I couldn’t qualify for any other major event for the rest of the season. How am I closer to my
dream?”

“You have Victor’s attention, you can-“

“I have his son’s attention, and even Yuri only likes me because we have the same first name and I
can do a handstand on only one hand. He’ll get bored soon enough and Victor will stop having to
talk to me.”

Phichit sighs this long, weary, resigned thing that makes guilt press down on Yuuri’s chest.

“You know you’ll never really quit, right? Even now, you can’t stay away from the rink for more
than a handful of days at a time,” Phichit says, moving to plop himself down on Yuuri’s bed, and
lean his elbows on his knees resignedly.

Yuuri moves his desk chair so he’s closer to him.

“I know, but I need a break. I’m just-“ he takes a shuddering breath in and looks down at his hands,
twisting his fingers together. “I’m tired, Phichit. I’m really tired, and I thought I could come back
home with a medal and show my family that everything they’ve done for me was worth it but I
can’t. And it’s been so long, I just want to go home for a little bit and not have to worry about how
much of a burden I’m being on my family, making them spend all this money on me, or on
Celestino, or-“

Phichit grabs Yuuri’s hands and pries them apart. There’s crescent shaped idents on Yuuri’s skin.
It’s a nasty habit he has to dig his nails in when he’s anxious.

Phichit squeezes his hands.

“Okay. Okay, but- if you don’t at least do an ice show with me next season I will be very upset.”
Yuuri sighs, relieved that Phichit understands and is not pushing and calling him selfish for just leaving. Yuuri knows he’s selfish. He’s been selfish his whole life.

“And I demand video calls at least four times a week! Promise you won’t disappear on me.”

Yuuri manages a watery smile, sniffing. He has no idea what he’s done to deserve Phichit Chulanont as a friend.

“Of course. You’re my best friend, Phichit.”

Phichit squeezes his hands. “I’d commit murder for you.”

Yuuri huffs a laugh. “You know, a you’re my best friend too, Yuuri would’ve been enough.”

“It would absolutely not be enough. You are more than my best friend. You’re my brother. My platonic soulmate. Honestly Yuuri, don’t cheapen our relationship like this.” He’s smiling, so Yuuri knows that they’ll be okay. They always are.

«»

vicnik [image sent]

katsudon’t WHAT A GOOD BOY!!!

katsudon’t Makkachin looks great today!!

katsudon’t GOOD DOGGIE!!

vicnik [image sent]

vicnik he’s very happy you think so!!!

katsudon’t !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

---TODAY---

katsudon’t [image sent]

vicnik who’s that????

vicnik GOOD DOGGO!!! HI PUPPY!!!!!

katsudon’t I feel bad you’re the only one sending pictures, so I asked my friend if I could take a picture of their dog!!!!

katsudon’t Her name is Nefertiti but we call her nerf!!!

katsudon’t [image sent]

vicnik !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

vicnik she’s so high up!!!

katsudon’t she was raised by a cat!
“Victor! Get off your phone and back on the ice! Your step sequences are floppy, do you think you can get a medal with those?!” Yakov yells.

Victor ignores him for a couple extra seconds, cooing down at his phone softly and how sweet Yuuri is.

**katsudon’t [image sent]**

**katsudon’t** Cleopawtra! For Yuri!

**vicnik** a good cat!!! yura will love it thank you!!!

Even though there’s been an open line of communication between them, it’s hard to draw Yuuri into a conversation. He never texts Victor first, and has a tendency to apologize for anything and everything. Sometimes his answers are short, and sometimes they’re a whole paragraph. Either way Victor can see how long Yuuri spends typing when his reply is a simple “okay”.

He’d be discouraged if it weren’t for Phichit’s reassurances that Yuuri was just shy and for Chris’ steady and consistent advice to be patient.

He’s found a couple of topics that seem to be safe.

Skating is one, though never about Yuuri’s routines or the Grand Prix. Food is another one. In one memorable occasion Yuuri talked him through cooking one of his favorite dishes, which had ended up in a mess that Victor had taken photo documentation of and sent to Yuuri, and in return Phichit had sent short snaps of Yuuri trying not to laugh at his phone and failing adorably.

Dogs are by far the safest subject. Victor makes sure that he sends a picture of Makkachin to Yuuri at least every couple of days, and Yuuri’s reactions are always the most endearing thing.

“Victor! Get on the ice, or I swear I’ll confiscate that damn phone of yours.”

Contrarily, Victor locks his phone and drops it back in his bag because he doesn’t actually want Yakov to take his phone away from him.

“Yes, Coach,” he says dutifully and steps onto the ice.

«»

[video description: Yuri Plisetsky giving the camera a thumbs up and saying “Davai Yuuri!”]

Liked by phichit-chu, katsu-mari, milababecheva, sara-crisp and 63,008 others

v-nikiforov It’s finals season for #katsukiyuuri show him your support!!

View all 1,573 comments

3 HOURS AGO

«»

“You know you don’t have to give them something every time they do something nice on social media for you, right?”

“That sounds fake, but okay.”
Phichit gasps. “Yuuri, did you just meme at me? I’m so proud!”

Yuuri turns a mock confused look at him. “What’s a mimi?”

Phichit gasps and clutches his chest, tilting backwards and slumping over the couch, falling half on top of Yuuri, as if he’d been struck.

“You’re killing me, you know. You’re killing your father.”

“I’m older than you,” Yuuri huffs at him, amused, and continues scrolling through Etsy for something cute and not too expensive.

“You know,” Phichit starts, straightening up and leaning over his shoulder to peer at Yuuri’s phone. “If you want to do something nice for them, you could just record a video like they did.”

“Isn’t that-”

“Just as personal and thoughtful as a physical gift? Yes, it is. Glad you asked.”

Yuuri chews on the inside of his cheek. “It doesn’t sound like enough.”

Phichit shrugs. “If you don’t think just a short message is enough, then add something else. You could teach him how to cook something, or, oh! You could dance to Shakira, show him those hips don’t lie? Maybe slide into those DMs and send him a dick pic on the down-low?”

Yuuri flushes violently. “There is no universe in which I would send Victor Nikiforov a dick pic. Or anyone else for that matter,”

“No? Not even just the tip?” Phichit asks, leaning over and waggling his eyebrows.

Yuuri makes a vaguely scandalized noise and pushes him off waggling his eyebrows.

Yuuri makes a vaguely scandalized noise and pushes him off the couch.

[video description: an edited video of someone making a sprinkles ice cream smoothie. There’s no voice over, just nice music and the right amount of ingredients and how to prepare them in white neat text on the screen. When the smoothie is done, Katsuki Yuuri appears in the frame. He waves a little shyly at the camera, and his cheeks are noticeably red. Before the video cuts off he says “Yuri, Victor Ganbatte!”]

Liked by v-nikiforov, katsu-mari, milababecheva, sara-crisp and 103,303 others

phichit-chu Yuuri wanted to thank @v-nikiforov and #yuriplisetsky for all their support so we made this little video in our spare time. #katsukiyuuri #cinnamonrollson #victornikiforov #food #victuuri #imgonnagetintroubleforusingthathashtag

View all 5,393 comments

16 HOURS AGO

“How many times have you watched that video already?” Mila asks, when she walks into the break room to see Victor re-watching the little video Yuuri had posted on Instagram just for him.

“I don’t know? Fifteen?” He shrugs, letting the video loop again.
Victor wonders if you can acquire kinks this late in life, and if hand kink qualifies. He’ll have to ask Chris about it.

«»

“Congrats on graduating, little bro,” Mari says with the same amount of enthusiasm she reserves for everything else, which is to say, not a lot. “You finally coming home or what.”

Yuuri flinches. It’s been a long time since he’s been home. Even when he was in Japan for competitions he never really took the time to make the trip to Hasetsu. His family always came to him when they could.

“Yeah. I’ll be home for a while, I think.”

There’s a heavy pause from the other side.

“Everything okay?”

“Yes. You don’t have to worry about me, Mari.”

Mari snorts. “We always worry about you.”

Yuuri bites the inside of his cheek. “Sorry.”

“You don’t have to apologize. You’re the baby of the family, Yuuri, and you’re a whole ocean away. Of course we’d worry, even if everyone here is proud of you.”

Yuuri draws his knees up to his chest and presses his forehead against them, trying very hard not to think about the Grand Prix and Nationals disaster, and how there’s no possible way his parents aren’t disappointed.

“Don’t make that face now,” Mari says. “We can talk about it when you get home, okay?”

“You can’t see my face, Mari.”

There’s another snort. “As if I don’t know you well enough to know exactly what kind of face you’re making right now. And don’t start crying on me, when I say everyone is proud I mean it, okay?”

Yuuri sniffs and rubs the sleeve of his shirt across his nose to get rid of the clogged up feeling.

“Okay.” He waits for the pressure behind his eyes to stop before he adds. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine,” Mari dismisses. “When are you coming? We can send someone to pick you up from the train station.”

“Ah, no, please don’t trouble yourselves. I still have to finish some stuff around here. I’ll book my flight when I’m done.”

“What about all your stuff?”

“I already sent most of it ahead of me. It should be arriving in a couple of days.”

“We’ll put it in your room.” There’s a pause and voices calling out for Mari. “Yeah, I’m coming! I gotta go now, little brother. Take care of yourself, and text me with the dates of when you’re gonna get here.”
“Okay, I will.”

“You better. I have Phichit’s number.”

Yuuri huffs a little breath of laughter. “I know. Don’t worry, I’ll text you.”

“Stay good, little brother.”

“Bye, Mari.”

Yuuri ends the call and lets his phone fall limply beside him on the couch.

He misses his sister, and his parents. He misses Minako and Yuuko. He misses the quiet of Hasetsu and the soft lighting of the ice rink that is such a harsh contrast with the painfully brightly lit rinks Yuuri has been skating on.

Hopefully, going back there will be good for him.

«»

“Okay, do you have everything with you?”

“Yes!”

“Is Tigger with you?” Victor has to double-check. The last time they lost Tigger Yuri had a meltdown of epic proportions that led to a full week of the media ragging on Victor’s parenting skills.

Yuri shrugs off his backpack and unzips it, making sure. He pulls Tigger out by the ear to show him to Victor before shoving him back in.

“He’s here.”

“Are you ready to go to Grandpa’s while Papa wins you another medal?”

Yuri bounces on the balls of his feet. “I want another gold medal!”

Victor helps him get his backpack back on, and pulls the beanie Yuuri gifted his kid over Yuri’s head. There would probably be another meltdown if they forgot that, given that Yuri hadn’t taken it off for a full two weeks after he’d gotten it.

“Well, if you want one, who am I to deny you?”

Yuri marches out the door, leaving Victor to pick up their luggage and follow him. “You need to win lots of gold medals, so when I skate I’ll win even more!”

“Is that so?” Victor asks, locking the door behind him. “Will you let me wear them? I let you wear mine.”

Yuri takes a bit to consider this before he nods. “I guess .”

“So kind, my son.”

“Thanks, I get it all from Grandpa,” Yuri tells him before jumping and slapping the call button for the elevator.
Victor snorts, and goes over to ruffle his hair, even if the effect is a little lost because of the beanie. Yuri still squeaks in outrage and tries to bat his hand away.

«»

Yuuri wanted to come to the airport alone. He *hates* goodbyes fiercely and he hates having to physically walk away from people.

The first time he got on a plane to come to America, and had to turn his back on his family, he had cried most of the trip over. That’s probably part of the reason why he avoided going back during all these years. If doing it once had been that hard, doing it repeatedly would probably be excruciating.

“I’m gonna miss you,” Phichit cries into his shoulder.

Yuuri is crying too, he’s snorting up Phichit’s nice jacket, but since Phichit is doing the same to his they don’t comment on it.

“Me too.”

Phichit squeezes him. “You have to call, or I’ll chase you all the way to Japan.”

“I will. You better call too, okay?”

Phichit hiccups and Yuuri squeezes him a little bit tighter.

“Like I could *not*. I’ll call you so much you’ll want to come kidnap me and hide me away in your house.”

“My mom would love you,” Yuuri says. “Everyone would.”

“*Yuuri!*”

A heavy hand lands on Yuuri’s shoulder, and both he and Phichit pull back to look at Celestino.

“It’s almost time for Yuuri to go. He’ll miss his plane.”

Phichit squeezes him, as if considering holding onto Yuuri until he *does* miss his plane. Yuuri presses his forehead into Phichit’s shoulder for a couple steadying breathes before he pulls back and gives him a watery smile.

It’s probably not a pretty sight. Yuuri is an ugly crier and he knows it.

“I’ll talk to you when I land, okay?”

“You *better.*”

Yuuri nods and steps away from Phichit, turning to Celestino with a bow. “Thank you for everything, Coach, and I’m so-“

Two hands land on his shoulders and pull him in for a hug. “Don’t apologize. It was an absolutely pleasure to coach you, Yuuri. And if you ever want to come back, I’ll have space for you.”

Yuuri has no idea how Celestino can say this when Yuuri has just wasted five years of his life but he still hugs back. “Thanks, Coach.”
Celestino pulls back and squeezes his shoulders. “Take care of yourself, Yuuri.”

Yuuri steps back and gives him a short bow. “You too, Coach.”

Grabbing his carry-on, Yuuri wipes the mess on his face on his jacket sleeve. “Bye,” he chokes out.

“See you later, Yuuri,” Phichit counters.

Yuuri nods. “See you later.”

And then he has to force himself to turn on his heel and walk away. It’s not as hard as it was to walk away from his family all those years ago but it’s pretty damn close.

«»

Victor wins gold at World’s like everyone expected him to, and by the end of it his cheeks hurt from holding his media smile and he feels hollowed out inside. At least Yura will be happy to see his gold medal, which is always a little endearing and uplifting.

“Waiting for a call?” Chris asks when Victor checks his phone for the fourth time during their conversation.

“Not exactly,” he says, locking his phone and slipping it back in his pocket.

“You look down, cher. Tell Uncle Chris what’s wrong.”

Victor snorts at him. “Is that what you’re calling yourself now?”

“Absolutely. Now spill, or do I have to ply you with alcohol?”

“I wouldn’t say no if you did.”

“Maybe when neither of us has to an exhibition skate scheduled for tomorrow, hm?”

Three or four years ago that wouldn’t have mattered to either of them. Exhibition skate or not, they would’ve been out partying at a club and getting in all sorts of trouble. Now, they are older and clubs don’t quite cut it anymore. At least not for Victor, and since Chris has entered a committed relationship with his boyfriend he prefers more private parties.

“At Europeans Yuuri congratulated me for my win, and his friend send me the most adorable snaps of him. I was just expecting… something, I guess.”

“It’s end of the semester, they probably have their hands full right now.”

Victor tilts his head, accepting this. “I suppose.”

“Don’t worry, if there’s anyone that holds Yuuri’s full attention, it’s you.”

Victor keeps hearing that, but it seems that holding Yuuri’s attention is a herculean task that requires three degrees and an instruction manual. He knows Yuuri likes his skating, but he also knows that Yuuri shies away from conversation and has to be coaxed out for hours before he’ll freely speak his mind.

Victor isn’t sure what he’s supposed to do, but he doesn’t think he could give up on trying to get and hold Yuuri’s attention all for himself. It might be frustrating but it’s also new and so so worth it when he gets it.
Yuuri wasn’t really expecting anyone to pick him up, though, knowing his family, he really should have.

Minako doesn’t seem to have aged a single day after he’s last seen her, and she still has that presence that fills a whole room and transpires grace. She greets him with a cheesy banner and a couple friendly jabs about his absence that make Yuuri flinch. She soothes them with a one armed hug and a detailed description of every single little thing that’s changed in town and how they’ve missed him.

“I expect to see you in my studio after you unpack,” she tells him, when they’re driving away in her two-seater car. “I have to see what horrible condition those American dance instructors have left you in.”

“They’re not that bad.”

“I’ll be the judge of that. Besides I’ve missed having you in my studio. I still remember when you were barely five and cried until I let you practice with me.”

Yuuri flushes and tries to duck away. “Ah, Minako-sensei that’s embarrassing.”

“You were adorable. I think I still have the tapes of your little recitals. I should bring them to the onsen one of these days and we can all have a viewing party.”

“Please don’t do that,” he begs.

“I’ve already made up my mind. Hiroko will love it!”

Yuuri groans and slides down in his seat.

Minako reaches over and ruffles his hair. “It’s good to have you back, kiddo.”

His mother and father fuss over him, and so does Mari in her very own way.

Mom keeps touching his cheek and exclaiming about how grown up he looks. She asks him about his friends, and if he has any partners. She asks him about Phichit and puts an extra large bowl of katsudon in front of him, excitedly watching Yuuri eat it.

Yuuri almost cries when he gets to taste his mom’s katsudon for the first time in years.

“Oh, Yuuchan, don’t cry, don’t cry.” she coos softly at him and wipes his tears away with her sleeves like he’s a kid. “We’re so happy you’re back, and we’re so proud of you! No crying, okay. Here, eat more. I’ll get you something to drink.”

Dad crushes him in a hug and pats his head, tells him how much he looks like his mother now like this is a personal achievement he’s incredibly proud of.

“You did so well! We always watch when we can. Minako-san says you were robbed at that thing where the whole world competes last year! You should’ve gotten third, Yuuri! We all saw it, you did so well! We have merchandise you know, sometimes people come here because they know you. We’re so proud!”

Mari helps him haul boxes around in his room. She ruffles his hair with enough force to push
Yuuri’s head down and make him lose his balance.

“It’s good to have you back, little bro. If you need anything, you know where to find me, yeah?”

After a reception like that Yuuri doesn’t have energy for much else than faceplanting into his bed and falling asleep immediately.

«»

Victor goes back home to St. Petersburg, and lets Yuri prance around with all his gold medals hanging from his chest. They’re a bit heavy for him, but he still holds his head high and goes around boasting about how he’ll win so many medals he won’t be able to even walk with all of them on.

Makkachin lays in his lap, tail thumping against the hardwood floor rhythmically as Victor pets him and checks his phone, waiting for some type of notification from Yuuri.

So far, none comes.

It’s been a few days, and Yuuri hasn’t even answered to the picture Victor sent of Makkachin that morning. He’s starting to get worried, so he opens up Instagram and goes to Phichit’s profile.

There’s no new pictures of Yuuri, which is unsettling.

v-nikiforov Hi Phichit. Quick question: is Yuuri alright? Haven’t heard from him in a couple of days, I’m worried.

«»

It takes a couple of days for Yuuri to sort his room into something habitable, and to build up the courage to go over to Ice Castle to visit Yuuko.

Yuuko used to be his dearest friend, and he feels horrible with how much he’s been neglecting her lately.

Of course, the last time he saw her, he was still clinging a little to the last remnants of his crush on her, which had been thoroughly dashed with the announcement of her impending wedding and her pregnancy.

Yet another thing that has kept Yuuri away from Hasetsu.

Yuuri regrets it, deeply, but Yuuko is a good person, and she looks as excited to see him as she could be.

“The triplets are going to freak when they see you! Don’t let them pester you into anything illegal, okay, Yuuri? I know how sweet they can look, but don’t let that fool you.”

Yuuri smiles and nods.

“Yuu-chan, can I show you something?”

Yuuko beams, and she’s just as radiant as the day she kicked a guy in the knee for pushing Yuuri on the playground.

“Sure! What is it?”
“Ah, I was wondering if I could go on the ice for a bit, I’d like to show you something I’ve been working on.”

Yuuko squee, planting her hands on the front desk and jumping.

“Of course! Do you need skates or did you bring your own?”

“Ah, I brought my own, Yuuchan, don’t worry.”

Yuuko follows him to the rink and waits for him to put his skates on and get on the ice, throwing around ideas of what it could be that Yuuri has prepared for her.

Yuuri takes off his glasses and hands them to her.

“Please watch closely,” he asks, before he skates to the center of the ice.

There’s no music, but he can work with it. He basically has the song engraved into his brain. He could probably hum the entire melody backwards, if he needed to.

He knows Yuuko will recognize it, because if there’s something that will never change it’s Yuuko’s love for figure skating and her idol crush on Victor.

Yuuri feels like he owes her something for how he left things between them, so this is going to be closure for both of them. But it’s also for Victor, because when isn’t something Yuuri does on the ice somehow related to Victor.

He loved Yuuko once, and it was a childish thing, but it was also a very important part of him for a time.

He doesn’t love Victor, because love is a very big word for someone you barely know, but he still chases after him, still wishes he could get close enough that he could fall in love with the person Victor is. Yuuri knows that right now, he’s closer to that than he’s ever been, but he also knows that Victor’s attention is only temporary. He’s caught between this foreboding feeling of finality and wanting to desperately hold Victor’s attention for as long as he manages.

So this performance will be for both of them.

Yuuri takes in a steadying breath and starts.

«»

v-nikiforov Hi Phichit. Quick question: is Yuuri alright? Haven’t heard from him in a couple of days, I’m worried.

phichit-chu he’s prolly still jetlagged from the plane trip

v-nikiforov ???

phichit-chu yuuri gets horribly jetlagged. he even gets jetlagged with daylight saving times

v-nikiforov ?????????????????????????

phichit-chu he didn’t tell you
I guess he wouldn’t

he’s gone back to japan. he wanted a break

Oh!! That’s nice. For how long??

Victor had been thinking about visiting Detroit now that the skating season is over. Maybe even find an ice show close to Yuuri so he’d have a good excuse to be there. This kind of puts a dent in his plans, but he guesses, after the season Yuuri had, he deserves some time off.

idk

he says he wants to retire

he might not come back

Victor freezes, and almost lets his phone drop from his hands and fall on Makkachin.

WHAT????!!!!!!

This can not be happening. Yuuri can’t retire.

Victor has a plan. A plan that involves seducing Yuuri by using a program built on their one night together, and spend the next skating season spending as much time with Yuuri as humanly possible.

Not to mention that Yura will be distraught if Yuuri actually retires.

i know!!!

but i couldn’t really do anything to change his mind

he wants to retire and its going to take more than me to bring him back

like

his lifelong idol or something

Victor has gotten better at impulse control these past years. He’s had to for Yuri, which is saying something since getting Yuri was a prime example of his impulse control failing spectacularly.

That said, Victor already has three different tabs open with flights to Japan and how he can get one adult man, a child and a dog over there as well as a good chunk of his furniture.

Where exactly is his parents onsen?

Also should I pack warm clothes? I don’t want yura to get sick with the change in temperatures

HOLY SHIT UR ACTUALLY GOING????????!!!!!??

I mean

Yuuri DID ask me to coach him. I’m just making good on my promise
**phichit-chu** victor nochillforever back at it again

**phichit-chu** i will offer you my first born if you actually manage to get yuuri back into competing

**v-nikiforov** I don’t think yura would appreciate a sibling

**v-nikiforov** I will accept payment in the form of pictures of Yuuri, the cuter the better

**phichit-chu** YOU'RE MY NEW FAVORITE PERSON WERE NOW BEST FRIENDS

**v-nikiforov** seriously though, is there something I should bring?

**phichit-chu** besides yourself, your cute dog and your cuter child?

**phichit-chu** dw ill make u a travel guide

Victor looks up at his phone towards Yuri, who’s currently tying his medals together in knots that Victor will spend a good hour trying to untie.

“Yura, what do you think of us making a little trip?”

“Where are we going?”

“I was thinking Japan. Yuuri’s friend told me he’s visiting his family, so I thought we could visit him! Maybe I’ll become his coach and you can learn ballet and skating from him. Does that sound nice?”

Yuri drops his medals and launches himself at Victor, accidentally stepping on Makkachin who makes a whining sound and jumps down from Victor’s lap and into his designated armchair in a pouty huff.

“Are you serious?! I want to go I want to go I want to go!” Yuri cries, squeezing around Victor’s neck and suffocating him.

Victor pries his arms loose a little bit and hugs him back.

“Good! Think about what you want to pack, we’re going to stay over there for a while, okay?”

Yuri bobs his head with a beam, squeezing Victor again before he jumps down and dashes towards his room. “I’m going to decide right now!”

Victor watches him go with a fond smile.

This is definitely the best decision.

Impulse control is overrated, anyway.

«»

[video description: Yuuri Katsuki skating to Stay Close to Me. There’s no music playing, just the sound of his skates against the ice]

**Katsuki Yuuri attempts to skate Victor Nikiforov’s FS from the 2015 GPF “Stammi Vicino”**
Katsuki Yuuri giving an emotional and PCS flawless performance of Victor Nikiforov’s last FS program, proving why he’s still Japan’s Ace!

----SHOW MORE----

Chapter End Notes

me: i’m gonna write one chapter of set-up and then they’ll meet
me, 4 chapters later: ,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,i have diddly done mcfucked up, my guys

EDIT (26/06): I have an exam wednesday so while the next chapter is done I still need to edit it and my beta is busy this week so I won't be able to get a chapter up today because I'm tryna memorize a full semester in 3 days. BUT!! Hopefully I'll be able to finish next chapter after my exam so you'll get two chapters in a day next week. Hopefully.
First and foremost, LadyDrace has my whole gratitude because she continues to be the MOST AMAZING BETA!! Thank you, ily <3

Secondly, much sorry for not uploading last week, this one single exam is messing up my whole life and I'm going to have to retake it.

I'm also gonna try to get a second chapter this week to compensate, so let's see how that goes!

As soon as Victor steps foot in Hasetsu’s train station he feels immediately welcome, and not because there’s a sort of peaceful calmness coating the place and a distinct lack of people trying to mob him for pictures.

He bounces a cranky, sleepy Yuri on his arm a little, jolsting his head from Victor’s shoulder and making him look up.

“Look Yuri! Who’s that?” he asks, tilting his head towards the wall completely covered with posters of Yuuri.

Yuri blinks a couple of times, and then his eyes widen and he tilts forward (and almost straight out of Victor’s arms) for a better look.

“I want one! Dad! I want a cool poster too!” he says, excitedly wiggling until Victor is forced to set him on his feet. He’s thankful for it, carrying this amount of luggage and a small child after a trip as long as the one they took has Victor completely exhausted. His bicep hurts from bearing Yuri’s full weight, even if he’s small and light for his age.

“Let’s check with the nice girl at that shop and ask about it, yeah?” he says, pointing at a very small gift shop, tucked away in one corner.

Despite Phichit having drawn up an excellent travel guide for him, Victor still needs to find a Taxi or something that will take him to Yu-topia.

He’s heard the town is small but walking there in his current state is completely out of the question.

“Okay!” Yuri yells, running ahead, before he remembers he’s in a foreign place and regrets it. He skids to a halt in the doorway to the small gift shop and stands there, awkward and unsure, anxiously looking back at Victor. “Dad, hurry up!”

A couple passing by stare at the loud child, and their eyes drag through the distance to settle on Victor. They look slightly baffled, but there’s no hint of recognition in their eyes. Victor prays that it can stay that way.

How good would it be to be able to freely roam around without people begging for pictures and
thinking they’re entitled to his time?

He walks into the small shop, leaving his luggage just inside but out of the way, since the shop is too small and cluttered for him to drag his suitcases through without accidentally knocking something on the floor.

The girl at the counter looks up at Victor with interest. She says something in Japanese that Victor has no hope of understanding but that sounds very polite and vaguely welcoming.

“Ah, English?” he asks, hopefully.

Yuri sticks close to him, reaching for the counter with his tiny little fingers and standing on his tiptoes to try to see over the rim. Victor picks him up and sets him on his hip.

“Little English,” the woman says, eyes straying towards Yuri and softening a little.

“I need a Taxi to Yu-topia.”

She nods. “I can call Taxi to Yu-topia, if you want.”

“See Yuuri!” Yura supplies in his own broken English. At least Victor knows that all those tutoring lessons and speaking English in the house pay off.

Her eyes light up. “Are you friends? Skating friends?”

Victor is absolutely delighted by this. “Yes! Skating friends.” And just to confirm it he takes out his phone and unlocks it, showing her his background with Yuuri with his arms thrown over his neck and beaming at the camera. He swaps this one with one of Yura and Makkachin out every three days or so.

The girl makes an absolutely delighted sound and coos something at Victor’s phone of which Victor only catches *Yuuri-kun*.

“We are friends too! From, ah, high school! Be nice to Yuuri-kun, yes?”

Victor loves this woman. He loves this town.

“Of course!”

“I will call Taxi now.” she says, picking up a phone and exchanging a bit of conversation with someone. “Five minutes to arrive,” she tells them.

“Thank you!”

Yuri knocks his foot against Victor in what was probably intended to be a kick but doesn’t have enough force to. “Dad, posters!”

“Oh, right. Do you know where I can get some of those posters of Yuuri?”

She grins and points at a section of the store that seems to have two whole shelves dedicated to merchandise of Yuuri.

Victor can practically feel his and Yura’s eyes widening with awe at the display.

“I love this town,” he says happily and buys five of each.
To be completely honest, Victor is a bit nervous about walking into Yu-topia. He knows that it’s run by Yuuri’s family so he knows he has to make a good impression, which is made difficult with the language barrier, Victor’s general desperation, and the possibility of Yuri (or him, let’s keep it real here) mortally offending someone.

He passes through the front door, and a small, chubby woman who has a striking resemblance to Yuuri turns to greet him. Her face is soft and her smile is welcoming. She oozes warmth, and looks like she’d be exceptionally good at hugs. Victor immediately likes her.

“Hello, I’m Vic-“

“Vicchan!” she says happily, and bounces over to him. “Welcome! Yuuri sleeps. We have room ready for you,” she tells him in broken English, with an accent so thick Victor has a little trouble understanding.

“Oh, wonderful. Thank you so much.”

She giggles pleasantly, and peers at Yuri, who’s hiding his face in Victor’s neck in a sudden bout of shyness, hands on her cheeks like she’s trying to contain her smile as she coos softly at Yuri.

Then she looks up and pats Victor on the cheek. “Look tired. I take you to room, yes?”

Victor would like to correct himself. He does not only like her. He absolutely loves her.

He thinks he’s tearing up a little bit when he says “thank you” this time, but really, who can blame him.

Katsuki Mari’s English is much better than her parents’, although not as good as Yuuri’s, which is understandable.

After Hiroko kindly led him to the banquet room (and isn’t that one of the most ironic things that has ever happened to Victor) and unrolls a couple of futons so both him and Yura can rest, Mari had showed up. She’d eyed Victor suspiciously before saying, “Phichit called ahead and told us what was up.”

Which explains why Hiroko had received him so warmly, he guesses.

“No, she’s just like that. She loves Yuuri, and growing up he wouldn’t shut up about you. You make Yuuri happy so she’s happy.” She shrugs, takes a cigarette out of her apron pocket, tapping it twice against her hand before pocketing it again. Victor is unsure if it’s a nervous habit or just because she wants to have a smoke but can’t indoors.

“She’s a very sweet woman,” he tries.

“She is. And Yuuri’s a very sweet boy.” Victor nods, because yes, yes he is. Mary pauses and gives him a look. “Me? Not so sweet.”

“Noted.”

“Good.” She seems satisfied with herself. “We got a call telling us the rest of your stuff and your dog were here.”
Victor looks down at Yuri, who’s curled over on one of the futons, playing with Victor’s phone and fighting to keep his eyes open. Victor really doesn’t want to move him right now. He’s hoping he’ll fall asleep and Victor won’t have to deal with a meltdown later.

Mari seems to see his inner turmoil and says, “I’ll get someone with a big enough truck and we’ll pick your stuff’s up, don’t worry. Let your kid rest, and maybe take a shower. You smell like airplane and train,” she twists her nose and walks away.

Well, then.

That was that, he guesses.

«»

Yuuri wakes up to something insistently poking him in the cheek, and a heavy weight on his stomach that is making it hard to breathe.

Yuuri groans and tries to bat whatever it is that’s bothering him away so he can get back to sleeping, but the poking continues. Fluttering his eyes open he squints at the distorted image of a blonde child staring into the depths of his soul and muttering something that sounds vaguely satanic.

Yuuri screeches and rolls himself off the bed, landing with a painful thunk on the floor.

“Wake up!” the child shouts in heavily accented and clumsy English.

“Wha-“ Yuuri says, trying to squint up at the apparent demon spawn that had come for his soul, frowning when his eyes give him enough focus to make out Yuri Plisetsky’s angelic features.

“Yuri?”

“Teach me upside down ballet!” Yuri says, switching back to Russian and leaning forward precariously on the edge of Yuuri’s bed.

Yuuri is very confused as to why he’s dreaming about Victor’s child making him fall out of his bed and yelling at him. Then the door to his room slams open and The Victor Nikiforov bursts in, looking harried and dripping wet on the nice floor of Yuuri’s room. He’s only wearing a towel, and Yuuri has to crane his neck backwards to look at him, which means he’s almost getting an up-skirt (up-towel?) and upside-down view of Russia’s Living Legend himself.

Victor freezes just inside his door. Looks at Yuri on Yuuri’s bed who looks back at him like a cat that just got caught pushing a glass off the counter. Then he looks at Yuuri sprawled on the floor.

Yuuri knows he probably looks ridiculous with shock etched on his face, one leg still on the bed and his back and neck slightly arched so he can look at Victor.

Before Yuuri can say anything or even begin to make sense of what is happening right now, Victor Nikiforov gives him a bright smile and announces, “Yuuri! Starting from today I’ll be your coach and help you win the Grand Prix Final!”

He says it with a flourish of his arm and a wink. He moves his body like he’s gearing up to start a beautiful step sequence or try to entice Yuuri into a dance. Which means that the clumsy tied towel falls on the floor and Yuuri gets a full frontal view of Russia’s greatest.

Victor doesn’t look too concerned about it, still beaming.
Yuuri, on his end, slaps a hand over his eyes and grabs a fallen pillow, throwing it at Victor, which he does not mean to do but happens anyway, and now Yuuri has to live with the fact that he just threw a pillow at his naked idol while his idol’s son sits in his bed and watches this train wreck happen.

“Dad!” Yuri screeches. “You ruin everything! Put some pants on!”

At the same time Victor says, “wow are all those posters of me?!”

Yuuri pulls the collar of his shirt until it covers his entire face and hopes death comes for him soon.

“<<”

[Image description: Victor sitting in an airport, peering over at his phone which Yuri is holding. Yuri’s face is scrunched up in concentration and his tongue is poking out a little.]

Liked by phichit-chu and 5,761 others

icedaddyfc Victor and Yura spotted on the Sheremetyevo International Airport. I couldn’t find anything about where he was going, but he doesn’t have any ice shows scheduled for any time soon. Photo credit to @russkat #victornikiforov #yuriplisetsky #whereishegoing #candid #offseason

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victornochill Vacation maybe? He deserves it!!

skatemom The little one looks adorable! Best wishes for Victor and Yuri. I hope they can relax a little bit.

princesxofrus CHoke ME d A D dy

chu-chu-the-memelord y our lord and savior @phichit-chu liking this photo tho??? (^_^) \_\_\_\_ we see u

phichit-chu @chu-chu-the-memelord \_(^_^)\_/

3 DAYS AGO

“<<”

Things aren’t exactly going as Victor expected them to.

For one, Yuuri isn’t offering up his arms for Victor to swoon into.

For another, he really hadn’t been accounting for his son slipping away into Yuuri’s room while Victor was showering, and for having to see Yuuri for the first time when he was on the floor while Victor was naked. That had been unfortunate, and Victor might have panicked a little bit and not have been as smooth as he intended.

In his defense his whole little declaration had sounded very romantic in his head. In real life, after Yuri had apparently pushed Yuuri off his bed and flashing Yuuri, not so much.

There are silver linings at least.
One of them was the truly ridiculous amount of posters of Victor taped to Yuuri’s walls (and he’s pretty sure he also saw a framed photo), which definitely means something. You don’t cover your room in posters of someone you don’t like. So, on some level, Yuuri likes him, even if it’s not the kind of like Victor is looking for, but that’s okay, they have time.

The other is definitely the absolute delight with which Yuuri greeted Makkachin. Even now he’s sitting on the other side of the table from Victor, scratching beneath Makkachin’s ears and cooing about what a good dog he is.

Makkachin on his part is panting, eyes closed and tail waggling excitedly.

Victor is a little jealous if he’s honest.

And, of course, Hiroko had given them something called jinbei, which look good on Victor (and he made sure to tie loosely so it falls off his shoulder just so since he knows Yuuri is watching and he’s very aware of how good he looks) and looks absolutely adorable on Yuri.

Victor has taken eighty pictures of him wearing it, and if Yuri hadn’t looked on the verge of a tantrum he’d taken more.

“So,” Minako starts, and Victor looks over at her, putting on his best harmless smile. Minako carries the same grace and edge that Lilia Baranovskaya does and Victor doesn’t need to know her to be healthily afraid of her. “What brings you to Hasetsu, Victor?”

“Yuuri, of course,” he says pleasantly, and then beams at her for good measure.

Yuuri’s head snaps towards him and he flushes, ducking his head and turning back towards Makkachin.

His Yuri looks up from where he’s slouched against Victor’s side, tucking himself under his arm and frowning at everything around him.

Yura is never overly comfortable in unfamiliar places, and it’ll be hard for him to adjust to somewhere where no one speaks Russian. No one except Yuuri, of course, which is one of the reasons why Victor isn’t overly worried.

The other being that he already arranged daily skype sessions with Yura’s English tutor to make sure he can hold a full conversation in English. Yuri takes to languages surprisingly easily, but then again so does Victor.

Neither of them speak Japanese, but he’s sure by the time the Grand Prix rolls around they will at least have some of the fundamentals covered.

“Is that so?” Minako says, not sounding very impressed.

“Absolutely! After all we are friends, and Yuuri did ask me to become his coach at the last Grand Prix Final. Now that the season is finally over I figured why not!”

This seems to jolt Yuuri into reacting. “You’re serious about this? You’re retiring?”

Victor fixes a smile on his face and feels his muscles strain against it. He’s very tired of having to put these smiles on and pretend.

“Think of it as a break!” It’s not a break, Victor’s enthusiasm for the ice has been beaten into the dirt and he has absolutely no intention of going back. But Yuuri has more posters of Victor up in
his room than Victor can count on both hands. Yuuri is a fan. His fans as a general rule immediately reject the mere concept of Victor retiring.

Victor is banking heavily on helping Yuuri win the Grand Prix and somehow winning Yuuri’s heart in the process.

Minako is narrowing her eyes at him.

Victor decides this is the perfect time to look down at his son to make sure he’s not too overwhelmed.

Yura doesn’t look overwhelmed as much as he looks ready to smack face first on the table and fall asleep.

Victor jolts him a little, “Yura wait until after you eat to take a nap, okay?”

Yuri grunts vaguely and starts rubs his cheek against Victor’s ribcage.

“And is that the only reason you’re here?” Minako asks while Victor opens Youtube on his phone and passes it over to Yura to keep him distracted and awake until dinner. (Is it really dinner if they’re having it in the middle of the afternoon?)

“Why else would I be here? Not that Hasetsu isn’t a lovely place, and I’m excited for Yuuri to show us around before he starts practice,” he tries to smile sweetly at Yuuri.

Yuuri flushes violently and bodily drags Makkachin into his lap, using him as a shield and burying his face in Makkachin’s fur. Victor is torn between being upset and tamping down the need to coo and take pictures.

“I thought you might be mad, because of the video,” Yuuri mumbles.

“What video?” he asks, just as Yuri gasps and shoves the phone in his face.

“Dad! Dad look!”

Victor leans back so the screen comes into focus and there’s Yuuri skating smoothly across the ice just in time to see Yuuri launch himself into a flip.

Victor pauses the video.

“Dad-“

“From the start,” he says, dragging Yura into his lap so they can both see the screen well.

“Ah, you don’t have to-“ Yuuri starts, hands fluttering forward like he wants to snatch the phone away but is too polite to.

“Shhhh,” Victor shushes gently, pressing play and holding his breath.

And there he is. There he is. Beautiful Yuuri completely relaxed, giving one of the most beautiful and heartfelt performances Victor has ever had the pleasure of witnessing.

Victor sits here and watches, helplessly, as Yuuri breathes life and meaning into a routine that was already close to Victor’s heart, but with which he was never really satisfied, because it always felt a little hollow.
When Yuuri launches himself into the quad and lands it - wobbly, almost falling, somehow making it look like another part of the performance – Victor gasps and has to cover his mouth. He’s half afraid that his heart will jump out of his throat seeing that it has apparently lodged itself there.

Victor is hit again with the need of having Yuuri skate his programs. He’s not sure why he needs it, but if Yuuri breathes life into all his programs like he just did to this one, Victor could very well spend the rest of his life crafting programs to see Yuuri wrap them around himself and make music with his body.

The video comes to an end, and Yura immediately hits play again.

“Um,” Yuuri says.

“Shhh,” Yura shushes as they re-watch.

“You know it doesn’t have sound right?” Yuuri tries.

“Shhhhh,” Yuri and Victor shush just as Yuuri goes into a beautiful spin that even Victor would probably have trouble nailing down as perfectly. And he’s doing it with some added kilos to him. This boy is amazing.

All that potential.

Victor wants to polish him, dress him up and show him to the world.

«»

Victor and Yuri are on their fourth re-watch and Yuuri has absolutely no idea what to do with himself.

Phichit doesn’t answer him, and Yuuri is left to sit there, staring at his idol watch him skate a performance he stole from him while Minako looks amused and keeps giving Yuuri this look.

He checks his phone again and wonders if faking having to step out to take a call is worth it.

“Yuri!” Victor says and Yuuri doesn’t have any clue what to do with how Victor says his name either.
“That was so cool!” Yuri says and climbs on the table. “Teach me how to skate,” he asks, bouncing on his feet, and like this, standing on the table, Yuri towers over Yuuri. It’s a little bit weird. “Dad said you would so you gotta, right? I wanna spin like that!”

“I-“

“You have the best spins!” he gushes and then, as if to demonstrate, does one.

Yuuri makes a distressed noise and throws his hands out to catch him in case he falls. Which he doesn’t.

Yuri drops to his knees and leans forward into Yuuri’s personal bubble. “Teach me!”

“Ah, I, I mean- um -“

Yuri’s eyes are very wide and very green which suits his round slightly chubby cheeks and the messy blonde hair falling around his face. He looks like Yuuri could shatter all his dreams with a wrong word. He looks equal measures adorable and terrifying.

“O-okay?”

Yuri whoops, turning around to look at Victor excitedly. “I’m gonna win all the gold.”

“Yes, you are,” Victor says, sounding very fond, and plucks Yuri from the table, setting him down at his side and giving him back the phone. Then he turns his eyes on Yuuri and oh no he’s so beautiful. Yuuri feels like he should take off his glasses, so he’s not looking directly at him or something. “Yuu ri ,” he says, somehow managing to make his name have a completely different meaning.

“Ye-yes?”

Victor grabs one of his hands and holds it in both of his. He looks into his eyes like he’s trying to see straight into his soul.

Yuuri ducks his head because that is absolutely too much for him to handle.

“ Yuuri ,” Victor says, “you’ll let me be your coach won’t you?”

It’s a very big decision to make. Yuuri was ready to give up on skating, or, in the very least, to take more time off to consider what to do from here.

But here is Victor Nikiforov, watching his program multiple times and gasping as if Yuuri is anything worth watching, trusting Yuuri with teaching his child how to skate as if Yuri would need help from someone like Yuuri, holding his hand and looking at him like it’ll possibly break him if Yuuri says no.

So Yuuri sets his jaw and squares his shoulders and tries not to make the fact that he’s shaking a little bit too obvious. He looks Victor Nikiforov in the eye, takes two seconds to swoon because gods is he the prettiest man alive , and then says, “yes.”

Victor gives him his widest beam yet, and Yuuri touches his chest because it feels a little bit like he’s having a heart attack.

«»

[image description: Victor Nikiforov carrying a couple of suitcases and shoulder bags with him as}
he walks through what appears to be a train station. Yuri is holding on to the side of the handle of a suitcase, dragging his feet after Victor.]

Liked by phichit-chu and 5,518 others

icedaddyfc Victor and Yura spotted in the Hakata Train Station is Fukuoka, Japan. There’s still no news about an ice show or anything of the sort, so he’s probably on vacation. Have a good vacation Victor and Yura! Picture credit to @katsuk-i-ace #victornikiforov #yuriplisetsky #candid #offseason

View all 194 comments

kingviktya tfw you just got out of a 37hour flight but you still servin looks and keepin that rich daddy aesthetics working for you #goals

sk8trboiii Not To Be That Person but didn’t yuuri katsuki go back to japan recently @katsuki-fc

katsuki-fc Yuuri has gone back and there’s rumors that he’s planning on retiring. I’m personally happy that he’s taking a break and visiting his family. Japan is a very big place, and we are a Katsuki Yuuri account so we won’t speculate on what Victor might be doing there. But we’re happy that he seems to be taking a vacation!

xxfallinlove not to be thaT BITCH BUT #VICTUURICONFIRMED

kingkatsuki @phichi-chu do you know anything about his??

phichit-chu @kingkatsuki \(\_\(0\)\(5\)_\(\_\)\)

chuchualmighty @kingkatsuki @phichit-chu Knows All He Sees All

1 DAY AGO

«»

katsudon’t I guess I’m not retiring

hamchuchu Y E S

hamchuchu I KNEW HE COULD DO IT

katsudon’t PHICHIT CHULANONT WHAT DID YOU DO

hamchuchu WOULD YOU LOOK AT THE TIME I FORGOT TO MOISTURIZE MY HAMSTERS BYE

katsudon’t I HAD TO LISTEN TO HIM MOAN EATING KATSUDON WHILE SITTING NEXT TO MY FAMILY

katsudon’t WHY DO YOU HATE ME

hamchuchu told u the boy was starving

katsudon’t IM ANNULING THE FRIENDSHIP CONTRACT
“Everything alright?” Mari asks, picking up another box from the truck. They had needed two trips in the truck to pick up everything Victor brought over to Japan, and really who needs so much stuff. Not even Yuuri brought this much with him and he had lived abroad for five years and was moving all of his things.

“Yeah.”

“It’s a lot to take in. You sure you’re gonna be fine?”

Yuuri picks up another box and almost drops it on his feet. What the hell is in here? A marble bust?

He readjusts his grip with a grunt and starts walking after Mari.

“It is a lot, but I think- I think I can handle it.”

“If it becomes too much, I have some friends that can stage your kidnapping and give you a break for a while,” Mari offers.

“Oh, that’s right, how are Miyano and Echizen?”

“Thinking about getting a kid or two. They married last year.”

“I’ll have to congratulate them,” Yuuri says just as a stuffed animal wizzes past his head.

Yuuri blinks and looks into the room. Yuri’s standing on top of a tower of boxes, pulling toys from an open box high up on the pile next to him and shouting, “I am the box Tsar! You can’t beat me!”

“You are the box Tsesarevich and you need a nap,” Victor tells him, easily grabbing the toy Yuri lob at his face.

“Naps are for babies!”

Yuuri walks into the room and puts the box down. “I like naps,” he says, very carefully.

Yuri stops lobbing toys around and turns to Yuuri, looking very suspicious.

“You’re lying,” he accuses, leaning forwards and giving Victor just enough time to pick him off his box tower, and dump him inside a box that seems to be filled with pillows.

Yuri starts flailing and screeches, “I am the Ice Tiger of Russia! I’ll eat you!”

Yuuri covers his mouth not to laugh.

«»

Yuri had finally passed out in a pile of pillows and stuffed animals in the corner. Makkachin curled up protectively next to him, keeping watch.

Victor takes enough pictures to fill five albums and spends twenty minutes choosing a filter to post it on Instagram.

“Um, do you need anything else?” Yuuri asks, fidgeting.

“I wanted to assemble the bed today, if you wouldn’t mind helping,” he says and might bat his eyelashes a little bit for effect, and because he’s had to stare at Yuuri cart very heavy boxes around
in sweats that hug his thighs.

“You brought a bed?” Yuuri blinks, like that’s confusing.

“I brought my whole room,” Victor tells him and honestly what did he think all these boxes were.

“Right. Of course,” Yuuri says in the same tone people use when Victor does something over the top and isn’t aware of it. “In which boxes is it?”

Victor shrugs and beams, “I have absolutely no idea.”

Yuuri gapes, looks around at the frightening amount of boxes. “Right. Naturally.”

It takes them almost an hour to locate all the bed pieces, in which Yuuri finds out more about Victor Nikiforov than he thinks is necessary.

(Which is a filthy lie but no one can call him out on it if he doesn’t say it out loud.)

Like for example that he has an actual bust in one of the boxes. Or that he likes jam enough that he packed a whole box full of it. Or that he has a bottle of lube that is big enough to need a pump dispenser which Yuuri is very studiously not thinking about thank you very much.

“Do you have the instruction manual?” he asks, eyeing all the screws.

“Do we need it?”

“Um, do you remember how you assembled it the first time?”

“Oh, I didn’t. The delivery guys did!”

“Right,” Yuuri sighs. ”Of course.”

“It’s a bed. How hard can it be?” Victor asks, walking over and assessing the pieces of wood and screws, tapping his finger to his lips.

Turns out, the answer is hard.

They move Yuri into Yuuri’s bed and let Makkachin look after him, not to wake him up.
At one point they call Mari to help. Then his dad when it looks like Mari is having trouble figuring it out. Then his mom comes in, shoos Dad and Mari back out to take care of the guests and gently commandeers Victor and Yuuri into assembling it in ten minutes flat.

“An angel,” Victor says, smiling sweetly down at his mom, who touches her face and acts embarrassed.

“Ah, Vicchan is very kind.”

Yuuri stares at the scene and pinches himself trying to make sure he’s awake.

It should be strange that his mother just accepts Victor with no questions asked, but it’s not.

Yuuri has a very supportive family and friends. He knows this. He also knows that out of everyone in his life his mother is the one who always supported and believed in him unconditionally, who embraced whoever Yuuri wanted to be and took in stride Yuuri’s likes as he grew up.

That’s the kind of mother she is.

She took him to his first ballet class, let him hide behind her as she talked with Minako and always asked for recordings of his recitals.

She let him try on her make-up and taught him how to apply lipstick.

After Mari pierced her ears and dyed her hair she barely batted an eyelash, welcoming her home and assuring her she could be whatever she wanted to be and that they would be supportive.

She listened attentively as Yuuri helped her with dinner and gushed about Victor Nikiforov and how he wanted to skate like him, how he wanted to be beautiful like him. She bought him posters and let him watch his performances on the TV in the main dining room when they were on. She listened to Yuuchan tease him about wanting to marry Victor and then welcomed Victor into their house with his dog and his son and made him part of the family because she will always accept everything and anything Yuuri likes.

Yuuri loves his mother very much and he missed her even more.

She turns to him and pushes the hair off his forehead, straightens his glasses, his shirt. She fusses a little, and then she touches his cheek. “I’m so happy for you, Yuuri. Treat him well and have him treat you well too, okay?”

“M-mom, it’s not- it’s not like that.”

She looks over at Victor who’s digging through boxes trying to find the very expensive bedsheets he probably owns, then she looks back at Yuuri and pats his cheek.

“Don’t be silly, Yuuchan,” she tells him. “And don’t stay up too late, okay?”

«»

Victor would consider himself an experienced person in a lot of aspects, but particularly in thrills.

Being as famous as he is and as beautiful as he is and having Christophe Giacometti as one of his closest friends, Victor has experienced his fair share of thrills, of things that make his heart race and his palms a little sweaty in the best possible way, things that give him that shot of euphoria.

He’s not a thrill seeker. He doesn’t try to backflip off a helicopter or eat something dangerous that
might just kill him for the hell of it. But he does hurtle through the air at incredible speeds in front of a crowd and call it art, and he did let Christophe drag him into risqué places to have sex.

And he’s had his fair share of experiences with seducing and being seduced, although not nearly as many as the media likes crediting him for.

His point is: there are plenty of things that set his heart racing and made him flushed, but nothing, nothing quite like this.

Victor’s not even doing anything particularly exciting, that’s the thing.

He’s making his bed.

Yuuri is helping, because Yuuri is sweet. He’s skittish and can’t seem to stare Victor in the face for more than a second at a time, but he is sweet and unfailingly polite, so he’s helping Victor make his bed. He smooths the sheets of wrinkles and tugs the duvet until everything is perfectly symmetrical.

And Victor is trying not to go into cardiac arrest at how domestic this is and at Yuuri getting his hands all over the place he’ll be sleeping for the foreseeable future.

“You must be tired,” Yuuri says, looking at Victor’s shoulder, darting his eyes up to look at Victor’s and then skittering away again. “I’ll let you rest.”

Right. Victor is tired. That must be it.

“Yes. I’ll get Yura so we can both rest. And tomorrow we can talk more about training, yes?”

“Y-yes,” Yuuri says and bows his head a little.

Victor wants to tilt his chin up and tell him he’s beautiful, but that sounds like something that would make Yuuri run straight into the sea and attempt to swim away so he will not do that.

Instead he gets Yura from Yuuri’s room and back to his with minimal grumbling on his son’s part. Makkachin jumping on the bed and curling around until he finds a comfortable position to go back to sleep.

Victor calms his heart and changes into pajamas.

Yuuri knocks on his door, opens it a little, blushing, looking at the floor.

“You forgot this,” he says and extends Yura’s favorite stuffed toy at him. “I thought I’d return it since it’s his favorite.”

Victor is going to marry him.

“Thank you. Good night, Yuu ri.”

“Good night, Victor.”

«»

vicki nikaj has created a group chat “MISSION: PODIUM FAMILY”

vicki nikaj added giacumetti
Chapter End Notes

it's not a real victuuri meeting unless victor has his dick out

tumblr tag for this fic where i post delays and updates and whatnot
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

As always the biggest thanks to LadyDrace who is not even in the fandom but still puts up with me and helps me by being the best beta!!

Secondly! No chapter next monday because of my exam which is on Friday the 14th, which means, depending on whether I can hammer out 5k in two days after crashing from stress, I might not be able to get out a chapter in time. So for Monday the 17th there might not be a new chapter either. But after that I should be free from school things until September so! I shoud be able to update every Monday if nothing happens!

Thank you so much for being patient with me I know I'm a mess I'm very sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri stumbles out of his room at the ungodly hour of nine am and smacks straight into something warm and firm. He frowns and pats at it, his brain very slowly catching up with the fact that he’s groping solid muscle.

“Good morning, Yuuri ,” says Victor Nikiforov, not seemingly slightly phased over the fact that Yuuri more or less just fondled his pec.

Yuuri, fully aware that he just fondled Victor Nikiforov , squeaks and stumbles backwards with such haste he trips over his own feet and sprawls against his door.

“S-sorry.”

Yuuri’s not wearing his glasses and Victor’s face looks slightly fuzzy to him, but it almost looks like he’s amused.

“It’s quite alright. Feel free to grope me whenever you please.”

Yuuri blinks, then blinks again because what .

Surely he didn’t just-

“A standing invitation, yes?” winks Victor Nikiforov, winner of all the things, including several best ass polls on twitter, swiftly murdering Yuuri in his own home while he’s still wearing his pajamas.

Victor smirks at him, looking at Yuuri like he’s waiting for something . Maybe for Yuuri to say something, maybe for Yuuri to stop being such a sad excuse of a human being. Whichever it is, Yuuri is saved from Victor’s intense staring by Yuri stumbling out of the room, one hand tight on Makkachin’s fur as the puppo trots over to Victor.

Victor loosens. It’s like his muscles relax as he leans down and pets Makkachin, cooing about what a good boy he is for bringing Yuri to him and how he deserves a treat don’t you, yes you do gorgeous boy, yes you do, what a good boy Makka-Makkachin!
Yuri grumbles and makes grabby hands until Victor picks him up and he can slump over his shoulder, still half asleep. Victor says something too low for Yuuri to catch, but to which Yuri answers with a vaguely positive mumble.

Then Victor turns those eyes to him, all soft and fond and asks, “will you be joining us for breakfast, Yuuri?”

“Ah, um, yes?”

Victor lifts an eyebrow. “Yes?”

“Y-yes. I just need to- get dressed.”

“Wonderful,” Victor smiles and Yuuri resigns himself to dying. He oughta, with the amount of heart attacks he’s suffering in such quick succession. “I wanted to take Makkachin for a walk and do some sightseeing before lunch. Would you take us around?”

“Okay,” Yuuri says.

Victor rubs small circles on his kid’s back, and smiles at him like Yuuri has just given a gift, and there’s absolutely no way Yuuri’s going to survive training with Victor Nikiforov.

«»

“What’s that?” Victor asks.

Yuuri looks up from the weathered wood of the bench and up at where Victor is pointing. “Ninja House.”

It’s almost comical how Yuri and Victor look at him with the same wide-eyed giddy wonder.

“Ninja?!” they say almost perfectly in unison.

“Would you like to visit it?” he says, in Russian this time so Yuri can understand it too.

“Yes!” they say, leaning forward eagerly.

«»

They end up wandering into Ice Castle. And by “end up wandering into” Yuuri means “he had said the word skating and Yuri had whirled towards him with such a hopeful expression before demanding for them to go skating right now that he couldn’t have said no”.

So they wander into Ice Castle, Victor looking around curiously and snapping pictures of random things like a tourist that has wandered into a particularly architecturally beautiful museum, instead of an old building that could use a new coat of paint.

Yuri is sticking close to his dad, looking around wildly and bouncing with barely contained energy, even though they have been walking all morning. Makkachin trots besides Yuuri happily, wandering off to sniff at corners before doubling back and nuzzling into Yuuri’s hand until he scratches him behind the ears.

“This is where I learned how to skate,” he offers awkwardly, because what else is he supposed to say.

“Wow!” Victor says and snaps a picture of an old banner that Yuuri remembers helping Yuuko
“Hang when he was fifteen. “Can we skate now?” Yuri says, bouncing towards Yuuri, tugging on the hem of his loose hoodie.

“It’s almost lunch time,” Yuuri says uncertainly.

Yuri takes a gulp of breath and starts jumping up and down, tugging insistently on Yuuri’s hoodie. “Skate! Skate! Skate! Skate! Ska-“

“Yura,” Victor says in a stern tone which does exactly nothing to stop Yuri from shouting and tugging Yuuri’s hoodie. “We can’t skate if you don’t behave.”

Yuri stops. “I’m behaving!”

“You’re annoying Yuuri. Be good and we can skate a little bit,” Victor says, and then turns his eyes on Yuuri and ohno. “We can skate for a bit, can’t we, Yuuri?”

Yuuri is going to die of cardiac failure.

“Yes,” he blurts out. He thinks he’s developing a pavlovian response to Victor saying his name like that.

He flushes and looks away, chewing on the inside of his cheek.

“We should get skates for you two. I’ve left mine here but since you didn’t bring yours, we’ll have to get you rentals. Sorry.”

Victor and Yuri twist their nose at the idea of rental skates at the exact same time. Yuuri wants to coo at them.

“I guess for now that’s okay,” Victor concedes.

“Skate!” Yuri says, wrapping his hands around three of Yuuri’s fingers and dragging him forward.

Yuuri looks back at Victor helplessly, but Victor has wandered over to a trophy case and is feverishly taking pictures of it, so he lets himself be pulled towards the front desk which is unattended, but then again given how close to lunch it is, and given that Hasetsu is a tiny tiny town, Yuuko and Nishigori normally close the skating rink during lunch hours. Yuuri had to use the side door that’s always open instead of the main entrance to come in.

“Do you wanna ring the bell?” he asks Yuri, pointing at the call bell on the counter, because it’s polite and he remembers some friends of him back in Detroit who had a little girl who would throw a hissy fit if she didn’t get to press every single button that crossed her way.

Yuri has to stand en pointe to see over the counter, and even then he keeps falling back on his heels. But as soon as he sees the call bell he nods and gives his back to Yuuri in a clear demand to be lifted up.

Yuuri dutifully lifts him up and lets him slam his palm over the call bell four times before he pulls him away and sets him back down, waiting for Yuuko to come to the front.

Yuuko pokes her head through the door that connects the office with the front desk suspiciously, her expression clearing as soon as she sees him, stepping fully into the front desk area and waving at Yuuri.

“We were about to have lunch, do you wanna join us?” Yuuri opens his mouth, shaking his head a
little, but before he can continue Yuuko steamrolls forward. “Here to skate? I have your skates in
the office, but if I give them to you, you have to promise not to-” Yuuko’s voice tappers off into a
squeal and before Yuuri knows what’s happening she’s crouching behind the desk and taking
Yuuri with her, one hand grasping tightly over the front of his shirt, bringing his stomach flat
against the top of the counter and making him lift his feet off the ground, until he can barely touch
his toes to the floor.

“Um,” Yuuri stammers, gripping the edges of the counter for balance and looking down at Yuuko.

“Yuuri,” she says urgently. “Yuuri, Victor Nikiforov is behind you .”

“Yes I know, I-“

“You know. What do you mean you know? He’s here! Yuuri! Do you think he’ll sign some stuff
for me? Do you think I can touch his beautiful hair, do you think I-“

“-am being kind of rude by ducking under a desk and whispering in Japanese to his tour guide?”
Yuuri says. “Yeah a little.”

Yuuko blinks at him and flushes. They’re standing so close Yuuri can see the faint freckles she has
over the bridge of her nose stand out against the flush.

“Also the hair thing is weird,” he tells her.

“Oh shut up , Mr. I Grew My Hair Long Because of Victor And Cried When I Had To Cut It
Because Some Kid Stuck Gum In It.”

Yuuri flushes. “You didn’t have to say that in English!”

“You had your hair long? Can I see pictures?” asks Victor, also bending over the counter and
giving them a ten thousand watt smile.

Yuuko squeals at a decibel heard by dogs in a ten kilometers radius and falls back, clutching her
chest as she stares up at Victor.

Yuri, who Victor had apparently sat on the counter next to him, looks at this whole situation,
mildly bored, and asks, “can we skate now?”

At which point the office door bursts open and Nishigori steps out, followed by his three toddlers
that upon seeing Victor and Yuri proceed to screech as loudly as their mother.


Makkachin, feeling left out, puts his paws up on the counter and woofs at them.

At this point Yuuri completely gives up on getting this situation under any kind of control.

«»

[image description: a six second long video of Yuri Plisetsky doing figures across the ice.]

Liked by phichit-chu, sara-crisp, chrithope-gc, icedaddyfc and 56,048 others

v-nikiforov So far from home but we managed to find a little bit of home here. Can’t keep him off
the ice #prouddad
Victor looks over at the ice, filming Yura and Yuuri as the glide around.

Somehow Yuuri had convinced Yura that skating figures was cool enough for Yura to demand he wanted to learn, so Yuuri is now running through the basic ones, correcting Yura’s edges in a way that doesn’t feel like a correction but more like Yuuri is vaguely nudging Yura into the right path and is Yura getting it all on his own.

It’s a good rink to practice in, and it’s clearly an old building. There’s no big skylights and minimalist design. The light fixtures give the space the minimal glow possible. It feels muted, skating and watching others skate here, instead of like a spotlight is always directly on you.

Victor likes it.

“Hello,” Yuuri’s friend greets with a warm smile, sitting next to Victor on the stands. “Sorry about earlier. That was a bit… much.”

Victor smiles his pleasant nice to meet you smile #7. “Not at all. I’m quite flattered you think so highly of me.”

“I do,” Yuuko confirms. “But still, I have to ask. What are your intentions towards Yuuri?”

Victor glances back to the rink watching Yuuri crouch down and skate backwards clapping twice as Yura nails one of the figures he’s been trying to learn.

“I-“

Yuuko’s laugh cuts him off, and it startles Victor enough for him to snap his face towards her. He’s not sure if he should be offended or not.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to laugh at you.” Her eyes are soft and she looks at him with a delighted expression. “When we were little we used to watch you in the back room in this old TV that wouldn’t work half the time. I introduced Yuuri to you, bought all the magazines that had you in it to show him, you know.

“It’s so unreal. You were our idol, everything we wanted to be. And after all these years, here you are, looking at Yuuri like half his class used to look at him.”

“And how did they look at him?” Victor asks.
“Like they’d give anything for Yuuri to smile at them and give them his attention.”

Victor doesn’t really know what to say to that, so he says nothing and continues watching Yura and Yuuri skate around.

Yuuko watches with him for a bit.

“You know,” she says slowly, leaning towards Victor and cupping a hand to the side of her mouth like they’re school grade kids and she’s about to tell him a secret. “I still have some pictures of Yuuri with longer hair hanging around, and I still want those autographs.”

Victor raises his eyebrows, a slow smile spreading across his face. He has a feeling he’ll get along just fine with Yuuko.

Yuuko grins back. “Trade you?”

Victor extends his hand and they shake on it.

“I also have cassettes of him when he was six and learning ballet.” Victor gasps at that and Yuuko’s smile turns decidedly shrewd. “But that’ll cost you something extra.”

“A thousand,” he offers immediately.

Yuuko’s eyebrows go all the way up to her hairline, and she blinks at him, clearly not expecting the offer. Then she seems to shake herself with a laugh.

“Tell you what, get Yuuri back in competition and make him see just how good he is, and they’re yours.”


«»

vicki nikaj Progress report: I now have 3 different people willing to supply me with Yuuri pictures and posters

chill-a-nont what

vicki nikaj Like the youths say

vicki nikaj #blessed

chill-a-nont BITCH SHARE

giacumetti both of your obsessions with Yuuri are adorable and slightly creepy

chill-a-nont i cant believe i just called victor nikiforov bitch

chill-a-nont this is when u kno u made it

vicki nikaj He apparently posed in his underwear two years ago

vicki nikaj In an exclusive add for this Japanese magazine

chill-a-nont i remember that
chill-a-nont rip that photographer

giacumetti ……………what do you want you horrible man

vicki nikaj There is nothing you can do to convince me to hand over that visage of Yuuri into your filthy hands Giacometti

giacumetti he has been in my filthy hands already

chill-a-nont G A S P

chill-a-nont YUURI U BIG SLUT IM SO PROUD

vicki nikaj Can u not keep your hands to yourself?

giacumetti i mean i could but why would i want to

vicki nikaj: ……..i digress

chill-a-nont: DID U JUST SELENA GOMEZ US

chill-a-nont changed the groupchat name to YUURILICIOUS FERGULICIOUS

vicki nikaj no

vicki nikaj changed the groupchat name to THE BEST OF HUSBANDS AND THE BEST OF MEN

chill-a-nont THIS IS LIKE

chill-a-nont THE BEST DAY

giacumetti getting a little ahead of ourselves there

chill-a-nont WAIT UNTIL I CAN PUT THIS IN MY BEST MAN SPEECH

chill-a-nont YOU TAKE THAT BACK U FINEASS SWISS MAN

vicki nikaj: Chris

vicki nikaj How could u

giacumetti : i’m just saying maybe get to know him better and have him like you and see if you’re compatible in the sheets before planning a wedding

vicki nikaj I am very worried for your eyesight

vicki nikaj [image sent]

vicki nikaj [image sent]

vicki nikaj [image sent]

vicki nikaj [image sent]
“Victor?” Yuuri calls, hovering awkwardly in his doorway.

Victor slams the lock screen button on his phone almost violently and looks up at Yuuri as if he hadn’t just been talking about his dick. “Yes?”

“Ah, I have the training regimen Celestino had me on that you asked for,” he says carefully, holding up a bunch of papers and waving them around awkwardly.

“Wonderful. Come in and we can look at it.”

Yuuri shuffles, eyes dipping down to Victor’s bare chest, before he forcefully jerks his gaze away and lets it land on Yuri’s sleeping form, sprawled on the bed next to Victor and drooling on his Tigger plushie.

“Maybe—” he pauses and licks his lips, keeping his eyes trained somewhere over Victor’s shoulder. “Maybe we could look at this tomorrow? I—uh, it’s pretty late and you’ve spent all afternoon putting the rest of your room together.”

“Of course, Yuuri. Whatever you’re comfortable with.” Yuuri visibly relaxes. “Why don’t you leave those on top of the coffee table and I’ll take a look at them at breakfast, and then we’ll discuss it, yes?”

Yuuri nods and takes the two steps needed to reach the coffee table in front of the loveseat Victor had brought with him.

“Good night, Yuuri,” he says, softly when Yuuri’s back at the door.

“Good night, Victor.”

Yuuri’s messing around on his laptop when he hears his door open. He turns, expecting Mari or maybe his mother calling him to help with the chores, but instead his eyes land on Yuri who’s peeking through the gap.

As soon as Yuri sees Yuuri looking at him he disappears behind the door.

Yuuri frowns at the door for a moment and waits.

Yuri peeks over the rim of the door, looks at Yuuri and disappears again with a yelp.

“Do you want to come in?”

There’s a beat of silence. “No!”

Yuuri raises an eyebrow at the door. “Okay,” he says, slowly turning back towards his laptop. “But
Almost a full minute goes by before the door pushes open a little bit more. Yuuri doesn’t turn towards it, keeping his eyes trained on his laptop as he’s scrolling down the website he’s on.

He hears Yuri’s socked feet tip toeing into his room, and then the sound of something a little heavier landing on the floor. Yuuri looks over by the corner of his eye to see Yuri crawling across the floor, looking shiftily around before rolling over his shoulder and starting to hum what Yuuri assumes is secret service music.

Yuuri makes sure Yuri has passed fully onto the right side of the room before he turns to the door, making a show of looking around confused before going back to his laptop. He hears muffled giggling and makes sure to close all the tabs in his laptop that could have anything not-children appropriate. Pop-up ads can be a landmine if there are children in the house.

They spend the next twenty minutes like that, with Yuri noisily sneaking around and poking at Yuuri’s things while Yuuri looks into getting new laces for his skates since the ones he has right now are getting a bit frayed. Until Yuri forgets Yuuri isn’t supposed to know he’s there and pokes him in the arm a couple of times.

“Does that work?” he asks, pointing at the piano Yuuri has propped up against the wall.

“Yes. Do you want to try playing it?”

Yuri’s eyes go wide. “Yes!”

Alright then,” Yuuri says, heaving himself up from the chair so he can put his piano down on the floor and hunt down for the charger.

Yuri sits on the floor in front of the piano, waiting for Yuuri to plug it in while he taps random keys. As soon as the charger is plugged in he turns it on just as Yuri distractedly taps another key, the sound startling him.

He looks up at Yuuri, fingers hovering. “You can play,” Yuuri reassures, going to sit down on his desk.

He’s stopped by Yuri saying, “you too. Play something.”

“Alright,” Yuuri says, sitting next to him.

When Yuuri was about seven or eight Minako was dating a piano instructor who briefly moved in with her. Sometimes she’d play the music for them while Yuuri practiced and Yuuri had learned a song or two before she had left.

Yuuri plays a couple of scales getting used to the feel of the keys under his fingers before he starts playing one of the only songs he knows, which is, of course, the opening song for Doraemon. He starts singing a little bit of it towards the end.

When he finishes, he looks at Yuuri. “Do you want to t—”

“That was so cool! What song was that? Can you teach me?”

Yuuri blinks, taking a couple of seconds to allow himself to be surprised at Yuri’s enthusiasm before answering. “It’s the opening for Doraemon. And I don’t think I’d be a very good teach—”
“What’s Doraemon?”

“Ah,” Yuuri says, wondering how to explain a robot cat who talks and has a magical kangaroo pocket. He settles by getting up and opening a box in the corner of his closet, taking out his old plushie and presenting it to Yuuri. “Doraemon. He’s a magic cat in an anime.”

“Magic cat?” Yuri asks, looking down at the plushie.

“Do you want me to show you?” Yuuri asks.

Yuri nods, eyes wide as he stares down at the large plushie.

And that’s how he finds himself streaming the English dub of old Doraemon episodes, translating to Yuri and answering Yuri’s questions.

«»

[Image description: An assortment of stills from both Yuuri’s video of him skating Victor’s FS and the short video Victor posted on Instagram, comparing backgrounds with bright red circles and arrows marking similarities]

Liked by phichit-chu, icedaddyfc and 7,978 others

kingkatsuki i’m not saying victor nikiforov saw our boy’s video was struck with awe and inspiration and moved his ass to hasetsu but,,,,,,,,,,,

View all 307 comments

2 HOURS AGO

«»

“It’s been a long time since I saw that,” Yuuri’s mom remarks, tilting her head towards where Yuri is sitting at the table with Yuuri’s Doraemon plushie sitting beside him.

“It sort of came up in conversation.”

“That’s nice of you to let him borrow it,” she says, setting down the plates of food she’d been carrying on the table and then patting his cheek. “Why don’t you go sit next to your new friend since Vicchan is going to be late for dinner?”

Yuuri sets the plates he helped carry on the table and sits beside Yuri, who scoots a closer to him, looking a little uncomfortable in a space with so many people when his dad isn’t around.

“He’s going to be late?” Yuuri asks.

“Vicchan said he wanted to finish his work before having dinner.”

“Oh, okay.”

Victor is a very busy man, it’s completely logical that he’d get swamped with work. And that, after speaking to Yuuri this morning, he had locked himself in his room and avoided Yuuri at all costs. Right. Okay. This is- fine.

Yuuri’s fine and absolutely not going over every single interaction he shared with Victor since he arrived to see just where he messed up.
“I wanna use the sticks too,” Yuri says, poking Yuuri in the ribs with one.

Yuuri jerks instinctively away, looking down at Yuri.

“Right,” he sighs. This is as good of a distraction as any. “Mari can I borrow a hair tie?”

Mari crams a bunch of food into her mouth and pulls a hair tie off her wrist handing it over. Yuuri takes it, tying the top of Yuuri’s chopsticks together and then teaching him how to hold them.

By the end of dinner, Victor still hasn’t come out of his room and Yuri has managed to dump a good chunk of food over his shirt and lap.

»

Victor raises his arms over his head in a stretch, his back popping from being in the same position for a long time. He cracks his neck and rolls his shoulder. He got most of his work done today which is good because he wants to start practice as soon as possible.

If he’s going to do this coach thing he’s going to do the best job he possibly can.

He gathers the pile of papers that has been building up on his coffee table, puts his Apple Notebook on top of it and gets to his feet. He has to push Makkachin off his legs and he feels a little bad about it, but given that Makkachin slept through most of the afternoon, he’s probably jetlagged and will be gnawing at Victor’s hand at an ungodly hour to be let out and fed.

Victor isn’t really a planning man. He mostly runs on impulse in every aspect of his life with the exception of pre-season planning. He likes giving himself a neat little box, have all the base scores and all the choreographies planned out in detail, and then, when the competitive season starts, he has fun tearing down the walls of the box he built for himself. Or he used to.

His stomach rumbles as he moves towards Yuuri’s room, and ah right, he skipped dinner. Well, he’s waited this long he can wait a little longer.

He raises his hand to knock and is stopped by… mooing? Followed by Yuri’s familiar high pitched giggling.

Not wanting to disturb whatever magical thing is happening inside, he very carefully pushes the door open.

Yuuri and Yura are sitting on the floor in front of a piano.

“Are you sure that’s not how a horse sounds? How about this?” Yuuri asks, looking very serious, and presses a key that makes a quacking sound.

“That’s not a dog sound! That’s duckies,” Yuri says, still giggling.

“Oh, of course, duckies. So definitely not a horse?”

“No,” Yura says.

“Do you wanna try?” Yuuri asks, scooting over so Yuri can reach the keys he had been pressing better.

“Yes!” and before anything else can be said about it he slams his hand over a handful of keys, making a cacophony of meowing, mooing, baaing, and strangely enough, grunting.
Victor winces at the sound, and Yura visibly jerks back.

There’s a beat of silence before both of them dissolve into giggling. Victor suddenly has a clear and jarring understanding of what all those people in his Instagram comments mean when they say something he posted increased their lifespan.

Yuuri’s eyes land on him and his laughter cuts off abruptly.

Victor is a little miffed about it, but that’s fine they’ll have time to work on it.

“V-Victor,” Yuuri stutters out, cheeks flushing like he’s been caught doing something he shouldn’t.

“Hi! Sorry for skipping dinner. Can I come in?”

“Dad!” Yuri scrambles to his feet, and for the first time Victor notices he’s not wearing the clothes he put on him this morning, but a baggy t-shirt that falls around his knees is barely clinging to his shoulders. “Yuuri can play the piano, did you know?! And he we watched Doraemon and he said it was okay if I borrowed it!” he says, thrusting a blob of blue and white as large as his whole torso in Victor’s face.

Victor blinks down at it. “That’s a nice… bear?”

“It’s a robot cat, Dad,” Yura huffs.

“Ah, of course. How silly of me.” He takes a couple of steps into the room, and since Yuuri is already on the floor, decides to sit down too, setting his papers and Notebook on the floor next to him. “What happened to your clothes?”

“Oh, that was my fault,” Yuuri says, looking down at. “He wanted to learn how to use chopsticks and we made a bit of a mess. I’m very sorry.”

Victor wants to coo at him, he’s so cute taking blame for his Yura’s habit of making a mess of himself at meal time.

“Don’t worry. They’re just clothes. Yura gets messy all the time, I’ve learned to choose durability over fashion when it comes to him.”

Yuuri’s shoulders sag a little, as if he’s relieved.

As if Victor would even get upset over it in the first place.

“I didn’t want to disturb you since you seemed to be busy so I just gave him one of my shirts?” He words it like a question, and fidgets, as if Victor will somehow find fault in this and penalize him for it.

“That’s fine. But next time, feel free to just barge in. I can always make time for you.”

Yuuri’s eyes trail up and he looks directly into Victor’s eyes for almost three solid seconds, before he ducks his head away again.

Victor counts this as a success, since Yuuri has managed to surpass the one second landmark of direct eye contact.

“Okay,” he says, very quietly. “I’ll- do that next time.”

Yuri, apparently not enjoying the fact that the attention isn’t currently on him twirls around and plops himself dramatically on Victor’s lap, using him like his personal throne.
Victor pats him on the head reassuringly a couple of times.

“Don’t worry, Yuuri, I’ve mostly finished what I had to do,” he says, pushing the pile of papers towards him and opening his Notebook, turning the screen back to Yuuri with the Excel spreadsheet for their training schedule.

He pushes it towards Yuuri, gesturing vaguely for him to have a look.

“Can we go skating tomorrow?” Yuri pipes up.

“If we have time,” Victor says, and rubs his hand over Yuri’s face when he feels him take a big gulp of air to start protesting. Yuri shrieks and tries to pull Victor’s hand off his face, with his tiny little hands, sticking his tongue out and drooling on Victor when pulling his hand away doesn’t seem to work.

Victor pulls his hand away and wipes it on his jeans.

“Gross, Yura.”

“You’re gross,” Yura rebuts, turning in his lap to do the same thing to Victor’s face. He has to use both hands to do with which makes it more adorable than annoying.

Victor leans back away from him and picks him up under the armpits, lifting him in the air and away from his face and sticking his tongue out at him.

Yura kicks his feet, almost hitting him square in the chin and sticks his tongue out back.

“You’re serious,” Yuuri says, sounding shell-shocked.

Victor puts his tongue back in his mouth and looks over at him.

“This is—” Yuuri interrupts himself, scrolling through the Excel spreadsheet. “This is a lot. You’re actually serious about coaching me.”

Victor thinks he should be a little offended at the disbelief in his voice.

Instead he sets Yura back down on the floor, who quickly runs away from him and goes sit by Yuuri, and gives Yuuri the most serious face he has.

“Of course I’m serious. I wouldn’t have offered to coach you if I weren’t serious. Your career isn’t a joke, Yuuri.”

Yuuri flushes and looks down at the Notebook again.

“Oh,” he says, very quietly. “Thank you, you put a lot of work into this.”

Victor preens just a little bit because yes he did and it’s always good to get acknowledged. “The schedule on the Excel sheet is tentative. We’ll adjust as we go. Sound good?”

“Yeah,” Yuuri says, trailing his eyes up to look directly at Victor. He holds eye contact and says, “sounds good.” And then he smiles, very hesitantly and almost not there.

Victor positively beams. “Wonderful, we’ll start tomorrow.”

“Does this mean we can go skating tomorrow,” Yuri asks, giving Victor his best impression of Makkachin.
Victor looks over at Yuuri in question and Yuuri shrugs.

“We could go for an hour in the afternoon,” Yuuri offers.

Yuri whoops and holds his hand up for Yuuri to high five, which Yuuri does gently.

Victor feels the need to clutch his chest and go lay down for a moment so he can process his son and the boy he likes getting along so well.

“Tomorrow then,” he says. “It should be fun.”

«»

[Image description: Yuri asleep with his Tigger plushie half under him, and with his head resting on the stomach of a big Doraemon plushie]

Liked by phichit-chu, milababecheva, sara-crisp and 41,874 others

v-nikiforov Good night, everyone #proudad #doraemon

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2 HOURS AGO

Chapter End Notes

i'd like to thank not only the yoi gods but also the portuguese canal panda for giving me those horribly dubbed episodes of doraemon,...., pokémon and captain tsubasa are still god tier of badly dubbed anime from my childhood tho

PS: no new chapter next monday, please read the begginning notes for more info!!! or check out the tag for this fic on tumblr for updates, thank you so much for putting up with me!!
First and foremost and most importantly, the biggest thank you to LadyDrace who continues to be a stellar beta and to gently remind me where the heckity commas are supposed to go.

Secondly! I passed my class on the first try!! But I got the news too on top of last monday so I didn't have time for a new chapter. Also, because I passed my class that means I'm OFFICIALLY free of uni for the semester, but it also means I had to start working. Lemme tell you my dudes working rush hour at a restaurant/cafe kills you when you don't do shit for the rest of the year.

Thirdly @ the people who wanted a the triplets and yura scene. That did not happen yet. I will have a scene with all of them in the future, but probably. It won't be their meeting tho, which is kinda tragic. If you really really really want to see how that played out, you can try dropping me a line on the tumblrs and I'll try to find time to write it for ya.

Also @ the person whom I promised another Tanaka-kun reference, that didn't fit in this chapter, so you'll get a bonus scene Imma write right now in the end notes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[image description: very short video of Yuri successfully using chopsticks] Liked by phichit-chu, milababecheva, christophe-gc, icedaddyfc and 43,637 others

v-nikiforov He did it!! #prouddad #katsudon

View all 840 comments

kingkatsuki not to be That Person TM but is that yuuri’s elbow in the corner?? and i’m pretty sure i can hear his voice under victor cooing???

nikiloveforever And on your left you can see what REACHING looks like @kingkatsuki

kingkatsuki @nikiloveforever i have raised this boy with my own bare hands since he debuted don’t come into my goddamned house and accuse me of reaching just because I can recognize his gotdamn elbow and know the sound of his beautiful voice by heart

katsukatsudamn @nikiloveforever also they’re in yuuri’s parents onsen lol [ link to the onsen website ]

skateskateskate @katsukatsudamn A lot of onsens look alike this could literally be anywhere. Stop reaching. LOL

5 HOURS AGO
Yuuri throws himself into Victor’s training regimen with an almost frightening resolve and vigor. No matter how much Victor wants Yuuri to like him, he didn’t go easy on him when he drafted that. He was raised on Yakov’s hellish training regimen that pushed you to your breaking point, and then a little further until you almost collapsed from exhaustion.

He makes Yuuri work hard, has scheduled time on the ice where they exclusively run through jumping drills, and time at a local gym, not counting the exercises Victor makes him run through every morning before they have ice time.

Yuuri doesn’t complain. Not once. Just nods at Victor’s corrections and pushes himself to be perfect.

If Victor says “jump”, Yuuri doesn’t ask “how high”. If Victor says “jump” Yuuri is already hurtling through the air before he can even finish sounding out the word.

The training regimen is hard on Yuuri.

It’s also hard on Victor, but in a different way.

Victor has to manage a small child at the same time as he’s training Yuuri, which proves to be a little difficult when, instead of doing school work, Yuri sneaks away and tries to run through the same training exercises as Yuuri.

Like when he ran after Yuuri to jog with him at seven am, and Yuuri had ended up having to carry him most of the way back home when he had tired himself out, or when he had almost made a dumbbell fall on his own head trying to reach for it because if Yuuri could do it so could he.

It’s hard making his kid pay attention to what his tutor is lecturing him on through Victor’s tablet when Yuuri is constantly moving in Yuri’s field of vision and Yuri has learned early on what the lock screen button does in the middle of a Skype call.

It’s also hard to figure out what being a coach means, and what Yuuri wants from him, exactly. In the two or so weeks they’ve been doing this, Victor has been trying on different tactics. More accurately, he’s been trying on different personas, adjusting who he thinks Yuuri wants him to be and hoping he can get it right. Maybe when he does he’ll stop feeling so wrong-footed and lost.

“Victor,” Yuuri says. “I’d like to, um, talk to you?” There’s a fine trembling to Yuuri’s hands where he’s holding them loosely at his sides and his whole face is red. He looks back, and Yuuko makes a vague go on then motion with her hands. Yuuri turns back to him. Victor braces himself for the worst. “I’d like to talk to you. About my programs for next season.”

Victor exhales.

“Of course, Yuuri. Something you had in mind?”

“Ah, not really. Normally my coach picks my music for me, so I thought…”

Well, that explains some things about Yuuri’s career so far.

“I already have something in mind for your short program,” Victor says, tilting his head and considering the man in front of him. “But I’ll give you free reign over your free skate. Pick whatever music you’ll like, and I’ll help you come up with a choreography, yes?”
Yuuri’s eyes light up. “What do you have in mind for my short program?”

Victor smiles until he’s beaming and it’s vaguely heart-shaped. “Just a little something I’ve been working on the side on for the past months,” he says very casually, instead of *I’ve been thinking about the night we met nonstop and choreographed two different routines about you*.

“Could I see?”

Victor’s smile turns a little sharper. “Of course!”

«»

Yuuri has no idea why Victor asked Yuuko for speakers and a CD player, instead of just playing the short program song on his phone, but he’s not going to ask him about it.

Victor seems like he’s going to great lengths to make this as impactful and climactic as possible, and Yuuri doesn’t want to spoil his fun. Partly because he doesn’t want to bother him, but mostly because he thinks the explanation would be vaguely nonsensical and only something that people who pack busts along with their essentials when moving would understand.

While Victor sets everything up Yuuri skates slow laps around the rink, waving at Yuri when he passes by where he’s sitting on the bleachers, making faces at whoever is trying to tutor him in English through Victor’s tablet.

As soon as he sees Yuuri not doing his drill jumps and eating ice every third time or so he attempts a quad sal, he drops his tablet and starts trying to climb the barrier.

“Yura, you’re going to hurt yourself,” Yuuri says, skating to him and trying very gently to push him back to the ground. Instead Yuri clings to his arms.

“Take me around one time! I don’t even need skates or anything!” he demands, turning his wide green eyes at him.

“Your dad told you no skating until you finished your lesson,” Yuuri tries, attempting to pry Yuri’s vice grip off his forearm.

Yuri makes a completely disgusted face.

“*I’m* not skating. You’re skating. So it doesn’t even count.”

Yuuri presses down on his smile, and looks back at Victor who is trying to fiddle with the old CD player and speakers.

“I guess just one time, *but* you have to promise you’ll finish your lesson.”

Yuri bobs his head energetically, lifting up his arms so Yuuri can pick him up and giving him a piggyback ride.

He takes a second or two to adjust to the new weight on him before he starts skating, very slowly at first, then a bit faster when he realizes Yuri can support his own weight and doesn’t need Yuuri to hold him up.

He does slow turns on the ice, keeping an eye on Victor wrestling with the CD player.

“Do a jump!” Yuri shouts, right in his ear.
“We’ll both fall and hurt ourselves.”

“Boooooo,” Yuri whines, squeezing his arms a little tighter around Yuuri’s neck.

Yuuri loosens up Yuri’s hold on his neck before he chokes. “I could make you jump. Just a little bit.”

Yuri doesn’t even say anything, just starts trying to climb over Yuuri’s shoulder so Yuuri can throw him in the air. Yuuri almost loses his balance in the process, but he manages to grab Yuri securely under the armpits.

“Ready?”

Yuri bobs his head.

Yuuri throws him in the air, just a little bit.

“Higher! That was boring .”

“You are going to fall,” Yuuri tells him.

“Higher! Higher higher higher!” Yuri says, increasing his volume with each word.

Yuuri throws him a little higher, and when he catches him Yuri dissolves into giggles.

“Again!”

Yuuri throws a look at Victor, and he seems to still be busy in a deathmatch against the CD player, so he does it again.

«»

Victor takes about five minutes figuring out what the correct button to open the CD pod is and then seven more figuring out which buttons do what and how to get it to work. He could test it, but he wants this to have as much impact as possible, and it wouldn’t if Yuuri got to hear bits of the song.

Around minute thirteen, Yuuko takes pity on him and comes over to explain how everything works, and what exactly Victor has to click for maximum impact when he presents his song choices to Yuuri.

When everything is set up he whirls around, expecting to see Yuuri leaning somewhere nearby, or maybe sitting on the barrier to rest while Victor arranged things.

Instead he sees Yuuri skating lazily around the far side of the rink, throwing Yura in the air and then holding him up as Yura makes faces at him. Yuuri looks vaguely amused, before nodding slowly and manhandling Yuri so he’s standing on his shoulders, Yuuri’s hands firm on his hips so he doesn’t fall down.

Victor would be worried, but he has attempted worse with Yuri on the ice, and Yuri is fairly light and short for his age. He weighs less than the bust Victor has in his room, so if Yuuri can carry a bust and a couple other decoration pieces without any problem, he can hold up his scrawny kid.

“When I grow up Imma be this tall,” Yura is saying arms held out to his sides, parallel with the floor as Yuuri glides in a very slow tentative circle around the rink, coming a bit closer to Victor. “No one messes with you if you’re tall.”
“I’m taller than you, and you still yelled at me in the bathroom, remember?”

“You weren’t tall enough,” Yuri says, very seriously.

Yuuri huffs this little laugh that Victor can’t hear, and Victor is a little jealous. Which is ridiculous on several levels, but in the two weeks Victor has been here, Yuuri has grown infinitely more comfortable with Yura than he has with Victor, and he’s a little put out about it.

It’s fine.

As soon as he figures out just exactly who Yuuri wants him to be, they can grow closer too, and maybe Yuuri will look at him that openly and laugh at his lame jokes.

“Yuuri,” he calls, because as endearing as this is, they do have work to do, and Victor didn’t let this CD player make a fool out of him for him not to pull out all the stops when he shows the two song arrangements to Yuuri. “Come here.”

Yuuri deposits Yura back on the other side of the barrier, sending him off to do his school work, before he skates over to Victor, stopping at a respectful distance from him and the CD player.

“I have two choreographies I was working on. You may choose one,” Victor announces.

Yuuri nods slowly, eyes intent and trained on Victor to show him he’s listening.

Victor presses play with a flick of his wrist and a soft voice occupies the rink. If Yuuri was pressed to use a single word to describe it, he’d go with worshipful. An organ joins the voice as the song progresses.

It’s a beautiful song, and Yuuri doesn’t understand what’s being said but he understands the feeling of it, a little.

Unconditional devotion, holy, untainted love.

It invokes the image of pure, cherubic boys looking up at the sky in prayer, fully trusting and devoting their entire soul to something they cannot see or reach.

“What did you think?” Victor asks when the song comes to a close.

“I like it.” He can already visualize the step sequences for it, bits and pieces that he hopes Victor will be open to integrating in it. “It sounds… adoring.”

Victor makes a neutral sound, a little hum as he seems to measure Yuuri up.

“You could skate to it,” Victor says and it’s not a question.

Yuuri gives him a nod.

It’s not too far from his past programs, he could do it, and if it’s choreographed by Victor, he might even place on the podium with it.

“Let’s listen to the second one,” Victor says, pressing play again.

After what Yuuri just heard, the strum of strings that is almost sensual, a come hither if a sound could ever be it, is jarring. Yuuri jerks a little, tilting his head to hear better.
This is… something completely different.

It’s certainly not holy devotion. It’s more carnal, there’s something alluring and enticing about the melody and Yuuri feels the tips of his ears heat up thinking about skating to this, even as the music gets faster and faster and faster and ends on a climax.

There’s that look again, like he’s carefully assessing Yuuri.

“So?” Victor asks with a tilt of head that has to be practiced for how his fringe falls perfectly around his face. Yuuri has no idea how Victor manages to look like a walking shampoo commercial.

“Ah- it’s- it’s not the type of thing I’d skate to, normally.”

Victor grins this slow beautiful, definitely dangerous smile.

“It isn’t, is it? It’s decided then-“

“Wait,” Yuuri tries to interrupt, but Victor just steamrolls over him.

“You’ll skate to the second one!”

“Victor, wai-“

“They’re different arrangements of the same piece did you know? In Regards to Love: Agape and Eros.”

Yuuri thinks he’s making a noise, and he’s not sure if it’s just in his head or audible, but he hopes only he can hear the screeching happening.

Victor skates closer to him, and Yuuri barely resists the impulse to skate backwards and away. He would if it were anyone else, but it isn’t. It’s Victor, so he stays rooted to the spot and lets him get close enough to touch.

Victor doesn’t actually touch him, Yuuri’s noticed. There are ghost touches. A hand hovering above Yuuri’s shoulder, awkwardly holding the air at Yuuri’s lower back, shoulders just a breath away from touching.

“Were you even going to give me a chance to pick, or did you already have your mind made up?”

Victor stops, touches his chest like Yuuri’s hurt him.

“I’m offended Yuuri, I am. If I wasn’t going to give you a choice why would I see all this up?”

Because you enjoy being dramatic, Yuuri very carefully doesn’t say, not pointing out how Victor had gone through the work of actually putting the songs on physical CDs instead of just handing over his phone and letting Yuuri listen.

“Um,” he says instead.

“Besides, you have chosen. You said that Eros wouldn’t be something you’d normally skate to, yes?”

“Yes, but-“

“And you’d skate Agape beautifully.”
Yuuri flushes and ducks his head. “I, um-“

“But Eros! It’s going to be a surprise. Something different,” Victor says, somehow looking equal measures excited and lecturing. “Stagnation is death, Yuuri. If you can’t surprise your audience, if you can’t do something new, then what is the point?”

Is that what happened to you, Yuuri doesn’t say because it’s impolite, and although he knows Victor isn’t here only for him, he won’t say anything contradicting it out loud either. He feels like he’d break something if he did.

“Besides,” Victor says, flicking his fringe artfully and giving Yuuri a very slow once over, dragging his eyes across him like a physical caress, “you’ll be a beautiful Eros, Yuuri.”

Yuuri squeaks in response.

«»

“I think Victor is flirting with me,” Yuuri says, unsure.

Phichit gives him a look through his phone’s screen.

“What,” Phichit says, dragging out the ‘a’ obnoxiously and injecting his voice with mock surprise. “No! Who would have thought! The man who flew his entire life to Japan after learning you were going to retire, and then proceeding to go above and beyond to coach you, all the while eye-sexing you across the room, would have any interest in you?!”

“Phichit-“


“Phichit, stop.”

“He wants your adopted babies, Yuuri. Of course he’s flirting with you. I’m actually surprised you noticed this time.”

Yuuri rolls his eyes and falls back onto his bed, holding the phone above of him. “He already has an adopted ba- wait, what do you mean this time?”

Phichit lifts one of his eyebrows at him. “Do I need to call Jay again?”

Yuuri groans and turns the phone away from his face for a second.

“Please, do not call Jay again.”

”That’s what I thought,” Phichit says smugly, like he just won something.

Yuuri chews the inside of his cheek, considering everything.

Victor flirting with him with any kind of intent seems far-fetched and impossible.

“Stop making that face, that’s the anxious thinking face,” Phichit tells him.

Yuuri lets his arms fall, grabbing his phone loosely in one and letting the other hang limp at his side.

“Turning the camera away from you isn’t a solution, Yuuri,” Phichit says, voice a little distorted
and muffled through the speakers.

Victor’s probably bored. He’s probably this touchy with everyone, and can Yuuri really call him touchy when there’s no actual touching? No, he can’t. Because Victor Nikiforov is definitely not flirting with him. He said it himself, they’re friends, and after actually meeting Yuuri, he doubts Victor would want something more.

“Yuuri!” Phichit complains, at the same time that Yuuri’s door cracks open a little bit, and Makkachin noses his way in.

“Hi, hi puppy,” Yuuri coos softly, patting his bed until Makkachin jumps, turning around a couple of times and stepping on Yuuri’s stomach until he plops himself down laying on his side beside Yuuri.

Yuuri rubs his tummy, raking his fingers through the soft fur and Makkachin makes a grumbling noise, tilting his head up and licking under his chin.

Yuuri shies away a little with a soft laugh.

It doesn’t matter. It doesn’t matter if Victor is flirting with him or not, because he has him here with him when he could be literally anywhere else in the world, giving Yuuri his time and guidance. So even if it’s just for a little while, he’s happy to have Victor’s attention.

“Yuuri,” Phichit complains, and Yuuri lifts his phone back up, angles it towards his face.

“Yeah, I’m here.”

“Don’t- is that Makkachin? That’s precious. Angle the camera a little bit more I want to screenshot this.”

Yuuri rolls his eyes but does it, framing himself in his phone’s camera as best as he can.

“I hope you didn’t reach any dumb conclusions while you were brooding.”

“I wasn’t brooding. And Victor isn’t flirting with me, obviously. That was stupid of me.”

“Yuuri, I swear-“

“But it doesn’t matter.” That stops Phichit. “I have his time for now, how could I ask for more?”

Phichit stares at him for a solid minute. “Yuuri Katsuki, when you realize you could ask just about anyone for the world on a silver platter and they will fall all over themselves to give it for you, you will become a very dangerous man.”

«»

chill-a-nont my condolences

chill-a-nont [image sent]

vicki nikaj Who’s dying????

chill-a-nont u

vicki nikaj IS THAT YUURI AND MAKKA
vicki nikaj PRECIOUS!!!!!

chill-a-nont [image sent]

vicki nikaj Wait why am I dying??

chill-a-nont [image sent]

chill-a-nont i just watched yuuri unconvinced himself that u were flirting

chill-a-nont so rip buddy

chill-a-nont but hey at least i got cute pics right

vicki nikaj (((((((((((((((((((((

vicki nikaj What do I need to do for him to notice????

giacumetti what did I miss?

vicki nikaj It’s hard to be respectful and show your need for dick and a stable relationship at the same time (((

giacumetti you my friend, are a poet

chill-a-nont as yuuris future best man

chill-a-nont and ur honorary wingman

chill-a-nont i will Help You With This

agiacumetti idk how useful I will be, but I too will help As ur official wingman

vicki nikaj I appreciate your support and will grant both of you two very embarrassing stories at our wedding

chill-a-nont im screenshoting this

chill-a-nont i may not have a clue on how taxes work

chill-a-nont but if there’s something I do know

chill-a-nont is receipts

Victor is pretty sure he’s going to regret offering that in the future, but for now he changes his home screen image to Yuuri cuddling Makkachin, and puts his phone on his nightstand, letting himself fall back against the pillows, being very careful not to disturb Yura.

He probably should break him out of the habit of climbing in Victor’s bed, when he has a perfectly nice bedroom adjacent to Victor’s. But Victor has a huge bed that could easily fit three grown people, and if his kid wants to sleep next to him because Japan is still daunting and adapting to a new living space is hard, he’s not about to stop him.

His bed can comfortably fit the three of them. Even if Makkachin has taken to slipping into Yuuri’s
room and cuddling up to him, which Victor is very pointedly not a little jealous of, because that would be five different kinds of ridiculous.

He blinks slowly at the ceiling, sleep dragging his eyelids down stubbornly, trying to think of new ways to make Yuuri notice, besides creating a whole routine about Yuuri seducing him.

«»

[Image description: a picture of ten year old Yuuri asleep on the dining table, next to a picture of current day Yuuri asleep on the dining table. Both of them resting over their right arm with their mouth parted and drooling.]

Liked by phichit-chu, sara-crisp, therealkatkat and 27 others

katsu-mari baby needs a nap

View all 4 comments

6 DAYS AGO

«»

Yuuri is struggling, and it’s painful to watch.

“Yuuri,” Victor calls, keeping his smile in place. “Why don’t we call it a day?”

Yuuri snaps his head to him, brows furrowed.

He’s been at it for almost three straight hours now. He’s been popping jumps and eating ice more than he has landed them, and his step sequences are becoming sloppy. He can’t seem to grasp Eros and it’s visibly pissing him off.

“I can do it,” he says, tone not unlike Yura’s when he’s about to throw a tantrum.

“Maybe if we try again tomorrow-“

Yuuri skates away midsentence, launching himself into a jump that he flubs spectacularly.

Victor can feel his eye twitching.

There’s a list on his phone of information on Yuuri, compiled from things Phichit has told him and personal observations. Stubborn is on right there on the top, which is saying something given how long that list is.

Well, he guesses he should be happy that Yuuri at least feels comfortable enough to not listen to him.

Victor taps on his chin a couple of times, considering the best course of action. Then grabs his phone and texts Yuuko.

vicnic Can you bring Yura down in 10mins with his skates???

Ice Madonna sure ^^

Victor chances another glance at Yuuri, who has gone from awkwardly trying to be seductive, to looking like he’s about to flog someone in the not fun way.
Maybe they’re not starting out in the best way with this, but it’s fine. Victor has a plan. It’s a solid plan. He’ll tell Yuuri to think long and hard about what Eros means to him, put a little pressure on him getting his performance down well for some sort of event, and then Yuuri will ask him to show him what Eros is. Then he’ll reach the conclusion that he should base it on Victor, and then…

He grabs his skates out of his sports bag and starts lacing them on, keeping an eye on Yuuri to make sure he doesn’t hurt himself.

It’s a testament to how single-mindedly focused Yuuri is right now that he doesn’t even register Victor stepping on the ice, until Victor is skating alongside him.

Yuuri jerks, giving Victor a confused look.

“Let’s run through it together, yes?”

“You don’t have to-“ Yuuri starts.

“I’m your coach, am I not?” Victor asks, steering Yuuri to the center of the ice, with a hand hovering over his back.

“Yes?”

“You don’t sound too sure of yourself. Maybe I’ve not been doing a good job,” he says, making himself sound put out.

Yuuri, predictably, starts backtracking. “No, no no no! You’ve been doing a great job! You’re a great coach! I’m very thankful!”

Victor smiles, and it’s a practiced one, the one he gives reporters who are pushing a little bit too far. “I am, aren’t I? Then, I wonder why my very talented student won’t listen to me.”

Yuuri makes a vaguely distressed sound and Victor stops both of them, placing his hands firmly on his shoulders.

“Tell me, Yuuri. Why do you think that is?”

“I, uh- I’m-“

Victor tilts his head slightly.

“Maybe I need to change my coaching style?” He draws a little closer, lifts one finger to trace it very slowly over the line of Yuuri’s jaw. “Do you need a more hands on approach, Yuuri?” He’s been very careful with Yuuri so far, which hasn’t gotten him a whole lot of results, so maybe it’s time for a little push. He thumbs the corner of Yuuri’s mouth, does his best to look seductive and unaffected, which would be harder if he didn’t have years and years of experience. “Am I not paying enough attention to you? What will it take for you to show me your Eros?”

He looks into Yuuri’s eyes. He’s very good at looking “longingly” into people’s eyes. There’s a Buzzfeed article about it and everything.

Yuuri just stares at him, eyes wide, a flush high on his cheeks, and lips parted the slightest bit.

“Dad! Dad let’s skate.”

Victor smirks. Right on time.
He pulls black and claps, making Yuuri twitch and blink dazedly.

“Very well, then. I’ll try my best to give you what you need, Yuuri. We can start tomorrow!” He turns towards the entry of the rink, just in time to watch Yura step on the ice and skate as fast as he can towards him.

Yuuko is giving him a look, which Victor decides to ignore.

Victor crouches down and Yura skates right into his arms.

“Did you do all your homework?”

Yura scrunches up his nose but nods. “And I was nice to Yuuko.”

“You were? Good! We can work on jumps today, then.”

Yura whoops and almost punches him in the nose. “Is Yuuri helping?”

“Hm, why don’t you ask him?”

Yura pushes away from him and skates towards Yuuri. “Teach me!” he demands, and grabs Yuuri’s hand, pulling insistently. “Yuuri! Teach me, teach me, teach-“

“Yes. Yes, okay. I can- I can help?” he says, looking up at Victor uncertainly.

“Wonderful,” Victor says, getting up and dusting himself off. “Shall we start then?”

«»

[Image description: a picture of a man carrying Yura on his shoulders. You can only see him from the waist up and their backs are turned to the camera. They seem to be walking down a street with beautiful flowers and shrubbery on one side and a road on the other, as the sunsets, giving everything a dusted pink and warm orange glow.]

Liked by phichit-chu, sara-crisp, icedaddyfc, katsuki_fc and 61,074 others

v-nikiforov A beautiful ending to a beautiful day! #prouddad #japan #whereiskatsudamn

View all 1,940 comments

kingkatsuki #whereiskatsudamn IM CHOKING

xxfallinlove #whereiskatsudamn ??????????

katsukatsudamn this lookin’ hella like the google map view of Hasetsu [ google maps link ]

katsuk-i-ace #WHEREISKATSUDAMN

phichit-chu #whereiskatsudamn #soon

christophe-gc Are you preparing a treat for us @v-nikiforov

v-nikiforov @christophe-gc (´ ᵃ ᵃ • ‿ ‿ ) / ≅ ☆

3 DAYS AGO
“But do you think he’s flirting with me?” Yuuri chews on the inside of his cheek. “Probably not, right. He’s just like that. I mean-“

Phichit starts hitting his head against his desk repeatedly.

“Phichit- Phichit, you’re going to give yourself brain damage, stop. Phichit .”

[image: an overview of a table with a handful of plates on it. There’s one plate of katsudon with a glass of beer next to it, a bowl of ramen with chopsticks tied with a rubber band and the edge of a Tigger plushie next to it, and a bowl of stir fried vegetables with a phone with a familiar blue case resting next to it]

Liked by phichit-chu , milababecheva , christophe-gc and 48,048 others

v-nkiforov Itidakimasu! Katsudon is one of the best things I’ve ever put in my mouth! #japan #food #lovehavingsomejapanese #vskuno #familydinner #katsudon

View all 1,672 comments

king+vicnic Okay, but is he talking about food or? Why does he have to word it like that?

katsukatsudamm *pulls out some receipts* [ link to Yu-topia’s website ]

nikiforgays @katsukatsudamm y u so eager to prove niki is in Hasetsu tho???

katsukatsudamm @nikiforgays lol bc i get an almost orgasmic kick out of being right, next

5 HOURS AGO

“I don’t think this is actual exercise,” Yuuri remarks.

“You shouldn’t question your coach,” Victor says, as seriously as he can, given the current situation.

Yura kicks his feet. “You have to make the noises .”

Yuuri looks over at him and Victor pretends he’s checking something on his phone and not filming all of this go down.

“An exercise for the heart, Yuu ri. Don’t just lift weights. Lift your spirit!”

Yuuri gives him a skeptical look but turns back to Yura, who is currently laying on top of Yuuri’s calves, as Yuuri lays on the floor, holding Yura’s hands tightly, and making airplane noises as he lifts Yura up and down with his calves.

“Oh no,” Yuuri says, widening his eyes for effect. “Turbulence.” And then starts tilting Yura precariously forward before lowering him abruptly and doing it a couple more times in rapid succession.

Victor puts a hand over his mouth and tries very hard not to melt. He mostly fails at it.
What are you doing?” Yuuri asks, wiping sweat from his brow and squinting over at Victor, who has spent the last half hour skating around him and taking pictures.

“Marketing,” Victor says.

“How is taking pictures of me marketing?”

Victor looks up from his phone. “I’ve been thinking how we should announce that I’m coaching you this season.”

Yuuri frowns. “Can’t you just… release a press statement?”

Victor gives him an unimpressed look. “Of course not! We have to be smart about this, Yuuri. We have to make sure no one bothers us during the training season, so I’ve decided that we should do an ice show!”

Yuuri blinks. Then blinks again. “I’m sorry what?”

Victor beams. “An ice show! Well, more of a demonstration. You’ll skate your Eros, and then I’ll give a press conference! Everyone will be amazed and enthralled by you and they’ll all look forward to the Grand Prix series!”
Yuuri’s brain has grinded to a halt and is currently doing a horrible screeching sound.

This is a terrible idea. He’s not ready. He’ll never be ready. Eros isn’t him and he’ll disappoint everyone and Victor will leave after seeing what a huge failure of a skater he is and he’ll die alone and-

“I believe in you, Yuuri! So give it all the Eros you’ve got, okay?”

I believe in you.

“I- I’ll do my best!”

“Wonderful! And it’ll be a great opportunity to test your Eros. If it doesn’t work out- well, I’ll make a decision after the show.”

Yuuri’s heart drops.

A decision. On whether Yuuri is worth training or not. If he fails this, he’ll lose Victor.

He waits for the anxiety and breathlessness to hit. Waits to start shaking. Instead he’s somehow filled with resolve.

He’s not ready to let this go yet.

“I’ll definitely give it all the Eros I’ve got!” he says, volume two tones higher than he intended it to be.

Victor blinks, surprised, then a slow, pleased smile stretches across his lips. “Wow! I can’t wait!”

[video description: Yuri Plisetsky doing a headstand, with a mountain of soft pillows around him in case he falls. Victor’s voice is heard saying “Wow! Amazing, Yura!” and then Yuri lets himself fall and turns until he has his knees under him. He looks excitedly at the camera and says “I can almost do upside down ballet! Then I’ll be as cool as Yuuri! Right?” At the last word he turns to someone off camera and to his right. A very quiet “Right.” is heard from a third voice]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-ge, milababecheva and 57,195 others

v-nikiforov He’s training hard! #prouddad #upsidedownballet #whereiskatsudamn

View all 1,739 comments

2 DAYS AGO

Watching Yuuri run through his program with a new fervor is awe-inspiring, even if there’s something that’s still slightly off, Yuuri has gotten into the right mindset for Eros.

Victor watches, attentively, seeing glimpses here and there of what he’ll look like at his best. If Yuuri nails this he will be beautiful. The most gorgeous thing on the ice. Not that he isn’t already.

If this doesn’t work…

Well, Victor could give him Agape, but he thinks that won’t be enough of a challenge for Yuuri, so
maybe they can build a new short program together that highlights his strengths but that he’s more at ease with.

Seeing how he’s throwing himself into this routine like he’s desperately trying to grapple something, Victor doesn’t think he’ll fail.

Even if he does, everyone loves a good comeback.

He’s not worried.

The only thing about the upcoming ice show he’s worried about are the reporters. He’s been lucky enough that none of them have taken the bait he has been leaving on Instagram and came to Hasetsu before everything was ready, but he knows, after so long, when they come, they’ll be like piranha on the scent of fresh blood.

He’ll have to talk to Yuuko about it and prepare Yura.

Yuuri goes into a beautiful spread eagle, and Victor thanks every deity that he already had his phone out and recording to catch that.

Whatever happens, after this is all wrapped up with, he should be free to train here in Hasetsu, after the skating world settles into this new normal.

As excited as he is to see Yuuri perform, he’s more excited to be able to just be after all is said and done, and hundreds of articles are written about him and his horrible decisions.

“Was that good?” Yuuri asks, eyes wide and eager for approval.

“Better! Do the step sequence before you go into the sal, work on your entry to the jump, it’s sloppy.”

«»

[video description: Yuuri Katsuki in his usual practice sweatpants and t-shirt, in the middle of a gently lit ice rink, going into a beautiful spread eagle, eyes slightly lidded but looking very focused and like he’s in his own little world]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-gic, sara-crisp, icedaddyfc, katsuki-fc and 68,730 others

v-nikiforov #katsudamm #iceshow #hasetsu [link to the Yu-topia website who is currently selling tickets for Yuuri’s ice show and announcing a press conference]

View all 2,047 comments

21 HOURS AGO

Chapter End Notes

yuuri: idk maybe he wants to be my friend or smth
victor, an intelectual: the color scheme for our wedding will be blue and purple, and we’ll have two honeymoons. one at disney world with yura, and another somewhere beautiful and romantic where the hotel staff is discreet and the walls are thick
**Bonus Tanaka-kun ref:**
Yuuri normally sits opposite to Victor at dinner, which is a little upsetting because Victor can’t “accidentally” lean against him.

Today, though, Yuuri sits next to him, back ramrod straight as he fidgets with his chopsticks. Victor doesn’t say anything to it, keeps eating and cooing at Yura when he successfully uses his chopsticks.

Gradually, and as Victor coaches him into a conversation Yuuri relaxes, until he’s smiling a little and as at ease as Yuuri ever gets around him.

They’re not at the level of that one couple that has come in a few times since Victor arrived, with the small black haired man constantly leaning on his taller partner and sometimes even getting his partner to feed him (and Victor’s pretty sure he’s seen the taller one carry the black haired one under his arm like a rugby ball, and he’s not going to judge, honestly), but they’re making progress. Slow progress, but steady progress.

And that’s enough for now.

*tumblr tag for this series with updates and lil references and whatnot*
Chapter Notes

As always!! The biggest shoutout to LadyDrace who is the best beta and a wonderful person whom I love very much.

**PSA FOR FUTURE UPDATES:** I'm a little tired, and this chapter murdered me and my whole family, I might need a little break from this fic. I don't like just dropping off with no prior warning, so I will have a chapter for next monady as well, but the week after that I might take a break, so I can take a breather from this fic, and maybe have time to try my hand at other stuff. Thank you for being awesome, if I stop being tired, I'll keep the chapters coming! I'll let you know next monday!

**TL;DR** I'm kinda tired, and the week after next there is a chance I will take a break and there will be no update. Thank you for being so kind to me!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[video description: Yuuri Katsuki in his usual practice sweatpants and t-shirt, in the middle of a gently lit ice rink, going into a beautiful spread eagle, eyes slightly lidded but looking very focused and like he’s in his own little world]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-ge, sara-crisp, icedaddyfc, katsuki-fc and 68,730 others

v-nikiforov #katsudamn #iceshow #hasetsu [link to the Yu-topia website who is currently selling tickets for Yuuri’s ice show and announcing a press conference]

_view all 2,047 comments_

kingkatsuki I AM IN TEARS SO BLESSED SO MOVED CANT BELIEVE THIS IS MY LIFE NEVER GONNA TAKE IT FOR GRANTED GOING TO TREASURE IT ALWAYS THANK YOU VICTOR NIKIFOROV FOR SAVING ME #katsudamn

beyniki BITCH HE NEVER LEFT BUT HE BACK AT IT, AND HE FEELIN HIMSELF AYYY #katsudamn

katsukatsudamn i’d like to thank my mom for rasing me to gain pleasure out of petty shit like I TOLD YALL SO VICTOR NIKIFOROV IS IN HASETSU AND POSSIBLY COACHING OUR GORGEOUS BOY!!!

almightychuchu katsucute bouta hit that #gloup #katsudamn

vicnicisthicc HE. DID. /THAT/.

katsuk-i-ace I’ve bought tickets, I can’t believe Katsuki-kun is having an ice show so close to home!

kingkatsuki @katsuki-fc what do you think about this?
**katsuki-fc @kingkatsuki**

Officially, we are very excited to see Yuuri back on the ice, and we are even more excited at the prospect of him participating in the next season. He seems to be taking a whole new approach to his skating and we might see something from him we haven’t before. Unofficially, we have been screaming since this was posted and we are making a prayer circle for the event to be televised. Our translators are READY!

21 HOURS AGO

«»

It seems that almost overnight Hasetsu gets crowded with reporters, paparazzi and fans. Victor doesn’t mind the latter ones so much, but the others he could do without.

They’re necessary, of course they are, especially if he wants to pay his cards right to ensure Yuuri coming into next season strong. But he doesn’t like having to wear sunglasses all the time and keep his camera smile plastered on his face until his cheeks hurt, and he hates how cranky Yura gets. Not because he’s cranky, but because this amount of people, crowding around him, distresses him.

Victor isn’t fond of making his own son suffer.

“I hate them!” Yura screams, red in the face. “I don’t want to go outside, they’re stupid and I hate them!”

“Yura,” Victor starts, keeping his voice soft. It’s like this every time they have to get through a crowd of reporters. “It’s just for a little bit, then you can skate all day.”

“I don’t wanna! Tell them to go away.”

Victor tries to get Yura’s jacket on, which is made thrice as hard by Yura squirming out of it and trying to run away, and the fact that Victor is crouching and precariously balanced on the balls of his feet. “You know I can’t do that.”

Yura takes a big gulp of air, preparing for a full blown tantrum.

“Yuuri can take him,” Mari says, offhandedly.

Yura shuts his mouth with a click. Victor is glad to know that Yura’s English comprehension is enough to understand what Mari is saying, otherwise he might have gone partially deaf from the impending tantrum.

Victor blinks.

“He sneaked through a window out back to go on his run,” Mari tells him. “If you tell everyone outside that Yuuri is already at the rink, they’ll follow you there, and when Yuuri returns he can take Yura with him and go in through the back door.”

“Oh, we can- we can do that?” Victor asks, a bit unsurely. He’s not really used to not having to drag Yura through a crowd of pushy reporters. There’s never really been another option given to him. “Yuuri,” he starts, in Russian, “do you want to wait for Yuuri to come back and then go with him. There’ll be no reporters then.”

Yura takes off the one sleeve of his jacket that Victor managed to shrug on and throws it on the floor, running off towards the kitchen, “Yes!”

Victor can faintly hear Hiroko’s delighted cooing and Yura’s clumsy sharp English demands for
food.

Picking up Yura’s jacket, he gets back to his feet. He dusts the jacket off. Mari extends a hand to take it from him and set it aside.

“You alright there?” she asks.

An excellent question. Is Victor okay? Mostly yes, he thinks. He’s just a little off-footed at the moment.

“I’m not used to-“ he trails and waves a hand vaguely around, hoping she’ll understand.

She doesn’t. Mari raises an eyebrow at him, motions her head in the universally go on gesture.

“Thank you for taking care of Yura,” he says instead, and tries his hand at bowing a little.

“Don’t get all sappy on me, Yuuri’s the one who likes that sorta stuff,” she says, waving his gratitude off.

Victor straightens. “Right. Better save it all for him, then.”

Mari’s mouth twists in a smile. “Yeah, you better.” Then she makes a shooping motion with her hand. “Go on then, before Yuuri comes back, and you have two upset Yuris on your hands.”

“Right,” Victor says again, still feeling a little wrong-footed, as if the world has tilted on its axis the slightest bit and now he’s left trying to adapt to it. “I’m going then.” He nods, more to himself than to Mari.

He turns to the door, takes a couple of seconds to just breathe, coach his face in the drop dead gorgeous smile he’s practiced in the mirror since he was fourteen, makes sure his hair is falling perfectly on his face, and then he heads out and faces the music.

«»

Yuuri comes back from his run, sweaty but calmer.

He hadn’t really been expecting that many reporters to be lurking outside the inn, barely twelve hours after Victor posted that video on Instagram, but, in retrospect, giving that this is Victor Nikiforov, he really should have.

“Ah, Yuuri, have you had some breakfast?” his mom asks, passing him by on his way to the common dining room.

“Not yet.”

“Make sure you eat,” she tells him. “Yura is watching television in the common room and Vicchan has already gone to the rink, taking all those bothersome people with him. Isn’t he such a nice boy, making sure you and Yura aren’t bothered?”

Yuuri nods, knowing this has probably more to do with Yura disliking reporters than anything else. Yura’s hatred for anyone with a camera and no personal boundaries is well documented, and has caused a handful of gossip articles to rag on Victor’s parenting skill, as if a five year old should be raised to handle that level of emotional distress and personal violation.

Even Yuuri can’t handle it and he’s had a whole life to adapt.
“Victor is very kind,” he agrees.

His mom sighs, seemingly pleased. She loves Victor, has practically adopted him and Yura into the family. Yuuri’s honestly waiting for the day when she’ll ask Victor to start calling her mom.

“Don’t keep him waiting too long, Yuuri,” she tells him, patting his cheek before continuing on her way to do her duties around the inn.

[Image description: Victor waving at some reporters as he jogs]

**Liked by phichit-chu and 4,079 others**

icedaddyfc Victor running along the streets of Hasetsu. There’s been no confirmation as of yet on what he’s doing there. The main two reported reasons are a new romantic relationship with Katsuki or being there to do an ice show. There’s one or two sources throwing around the idea that he’s retiring and going to become Katsuki’s coach, but he hasn’t mentioned retiring at all. I’m personally leaning towards ice show. [Photo credit to @katsuki-ace]

View all 193 comments

45 MINUTES AGO

[Image description: Victor waving at some reporters as he jogs]

“Ready?” he asks, helping Yura put on his backpack.

Yura bounces on the balls of his feet. “Let’s go, let’s go! Dad said I could skate all day .”

Yuuri pulls the hood of Yura’s jacket over his head. Yura immediately throws it back.

“We’re going on the bike, your ears will get cold,” Yuuri warns him.

“I am Russian. There is no cold!”

Yuuri raises an eyebrow, he’s fairly sure he’s heard Victor say the exact same thing when they went out at night on a run and Victor had only been wearing a flimsy T-shirt against the harsh wind that had been stubbornly clinging to Hasetsu around that time of day.

“What about the beanie?” Yuuri tries.

Yura makes an exaggerated considering face before benevolently nodding.

“You can get it,” he says, imperiously.

Yuuri huffs a breath of laughter. “I’ll be right back, then,” he tells him, before he goes hunting for the beanie.

It takes him three minutes to find it, maybe. But that’s the thing with children. Three minutes is all it takes for something to happen. Three minutes is plenty of time for Yura to get bored and go outside. Three minutes is all it takes to set the scene that Yuuri finds when he steps outside the inn, already frantic from not immediately seeing Yura when he had returned to the entrance.

In retrospect, it might have been stupid to think that all reporters had followed after Victor. Of course there would be stragglers, of course there would be a choice few that knew Yuuri hated...
having a camera on him and wouldn’t follow the herd.

Of course there’s some reporters that have no qualms in harassing five year olds.

Yuuri sees the person pushing a microphone into Yura’s face, blocking the front entrance to the inn, a heavy camera pointed at him.

There’s a couple other people with cameras around that are just now taking stock of the situation and calling out for the man to stop.

“Leave me alone,” Yura shouts, voice breaking and trying to back up.

“You must hate it here,” the reporter, if you can call him that, is steamrolling. “You do, don’t you?”

Yuuri grits his teeth. “You can’t film in here,” he calls out, striding towards the man and placing himself neatly between Yura and him.

“Katsuki Yuuri!” the man says, looking delighted. “Can I-“

“No comment,” Yuuri cuts off, turning his back to him.

“Just a quick-“

“No comment,” he repeats, crouching down in front of Yura, and trying very hard not to just turn and sock the man in face.

Yuuri isn’t a violent person. Far from it. But there’s something in how scared Yura looks, in how he’s biting his bottom lip hard to keep from crying and how his eyes are red-rimmed, that makes him want to be, just for a second.

“Yes, are you okay?” he says, keeping his voice soft, and creating a safe space between Yura and the reporter.

Yura nods. “I hate him,” he says, bottom lip wobbling.

“He’s very mean, isn’t he?” Yuuri says, voice still gentle as he tucks the beanie over Yura’s head, it’s made a little difficult by Yura’s nodding, but he manages it.

“Do you want to go inside for a bit or to go see your dad?”

“I wanna go to Papa,” Yura says, voice very small.

“Alright,” Yuuri says, extending a hand for Yura to take.

Yura completely bypasses his hand and steps into the v of Yuuri’s legs, wrapping his arms around his neck and silently asking to be picked up. Yuuri wraps his arms around him and gets up, squeezing him a little and trying to be comforting.

When he turns the other reporters have pushed the man away and Mari is peering at the scene through the doorway.

He turns to her, keeping his voice quiet so only the two of them can hear. “Can- can we do something about him? Make sure he can’t come around? Something? Anything?”

Mari looks at Yura clinging to Yuuri like a lifeline and then at the man who’s being insulted by the
few reporters that stayed behind. Her eyes narrow, expression turning harsh.

“Yeah, I think we can do something.”

“Good,” Yuuri nods. “Thank you. I’m going to take him to Victor now, text me to tell me how it went, okay?”

“Don’t worry, little brother. Go see your coach,” she says easily, eyes still trained on the man, steeled over with resolve.

Yuuri would not like being in his shoes.

“You need to stop saying coach like that. He is my coach, Mari. Stop making it sound so dirty.”

Mari’s eyes stray back to him and she looks amused for a moment. “If it sounds dirty to you is because you’re hearing it dirty. I’m saying it perfectly normally.”

Yuuri huffs. “We’re going now. Thank you, Mari.”

“Anytime.”

Yuuri walks over to where the bike Victor uses for their morning runs is stationed, one-handedly unlocking the chain. He goes to sit Yura in the kid’s seat at the back, but Yura’s arms cling stubbornly to his neck, not letting go.

“Yura,” he sighs, trying to pull him away from his neck.

“No!” Yura shouts, sounding panicked, locking his arms around Yuuri until he’s pressing uncomfortably against his Adam’s apple.

“Okay, okay,” Yuuri tries to soothe, squeezing him a little. “We can walk, that’s fine.” He bounces him a little bit, because he thinks that’s what you’re supposed to do with kids, right?

Gods, Yuuri is not equipped to deal with this. At all.

He adjusts his grip on Yura, fishes his phone out of his pocket and shoots Victor a text before he starts walking, taking one of the many shortcuts through the foresty area of Hasetsu to reach Ice Castle.

  

  katsudon’t everything is okay

  katsudon’t we’ll be late

  «»

[video description: footage of Yuuri getting between the harassing reporter and Yura before taking him away from the scene]

Liked by phichit-chu, icedaddyfc, katsuki-fc and 25,047 others

iceskatingdaily Yuuri Katsuki protecting Victor Nikiforov’s child from a harassing reporter in Hasetsu. #katsukiyuuri #yuriplisetsky #yurinikiforov #victornikiforov
Victor knows about it as soon as it happens. How could he not with the internet being what it is, and the handful of people who insist on sending the video to him.

It’s been almost twenty minutes since Yuuri’s messages, and he’s getting more panicked as the seconds tick by.

Yuuko is trying to comfort him. It’s failing for the most part, because nothing can change the fact that Victor wasn’t there. Victor left his kid in the care of other people, like the horrible neglecting father he is and everyone is right. He can’t look after Yura.

His poor son who’s probably so scared right now, trying his best not to cry because he always tries, even when Victor tells him it’s okay, he can cry, it’s okay. He can practically hear Yura’s choked little sobs, he can practically hear his… giggling?

Victor’s head snaps up, and sees Yuuri holding one of the emergency doors open, standing at attention and Yura marches in, clumsily rotating a big stick like a baton.

“March, march, march, march,” he’s chanting, waving the stick around as he strides in, peeking over his shoulder at Yuuri who is dutifully marching behind him. “Stop!” He shouts and stops abruptly. Yuuri, not expecting it, overbalances and has to rotate his arms to keep himself on his feet. Yura laughs at him.

Victor feels a little like he just entered the twilight zone.

Yura’s fine?

He looks fine, and sounds fine…

He’s fine, he’s-

The relief strikes him like a punch to the solar plexus, and before he can really feel the full impact of it, he’s on his feet and running towards them, picking Yura up and squeezing him because gods
he was so worried and he’s a horrible father and he’s so sorry.

“Dad! You’re squeezing me,” Yura complains, loudly, right in his ear, but he’s clinging too so that’s okay.

Victor sighs, letting it finally settle that Yura is fine. When he opens his eyes Yuuri is standing there, awkwardly.

He notices Victor looking and starts to bow. “I’m very sorry for what happened, I—“

And honestly to hell with all of this, because Yuuri did the best thing he could in that situation and Victor will not blame him for his mistakes. So he grabs him by the front of the shirt and pulls him into the hug. He’s allowed to break their personal boundaries rule for a little bit.

Yuuri is awkward for a couple of seconds, clearly startled, before he wraps his arms around them both and hugs back.

“Thank you,” Victor whispers, very quietly and more heartfelt than anything he’s ever said.

Yuuri squeezes him reassuringly, and Victor slumps into him that little bit more.

«»

[Image description: A selfie with Victor winking at the camera and Yuuri making a little peace sign with a smile. Yura is stuck between the two of them, one arm wrapped around Victor’s neck and the other around Yuuri’s. He’s sticking his tongue out at the camera, but he looks like he’s having fun]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-gc, milababecheva, sara-crisp, icedaddyfc, katsuki-fc and 61,064 others

v-nikiforov Thank you to everyone for your well wishes. Yura is fine and he’s working hard with me and Yuuri to give you a good show on Sunday. Wait for us then, and please look forward to the press conference afterwards! Both me and Yuuri will be answering some questions. Thank you for your support, I love you all!!! #yuriplisetsky #katsukiyuuri #hasetsu #podiumfamily

View all 2,947 comments

1 DAY AGO

«»

Yuuri is slumped over the dining table, face pressed against the warm wood and avoiding his meager plate of food while Victor eats katsudon from across the table and feeds it to Yura, who has suddenly decided he can’t use chopsticks or a fork. No that he could hold them when he’s playing with his 3DS, slumped against a mountain of pillows and Makkachin.

“Take your time, Yuuri,” Victor is saying. “I’m sure if you think long and hard you’ll find what your Eros truly is.”

Yuuri groans and considers knocking his forehead against the table. Maybe that’ll jolt the hidden meaning of Eros somewhere deep from the confines of his brain.

“Maybe it’ll even be right in front of you, if you look carefully,” Victor edges.
Yuuri looks across the table at him, squints slightly. And then it hits him, all of a sudden. Of course Eros has been right in front of him all this time. He’s grown up loving it, how could he miss it!

And it must show on his face, because Victor stops eating, leans forward expectantly.

“Katsudon!” he cries, triumphantly.

His brain catches up to what he just said, just as Victor’s face goes pinched. Yuuri thinks Victor deserves some sort of award for keeping the smile in place when Yuuri just spouted complete nonsense.

“I’m sure we can work with that,” Victor says, pleasantly.

Yuuri blinks at him. “Right. I need… I need to go… right now. I’m taking Makka for a walk, bye,” he rushes out, stumbling out of his seat and attempting to run his embarrassment off, shouting at the skies his own stupidity.

«»

“Katsudon! Katsudon! Have you seen me!? I am ranked in the Top Five Sexiest Men in Russia, Chris! I’m Top 20 in all of Europe! And his Eros is katsudon?! Does he have a food kink? Should I just cover myself in katsudon? That will be horrible for my skin but I will endure it if I must!” he cries, as Chris laughs at him all the way from Switzerland. “Please stop laughing, I am despairing! I can’t believe a dish is sexier than me.”

Chris wheezes, choking on his own laughter. “I wish I could’ve been there, oh god.”

“Chris! Help me!” Victor whines. He just got ranked under pork, rice and some eggs in a bowl. He’s not below whining.

Chris catches his breath, which takes him a while, but Victor is a very patient man when it counts.

“Yuuri is the textbook description of oblivious,” Chris starts. “It takes him a while to realize people’s feelings towards him, and even when he does, his self-esteem probably tells him he’s imagining it.

Be patient, Victor, I’m sure, soon enough, he’ll realize you are the one he needs to seduce.”

“No food kink?”

“That’s for you to find out, my friend.”

Victor sighs. “I suppose.”

«»

Yuuri comes back from his run with an exhausted Makkachin in tow at midnight, trying his best to tiptoe his way into his room and not wake up Victor or Yura. Which proves to be ineffective when Makka slips into Victor’s room and jumps on the bed.

Yuuri hears voices from inside and winces slightly, trying to edge past the room.


“Sorry if I woke you up,” Yuuri says, taking very tiny shuffling steps towards his room.
“You didn’t,” Victor says, barely pulling his hand in front of his mouth to cover his yawn. “I was already up.” Victor leans against the doorframe so Yuuri can see into the room, and tilts his head towards it.

Yura’s bundled up in a couple of blankets, propped up against the pillows and clutching his plushie to his chest, chewing on the ear, peering over at them.

“Nightmares,” Victor explains with a shrug that brushes off the gravity of the situation, like it’ll kill him not to keep things light. “We’re watching a movie, if you’d like to join.”

Yuuri peers into the room.

“I-“

Yura blinks at him with big green eyes and makes grabby hands at him, effectively slamming Yuuri’s resolve into the ground.

“Just for a bit?” he says, uncertainly.

Victor slumps against the doorjamb a little. Yuuri has no idea what he’s got to be relieved about.

“Let me just go change,” Yuuri says, picking at his sweaty T-shirt.

“Okay. I’ll leave the door open.”

[Image description: Victor, Yura, Yuuri and Makkachin asleep in bed, with an open laptop precariously hanging at the foot of the bed. Yura has twisted during his sleep so he’s mostly on top of Victor and Yuuri. Yuuri is still half sitting in bed, leaning on a mountain of pillows. Makkachin is sprawled over their legs.]

Liked by phichit-chu, sara-crisp and 37 others

katsu-mari I guess being a winner is tiring

View all 10 comments

8 HOURS AGO

Yuuri knows something is up when he sees Mari, Victor and Yura whispering together, and immediately after Mari and Victor disappear. Yura comes to him smiling sweetly.

Yuuri knows that Yura is a sweet kid. He’s clingy, and he loves the people close to him a lot. He also knows that Yura is a brat who will scream and sometimes kick when he wants something. Aside from surprised awe, and uncontained delighted smiles when he’s skating or presented with something he deems cool, Yura has never smiled sweetly at him.

The only instance Yuuri has seen him smile sweetly was when Yura finally got comfortable enough around Yuuri’s mom to hug her leg and look up at her with the big green eyes as he asks for food that he’s not allowed to have.

“Yuuri, let’s watch Doraemon!” he says, tugging on Yuuri’s hand and dragging him towards his room.
Yuuri follows because what else is he supposed to do.

«»

Victor knocks as gently as possible on Yuuri’s door, just so he can say he did, before he peeks into the room.

Yuuri’s sitting on the floor, back against his bed and laptop resting on a box in front of him. Yura’s sprawled on his lap like it’s his personal throne, with Yuuri’s borrowed Doraemon plushie in his lap, as both of them watch the screen with rapt attention.

Makkachin has the bed, and his sprawled on his side, comfortably asleep.

Victor quickly takes a picture of it, before making his presence known.

“Yuuiri! I have a surprise for you.”

Yuuri startles, looking up at him with wide eyes. “Me?” he asks, disbelievingly, even as Yura crawls out of his lap and starts trying to tug him up.

Yuuri climbs to his feet and lets Yura pull him.

Victor opens the door for them and steps aside, letting Yura start leading Yuuri down the hall as Yuuri looks at him in confusion.

“Wait!” Yura shouts, coming to a sudden stop, and almost making them all bump against each other. “You have to cover his eyes, Dad. It’s a surprise.”

“You’re right,” Victor says, very seriously, and trying not to sound overly delighted at the prospect. “How silly of me.”

Carefully he takes Yuuri’s glasses off, tucking them in the collar of his shirt.

“Okay?” he asks, quietly so Yura doesn’t hear.

Yuuri looks at him with wide eyes, but gives a nod.

Victor slides back behind him and places both hands over his eyes. Like this they have to move carefully, and slowly. Victor needs to stand close to him, until they’re in the room where he set up all his old costumes that might fit Yuuri.

Mari is standing there, ready to film, on her own initiative because she wanted to see my baby brother have a fanboy freak out.

“Ready?” Victor asks, feeling Yuuri’s head move in a nod under his hands.

Slowly he uncovers his eyes.

Yuuri blinks, adjusting to the light in the room, then his eyes land on the racks of costumes Victor and Mari have carefully lined up and he gasps.

He turns to Victor, wide-eyed and awestruck.

“You don’t have a costume,” Victor explains. “And ordering one to be made would take too much time, so I figured…” he trails off, waving his hands with a flourish towards the costumes.
Yuuri’s face of pure delight is worth the shipping costs and carting around boxes for a full hour.

«»

[post description: a picture of Yura dragging Yuuri by the hand while Victor shuffles behind them, covering Yuuri’s eyes. There’s also a short video of Victor revealing his costumes to Yuuri, followed by a slightly longer video of Yuuri rambling in quick and excited-sounding Japanese about several costumes as he picks them up and looks excitedly at whoever is holding the camera.]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-gc, katsuki-fc, icedaddyfc and 62,755 others

v-nikiforov To make Yuuri’s demonstration that bit more special and to celebrate our new partnership, we decided that his costume should be special! Don’t miss the show on Sunday to find out what costume he’ll choose!! #katsukiyuuri #onsenonice #hasetsu

View all 1,946 comments

katsuki-fc We can’t believe that our Yuuri is going to wear one of Victor’s costumes! Throwback to the interview that he did for a Japanese Sports Channel talking about how much he loves Victor’s costumes [youtube link]

xxfallinlove PATNERSHIP. THIS BITCH JUST SAY PARTNERSHIP?????
AAAAAHHHHH???

kingkatsuki im still crying with no signs of stopping?? @katsukatsudamm help me obi juan

katsukatsudamm @kingkatsuki BUT DO THEY MEAN PARTNERSHIP AS IN RELATIONSHIP?? AS IN DATING?? ARE THEY JUST FRIENDS AND COLABORATING ON SOMETHING FOR THIS ICE SHOW?? IS VICTOR COACHING HIM???

kingkatsuki YOU KNO ITS SERIOUS WHEN @katsukatsudamm STARTS TYPING IN ALL CAPS

katsukatsudamm @kingkatsuki i have gone on a google and sns BINGE I HAVEN’T SLEPT IN TWO DAYS TRYING TO GET THE FULL RECEIPTS TO PIECE THIS TOGETHER

vicnicfliptrick Okay But Katsuki is so cUtE????!!! How Did I MISS THIS ABSOLUTE ADORABLE CINNAMON ROLL?? Where have I Been??

17 HOURS AGO

«»

“He picked the bondage one. Chris- Christophe . Is he making fun of me? Why would he pick the bondage one when his Eros is katsudon ?? I need help, what do I do? Chris, I’m too gay for this, my heart will give out . Please take care of my son when I’m gone, be a good godfather to him, okay?”

Chris whistles lowly. “Okay, but does it fit him?”

“I don’t know he won’t let me see. I’m a good person, Chris. I don’t deserve this.”

“I thought you liked to be edged,” Chris teases.

“Not emotionally !”
Chris laughs at him.

“Will you ever stop mocking my pain?”

“No, it’s what I bring to this relationship. That, my fine ass, and solid advice.”

He has a point.

“Besides,” Chris continues, “didn’t you say, he was still having trouble with the program? Unless he has a eureka moment overnight he might still struggle to fully impersonate Eros, and if he does, there is a chance you won’t die from being too gay.”

“I have conflicting emotions about this,” Victor tells him.

“Tragic,” Chris says. “Stay strong for mother Russia, Victor. Ciao.” And then he hangs up in his face.

Victor huffs. See if Victor will got lingerie shopping with him next time they’re in the same city. That’ll teach him.

«»

[Image description: a picture of Victor holding Yura in his arms. Yura has his face hidden in his chest and a hood over his head. Victor has a hand hovering over Yuuri’s lower back as he steers him into Ice Castle. They’re surrounded by photographers.]

Liked by phichit-chu, katsuki-fc, icedaddyfc and 5,023 others

katsuki-ace It’s the last day of training. I’m very excited for tomorrow, I got great seats!! #onsenonice #katsukiyuuri #victornikiforov #yuriplisetsky #yurinikiforov #hasetsu #doyourbestyuuri

View all 49 comments

19 HOURS AGO

«»

Yuuri is freaking out.

He is skating on the edge of hyperventilation and a full blown anxiety attack, which Phichit is trying his best to coach him down of, all the way from Thailand. Phichit’s doing pretty well, all things considering.

“Why do you have to be the playboy?” Phichit says.

Yuuri stops his breathing exercises. “What?”

“Your program is about seduction, right? So just… seduce .”

“I- I can’t- I’m not a playboy, I can’t just waltz somewhere and seduce the most beautiful woman in town, how does Victor expect me to-” he stops himself, takes in a ragged breath.

“Then don’t be the playboy. Victor’s flown across the country for you, because you asked him to coach you, because he doesn’t want you to quit. You can just-“
And then it clicks.

“Be the most beautiful woman in town.”

“Yes! Wait- no. Yuuri, what I meant is, let the roles of the story go, just try to be seductive and-“

But Yuuri isn’t really listening, he’s still caught up in his 2 am epiphany.

“You’re right, I could never be the playboy. Victor’s the playboy! I need- I need to seduce him, yes.”

Phichit sits a little bit straighter. “You’re going to seduce Victor?” he asks, carefully.

“Yes!”

“Yes!” Phichit cheers. “This is- holy shit, I can’t believe you’re finally getting it! Yuuri I’m so proud. Now you just need to-“

“Learn how to move like a woman!” Yuuri says, pushing off his desk and searching for his dance shoes.

“Yes! Wait- what?”

“I’m the most beautiful woman in town! Of course, I can’t be the playboy. Victor fits the role, but I don’t, but if I dance like the most beautiful woman in town who is trying to win the heart of the playboy! I can do that. I need to! So Victor will stay! Yes, you were a great help, Phichit, bye!”

Yuuri leans over to end the call, just in time to see Phichit facepalming while looking up at the skies for heavenly help. Yuuri doesn’t have time for that. He shoulders his bag and is out the door, making it up to Minako’s studio in record time.

“I need you to teach me how to move like a woman,” he begs, out of breath, still in his pajamas.

Minako, bless her heart, just lets him in, takes a shot of sake and teaches him.

«»

Yuuri’s not at the inn when Victor wakes up, and he still hasn’t come back when it’s time for them to leave. He’s also not answering his phone and Victor is getting more agitated by the minute.

**Ice Madonna** I found Yuuri asleep in the locker room

**Ice Madonna** He looks fine

**Ice Madonna** He looks ready to win gold!

**Ice Madonna** I don’t know what you did but I have those baby ballet videos waiting for you if you keep it up

**vicnic** we’ll be there in 10
@ the person who kept asking me to make the baby cry, here's the light version of that because im a weak bitch and if the baby cries i cry

tumblr tag for this fic with updates and whatnot
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

First and foremost the absolute biggest thank you to Minna who continues to be absolutely fucking stellar at betaing for me!!! She deserves all the love, I swear.

Secondly, thank you to everyone who has been so understanding with me needing a break. I don't deserve your kindness!! Thank you, I was so touched by everyone's wonderful comments! I'm feeling a little less tired this week, but I still think a break from this fic would be good, so I don't lose my love for this verse.

I'm thinking of taking at least a one week break. I might stretch it to two if I start any side projects I want to finish before I get back to this. Again thank you so much for everyone's support, please enjoy a chapter a little longer than usual to make up for the days I'll be gone! I have a tag for this fic and updates on new chapters and any side fics I might write for it will be there!

**PSA:** Thank you for your support!! I will be taking a one week break (minimum)!!! Please enjoy this 9k chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What do you think? Does it look bad?” Yuuri asks, squinting at the mirror in the locker room and trying to see what the damage is.

 Obviously he doesn’t wear the costume as well as Victor wore it, but, then again, no one could look as good in anything as Victor does. He could probably walk down the street in crocs and neon work out shorts and it’d become a trend.

Yuuri’s lucky enough that it fits him, even if it’s a bit tight around his thighs and waist, and a little long in the legs.

“Yuuchan?” Yuuri asks, turning around when it’s been at least a solid minute, anxiety gnawing at him that he looks too horrible for words.

Yuuko has both hands covering her mouth, and she’s staring at Yuuri with suspiciously shiny eyes.

“Don’t cry, is it that bad, should I take it off?” Yuuri panics.

“I’m not crying,” she chokes out, sniffling a little. “Yuuri, you look amazing .”

“You think so?” he asks, uncertainly, looking down at himself.

“Absolutely,” she says nodding her head vigorously, eyes alight with her conviction.

“Then why are you sad?”

“I’m not. I’m just so proud of you. Look at you,” she says, and snifflies again. “Wearing Victor’s costume and skating a routine by Victor and having Victor as your coach. You made it, Yuuri!”
Yuuri flushes. “Ah, Yuuchan, I didn’t- not yet, I have to prove I’m worthy of Victor’s time, still.”

“Of course you are. Why wouldn’t you be?”

*I’ll make a decision after the show.*

Victor can still leave if Yuuri fails. Victor could be preparing another brilliant season, he could easily sweep every competition again this year and take gold. Yuuri would never fault him for wanting Yuuri to prove himself, when he could be spending his time doing so much more.

Yuuri doesn’t think he’s worth Victor’s time because *Victor* doesn’t think Yuuri is worthy of his time yet, but that’s okay, because Yuuri will *nail* this and prove himself. He’ll jump as high as Victor tells him to.

“You’re amazing, Yuuri!” she says. “Do your best, that’s all we ever want you to do! Skate a program you can be happy with. Have fun!”

“*Fun …*” he says carefully, because skating isn’t really about fun, is it? Or at least, competitions aren’t. Yuuri has plenty of fun alone on the ice, but in front of a crowd there’s only overwhelming anxiety and a gnawing need to win and prove himself.

“Yes, *fun!*”

Yuuri chews on the inside of his cheek. Fun and public skating have opposite meanings in his dictionary.

“Katsuki,” Nishigori calls, peeking his head inside the locker room. “We’re ready for you.”

“Right,” Yuuri says, taking a deep breath and walking towards the door. “I’m a katsudon fatale that enthralls men. I can *do* this.”

Nishigori stares at him when he passes, and Yuuri is just about to get embarrassed over the words that came out of his mouth, but Nishigori just nods and gives him a pat on the back hard enough to make Yuuri stumble. “Yes, you are. Do your best, katsudon fatale.”

Yuuri gives him a nod, thankful that Nishigori isn’t choosing *now* to make fun of him. Yuuri is sure he will be made fun of, and that Nishigori will never let him live this down, but, for now, he’s letting it slide. Nishigori keeps quiet as he leads Yuuri past reporters and a shouting crowd, towards where Victor is by the rinkside talking to a camera happily.

«»

[Image description: Yuuri walking towards a distracted Victor in full costume.]

Liked by *phichit-chu*, *katsuki-fc*, *icedaddyfc* and 7,507 others

**katsuk-i-ace** He’s wearing the costume Victor wore when he won his first major competition in juniors! Katsuki-kun looks amazing, everyone screamed, we’re so excited!

*View all 71 comments*

**kingkatsuki** @katsukatsudamm is that the bondage costume??

**katsukatsudamm** @kingkatsuki that is indeed the bondage costume [link to an interview Victor did]
“What are my plans for next season? I suppose you’ll have to wait for the press confer-
aaaahhhhhhh,” Victor trails off unintelligible as soon as Yuuri steps into his field of vision, hair
slicked back, costume clinging to him, a look of determination on his eyes.

Victor’s brain short circuits a little bit at the sight. But how can you fault him when Yuuri has
spent the last two days slamming the door in his face (very politely and apologetically) every time
he went in to make sure the costume fit right?

This is the first time Victor is seeing Yuuri in the costume, and damn does he look gorgeous.
Victor’s brain is going in circles.

Yuuri, Yuuri wearing his costume, Yuuri wearing his costume that is about bondage, Yuuri
wearing his costume that is about bondage looking like he’s ready to wreck Victor’s ass, Yuuri,
Yuuri, Yuuri is wearing his costume.

“Yuuri,” he says, voice one octave higher than he normally wears it. He clears his throat, tries to
compose himself.

He takes a step towards Yuuri, and he must have overexerted himself yesterday. He must’ve . It
was all those boxes he carried. That’s why he feels so week at the knees. Yes. Not at all the urge to
just fall to them and thank every single deity he can think of for the gift before him. Victor is an
adult man with a child, he is a perfectly groomed celebrity. He has dignity... around...
somewhere... he’ll find it in a moment.

“Yuuri,” he says, still a little awestruck.

“I hope I’m not disappointing,” says Yuuri, like he doesn’t know exactly how he looks, as if he’s
not completely aware of the screaming fans and the camera flashes going off around them, of poor
Yuuko’s husband trying to keep reporters in their restricted area.

But then again oblivious is up there on list of things Victor knows about Yuuri.

Victor blinks, and now that the shock has worn off a little bit he can see where Yuuri’s hands are
trembling finely, the slight dip on his cheek where he’s biting.

He takes a deep breath offers his hand for Yuuri to take. Yuuri does so hesitantly, placing his
fingers carefully over the open palm of Victor’s hand.
“You could never,” he assures, leading him towards the gate, as reporters clamor for their attention. Victor turns to them with a charming smile, not stopping for a beat. “The show is about to start, there’ll be more than enough time for me to answer your questions at the press conference after this.”

They move towards one entry of the rink, which is one of the furthest points from the reporter restricted areas. They’re out of earshot without looking like they’re trying to be out of ear shot, and the screaming crowd helps in muffling their conversation from the cameras.

“How are you feeling?” Victor asks.

Yuuri rolls his shoulders. “Okay, I guess.”

“Yuu, if you’re tired, you can tell me. I don’t want you to sprain anything on the ice because you were too tired, so if you need to-“

“Victor,” Yuuri cuts him off, and Victor’s voice immediately tapers off.

As Yuuri’s coach, he feels like he should forbid Yuuri from wearing that tone around him. At least when Yuuri looks ready to step on him, in the fun way.

“I- I have a surprise for you,” Yuuri tells him, and then does the last thing Victor was expecting him to do.

Yuuri hugs him, wrapping his arms around Victor’s shoulders almost desperately.

It’s not a quick hug, either. He clings, and gives Victor enough time to hug back, squeeze Yuuri because somehow, for this one moment, he’s allowed.

“I’m going to become the most delicious katsudon you’ve ever seen,” he mumbles against Victor’s shoulder.

Ah, of course. Katsudon. The thing that Yuuri thinks is sexier than Victor. But does he really? He just said he was going to become the most delicious katsudon. Is katsudon a metaphor? Has katsudon been a metaphor this whole time?

Yuuri pulls back and looks him in the eye. “So please watch me,” he begs.

“Of course,” Victor says, as if he could not. “After all, I love katsudon.”

Yuuri’s breath catches a little.

Maybe that was too much. But Victor has no idea what katsudon is in this convoluted metaphor of Yuuri’s, or why he wants to become it. He’s still learning how to how speak the nuanced language Yuuri seems to favour.

It’s taking him a little while, but he’ll get there.

Yuuri nods, gives him a determined look, and takes his blade guards off.

The announcer tells the children to get off the rink, one of Yuuko’s more advanced classes students stepping in to herd them out. Yura, Yuuko’s triplets, and a couple of other kids that attend the skating school exit the rink on the opposite side Victor and Yuuri are standing at.

Victor is glad all of this is being recorded, even the kids doing a messy little routine and playing around on the ice. He’ll ask the event organizers for a copy of the kids skating and add it to his
ever growing collection of Yura skating. He’ll have the best documented history of his child’s progress in figure skating. And then he’ll have enough videos to show to Yura’s future partner. And if Yura chooses not to have a partner, he can always show them to as many of Yura’s friends as possible.

As soon as the last of the kids have stepped off the ice and the lights dim a little, Yuuri steps on. He does a slow lap around the rink, stopping momentarily on the opposite side to lean down and high five Yura, and then some of the other kids who rush to get a high five too.

Yuuri shakes his hands, skating another lazy lap around the rink. It’s a familiar ritual after Victor binge-watched all of Yuuri’s available performances.

Victor watches, already enthralled, as Yuuri skates to the center of the ice, a spotlight falling on him. He holds his breath as Yuuri goes into his starting pose.

«»

[video description: Victor’s face going from charming smile to slackjawed in the span of 0.7 seconds.]

Liked by phichit-chu, katsuki-fc, icedaddyfc and 1,946 others

kingkatsuki I KNOW THIS IS ALREADY A FUCKING MEME BUT VICTOR’S “SHIT I’M GAY” MOMENT WHEN HE SEES OUR BOY YUURI #katsudann #victornikiforov #victornochillforov (credit @katsuk-i-ace and yes I have permission)

View all 12 comments

daddykatsuki But When Will He Step On Me, Is The Question

vicnicisthicc prayer circle for vic’s boner

skatemom All I want is a man to look at me like that, is that too much to ask?

xxfallinlove @daddykatsuki get in line

thepride+of+russia honestly I ws biter ove r victya leving but I understandd now WHY. He is ffrgvien.

13 MINUTES AGO

«»

Yuuri circles the rink, taking in deep breaths as he tries to settle himself.

He can do this.

The lights dim to their lowest. The spotlight that Yuuri had no idea they owned at Ice Castle is pointed directly at him as he strikes his starting position, muscles still clinging to the memory of the training Yuuri spent the night doing with Minako. It’s easy to tilt his hips just so, and to delicately poise his wrist like he was taught.

Yuuri takes a deep breath.

He’s the most beautiful woman in town, the most delicious katsudon. The playboy won’t resist
him.

He’ll get Victor to stay. He’s not ready to let him go yet.

The music flows into the arena and Yuuri moves, body following each stroke of cords.

This part is a bit embarrassing, but truthfully it’s one of the ones he’s been most looking forward to. The *come hither* smirk. The one that when Victor had demonstrated had made Yuuri go a little weak at the knees and made his breath catch. The one that when *he* had tried it, Nishigori had asked if he was feeling unwell.

He’s the most beautiful woman in town, and he’s memorized exactly where Victor had been standing before he skated on the ice. He hopes he’s still there or this is going to get too embarrassing for Yuuri to ever step out of his room again.

He turns, stops abruptly.

The beautiful woman spots the playboy from across a bar. She knows what he is, and she knows she’s beautiful enough to take him, to make him her plaything. He knows he’d do the same with her if given half the chance.

She’d never give him the chance, but nothing is stopping her from playing with him a little bit.

She smirks, tilts her head back so she’s looking at him down her nose, so he’s looking up at her.

*Come and get it*.

And that’s how the game begins, as Yuuri launches himself into a story of seduction, movements getting faster and faster and faster. He can’t see anyone clearly, has to devote all of his attention to his program, to the playboy and the most beautiful woman in town, but he can almost feel Victor’s eyes on him.

*Good*, he thinks, maybe a little bit deliriously, *don’t look away*.

«»

[post description: a short video of Yuuri leaning over and high-fiving some kids, including Yuri, who makes sure he is the *first* and also the last to highfive him. Another short video of Yuuri striking a pose and giving that come hither smirk.]

Liked by phichit-chu, katsuki-fc, icedaddyfc and 3,947 others

daddykatsuki GET YOU A MAN WHO CAN DO BOTH I dont even have a uterus but i want his babies #daddykatsuki #onsenonice #katsukiyuuri

View all 28 comments

vicnicisthicc ayy papi

vicnicisthicc tfw u only stan one ice skater for most of your life but then KATSUKI YUURI

41 MINUTES AGO

«»

Victor is leaning against the rink’s half-wall. He’d like to say he’s doing it because he knows he
looks good casually leaning over and he knows that cameras are on him, but the pathetic truth is that he still feels a little weak at the knees, and after Yuuri looked at him like that there’s no way Victor could stand for the full duration of Yuuri’s program without his knees giving out.

He knew something was different from the moment he had seen Yuuri, he could see the edges of it when Yuuri had molded himself into his starting position, so similar and so different from what Victor had taught him, and then-

Then, Yuuri had smirked at him like that, like he knew just what he did to Victor and was enjoying watching him squirm, with the little head tilt that had wrecked devastation on Victor’s control.

That’s when he had been truly grateful for leaning against the half-wall, because one of his knees bent without his permission and if he hadn’t been holding himself up, he would’ve ended up on the floor.

Yuuri’s program is far from flawless. They didn’t have enough time to file the edges and to work on Yuuri’s quad salchow. He almost takes a header on that one, only just managing to put a hand on the floor and get himself back up and into his program.

Yuuri even falls beautifully. Victor has yet to find an explanation for it.

But despite his mistakes Yuuri throws himself into it with a kind of determination and confidence that leaves Victor speechless. And his *step sequence*? Victor knows people who would kill to be able to have the musicality Yuuri has.

Victor’s floored. Despite all of Yuuri’s doubts, he can step on the ice and do a program like this, be beautiful and enticing and like something Victor wants to chase and devote himself to admiring.

Yuuri strikes his final pose, clutching himself in the center of the ice. The song ends in a climax, on its highest point, the height of pleasure, which Yuuri just embodied almost perfectly, if the uproar of the crowd is anything to go by.

Yuuri lets himself stand there, heaving for a couple of seconds, until the music has long dissipated and all that is left is shouting crowd.

Then slowly he unfurls from his final position, and Victor can almost physically see the confidence and determination sliding off of him and pooling at his feet on the ice.

Yuuri turns and skates to Victor, his expression a tremulous thing Victor is afraid to break.

“*Yuuri!*” he coos, beckons him with open arms, and lets Yuuri skate right into them for a short hug. “That was beautiful, the embodiment of Eros. Bravo!”

Yuuri is flushed all over, sweat beading at his temples and sliding down his neck. He’s still heaving a little. “Ah, did- did I surprise you?”

“Of course! I knew you could do it!”

“I fell,” Yuuri points out.

“You did,” Victor nods, and then lists all of the mistakes Yuuri made during his routine, counting them on his fingers, until he notices Yuuri’s face falling and his body starting to list backwards, looking ready to collapse. Victor might still be a little bit bitter over the katsudon thing. “But that’s why I’m your coach, no?” he says, fingers spread and hands held up, palms facing Yuuri as he gives him his best smile. “By the Grand Prix you’ll be skating a flawless program.”
Yuuri blinks at him. “But I fell.”

“I saw.”

“No, you don’t- I fell .”

Victor tilts his head. “Yes? Don’t we all? Falling is part of trying, no? Next time you won’t fall.”

Yuuri is still looking at him like Victor’s not making sense. Victor is pretty sure he’s been talking English with Yuuri. He’d wonder if maybe he slipped into Russian but Yuuri is practically fluent in Russian as well. Maybe he slipped into French?

“Okay, I’ll do my best next time.” Yuuri says, very carefully.

Victor beams and steps aside, helping Yuuri step off the ice and put his blade guards on.

“Let’s go change, before the press conference. And I’m sure Yura is dying to see you,” Victor says, herding Yuuri towards the locker room.

“Press conference?” Yuuri squeaks, eyes wide.

“Press conference!” Victor confirms, injecting his voice with fake cheeriness.

This isn’t going to be easy on any of them.

»

[Image description: Yuuri hugging Victor before and after the Eros program]

Liked by katsukatsudamn, katsuki-fc, icedaddyfc, phichit-chu and 12,525 others

kingkatsuki i’m calling it now they’re announcing their relationship at this press conference #victuuriconfirmed #onsenonice

View all 234 comments

6 MINUTES AGO

»

Yuuri collapses on the bench in the locker room as soon as he’s out of his costume and into more comfortable clothes. He’s been awake for over twenty-four hours now, and while college and generally living in a constant state of anxiety has made Yuuri familiar with lack of sleep, he has always managed to at least get four hours of sleep in high stress situations.

Today, he’s barely gotten one hour, and the stress from the last couple of days, added to the adrenaline crash from his program, is making him want to faceplant directly on the floor and take a nap.

“That was so cool! Yuuko said I couldn’t go meet you and dad even though you were done because all of the reporters but that was so cool!” Yura says, shaking Yuuri by the shoulder, and at this point, Yuuri just lets him do it. He doesn’t have enough energy to stop him. “You’ll be the most cool when you stop falling,” Yura continues. “Did you see me doing my jumps! I did three and I didn’t fall even once . The scary girls can’t even do jumps yet and they’re a whole year older than me and.”
“Yura,” Victor cuts in. “Let’s give Yuuri a little space to breathe, yes? He’s really really tired.”

“Dad, I’m having a conversation.”

Victor plucks Yura off the bench and puts himself in between Yuuri and his son.

“Shaking people isn’t having a conversation, we’ve talked about this.”

“But Dad,” Yura whines, trying to climb over Victor to get to Yuuri, and being firmly held in place.

“It’s rest time. Yuuri still has to give an interview with all those scary reporters, remember?”

Yura makes a disgusted, put-upon face. “Why?”

“He has to.”

“Are you making him do it? You are! Dad!” Yura punches him in the shoulder. “I thought you liked Yuuri?”

Yuuri considers intervening, but instead starts listing backwards. He’ll either barely catch himself against the lockers or fall flat on the floor. Both options don’t require him to stand up so he’s fully on board.

Turns out Victor’s arm catches him first, propping him up.

Yuuri will get right on freaking out about that in a second, maybe after he leans against him a little bit and catches his breath.

“Yuuri, are you okay to do the press conference?”

“Hm?” Yuuri hums, before his brain fully registers the words. “Yeah, I just need to rest a bit. Maybe have some coffee.”

Yuuri isn’t much of a coffee person, but he resorts to it when he needs the extra boost.

As if summoned by the gods, Yuuko appears in front of him and presses a cup of coffee into his hands.

“Thought you would need it,” she says. “I’m so proud of you! We’ll celebrate later, okay?”

Yuuri smiles at her, a tiny one that has been just for Yuuko and her unconditional kindness for a long time. “Thank you.”

Yuuko gives him a nod, and goes off again to manage the rest of the event and make sure everything is running smoothly.

Yuuri heaves himself up using Victor’s thigh and shoulder as leverage, pats Victor on the head once before he can catch himself and swiftly walk to his duffel bag, digging up an energy drink from under his clothes.

“Final exam deities don’t fail me now,” he mutters, before chugging half the drink, pouring the coffee into the can, swirling it around and guzzling down the concoction.

Yuuri leans back against the lockers and waits for it to kick in. He can already feel his hands shaking a little bit.
His heart starts beating uncomfortably in his chest.

He’s probably going to die, which would be tragic.

“I’m ready, I think,” he says.

He’s exactly zero percent ready, but the worst part is over and done. Victor won’t leave. Yuuri succeeded, as improbable as it was. What are a dozen reporters compared to that?

“I’ll go too!” Yura announces, scrambling to stand next to Yuuri, standing straight so he’ll be as tall as he can make himself, which is not very.

“Yura, you hate reporters,” Victor starts. “It’s best if you stay here with Yuuk-“

“Yuuri hates reporters too! He said so! Right?” he turns to Yuuri then, staring him down.

Yuuri is definitely not equipped to deal with this. Lying would be quicker, but he doesn’t think making this quick is worth Yura’s trust.

He crouches down, because he thinks this is a conversation they need to have at eye level. Then because his thighs kind of hurt, decides to just sit on the floor. Yura sits too.

“I hate having to answer questions a lot,” he says. “And taking pictures.” Yura lifts his chin, empowered by Yuuri’s words, smug for being right. “But I have to do it, because I’m an adult, and I love skating the most. And being an adult is all about doing things you don’t like so you can do the things you love a lot.”

Yura makes a face. “I’m never growing up ever! That sucks.”

“It’s pretty bad. You’re really lucky you’re not an adult yet. You don’t have to do things you don’t like.”

Yura is one of the smartest kids Yuuri knows, and for some reason he listens to Yuuri.

Yuuri has no clue what he’s doing. He chances looking over at Victor, who seems like he’s holding his breath as he watches the two of them. Victor gives him a nod to keep going, so Yuuri tries.

“You’re gonna grow up and be the best skater, right?”

Yura squints at him, suspicious. “The very best! I’ll win more medals than everyone else! I’ll be the coolest too!”

“Right! You’ll have to answer questions from reporters, because you’ll be the coolest then, and that’s going to suck a little bit, but you’ll be the best skater so you’ll have to do it.”

“Why?”

“So people will like you.”

“Why do people have to like me?”

Yuuri glances over at Victor a bit helplessly. Victor decides to join them on the floor, sitting cross-legged next to them.

“Do you know all those pictures Papa has to take? The ones in the big studios?”
“Yeah,” Yura says, still suspicious.

“That’s what gives Papa the money to be able to skate, since there’s a lot of things you have to buy that are really expensive. Papa only gets to take pictures if people like him, so he needs to do lots of interviews and make people like him. If people like you they will ask you to take pictures and give you money so you can skate.”

Yura frowns. “You can give me money, I don’t need people to like me. I’ll be the best no matter what. And when you don’t have more money, grandmas have all the money and they like me so they’ll give me money too.”

“Can’t argue with that logic,” Victor sighs.

It’s much more difficult to out-reason a five-year-old than Yuuri previously thought it would be.

“New tactic,” Victor announces, clapping his hands, “there’s gonna be loads of reporters with a lot of flashing cameras, and they’ll ask so many questions. We’re probably going to stay there for hours, and you won’t be able to leave.”

Yura starts looking a less sure, before he rallies up. “I can do it! I’m a tiger, tigers never give up!”

He says, and then gives this little growl for emphasis.

It’s adorable.

“Yura, I know you want to help Yuuri like Yuuri helped you, but I think the best thing you can do is stay with Yuuko and prepare a surprise for Yuuri. You can’t yell at all the adults because there’s so many and some are scary, but I bet that if you had a surprise to cheer Yuuri up when we got back then he’d feel much better.”

“Like the video we did?” Yura asks.

“Exactly like that. Right, Yuuri?” Victor looks over at him, with his big blue eyes, and Yuuri has to look away, which is a mistake because Yura is staring at him with his big green eyes looking like he’s putting all his fragile kid hopes and dreams on Yuuri.

It’s still terrifying.

“The video cheered me up a lot. I have it on my phone and everything for when I feel sad.”

It’s not even a lie. Yuuri does have it on his phone, along with pictures of dogs and food he’s not allowed to have.

“See!” Victor says.

Yura seems to consider it, scrunching up his face in thought. Then he scrambles up and runs off into the opposite side of the locker room, digging into his backpack.

Victor and Yuuri exchange a slightly confused look, and Yuuri might be tired but it still hits him how surreal this whole thing is. He’s sitting on the floor with his idol, trying to dissuade his son from going on a press conference with them. A press conference where Victor will announce to the whole world that he plans to coach Yuuri for the rest of the season. Which is a thing that is happening.

Like Phichit would say, wild.
Yura runs back over to them, pushing Tigger into Yuuri’s face until he takes it from him.

“You can take Tigger since it’s going to be scary,” Yura tells him. “He’ll eat everyone you don’t like. And then I’ll have the best cheer up thing for you when you come back.”

Yuuri blinks, feels this warm swell of affection bubble up in him. He gives Yura a smile. “Thank you, Yuri. I’ll take good care of Tigger.”

“You better! Because if anything happens to him then I’ll eat yo- argh, Dad !!!”

Victor glomps his son mid-phrase, squeezing him and lifting his feet off the ground, even when Victor is just kneeling on the floor.

“My son is so cute!” he coos as Yura tries to wrestle himself free from his grasp.

Yuuri sits Tigger on his lap and leans back, taking in the scene.

His hands are still shaking and the sudden intake of stimulants is still making him feel like he might be on the verge of a heart attack. But somehow, even with an impending press conference, he thinks it might be fine.

«»

[Image description: Yuuri and Victor sitting behind a table. Victor smiling charmingly and Yuuri looking down at his lap.]

Liked by icedaddyfc, katsuki-fc, kingkatsuki, phichit-chu and 5,424 others

katsuk-i-ace I got picked to sit in the press conference with Nikoforov-san and Katsuki-kun! They’re letting a couple of fans sit in and ask questions. Any questions you want me to ask? #katsukiyuuri #victornikiforov #onsenonice #onsenonice

View all 121 comments

kingkatsuki !!! THATS SO EXCITING HOLY SHIT WHATS THE BIG ANNOUNCEMENT?? ARE THEY ENGAGED?? @katsuk-i-ace

xxfallinlove @kingkatsuki #VICTUURICONFIRMED

katsuk-i-ace Nikiforov-san is going to be coaching Yuuri at least for the Grand Prix series! I’ll try to upload a video later!!! They’re letting everyone ask questions now!

1 HOUR AGO

«»

The press conference is being held in a tiny room that used to be a small dance room in the rink. It has been cleared out and a table has been set on one of the sides. There’s no microphones for Victor to speak into. There’s no big cameras already set up pointed at him from every angle.

It makes Victor relax a little bit, how informal the room is from what he’s used to.

“Good afternoon, everyone,” he says, projecting his voice as best as he can without shouting. “As you can see this is a very small room, and it’s hard for the people in the back to see since Yuuri and I aren’t on a podium, so if everyone could sit down on the floor, we can start. We’ll be here a
while, make yourselves comfortable!”

The reporters look at each other for a minute in confusion, whispering amongst themselves, but one by one they all sit. Only leaving a couple of cameramen standing all the way in the back and to the sides of the room.

Victor waits a little bit for the room to settle.

“Thank you for coming. Yuuri and I have an announcement to make and then we’ll take your questions. Please, if you can, speak in English so everyone can understand and be understood, thank you!”

He waits as Yuuri translates what he just said.

Normally Victor wouldn’t think it necessary, he’d just assume from the get-go that everyone relevant in the room spoke English, and if they didn’t, the station that would air his interview would translate it. But, to soften the blow of the announcement that he’s retiring for the time being, he thought it would be nice to open the press conference to a couple of fans for them to ask questions. He was very careful in choosing people who were obviously more excited about being in the same room as Yuuri and potentially asking him questions than in Victor himself.

God knows the entire world will pay enough attention to him not skating. He’d like to keep the focus on Yuuri as much as possible for this.

“For the upcoming season,” Victor starts, once Yuuri is done and the room has had a chance to settle. The few people who had been talking while Yuuri was translating, immediately quiet down. The room goes still in suspense. “I will be coaching Yuuri, and will not participate in the Grand Prix event.”

Predictably, the room explodes at that, everyone trying to out-shout their questions at Victor. He carefully keeps his face neutral and mildly pleasant. Yuuri visibly flinches and grips the little Tigger plushie in his lap.

“I will answer your questions, if you could quiet down and raise your hands for- please raise your hand if-”

No one can hear him above the noise, and Victor grits his teeth. He’s not used to mediating his own press conferences. He’s not used to any of this, and he should’ve gotten someone with a bit more experience to-

A loud horn noise rings through the room, and everyone startles, going quiet at once.

Yuuko stands at the door with a deceptively friendly smile, and one of those air pressure horns held above her head threateningly.

“Good afternoon,” she says pleasantly, “my name is Nishigori Yuuko and I will be mediating this press conference. If you want your questions answered please put your hand up and wait to be called. If you can’t behave, then no questions will be answered and we will all just stand here looking at each other until everyone settles, do I make myself clear?”

The room bursts into a quiet chorus of yes, and Victor is pretty sure at least one person accidentally said yes, Mom.
Victor is a little bit in awe right now.

“Thank you,” she says, and pulls up a chair to sit beside the table so she can see the people sitting down, as well as Victor and Yuuri. “Now, if you put your hand up your questions will be answered.”

Almost everyone’s hand shoots up.

Yuuko points at a man with spiky hair sitting at the front.

“Morooka-san, how are you doing?”

“I’m doing well, thank you Nishigori-san. We’re all very thrilled to hear that Katsuki-san isn’t retiring, but is Nikiforov-san capable of being a good coach? Katsuki-san has trained under Celestino Cialdani, one of the top coaches in figure skating with years of experience.

“You have to understand, as fans of Katsuki-san, we’re worried. He has worked very hard to get a proper coach. Okukawa Minako was a suitable coach, as inexperienced as she was when Katsuki-san was in Junior’s, but Senior’s requires someone with a little more experience, don’t you think?”

Victor thinks he should feel attacked, and he does a little. After all, he’s Victor Nikiforov. There’s virtually nothing he can’t do if he puts his mind to it.

But on the other hand, he’s glad that there are people who think like this. Yuuri shouldn’t settle for anything less than the best. Yuuri deserves a good coach that can guide him solidly through the season.

Victor will try his best, obviously.

“I understand your concerns,” Victor starts. “Yuuri deserves the best coach he can possibly get, and I can assure you if he hadn’t personally asked me to coach him I would not have let him settle for anything less than that.

“Celestino Cialdani is a wonderful coach with whom I had the pleasure of speaking several times. He has helped Yuuri consistently win All Japan every year he has coached him, as well as get three bronze and one silver finish at Four Continents. I can only hope I will be able to do as well for Yuuri as he did.

“I’ve spoken to him, he said he was more than happy to give me as many pointers as I needed. I can assure you I will put everything I have into coaching Yuuri, and that I’m taking this upcoming season as seriously as if I were competing in it myself.”

Morooka nods, seemingly satisfied with the answer.

Victor very pointedly ignores the way Yuuri is staring at the side of his face.

Celestino had told him specifically not to let Yuuri know they talked, but given the current circumstances, Victor thinks it best to put it out there and assure everyone how serious this is for him.

“Thank you for your question,” Yuuko says, and points to a lady further in the back.

“Are you officially retiring from the competitive scene, Mr. Nikiforov?”

“I am officially coaching Katsuki Yuuri during the Grand Prix series,” he evades. “And I have no
immediate plans to enter any of the upcoming competitions.”

“Thank you for your question,” Yuuko says, before the woman can ask something else. “The girl with the hat, in the middle? Yes, you. What’s your question?”

She’s not a reporter. Definitely a fan. There’s no recorder or microphone on her, and she’s wearing one of the Yuuri merch shirts Victor has seen in an Etsy shop that he still suspects is run by Phichit.

He bought one for Yura because watching his child run around with an overlarge shirt with KATSUKI YUURI PROTECTION SQUAD on it is absolutely precious.

“He-hello.”

“Hi!” Victor says, and Yuuri waves a little shyly at his side, squeezing Tigger again and biting the inside of his cheek.

“I wanted to ask if you’re moving to Japan to train Yuuri, and what’s your favourite part of your experience here in Japan has been?”

“My Yuri and I have moved to Japan, yes! The Katsukis have been wonderful in receiving us, we feel right at home here. And I suppose my favourite experience in Japan has been all the amazing food I’ve gotten to experience, and how welcoming everyone has been. Hasetsu has a wonderful sense of community that I have never experienced anywhere else.”

“And the dogs,” Yuuri says, not very loud, making everyone in the room lean a little closer to listen. The girl that asked the question looks like she might cry of happiness.

“Of course! Hasetsu has so many dogs around. Makkachin and I have made plenty of friends on our walks. It’s good to be able to spend so much time with Makkachin again as well.”

«»

[video description: Yuuri struggling to open a bottle of water, his hands are visibly shaking and he’s frowning down at it. Victor opens his own water bottle and passes it over, before saying “No, Yuuri and I aren’t in that kind of relationship right now.”]

Liked by katsuki-fc, icedaddyfc, katsukatsudamm, phichit-chu, kingkatsuki and 21,386 others

katsuk-i-ace Nikiforov-san’s answer when someone asked if he was in a romantic relationship with Katsuki-kun. Apparently, they’re just good friends. #katsukiyuuri #victornikiforov #onsenonice #onsenonicelive

View all 101 comments

katsukatsudamm *pointedly puts this in my victuuri receipts folder*

kingkatsuki I LOVE TO SEE MY BOY GETTING TAKEN CARE OF PLS LOVE AND APPRECIATE HIM @v-nikiforov

xxfallinlove r they tryin to be subtle???? BOI

daddykatsudon mmmmmmmmmmmmmkay sure, jan

2 HOURS
The press conference has winded down, mostly, and Yuuri is looking a little frazzled by all the questions he’s had to answer.

Victor has had to field some uncomfortable questions himself, about his abilities, about wasting away his last chance at another golden season, about his parenting skills, about his true motivations which are just heavily implied quips about him coming to Hasetsu only thinking with his dick. He wants to leave and watch a movie with Yura while Makkachin lays on his legs.

But he can’t yet, so he keeps his smile in place and acts cheerful.

“Last question,” Yuuko announces. Almost everyone in the room got a chance to ask something. They’ve been here for a while.

Yuuko points at a boy towards the side of the room. He’s a fan too. Victor can tell.

“Hello,” he says, his English without any trace of an accent. “Thank you for making this event happen when I was already vacationing in Japan.”

“You’re welcome, I hope you’re having a nice vacation,” Victor says, pleasantly. Yuuri doesn’t really say anything. He looks about ready to faceplant on the table and pass out.

“I was wondering, now that you’re coaching Yuuri, would it be possible for you to coach him also on using his social network apps a little more?”

Victor snorts, and Yuuri huffs a laugh besides him.

“Ah, I don’t know, that’s such a difficult feat you ask of me. Not even Phichit managed to do that, and he is the crowned king of Instagram. I will try my best, though!”

“Thank you,” the boy says, and sits back down.

“Okay, we have time for one more, really quick question,” Yuuko says and a handful of arms shoot up. She picks a girl at the front that has had her phone on them the entire time.

“Will Katsuki-kun eat katsudon when he gets home to celebrate?”

“I didn’t win anything,” Yuuri says. “Hopefully with Victor’s help I’ll be able to eat it soon.”

“Oh, that’s not true, Yuuri, think of all the hearts you won today! You definitely deserve katsudon,” Victor says, because he enjoys making Yuuri blush, and according to Phichit he should shut down all self-deprecating words as soon as they’re out of Yuuri’s mouth, no matter how harmless the sentence sounds. “Coach’s order, you deserve katsudon today, you did very well.”

Yuuri flushes all over and hides behind his hands. The camera flashes start going off in a frenzy, and Victor smiles charmingly in the face of all of it.
The press conference is over! Nikiforov-san and Katsuki-kun are going home now to eat katsudon. Nikiforov-san was so nice and I got to ask two questions. Katsuki-kun looked really tired. I hope he can get good rest, I’m looking forward to next season! 
#onsenonice
#onsenonicelive
#katsukiyuuri
#victornikiforov

View all 208 comments

Yuuri’s holding Yuri’s tiger [link to a photoset on tumblr of yuri and his tiger]

THATS SO PRECIOUS IM CRYING WHAT THE FUCK LOOK AT THIS GOOD FAMILY??

3 HOURS AGO

Mari drove to the rink so they could get in her car and go back to the inn with minimal fuss.

Yuuri has been ready to call it a day two hours ago, and all he wants to do right now is to get in bed and sleep for at least twelve hours straight.

Victor declared the next two days to be rest days, so he thinks he’ll be allowed to do it. He’ll just roll himself into a burrito and sleep for two days. That sounds heavenly.

“I have to take this,” Victor says, gesturing apologetically to his phone. “Can you get Yura to the car?”

Yuuri doubts he can get himself to the car without knocking his shoulder against a doorjamb or two. “Yeah, don’t worry.”

Victor gives him a nod in thanks and slips away to answer his call.

Yuuri gives him his privacy and keeps walking towards Yuuko’s office where Nishigori has been looking after the triplets and Yuri.

He knocks on the door and pokes his head inside.

The triplets are all sitting on the floor, Yura between them and a tablet in their lap as they try to communicate through pointing and the very little English they know, which is mostly restricted to skating terms.

“Hey, Yuuri, how’d it go?” Nishigori asks.

“Okay, I guess,” Yuuri answers, shrugging his shoulder, just as Yura’s head snaps up and he scrambles up.

“Yuuri!” he calls, running to grab Yuuri’s hand and pulling him into the room. “I have your surprise! Close your eyes.”

Yuuri dutifully closes his eyes, because what else can he do when Yura looks this excited.

There’s the telltale sound of people moving around the room and papers moving.

“Okay, you can open.”

Yuuri opens his eyes and blinks down at Yuri, who is proudly holding up a paper circle, painted
yellow and with a big one in the middle and messy kanji that Yuuri can’t quite read. It’s hanging off a string.

“Dad didn’t give you a medal so I made you one, for being the coolest.”

Yuuri feels like crying a little bit. “Thank you, Yura. I really like it.”

Yura beams proudly. “I’ll put it on you. Lean down!”

So Yuuri leans down and lets Yura loop the string around his head so the medal falls on his chest perfectly.

“Thank you,” Yuuri says. “It’s the best medal I’ve ever gotten.”

“Yuuko’s husband says it can be a good luck charm too, so you can win all the things.”

Yuuri picks it up and turns it around. It looks like Yura put a lot of time and effort into it.

“Thank you,” he says again.

Yura beams. “Did Tigger help with the stupid reporters?”

Yuuri realizes he had still been clutching Yura’s plushie and hands it over, booping the plushie’s snout against Yura’s nose.

“He helped a lot, thank you for letting me have it for a little while.”

“You shared Doraemon with me, so if you really need Tigger to protect you from scary stuff that’s okay.”

Yuuri feels a rush of affection and protectiveness towards Yura hit him, and he reaches over to awkwardly ruffle his hair because he feels like he needs to do something but isn’t quite sure what.

“I’ll remember that. Do you want to grab your things so we can go?”

Yura nods and rushes to go get his backpack, and Yuuri stands up, feeling his knees complain a little bit. He can’t wait to sink into the onsen.

Nishigori is looking at him weirdly, and the triplets are whispering over their tablet with evil evil grins which is never good.

“What,” Yuuri asks, a bit defensively when Nishigori keeps looking at him.

“You’re good with him.”

Yuuri frowns. He’s not really good with kids in general. He’s pretty clumsy at handling them, and he’s never really seen himself with children in the hazy future after he retired. He’s afraid of messing them up. He’s sure he will.

He still has no idea how to properly handle Yura. Yuuri’s still waiting for the moment when he’ll say the wrong thing, effectively making Yura hate him forever.

It hasn’t happened so far, and honestly he’s stunned himself with how long it’s been without him messing up. But Yura is a good kid. He can be very difficult sometimes. Downright bratty, even, but he has a good heart and he knows what he wants, even at the tender age of five.
“I don’t know what that means,” Yuuri says, because he wants to avoid this entire conversation.

Nishigori looks unimpressed. “Sure, katsudon fatale.”

Yuuri winces, flushing horrible because right, that’s something he had said. Out loud. To people. If the ground could open up and suck him into the swirling void, that’d be great.

“Let’s go! I’m hungry,” Yura says, grabbing Yuuri’s hand and pulling him out the door and into the complete opposite direction where they are supposed to go.

Yuuri twirls him around and points him in the other direction.

Yura pretends that didn’t happen and continues hauling Yuuri down the hall.

«»

“Twenty hours, Vitya,” he hears as soon as he picks up his phone.

“Mama, please-“

“Twenty hours was I in labour for you, my own precious child.”

“Mama, I’m so-“

Victor knows it’s useless. when Mama gets going there’s hardly anything that can stop her. You just have to wait her out. Besides, it’s not like she doesn’t have a reason to be upset.

“Twenty hours I suffered trying to push your big head out of me, and this is what it gets me?! How cruel, Vitya, forsaking your poor mama like this. You will kill me, Vitya, I will die of heartbreak, and then your mamochka will have no one to raise your siblings with! Think of those poor poodles without me!”

“Mama, I’m sorry,” he says, trying very hard not to sound like a whiny five-year-old and failing completely. “I forgot, Mama.”

“I forgot , he says. I can’t- I will pass the phone to your mamochka, I need to lay down. My own son forgets to tell me he moved to Japan to chase some boy.” Victor can picture her, dramatically draped over her fainting couch, gaining the pity of the family poodles who will immediately flock her and try to make better whatever has Mama in such a state.

Maybe Victor should buy a fainting couch.

“Mama, it’s not-“

“Don’t get me wrong, Vitya. I love that you are invested in this boy enough that you want to become his coach. He is adorable, and I hope he is treating you right, but-“

“Mama, it’s not like that. We’re- we’re not like that,” he sighs, rubbing his temples.

“You’re not? Why? What’s wrong with him?” It almost gives him whiplash how her tone changes from woe is me to righteously affronted. “You are the most beautiful and talented boy in the world. Pass the phone to him, I will make him your husband.”

“Mama, please! You can’t just make people like me.”
“Well, I can surely try. You are a gift, Vitya. Everyone should see it.”

Victor smiles, just a little bit. “Thank you, Mama.”

“I’m still mad you moved without telling us,” she says.

“I know, Mama.”

“Good, I will bring the baby album when we come to visit,” she says, her tone turning gleeful. “Oh, I hope he has baby pictures too! We can have a viewing party! It’ll be great.”

“Wait, what do you mean visiting??”

Oh no.

“I’m going to pass the phone to your mamoshka. Say hi!”

“Mama, what do you-“

“Vitenka, teddy bear, how are you? Why didn’t you tell us you were moving? You know we worry,” Mamoshka always has the softest voice when she talks to Victor, unless he’s made her really upset. It’s like she trained her tone to make him fall asleep as a baby and then forgot to change it back. By her tone, Victor knows he’s made her upset, and he feels unberably guilty.

“Ah, mamoshka, I’m sorry, I-“

“You forgot,” she sighs. “Honestly, Vitya, you’re so much like your mama. She forgot to bring our engagement rings when we married, did you know?”

“I know, mamoshka. And then she bought new ones and proposed all over again, one day before the wedding.” Victor recounts. He’s heard this story told in detail several times, he could write a book about his mothers’ love story.

To be fair, it’s very romantic, and after over thirty years of marriage they’re still as in love as they were when they first met. To say Victor has dramatically unrealistic expectations for what romance is supposed to be is an understatement.

“How is Yura doing? Is he adapting well? You have to make sure he can talk to more people than just you, Vitenka.”

“I do, he’s taking English lessons and Yuuri speaks Russian.”

“He does? Interesting choice,” she remarks, and knowing his mamoshka she knows full well how much of a fan Yuuri is of him. She probably knows everything there is to know about Yuuri.

Victor loves his mothers dearly, but sometimes they can be a little… overwhelming if you’re not used to them. None of the past boys Victor had dated had been able to get used to them.

“The Katsukis have been very kind to us. They’ve accepted us into their home and treated us very well.”

“Oh, that’s wonderful, Vitya. I’m happy people are taking good care of you there.”

“They really are, there is nothing to worry about,” he says with as much conviction as he can, and maybe his moms won’t visit Japan and potentially scare Yuuri to death.
“I’m sure there’s not. We’ll still visit of course, whenever we find time in our schedules. It’ll be a surprise visit. You love surprises!”

Victor groans. “At least keep Mama from bringing the baby album.”

“Oh, Vitya, you know I have no say in what your mama does and doesn’t do. Also those are precious photos of you! Such a shame the flash kept reflecting off your baby forehead.”

“Mamoshka, my forehead is not that big!”

“Of course not, sweetheart. I tease because I love.”

“He has a big forehead because that is where all is genius is! Be proud of your forehead, Vitya!” Mama chimes in.

“Mama!” he sighs. “I need to go, my Yuuris are waiting for me in the car. It’s been a very long day.”

“Bye Vitya, behave. And be safe! Condoms are important!” Mama calls out. “I love you, darling.”

“Goodbye, Vitenka. Be good, okay? Give a kiss to Yura for me.” Mamoshka says.

“And from me too! And give Makkachin lots of kisses, make sure he stays a healthy boy.”

“Yes, Mama. Bye Mama, bye Mamoshka, I love you both.”

There’s a chorus of byes and cooing before the line goes dead.

Well, that certainly gave him something to look forward and lightly dread in the coming months.

Victor pockets his phone and walks out to the car, knowing that Yuuri and possibly Yura will already be passed out, and that Mari is probably growing impatient. If impatient is even an emotion Mari has, because so far Mari has been nothing but completely cool and laid back around him.

Victor likes hanging out around her. There’s no expectations. It’s relaxing.

Thankfully, none of the reporters or paparazzi figured out the hidden away place where Mari parked the car, and Victor steps out of Ice Castle and into the front seat of the car with no problem.

“ Took you long enough,” she says, blowing a puff of smoke, leaning against the driver’s door.

“Family call. Had to take it.”

Mari shrugs, and takes another long drag, opening up the door and getting in. “That’s fine. I already strapped them in, we can go.”

Victor looks in the backseat and the Yuuris are slumped against each other. Yuuri completely dead to the world and Yura blinking sluggishly.

Yuuri has a shiny paper medal hanging from his neck and Victor can’t help but to coo softly at it.

Mari finishes smoking and closes her door, just as Victor makes it around the car and gets in.

“Read to go home?”

“Yeah,” he says, twisting around so he can look at the backseat, smiling softly at the sight. It’s been a very long day. “I’m ready.”
Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-gc, sara-crisp, icedaddyfc, katsuki-fc and 64,164 others

v-nikiforov Thank you so much to everyone that came out to support Yuuri and Yura! We hope we can give you beautiful performances for the rest of the season! These boys worked hard! Please keep supporting them, and goodnight #prouddad #proudcoach #katsukiyuuri

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1 DAY AGO

Chapter End Notes

me: *forgets to call my mom when I get home safely*
victor: *forgets to call his moms when he moves his whole family to japan*

**PSA:** I will be taking a one week break (minimum) to keep my love for this raging overindulgent dumpster fire alive!! Thank you everyone for your kindness! I'll keep trying my best!!

**ALSO Y’ALL SOMEONE DREW FANART FOR CHAPTER SEVEN AND I’M SOBBING, YUURI PLAYING WITH YURA IN THE ICE RINK IS SO FUCKING CUTE OHMYGOD PLEASE CHECK IT OUT AND GIVE THE ARTIST LOTS OF LOVE!!**

**tumblr tag for updates and whatnot on this fic**
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Victor is gay and needs attention.

Also for a fic that isn't a chat fic or a social media fic oh boy this chapter sure has too much of both.

Chapter Notes

Hello, it has Been Awhile, I hope everyone is doing well!

First and foremost this chapter WAS betaed by the lovely Minna who is an absolute angel, BUT google docs hates me and erased the whole chapter because of some spotty internet connection, so, even though I could see her comments on what I needed to change, a lot of the times I couldn't see WHERE I needed to change it. Meaning this chapter might have some typos, feel free to point them out to me so I can fix them (Because with this ADD thing I can't re-read this fic a second time in the same day to save my goddamned life.)

Secondly, I had a nice break (I also had a nice break-up during my break and a not so nice break down but whatcanyado)! But I reached the conclusion that I can't possibly keep up the schedule I have going for this fic without burning myself out, especially with my third year of college coming up in a couple of weeks. I also want time to write other things! I love this fic to death but this is going to be a really long fic. I planned since the start on covering the entire first season of the anime, and it's going to be a while until I even get to the Kyushu skating competition. So, yeah, I don't see this fic being shorter than 100k.

All this said, I've decided that I will make this fic a bi-weekly affair. So every other monday there will be a new chapter! I'll also try my best to up the minimum word count I set for myself for each chapter. Right now it's 5,000 words, but I'll try for a little bit more since I dont think it's fair for me to give you the same amount of content if I'm going to make you wait longer for it.

And that's it, I hope you enjoy a whole chapter where nothing happens, except for Victor Nikiforov being extremely gay.

TLD;DR: Because of some google docs fuckery this fic is gonna have some typos. Point them out to me!! ALSO this fic is going to start being updated every other monday instead of every monday! Thank you for being understanding, have a lovely day.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[image description: Yuuri and Yura asleep in the back of a car, Yura tucked in under Yuuri’s arm]
v-nikiforov Thank you so much to everyone that came out to support Yuuri and Yura! We hope we can give you beautiful performances for the rest of the season! These boys worked hard! Please keep supporting them, and goodnight #prouddad #proudcoach #katsukiyuuri

kingkatsuki SO BLESSED SO MOVED I CAN’T BELIEVE I GET TO SEE THE GIFT THAT YUURI KATSUKI IS CUDDLING A SMOL TODDLER I’M CRYING I’VE BEEN CRYING FOR FIVE YEARS I’LL NEVER STOP CRYING

kingkatsuki also what that around his neck @v-nikiforov we need answers

v-nikiforov @kingkatsuki My little Yura decided to make a paper gold medal for Yuuri to congratulate him on doing so well! Yuuri wore it until he went to bed!

kingkatsuki LKSUDFHGSKJDF

kingkatsuki @v-nikiforov THANK YOU I OWE YOU MY LIFE THANK YOU FOR BELIEVING IN KATSUKI YUURI AND ALSO YOUR SON IN ADORABLE

katsukatsudamn @kingkatsuki AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

kingkatsuki @katsukatsudamn I K N O W I D I E D

1 DAY AGO

“No,” Yura whines and drops all his weight so Victor has to scramble to hold him up by the armpits and not just let his son faceplant on the floor.

“Come on, sweetheart,” he coos, “it’s already 10 am, don’t you want to have fun and go on a trip with Papa?”

Yura grunts vaguely, and lets his head drop, letting out a sleepy sigh.

In retrospect, letting Yura nap in the car and then stay up past 2 am to celebrate Yuuri’s success might not have been the best idea. But Victor figured that since they would have a couple of days without training while they waited for the majority of the reporters to leave, it would be fine. They’d just wake up a bit later – which for him generally means past 8 am and before 9:30 – and do something fun.

Victor might have a whole day planned.

He might or might not have a sort of date planned, if you even can call it a date when the other person doesn’t know it’s a date and you’re taking your son along.

But for that to work, he’ll need to get Yura into his clothes and get Yuuri up.

“Why don’t you go wake up, Yuuri?” he suggests, trying to set Yura on his feet again. This time he stays and squints blearily at him.

“Yuuri?”
“Yeah, go wake up Yuuri, sweetheart. Then we can all go have lunch out. How does that sound?”

Yura rubs his eye messily with his closed fist and Victor almost melts into the floor.

“Kay,” he mumbles, and stumbles his way out of their room and into Yuuri’s.

Well, that kind of worked. Victor pats himself on the back and makes his way into the kitchen, to look for something to do. He’s been awake for too long and he’s starting to feel jittery with the need to go and do something.

Makkachin is laying in the front room, out of everyone’s way but carefully situated where he can rise up on his front legs and gets head pats and bits of food from people passing by. Victor makes a mental note to pay more attention to what Makkachin is being fed so he doesn’t get sick.

“Come on, Makka,” he calls, “Let’s go outside for a bit.”

Makkachin trots after him, panting excitedly, tail wagging. On his way to the door he makes a beeline to bump against Mari’s legs for a pat on the head and then lick at Hiroko’s hand which probably still taste a little like the breakfasts she spent the morning preparing.

“Come on,” he coos, “let’s give my Yuris some time to wake up and get dressed.”

Makkachin circles back to him, wiggling his way through the door as soon as Victor opens it and running around on the front lawn of Yu-topia Katsuki, stopping to sniff everything.

Victor watches him run around for a while, and he just breathes for a moment. There’s something different and almost cleaner about the air in Hasetsu. The whole town is surrounded by an aura of calmness and peace. Victor can understand why so many people come to Hasetsu to find respite when they need it.

Even he feels healthier and more centered walking around Hasetsu than he did walking the streets of St. Petersburg.

But then again, he doesn’t have as much weight on his shoulders here as he had in St. Petersburg. He’s doing something he enjoys again, with someone both him and Yura and Makkachin like, and while he hasn’t relaxed completely, still not knowing what Yuuri wants from him, who he wants Victor to be, he feels more at peace now then he has for the last handful of years.

Makkachin trots back to him, holding a stick that’s almost too big for him to carry and drops it at Victor’s feet, wiggling expectantly.

“Do you want to play fetch, Makka? Do you?” Victor coos, picking up the slobbered, muddy stick and throwing it. Makkachin is off after it like a shot, proudly trotting back and handing it to Victor.

“Good boy, Makkachin, you did so well!” he praises, rubbing Makkachin behind the ears, before he throws the stick again.

He gives himself and Makkachin ten more minutes of just existing in the little bubble that seems to surround Yu-topia, before he decides enough time as passed and they can go back inside. He does have a train to catch at 11:30 if they want to make it into Fukuoka at a decent time for lunch.

Except when he goes back inside and looks around the dining room for Yuuri and Yura they’re nowhere to be found.

“Yuuri and Yurio are still sleeping,” Mari tells him, after watching look around the inn for a solid
five minutes. “I wouldn’t wake him up if I were you.”

“Still?”

Mari shrugs. “He likes sleeping.”

Victor likes sleeping too, but Victor, as a general rule, can get maybe six hours of uninterrupted sleep before he wakes himself up, too used to having to take Makkachin on midnight walks and having to wake up at the crack of dawn to train.

Juggling Makkachin’s midnight walks and establishing a good sleeping schedule for Yura had been hard, but luckily Victor’s across the hall neighbor did night shifts and didn’t mind taking Makkachin around the block before work back in St. Petersburg, which was miles easier than getting Makkachin used to a new walking schedule that was more suited for a man with a small child than Makkachin’s normal walking schedule which was perfectly suited for a workaholic insomniac.

Yuuri’s been asleep for almost ten hours at this point, something Victor had only achieved once after spending two full days without sleeping and then being yelled to bed by a very angry Yakov.

Victor settles in one of the tables in the common room, expecting Makkachin to sit on his lap, only to notice that Makkachin has wandered off somewhere.

He pouts. Even his dog leaves him.

**vicki nikaj** Enter taint me I’m bored

**vicki nikaj** #Entertain

**chill-a-nont** PH MY GOD

**chill-a-nont** are we close enough that i can mke taint jokes

**vicki nikaj** Probably not if you have to ask

**chill-a-nont** fair

**vicki nikaj** How are you always here??????

**chill-a-nont** my Something Is Happening senses were tingling

**chill-a-nont** ask yuuri to enter taint u

**vicki nikaj** He’s sleeping

**chill-a-nont** awwwww is that why youre bored

**vicki nikaj** Yes

**chill-a-nont** u should enter taint yourself

**chill-a-nont** by going on a twitter q&a spree
vicki nikaj I’m sure you’re suggesting this out of concert for me

chill-a-nont [image sent]

vicki nikaj Who is that cartoon and why is his hair like that

vicki nikaj The 2008 emo scene called, it wants its hairstyle back

chill-a-nont sdfjkhndf

chill-a-nont DON’T DO MY BOY LIKE THIS

vicki nikaj Also I highly doubt he’s a nice person like he claims

vicki nikaj He looks shady

vicki nikaj Also what’s wrong with his outfit, he can NOT make red shorts work

chill-a-nont ITS HIS TRAINING GEAR

chill-a-nont sdlfkjgsfhnd

chill-a-nont i cant believe im awake at this ungodly hour just to witness victor Nikiforov drag an anime character

chill-a-nont wild

chill-a-nont [image sent]

chill-a-nont what do u think of him

vicki nikaj He looks like a power bottom

vicki nikaj I like his hair and his mole

vicki Nikaj He’s cute

chill-a-nont IM CHOKING OHMYGOD ASDFKLSDFJGSDF

chill-a-nont [image sent]

chill-a-nont he?

vicki nikaj He looks like he enjoys drama

vicki nikaj No one that spends that much time making their hair swoop doesn’t enjoy drama

chill-a-nont sdfgsdfgdfgdafs

chill-a-nont ur not wrong

«»

[video description: several pictures of Yuuri falling during past competitions with screenshoted
comments from people saying mean things. A short bit of Drake’s ‘How ‘Bout Now’ is playing. Specifically the part that goes Yeah, you ain’t really fuck with me back then, girl. When the lyrics change to But how ‘bout now? ‘Cause I’m up right now, and you suck right now the images also change to shots of Yuuri during the Eros routine and screenshots of the same people thirsting after him.]

Liked by phichit-chu, katsuki-fc, kingkatsuki, daddykatsudon and 5,184 others

katsukatsudamm oh you thought you had it all figured out back then but how ‘bout now???
#katsukiyuuri #ilearnedtoeditforthis

View all 56 comments

daddykatsudon hmmmmmm love the cronch of the salt in the morning

vickitor-the-ice-prince You dun need to be nasty just cause some ppl changed their opinion like u relaise ur harming katsuki’s fanbase rite??

katsukatsudamm @vickitor-the-ice-prince mmkay u realize all these ppl only want to jump on yuuri’s dick because Mr Living Legend is after our boy rite?? and they were actively nasty about yuuri and kicked him when he was at his lowest rite??

vickitor-the-ice-prince @katsukatsudamm no need to be nasty about victor lmao I was just making a comment

katsukatsudamm @vickitor-the-ice-prince lol when was I nasty?? He’s literaly Mr. Living Legend [link to magazine article] [link to newspaper article] [link to twitter] [screenshot compilation of a handful of victor fanclubs that call him Mr. Living Legend]

3 DAYS AGO

«»

By eleven Hiroko has put a beer in front of him and told him to let Yuuri sleep.

By 11:10h Phichit has told him:

chill-a-nont Let Him Sleep

chill-a-nont when yuuri goes hard he needs a lot of sleep to recover

chill-a-nont I think his record was during spring break a couple of years back

chill-a-nont he disappeared for three days

chill-a-nont then came back smelling of cheap tequila and with a backpack full of money

chill-a-nont and he was covered in glitter and had confetti in his hair

chill-a-nont i still dunno where he was

chill-a-nont i only know he splet 27 hours straight with pee and food breaks
So Victor has resigned himself to sitting here and feeling like he’s going to crawl out of his skin with the need to do something. He’d go for a run or even to the ice rink, but there’s still too many journalists loitering around Hasetsu for him to be able to walk around comfortably. His plan was to go sightseeing in Fukuoka where there are no reporters and no one would look twice at two people and one kid walking around.

He likes big cities for the anonymity they give him if nothing else. If he puts a hat on and wears sunglasses, almost no one recognizes him.

Sighing he pulls up his twitter and tweets out:

Victor Nikiforov @v-nikiforov

I’m sure everyone has a lot of questions and since we’re making this a rest day I’ll answer some if you tweet at me using #askvictorinhasetu

Then, to give some time for the avalanche of tweets to start properly coming in, Victor gets up and pads his way upstairs, figuring that he better peek into Yuuri’s room to make sure everything is okay.

He tries to be really quiet, pushing the ajar door open that little bit more so enough light comes in the room for him to be able to see.

Yuuri is sprawled face down on the bed, face under a pillow, and Makkachin laying on top of his legs, effectively pinning him to the bed with the help of Yura who has decided that Yuuri’s back is his new bed.

Victor wonders if the flash of a camera would wake them up, and then he decides that he’ll have enough opportunities in the future to catch moments like this and closes the door, going back into the common room.

He unlocks his phone and leans his elbows on the table, scrolling through the rush of tweets, ignoring the mean-spirited ones, and the ones that are some variant of I want to guzzle your dick through my nose.

i'm not emo mom @mychemicalsalchow

@v-nikiforov I love your new choreo for Katsuki’s SP what inspired it?
#askvictorinhasetu

Victor Nikiforov @v-nikiforov

@mychemicalsalchow I wanted to tell a story that was based on the concept of lust at first sight! ½

Victor Nikiforov @v-nikiforov

@mychemicalsalchow There’s another arrangement that is centered around unconditional love but I thought this would fit Yuuri better! 2/2
@v-nikiforov THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT DID YUURI GET TO EAT HIS KATSUDON???
#askvictorinhassetsu

Victor Nikiforov @v-nikiforov

@kingkatsuki YES!!!

[Image description: Yuuri flushed and looking a little shy, holding up a bowl of katsudon towards the camera]

Victor loves Yuuri’s fans. From what he’s been exposed to, they seem to be very positive and concerned over Yuuri’s well-being. A lot of the comments have an almost parental feeling to them.

Millenial Dread @katsukatsudamn

@v-nikiforov are you going to choreo all of yuuris programs #askvictorinhassetsu

Victor Nikiforov @v-nikiforov

@katsukatsudamn Yuuri and me haven’t discussed his FS yet or his exhibition, when he choses the music I’ll help him come up with the choreos

B. @sasslchow

@v-nikiforov Do you or Yuuri have any Ice Shows planned? #askvictorinhassetsu

Victor Nikiforov @v-nikiforov

@sasslchow Nope!

Ice Ice Thirsty @russsputin

@v-nikiforov how ARE YOU SO DADDY???
#askvictorinhassetsu

Victor Nikiforov @v-nikiforov

@russsputin STEP 1: have a child STEP 2: care for them STEP 3: congrats you’re now a daddy

A Gay @xxfallinlove

@v-nikiforov are u a part of the katsudamn cult yet? #askvictorinhassetsu

Victor Nikiforov @v-nikiforov

@xxfallinlove hmm @phichit-chu am i?
Thai Prince @phichit-chu

@v-nikiforov @xxfallinlove we still have to put you thru the initiation ritual

The Queer Side @alllly-a

@v-nikiforov does victor Nikiforov is gay? #askvictorinhasetsu

Victor snorts and decides that he needs to answer this one with a little more flair so he gets up and makes a quick trip to his room to find the rainbow flag sunglasses he got at Pride four years back, before he returns to the common room.

Victor Nikiforov @v-nikiforov

@alllly-a IDK do I is gay???

[Image description: a selfie of Victor with rainbow heart-shaped sunglasses, with one finger touching his lip and one eyebrow raised in a clear mock questioning face]

Cait @caitcait-blyde

@v-nikiforov Now that you’re off the competitive scene you should change your name to Coach Nikiforov #askvictorinhasetsu

Coach Victor @v-nikiforov

@caitcait-blyde agreed

#giaforovisreal @m-x-m

@v-nikiforov WHY ARE YOU CHEATING ON CHRIS WITH THAT THOT?? #askvictorinhasetsu

Coach Victor @v-nikiforov

@m-x-m @christophe-gc Who’s going to break it to your boyfriend that we’re dating??

BTHC I MIGHT BE @day-k

@v-nikiforov is a GREEDY man who already has ONE yuri but had to get ANOTHER one. He needs to learn how to SHARE. #askvictorinhasetsu

Coach Victor @v-nikiforov

@day-k I have been exposed. My goal in life is to collect all the Yuris.
Thai Prince @phichit-chu

@day-k @v-nikiforov can confirm. victor Nikiforov BROKE into my house, bedazzled all my clothes and stole my yuuri

kawaii bitch @chuchuchupika

@v-nikiforov YOU RUIN YUURIS PERFECT IMAGE + BREAK YUUCHIT UP + STRING GIACOMETTI AROUND = FUCK YOU HOMEREKTER
#askvictorinhasetsu

To answer this one, Victor puts his phone down, and goes into the kitchen to prepare himself a fruity and colorful drink, before he hunts down the most scenic place for him to do his thing. Honestly this might be a little overboard, and he’s definitely putting more effort into this than he needs to, but he’s also bored out of his mind, so.

Coach Victor @v-nikiforov

@chuchuchupika Pardon, je ne comprends pas anglais.

[video description: a short video shot with musica.ly where Victor is wearing his heart shaped rainbow sunglasses. His body contrasted against the beautiful background of Hasetsu’s mountain. He most likely propped his phone on something since he’s casually leaning back against the windowsill of an open window and sipping on what looks like to be orange juice going by the slice of orange expertly tucked in the rim of the glass. The chorus of ‘Homewrecker’ by Marina and the Diamonds is playing.]

Barely five seconds after he posts it, he receives message notifications from Phichit with a link to his tweet.

chill-a-nont I’M CHOKING
chill-a-nont YOU! DID! /THAT/
chill-a-nont the level of EXTRA
chill-a-nont be my extraness coach victor~
vicki nikaj I’m sorry that only works with Yuuri
chill-a-nont honestly,,,,, understandable

Victor’s attention is pulled away by the telltale sound of Makkachin’s nails clipping on the wood floor as he bounds up to him and shoves his snout under Victor’s arm for attention, effectively distracting him from his Twitter forays.

“Are you done napping?” he asks him, dropping his phone on the table to squish Makkachin’s cheeks and bury his fingers in his soft fur, before he catches Yuuri making his way towards him with Yura stumbling at his side.
They’re both squinting, Yuuri more than Yura since he seems to have forgotten his glasses in his room.

“Good morning,” Victor says.

Yuuri drops down next to him and makes a vague acknowledging sound while Yura circles behind him so he can push himself under the arm Makkachin is not occupying and crawl into Victor’s lap. Victor leans down to kiss him in the forehead, even as Yura scrunches up his nose and pushes his face away.

“Dad,” he complains. And then, after he’s successfully pushed Victor’s face away, “I’m hungry.”

“Let’s get you some lunch then,” Victor says, running his hands through Yuri’s hair and trying to get out the kinks, which of course makes Yuri groan and try to bat him away.

“Dad,” he says. “Dad, I need food I’m going to die.”

Yuuri turns his head from where he had laid it on the table and squints at him. “Okay.”

Ah, his Yuris are so cute when they wake up.

“Okay!” he says cheerfully. “Sit tight, I’ll get some lunch.”

Yura crawls out of his lap and pulls Makkachin off to, so Victor can get up, and then settles against Yuuri’s side, on his knees so he can peer down at Yuuri’s sleepy face and poke him in the cheek, which Yuuri just passively accepts.

Cute.

“Did you want to go somewhere?” Yuuri asks when he’s finished with his meal and awake enough to string words into a coherent sentence.

“Not really,” Victor says, swirling the rest of his orange juice in his glass. “Why do you ask?”

Yuuri blinks at him. Maybe Victor is just the kind of person who dresses up and puts make-up on even if he’s staying inside the whole day. Yuuri isn’t really going to pass judgment on it, since he lived with Phichit who would do a full face of make-up just to take selfies.

“No reason,” he mutters.

“Is there anything you would like to do today, Yuuri?”

“I want to watch Doraemon and play with Yuuri!” Yuri announces, talking with his mouth full and sending rice flying all over the table and partially on Victor.

Victor grabs a napkin and wipes himself and the table off. “Don’t talk with your mouth full, sweetheart. And I was asking Yuuri,” Victor says looking over at him.

“I don’t really mind,” Yuuri shrugs, because sitting around watching anime doesn’t sound too bad. “I’d like to go in the onsen, later.” His muscles are still aching a bit, and yesterday after getting home, he didn’t really have a chance to go in the onsen and relax them out, not to mention that he
just slept at least two hours with a small child on his back and a big poodle on his legs.

“Lovely, we can-“ Victor starts, cutting himself off when a little girl approaches their table and plants herself in front of him.

“Excuse me,” she says, in Japanese. “Your hair is really pretty, is it really that color or did you put paint on it?”

“Ah,” Victor says, looking over at Yuuri for help, with a helpless but pleasant smile while Yura stops eating and scoots closer to his father, watching the girl distrustfully.

“He doesn’t understand Japanese, I’m sorry,” Yuuri tells the little girl. “Do you want me to tell him what you just said?”

“Why?”

Yuuri blinks. Right. He’s talking to a child that looks barely older than Yuri. “He wasn’t born in Japan, so he doesn’t know Japanese yet. He knows lots of other languages though.”

“Oh, okay. Can you ask him about his hair then?”

“Sure,” Yuuri says, switching to English and turning to Victor. “She wants to know if you dye your hair or if it’s naturally like that. She thinks it’s pretty.”

“Oh!” Victor says, sounding delighted. “Thank you,” he says, tongue careful around the foreign Japanese word for it. And then, in English, “it’s naturally like this! Do you want to touch it?”

Yuuri translates for him, and the little girl gasps, looking delighted, before carefully reaching over with a hand and touching. “It’s soft!” she whispers, running her palm over the top of Victor’s head and making a mess of Victor’s carefully combed look.

Victor allows it for a couple of seconds, just as a harried man comes into the dining area and scolds the girl, bowing and apologizing to them profusely, “I’m so sorry, she’s not normally like this.”

“It’s okay!” Victor says cheerily waving the man off, repeating it over the man’s apologetic spiel.

“He offered,” Yuuri reassures him. “It’s fine.”

The man bows apologetically one last time, before he ushers his daughter away, who drags her feet across the floor and waves at them goodbye. Victor waves back enthusiastically, and Yuuri offers her a small wave.

Yura just glares at her and climbs it Victor’s lap, putting his small palms on his cheeks and forcing Victor’s face towards him in the clearest pay attention to me gesture Yuuri has ever seen.

“Dad I want juice!” Yuri demands, pouting.

Victor dutifully pours some of his orange juice in Yuri’s smaller cup and gives it to him, adjusting how he’s sitting so Yuri is more comfortable on his lap.

It hits Yuuri how wild it is to be sitting in his parents’ inn, with Victor Nikiforov sitting next to him, hair a tussled mess, and his kid sitting comfortably in his lap, sipping orange juice and commandeering his attention. He doesn’t seem quite the same standing so close to Yuuri, without cameras and careful editing catching all his best angles, without that smile that stretches across his
lips, picture perfect and charming.

Instead he looks… soft, almost. Which isn’t a word Yuuri has ever really used to describe Victor.

“Yuuri,” Victor coos, startling Yuuri and making him realize that he had been staring past what is polite. “Do you want to touch my hair too, hm? You were staring at it quite a lot.”

“Can I?” Yuuri blurts out, too surprised with the offer and with a solid decade of worship bubbling up in him in the form of giddy excitement and utter *stupidity*.

Victor seems to be surprised to by the way his eyebrows climb up and his mouth drops open the slightest bit, and Yuuri starts backtracking, waving his hands in front of his face as he panics, “No, no. Sorry! I wasn’t thinking, I didn’t mean-“

And now both Yura and Victor and everyone else close enough to hear are looking at him and *great*. He’s embarrassing himself in his own home in front of strangers. Why can’t he go more than two hours without doing something stupid?

“I-“ he stutters, “I’m going to set up my laptop, bye,” he rushes out and bolts out of the dining area and up the stairs to his room, where he slams the door behind him and groans, thunking his head a couple of times against the solid wood.

“Stupid,” he mutters. “Stupid, stupid, stupid.”

«»

[video description: Chris wearing a flowy red dress, dramatically draped over a poolside lounge chair, with a beautiful view and the sun setting behind him. The video appears to have been done in musica.ly. He has a half empty bottle of Vodka grasped loosely around his fingers, dragging on the floor, and the back of his other hand touching his forehead. ‘Rumor Has It’ by Adele is playing. Victor’s IG appears to have been tagged in the video. There’s no description.]

Liked by phichit-chu and 57,089 others

View all 2,659 comments

1 DAY AGO

«»

If one year ago you would have told Yuuri that Victor Nikiforov would sit on the same bed for an afternoon of Doraemon and chill, he’d probably have cried on you for thinking joking about these things was funny. But here he is, nonetheless.

Sitting on Victor’s bed, with his laptop up on a tray, Victor Nikiforov’s kid leaning on him and asking him to translate, and Victor Nikiforov himself, sitting next to his son, with his own laptop in his lap and in considerably more comfortable clothes than the ones he’d been wearing not thirty minutes ago.

“Yuu *ri,*” Victor calls, when Yuuri is about to click on the next episode.

“Hm?”

“What do you think about nail polish?”

“Huh,” Yuuri says, not expecting the question. “I’m not very good at painting my own nails,
Phichit would do it for me.”

“I see. Would you mind helping me with something? Yura you can help too,” he says, putting his Notebook to the side and digging a small bag out of his dresser. The contents making the telltale sound of clinking glass, before Victor opens it and dumps a truly impressive selection of nail polishes on the bed.

Yura pushes off Yuuri and starts going through the colors, picking out the brightest and dumping them in his lap. “I want a tiger,” he says. “And Doraemon.”

“Okay!” Victor says, sitting cross-legged at the foot of the bed, and picking a couple of colours himself. “You have to pick tiger and Doraemon colors, sweetheart. Tigers aren’t red.”

Yura stubbornly keeps the bright red in his small loot of nail polishes. “They can be. Use your imagination, Dad.”

Yuuri snorts, and quickly covers his mouth with his hand.

“Oh, okay! We can do a red tiger, if you can say it in English.”

Yura frowns and thinks for a bit before saying, “Paint… mine… hands… tiger… red. There, I said it.”

“Paint a red tiger on my nails,” Victor says and Yuri parrots it back, looking put out. “Good, Yura! Come here, we can do yours first.”

Yura crawls forward and dumps bright red and black into Victor’s lap, before putting his palm on Victor’s knee.

Yuuri takes his laptop off the tray and puts it on the floor, moving the tray next to Victor so he can put the nail polishes on it without spilling them on the bed.

“What do you need my help with?” he asks.

“This nail polish was given to me by a sponsor. They asked if I could put a picture on Instagram to advertise their brand, I thought it’d be a little more fun if all of us did it, no?”

“Oh. Um, yeah. Okay.”

“Don’t worry, Yuuri I’m very good at painting nails,” he says and then proves it by doing clean lines over Yuri’s very small fingernails.

Yuuri watches for a while, listening to Yuri make up a whole story about how badass this red tiger is and how it’s red because it got covered in so much blood from his enemies and that’s why it’s the most badass.

Halfway through the second hand, when Victor has put aside the red and black and grabbed blue to make Doraemon, Yuuri grabs his phone and starts taking pictures.

Victor looks up when the flash hits him, and tilts his head a little in question.

“I thought process pictures could be good?” Yuuri tries.

“Oh! Great idea, Yuuri! You can turn on some of my nightstand lights if you need better lighting, that’s what they’re for after all.”
Well, that answers why Victor Nikiforov felt the need to have six different lamps pointed directly at his bed.

“Okay,” he says, and keeps taking pictures until Victor is done with Yuri.

“Okay,” he says, and keeps taking pictures until Victor is done with Yuri.

[Image description: There’s two separate images posted. The first one is of Yuri Plisetsky with the Doraemon plushie sitting in his lap and proudly showing his nails which are painted Doraemon blue and a couple have the Doraemon face drawn on them. The second picture is Yuri making a claw with his other hand that has tiger stripes on it. He’s adorably snarling at the camera.]

Liked by phichit-chu, milababecheva, christophe-gc, icedaddyfc and 55,645 others

v-nikiforov Doesn’t my little Yura look adorable!!!! All three of us are having fun messing around with all these colors I got. I’ll post more pictures later. Here’s the nail polish I used to do it! [link to a nail polish company website]

View all 1,002 comments

xxfallinlove ALL THREE OF US

kingkatsuki @god please be kind to us we neED TO SEE YUURI WITH PRETTY NAIL POLISH

1 DAY AGO

Victor has played himself.

In his defense, it seemed like a very good plan when Yuuri had been sitting a good fifty centimeters away from him, face half hidden behind his phone as Victor finished painting his toenails to look like his last Free Program’s costume. And Yuuri has been taking pictures of Victor, and of Victor and Yuri for the past two hours, which means Victor had Yuuri’s entire focus on him for a very long time, and somehow in the process Yuuri had gotten comfortable around him, which has made Victor feel a sort of quiet contentment he only gets on occasion.

So Victor wanted to be nice. Victor had offered to do his nails too, because he had promised, and because he enjoys doing this and would have an excuse to stand a little closer to Yuuri.

But now? Now is the exact moment he knows he fucked up. Because not only has Yura procured his Nintendo and sat on Yuuri’s lap so they can actually play the games Victor bought him instead of just running around stabbing a sword at nothing, Yuuri’s hands on top of Yuri’s in the console because Yuri still wants to be the one playing and doing everything but also wants Yuuri to guide him, making the most adorable picture; but also Victor had offered to paint Yuuri’s toenails while they were at it, which means Victor has Yuuri’s foot on his thigh, and when anything happens in the game that gets them excited, Yuuri’s foot twitches and presses against his inseam.

Victor is very quietly dying.

He has started to loudly sing an old Russian folk songs in his head. It’s partially working.

“All done,” Victor says as brightly as he can make his tone, pretending everything is okay and what he just did looks as pretty as the rest of his work.
Yuuri looks up, and lifts his foot away from Victor’s thigh — thank you Jesus — and then angles it this way and that, effortlessly as he inspects Victor’s work — *God hates him and he’s going to die.*

“I like the color,” he comments. “Thank you.”

He does not comment on how much of a horrible job Victor did, cementing Victor’s opinion that he’s actually an angel. And then Yuuri adds, “You did a good job,” and Victor is ready to die, feeling way more validated than he has any right to.

“Thank you for helping me out, *Yuuri*,” Victor says, in lieu of anything else that could potentially be way more incriminating like *you have pretty feet, Yuuri or anytime, Yuuri or please feel free to step on me as you please, Yuuri*.

For safety reasons, Victor climbs off the bed, gathering up all the nail polish bottles he had previously dumped on the bed and putting them back in their correct container, before situating himself against the headboard with his Notebook in his lap.

He grabs his phone from the nightstand and clicks on the group chat.

*vicki nikaj* Good afternoon gentleman, Yuuri pressed his foot on my thigh while I painted his nails and I died, how are you doing today?

*giacumetti* [link to his dramatic IG post]

Victor clicks on it and almost immediately starts snortling, before he remembers Yuuri is sitting next to him and he shouldn’t snortle. He has to keep the picture of himself Yuuri expects to see. He has to be beautiful. Snortling isn’t beautiful.

“Chris looks nice,” Yuuri comments, looking over Victor’s shoulder at the looping video. “Is he alright?”

“Chris enjoys being a troll on the Internet,” Victor says, and Yuuri seems to accept that at face value and turns back to the game when some unholy sound starts screeching from the console.

*vicki nikaj* What’s the occasion for this much to be happening

*giacumetti* I’ve gotten a lot of angry supporters of our relationship sending me their sympathies

*giacumetti* And some misguided souls were being mean to my dear Masumi

*vicki nikaj* I see

*giacumetti* I thought I’d give them something to talk about

*giacumetti* Lovely video homewrecker is a classic

*vicki nikaj* Thank you

*chill-a-nont* CHRISTOPHE GIACOMETTI HAS DONE /THAT/
chill-a-nont GIVE ME THE TEA WHAT IS HAPPENING

chill-a-nont ALSO WHAT IS THIS NEW TREND OF LOOKING FAB WHILE SOME DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYS AND CAN I GET IN ON IT

vicki nikaj How are you still awake???

chill-a-nont NO TIME FOR SLEEP THINGS ARE HAPPENING

chill-a-nont nvm i scrolled up and IM WHEEZING

chill-a-nont YOU ARE TROLLING THE SHIPPERS?????

chill-a-nont i am………. in love………………

giacumetti I’m already taken, sweetheart

chill-a-nont everyone always is

chill-a-nont okay i DEFINITELY want to get in on this

chill-a-nont yuuri and I are tired of people who think they know better about our relationships

chill-a-nont plus it will be EPIC when we convince yuuri to join in

chill-a-nont and I already have a Plan that spans the entirety of the grand prix series

chill-a-nont cross your fingers that we’ll have assignments together boys

chill-a-nont is typing…

«»

[image description: Two pictures are posted. One of them is a close up of Yuuri’s face and he has his hands splayed over himself to show off his nails which are painted black with tiny silver designs to invoke his new SP program. He’s smoldering at the camera, which can be argued is just him squinting since he has no glasses on. The second picture is Yuuri hiding his face in his hands and you can catch the hint of a blush on his cheeks in the gaps between his fingers.]

Liked by phichit-chu, sara-crisp, katsuki-fc, christophe-gc and 70,854 others

v-nikiforov Yuuri looks beautiful in black and silver, wouldn’t you agree? #katsukiyuuri # [nailpolishbrand]

View all 3,001 comments

daddykatsudon FUCK ME UP OHMYGOD HE LOOKS GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT

xxfallinlove #katsudamn to #katsudon in 0.5 seconds im getting whiplash

mysticmsn IM GAY NOW AND SUING
katsukatsudamm I CANT BELIEVE I ONLY NOW REALIZE YUURI’S CURRENT COLOR SCHEME IS THE SAME SHADES AS HIS AND VICTOR’S HAIR COLORS I’M MCFUCKING

kingkatsuki
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHF

1 DAY AGO

Chapter End Notes

me: and now for the plot
my brain: brah the waht

Reminders: Point out typos for me if you find them! This series is going to be updated on every other monday so no new chapter next monday. There’s a tumblr tag for this fic on my tumblr here for updates and info and whatnot.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

the beach scene except with less beach and metaphors and more soft indie film aesthetics. also kittens.

Chapter Notes

As always the biggest shoutout to Minna for doing an absolutely stellar job at betaing this chapter for me, and also a supernova sized shoutout to Belles who is so kind to me and keeps me motivated and listens to me ramble, y'all I can say with 1000% certainty this fic would not exist without her. It would be dead on my WIPS folder and I wouldn't have gone past the second chapter. Belles is the best, you guys, she deserves so much love.

Also! I'm increasing the minimum word count per chapter to 7,000 words. Let's see if I can do it. Please remember this is a biweekly fic now, so no next chapter next monday.

ALSO also, I'm moving back to college on monday, and I didn't know if I'd have time to upload this chapter tomorrow so I'm doing it now, I hope that's alright with y'all. Wish me luck!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri can see the exact moment Victor realizes he’s a total fuck up who isn’t capable of choosing even his own music by the blank underwhelmed expression and the oh well you tried, nice job buddy look Victor gives him when Yuuri shows him the song he had commissioned for himself a couple of years back.

Yuuri appreciates that Victor is nice enough to be cheerful and not outright tell him that he’ll never amount to anything or be successful on his own, which doesn’t mean he isn’t totally crushed by the weight of just how inadequate he is compared to Victor, who has been commissioning his own music and making his own choreographies since he was in Juniors. Meanwhile, none of Yuuri’s coaches trusted him enough to touch his own choreographies, and only let him select from a limited number of songs.

The only thing Yuuri was ever allowed to choreograph were his exhibition programs, he guesses, mostly because those don’t matter, and the chances of him winning anything are thin on the best days.

Yuuri is ashamed. He can’t really look Victor in the eye after that when he knows all he’s doing is making Victor waste his time on him. He still follows all of his orders to a T but after practice Yuuri just sort of… avoids him, a little bit.

Maybe if he avoids him enough Victor will realize just how useless Yuuri is and do as his past
coaches have and just choose his music and choreography for him. He hopes he does, because actually admitting that he can’t even choose his own music isn’t something Yuuri wants to do.

Yuuri shoves his pillow on top of his face, his stomach grumbling at how long it’s been since he had a decent meal. It’s dinner time and Yuuri should be out in the living room with the others, having dinner and making small talk, but the thought of facing Victor makes him slightly nauseous, so he’s just going to stay in his room and wallow and keep himself from stuffing food in his mouth until he’s not sad anymore.

Briefly he thinks about calling Phichit, but then again, what right does he have to bother Phichit when he’s probably training and doing his most to compete in his first Grand Prix. Yuuri doesn’t have the right to disturb him.

So he just lays in bed and presses a pillow to his face, and stays there until it’s midnight and he can sneak out into Minako’s studio to work through the Eros routine.

He’s already going to fuck up the free program enough, he will not fuck this one up too.

«»

Liked by vicnicisthic, phichit-chu, katsukatsudamm, katsuki-fe and 15,001 others

victuurafam How Baby Yura acts when randos are talking to his Dad VS. how Baby Yura acts when Yuuri is talking to his Dad

View all 24 comments

25 MINUTES AGO

«»

“Yuuri,” Victor calls out, “let’s go walk Makkachin!”

“Um, maybe another day, I’m tired,” Yuuri says, quickly sidestepping him and shuffling into his room, closing the door behind him with a kind of finality that makes Victor wince a little bit.

He’s not quite sure why Yuuri is avoiding him, but it has become very clear that Yuuri is avoiding him. For how much of a private person Yuuri is, he doesn’t actually close his door a whole lot, it’s always just the slightest bit open, enough that Makkachin can nose his way into the room or Yuuri can just push it and walk in.

Victor frowns at the door, eyebrows pinched in worry, and lips pressed together. Then he decides to give Yuuri space, because that was one of the things Phichit told him Yuuri needed a lot, and if Yuuri needs space, Victor can give it to him. The last thing he wants is for Yuuri to start being annoyed because Victor is too clingy.

He walks back to the front of the inn where Yura is attempting to mount Makkachin like a horse,
and carefully picks his son off his dog. “Soft touch, Yura, Makkachin is a soft dog, you’ll hurt him.”

Yura makes a disgruntled face at him, but doesn’t fight him like he used to a year ago, when he was certain that he could climb on Makkachin if he really wanted to and no amount of cajoling on Victor’s part would dissuade him from that idea.

“Isn’t Yuuri coming?” he asks, looking behind Victor as if somehow he’s hiding Yuuri.

“Yuuri is tired, let’s let him rest, okay?”

Yuri looks disappointed. Victor can relate.

“Oh, okay,” he says.

Victor opens the door and lets Makkachin trot out in front of him, running around sniffing everything. He pushes Yuri gently out the door, following behind and then picking him up by the armpits and swinging him until he can sit Yuri on his shoulders, making him squeal.

“Let’s go, let’s go!” Victor singsongs, putting as much cheer in his voice as he can. He has a lot of experience doing it. It isn’t hard. “How’s the weather up there, Captain?”

Yura catches on quickly and makes a telescope with his hand putting it in front of one eye and looking around. “There’s a shark!” he shouts, pointing at Makkachin. “Let’s chase him!”

“Okay, let’s turn this ship around, hold on tight,” Victor says, very seriously before he runs after Makkachin, who seems delighted that they’re playing catch now and starts running too, trying to jump at Victor.

[video description: several really short three or four second videos of Yuuri being adorable, smiling at the camera, looking excited, blushing shyly with the lyrics you’re my honeybunch, sugar plum, pu-mi-um-mi-umpkin, you’re my sweetiepie , playing before there’s a sort of drop to the tune as if someone is rewinding a tape, the videos change to short videos of Yuuri being unintentional sexy, pushing his sweaty hair off his forehead, squinting at a camera with a smirk, the lyrics i’m bringing sexy back them other boys don’t know how to act from Justin Timberlake’s ‘SexyBack’ starts playing. This bit goes for a good handful of seconds before the video ends, with Yuuri’s now trademark smirk at the cameras from his Eros routine.]

Liked by phichit-chu, vicnicisthicc, katsuki-fc, katsukatsudamn, kingkatsuki and 12,006 others

daddykatsudon Get You A Man Who Can Do Both

View all 32 comments

dvicnicisthicc I CANT BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY DID IT

daddykatsudon @vicnicisthicc YAH BITCHK U THOT I WOULDN’T FOLLOW THROUGH?? PAY UP I WANT THE FIC YOU PROMISED

1 HOUR AGO
Yuuri knows he’s being obsessive. He knows, but he can’t help but listen to that song on repeat and wonder what is wrong with it.

It’s him - all of it sad and melancholic and lost opportunities. If Victor wanted a song which could fit him, there isn’t one better. But then again, he understands why the song that represents Yuuri at his core doesn’t impress Victor a whole lot. He didn’t know why he expected to impress Victor a whole lot.

What is he compared to a living legend, after all? A dime a dozen skater who could only place well in Juniors? He peaked at seventeen, maybe he should just accept that and retire. What’s he even doing, who gave him the right to waste Victor’s time?

It’s still not too late. Maybe Victor will get tired of Yuuri and go back to Russia. If he tried, he could easily come up with programs and have them ready for the Grand Prix. It’s not like he’d even have to attend any qualifier to get in the Grand Prix, his winning streak assures his results.

Yuuri lifts his head from his folded arms on his desk briefly to hit replay on the song before he lets it fall down again.

«»

[Image description: Yuuri, Victor and Yura in a busy street. There are five images and they’re progression shots of them moving forward, Yura holding Victor’s and Yuuri’s hands, so he can jump and the two adults with him will swing him in the air for a bit.]

Liked by phichit-chu, katsukatsudamm, victuurafam, kingkatsuki and 19,845 others

katsuki-fc Yuuri was seen today out and about in Fukuoka with Yuri Plisetsky and Victor Nikiforov. It looks like they’re enjoying a day off, according to one of Victor’s tweets earlier in the day stating that they had something special prepared for Yuri. I hope they have fun, and Yuuri has a restful day so he’s at top condition for future competitions!

View all 75 comments

kingkatsuki CAN YOU BELIEVE WE HAVE BEEN BLESSED ON THIS DAY WITH A RARE APPEARANCE OF YUURI’S SMILING DIMPLES??????

skatemom This is such a happy-making picture! There’s nothing better than sharing your child’s joy with someone else who is as happy to see your child enjoy themselves as you are!

daddykatsudson damn bitch with pictures this pure a ho feels bad for having a url like this

vicnicisthicc @daddykatsudson tell me about it

vicnicisthicc @daddykatsudson at the same time tho,...... look at them biceps hmnmnnmmmmmyessssssssss

daddykatsudson @vicnicisthicc b I T C H I KNOW like hmm daddy yes, he’s stronk enough to bench press the overwhelming weight of my self-esteem issues

5 MINUTES AGO

«»

Sometimes Victor has trouble sleeping.
It’s gotten better in Hasetsu, but sometimes, no matter what he does, he can’t make himself close his eyes and get some rest.

“Hi, Mama,” he whispers into the phone, stepping out into the hallway so he won’t wake Yura up.

“Vitya!” she greets, sounding delighted, and then in an amused mock-whisper, she asks, “why are you whispering?”

“It’s night here, Mama. I don’t want to wake Yura up.”

“What’s wrong?” his mom asks, voice going quiet and serious in a way it rarely is.

“Nothing’s wrong, I just missed you.”

“Sweetheart, it’s way past midnight there, and you sound sad. Tell Mama what’s wrong, I’ll fix it for you, okay? I can’t have my most beautiful boy sounding sad on the phone when I can’t even hug him.”

Victor sighs, leaning back against the wall. “I’m just- do you think I did the right thing, moving here?”

“Without telling us? Absolutely not! I’m still upset that you forgot your poor mothers-”

“Mama, I said I was so-“

“But you look happier,” she says, steamrolling him. “And Christophe tells me you really like this boy.” She paused for three full seconds, making the connection between Victor being up so late and his reason to move countries. “Is he giving you trouble? I told you, Vitya, just pass him the phone, I’ll make you his husband.”

“Mama,” he sighs. “It’s not that easy.”

“Well, of course not. Do you think it was easy to convince your mamoshka I was serious about her? It wasn’t. It took me three years before she realized I was fully committed to marrying her. She thought I just dedicated a whole ballet recital and choreographed beautiful routines for every girl that came knocking on my door, can you believe that?!?”

Victor sighs, a little wistfully. He’s heard these stories more times than he can count, he grew up begging to be told all about his mothers’ fairytale-like romance. It makes his heart ache a little bit, the thought that he could hypothetically have that.

There’s nothing Victor ever wanted more in his entire life than to live through the kind of romance his mothers have, which made him a little too trusting in his partners, and a little too clingy.

“I can’t,” Victor says, leaning against the wall and curling slightly around his phone, holding it with both hands so he can listen to his mother recount all the ridiculous, beautiful, extravagant things she did for love.

“Of course you can’t! You’re a romantic soul like your mama, Vitya. You know what you want and you should go get it. And if this boy isn’t right for you, he isn’t right for you. There’ll be other people, there’ll be someone who’ll love you so much that even the way you smile will leave them breathless. Your mamochka wrote me a poem once about my smile, did you know? It was terrible, she’s not a poet.”

Victor huffs a laugh. “You’ve showed it to me,” Victor says. He knows the exact one his mama is
talking about because she carries it around with her everywhere. Actually, she has copies and copies of it stashed in places. Victor is pretty sure she has a safe deposit box in a bank with twenty copies of it inside, and a separate deposit box for the original, *just in case*.

“You deserve that, my Vitya. You deserve a boy who writes you horrible poetry and looks at you like you hung the moon, and is willing to go along with your extravagances just because you asked him. You think I don’t know how ridiculous it is to have three fainting couches in different areas of the house? You think I’m not aware that calling almost all our vacations honeymoons is silly? I *know* Vitya, and every time I make a ridiculous demand your mamoshka does nothing but kiss me and tell me she’ll give me the world.”

“You love each other a lot,” Victor says, trying not to sound too choked up with his sudden visceral need to have *that*.

“We do, and we love you a lot! You’re the most perfect boy in the whole wide world, Vitenka.”

“What about Yura?”

“Yura is *your* most perfect boy. I love my grandson but I didn’t carry him with me ten months, I didn’t fight tooth and nail to bring him to this world. I did that *for you*. No one will ever be as important.” She pauses to let the full effect of that sink in. And then, “God, I am too young to be a grandma, I can already feel the wrinkles settling in.”

“They’re laughing lines, Mama, they make you beautiful.”

His mother laughs over the phone line, the high-pitched one that hiccups in a terribly endearing way. “My sweetest boy, you’re so charming. You shouldn’t worry so much, I have it on very good authority that your new Yuuri adores you.”

“Have you been talking to Chris again?”

“Of course, I love Christophe, he’s such a sweet boy! We were in Switzerland a month back and he took us out to dinner. It was lovely.”

“Please tell me you didn’t get drunk with my friend.”

“I absolutely did. Your mamoshka had to carry me back to the hotel. She’s still so strong, Vitya,” she sighs, dreamily. Victor is stuck between being charmed by that and wrinkling his nose at it. “Make sure you get yourself a strong man to carry you when you’re drunk, okay?”

“I’m trying, Mama.”

“I know, and you’re doing amazing, sweetie.”

Victor smiles, feeling a little more settled. “Thanks for listening to me, Mama.”

“Of course. I’ll always have a minute for you, sweetheart. Now go back to bed, try to get some sleep. Don’t leave your little one alone too long, you know how much like you he is, if there isn’t someone to cuddle he’ll wake right up.”

“Okay, Mama. I love you.”

“I love you too, sweet boy, go get some rest.”

«»
“Did I do something bad?” Yuri asks, on Yuuri’s fourth day of avoiding Victor, and just as he’s about to duck into his room and go be miserable alone in his own space.

“No? Why would you think you did something bad?” Yuuri asks, a little worried. Yuri is being exceptionally well-behaved. Well, from Yuuri’s perspective, which isn’t the most accurate since he’s been avoiding Victor so much he doesn’t see Yuri as often as he normally does. Especially now that Yura is comfortable enough with Yuuko to take his home lessons in her office while Yuuri skates or does physical conditioning.

“Then why don’t you like me anymore?” Yuri says, point blank, staring up at Yuuri with his green eyes wide and his face confused.

Yuuri kind of feels like he was dragged into an alley and beaten. He crouches down so they’re at eye-level, overbalances in his hurry and falls to his knees. It hurts a little bit, but that’s fine, that doesn’t matter. His hands flutter around in the air uselessly. He kind of wants to bundle Yuri up against his chest, but at the same time he feels like he shouldn’t - he can’t.

“I- of course I still like you. You didn’t do anything bad, you couldn’t do anything bad that would make me not like you, why- why would you think I don’t like you anymore?”

Yuuri knew he was going to fuck this up, he knew it. He shouldn’t ever be near children, he’ll fuck it up, he’ll fuck them up, he-

“You run away from Dad and me all the time. You don’t even pet Makkachin anymore. You said that I could come into your room all the time except if the door was closed but now it’s always closed so I can never go in, and I asked Mari if you were sick but she said no.”

“I- I’m sorry,” Yuuri flounders.
Yuri’s face scrunches up in thought and then clears as if something just occurred to him. “Don’t you like Dad anymore?”

“I- that’s- that’s a little complicated,” Yuuri says, because well what else can he say.

“If you don’t like Dad then I hate you .”

Oh.

Oh, Yuuri wasn’t expecting that to hit quite as hard as it did. It’s not like it isn’t totally predictable, Yuuri had been expecting to hear these words from Yuri at some point, but he never expected to feel like such an awful person.

“You don’t like Dad and he’s sad and I hate you !” Yuri says face all scrunched up in anger, stomping his foot on the final word, and then, before Yuuri can say anything, running away down the hall.

Ah, Yuuri really is a horrible, selfish person.

«»

[video description: a short video of Yuri and Yuuri seemingly getting ready to go out. Victor’s voice makes itself known. “Are we ready to go?” Yuuri looks over at him and frowns, blinking blearily. Yura, is looking around, seemingly lost as well. “I can’t find my beanie,” Yura says. “We can get you another one on the way,” Victor says. Yura bristles and gives him a look. “Dad I need that one to go with my mask, don’t you understand fashion ?!” Victor laughs and shifts the camera to Yuuri. “How about you, are you ready to go, Yuuri ?” Yuuri looks at him for a solid two seconds trying to decipher the words, before he blinks and says in an upset voice, “I can’t find my glasses.” Victor laughs and his hand appears on camera, pushing Yuuri’s glasses down from where they had been perched on his head to settle on the tip of his nose. “Oh,” Yuuri says, blinking a couple of times and sounding awed. “I can see.”]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-ge, saracrisp, katsuki-fc and 54,016 others

v-nikiforov We’re going to have a fun day today, but getting ready is proving to be a little challenging for the two sleepy Yuuris!

View all 1,648 comments

7 HOURS AGO

«»

It’s late at night and Victor can’t sleep. Again.

It was hard putting Yura to bed. It’s always hard to get him to sleep when he’s upset and acting up about it.

That’s what tips Victor into deciding that being passive about Yuuri avoiding them isn’t working and that he needs to start pushing. He can stand being upset but he can’t stand Yura being upset, he can’t stand Yura clinging to him and throwing tantrums and saying that it doesn’t matter if Yuuri doesn’t like them anymore because he’s stupid anyway.

The kind of atmosphere that is slowly being created by their lack of communication is suffocating, and Victor thinks that if he was being too clingy, if this is Yuuri’s way of saying thank you but no
thank you, then he needs to hear it. He wants Yuuri to tell him directly that he’s not interested.

He’ll be disappointed, of course he’ll be disappointed, but at this point, he thinks he’s too invested in Yuuri and in Yuuri’s well-being and in his own son’s interest in Yuuri, to just up and leave when he promised to make Yuuri win gold.

So, even if he has to tough it out and learn to be friends and expect nothing more from Yuuri he will, but he wants it spelled out to him. He wants to know who Yuuri wants him to be, and he can become it. He’s done it before, and he can do it again. Anything at all to kill this horrible mood that has settled over them.

Tomorrow, he’ll do something about it. Take him somewhere quiet, without a lot of people or interruptions, turn both their phones off and just talk. Maybe the beach would be nice, or those benches next to the cherry blossoms, somewhere scenic – because if Victor is going to be sad, he wants it to be atmospheric, at least – and where Yura can play around with Makkachin without interrupting them.

Victor picks up a pillow and his phone. He’s not tired yet, and he doesn’t want to wake Yura up with the light of his phone, so he steps outside, plopping his pillow on the floor and sitting on it, pressing his back against the wall. The hallway is small enough that he can press his feet against the opposite wall and slouch a little bit like that.

He unlocks his phone, finger hovering over a couple of apps, not sure what he wants to do to pass time. Maybe he should get some headphones and listen to Lana Del Rey so he can be sad, maybe he should open Instagram and look at the dog tag. Maybe-

Before he can think of anything else, he hears the distinct sound of Yuuri’s door opening, and turns his head towards it, to see Yuuri in light sports clothes and with his ballet flats in hand, tiptoeing out of his room, trying to close the door without making any noise.

He doesn’t notice Victor until he’s carefully gotten his door all the way closed and turns to predictably tiptoe his way down the hall and to Minako’s studio.

Victor would wonder if there’s anything going on there if he hadn’t witnessed how motherly Minako acts with Yuuri.

The corridor is dimly lit, there’s one window letting moonlight in, and Victor’s phone screen, but they’re not too far away from each other, and at this distance, Victor can see Yuuri freezing and looking around like a caged animal.

He presses his lips together.

“Running off again, Yuuri?” he asks, and feels his tongue curl around Yuuri’s name in an unpleasant way he’s never used. Victor isn’t feeling very nice right now.

“I- ah~” Yuuri stutters, holding up his flats awkwardly. “Ballet. I was going to- p-practice.”

“Hm,” Victor says, noncommittally, turning back to his phone and tapping a random icon, feigning disinterest. “Well, don’t let me stop you. You haven’t these past few days.”

Yuuri takes half a step forwards as if he’s going to do exactly that, and then stops himself, hovers awkwardly. “Are, uh, are you… okay?”

*Is he okay*, well that’s just fucking rich isn’t it.
“Well. I relocated myself and my son to another continent where none of us speak the language because I thought this man wanted me to coach him, and my kid liked him enough, but now he’s avoiding both of us and I had to rock my child to sleep which I don’t need to do unless he’s really upset, so no I don’t think I’m very okay.”

That might’ve been a little too much, a little too sincere. Victor’s upset. Yuuri hurt his kid, he’s allowed to be upset.

And then, because he’s not done yet, he adds, “what about you, Yuuri, are you okay?”

Victor stares him down. It’s a paradoxically powerful and fragile feeling, staring some down when they’re higher than you.

“I- I didn’t mean to- I-“ Yuuri stutters, looking increasingly panicked.

Victor feels a teeny bit bad.

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri settles on, his whole body sagging and kind of curling inward.

Victor sighs, thunks his head against the wall and rolls his eyes heavenwards, lets the light from his phone fade until the only thing giving them any visibility is the moon outside.

“Just- sit down,” he says. “I was going to do this tomorrow but we’re both here already, so might as well.”

Yuuri sits down against the opposite wall, a good few centimeters separating him from Victor, ballet flats dropped on the floor next to him with the minimal amount of noise and arms hugging his knees to his chest.

He looks so soft like this, so breakable.

Yuuri doesn’t look Victor directly in the eye, instead planting them firmly on the floor. He couldn’t have taken a more defensive stance if he tried.

Victor presses his lips together. “Yuuri,” he says, softening the name on his tongue, coaxing Yuuri’s eyes to fleet briefly towards him before he looks away again. “What do you want from me?”

Yuuri shrugs, the very picture of a shy kid caught doing something he shouldn’t and now he’s regretting it deeply.

“Do you want me to be your coach?” Victor guesses, which gets him another shrug. “A father figure? A brother?”

“No,” Yuuri mumbles.

“A good friend?” he continues, and then because he can’t help himself, “your boyfriend? I’ll do my bes-“

“No, no, no,” Yuuri bursts out, shaking his hands through the air as if to wipe the words away.

Ah, yeah that hurts, that really- yeah …

“I just…” Yuuri starts, swallowing hard and hugging his knees again. “I just want you to be Victor. You don’t- I don’t need any of that. You can just be Victor, and be whatever you want to me, I don’t- I can’t- I won’t ask you for more than you’re willing to give.” The words come a little
muffled from the way Yuuri has his nose tucked in the bend of his knees, and Victor has to strain to hear them but he hears them and… he has no idea what to do with them.

That’s the worst non-answer that everyone has ever given him, because what does it mean to just be himself. None of the above? All of the above? Dealer’s choice? He was always more of a practical learner, not very good at understanding loose concepts like just be Victor.

“Can I ask why you were avoiding me?”

Yuuri presses his face deeper into his legs and says something that Victor has no hope in understanding.

“Pardon?” he says, tilting his head to see if he can hear better.

Yuuri lifts his head the tiniest bit and mumbles out, “you didn’t like the song.”

Victor’s brain does the equivalent of a record-scratch. He blinks several times, frowns, trying to decipher that. Then, very slowly, he clarifies, “you avoided me for four days because I didn’t like the song you pitched me for your Free Program?”

“It sounds stupid.”

It does, it sounds really stupid. It is really stupid but Victor has enough sense not to say that.

“That was the first time you chose the music and was told to choreograph your own program, yes?”

Yuuri nods.

“What was the song about?”

There’s a long beat where Yuuri hesitates, and then, “Me. My, uh, skating and feelings and… things.”

Ah. That makes a little more sense. Victor is still very much clueless in Yuuri-speak, but he’s learning. Trial and error always was the method that worked best for him.

“Well, that was underwhelming, Yuuri,” he tells him point blank, and watches Yuuri flinch and curl a little bit more into himself. “And you’re not an underwhelming person. If you’re going to skate something that is you then it should be overwhelming, it should flood all of your senses and be beautiful, not melancholic and defeatist. That’s not the Yuuri I got to know. You’re bright, you need a song full of light, Yuuri.”

Yuuri shoves his whole face into his knees and makes a little sound that Victor has no idea how to interpret. Then he lifts his head, and his expression is determined, jaw set, eyes serious.

“I’m sorry,” he says, sounding soft and regretful. “I didn’t want you to see my shortcomings, and I hurt Yuri and I made you upset. I’m sorry for being selfish and a coward. From now I’ll try my best to meet your expectations.”

Victor sighs, and it comes a little easier, he feels a little lighter. He’s glad that’s out of the way.

“You’re forgiven,” he says, extending one hand towards Yuuri. “I expect you to tell me what’s troubling you in the future, Yuuri.”

Yuuri takes his hand. “I’ll do my best.”
[image description: Victor, Yura and Yuuri, heads close for a selfie. Yuri is wearing a face mask with cat whiskers on it and his cat beanie. You can see by his eyes that he’s beaming. Yuuri is on his left, also wearing his cat beanie, he has a face mask on but it’s pulled under his chin so he can offer the camera a smile that makes his eyes squint shut. Victor is at Yuri’s right and is smiling softly as well.]

Liked by christophe-gc, phichit-chu, sara-crisp and 65,065 others

v-nikiforov The Yuuris and I had a lovely day at Fukuoka today. We’re feeling relaxed and ready to face training with a new resolve! I vlogged our time in Fukuoka since I want to remember our trip for as long as I can, so I’ll be uploading a video as soon as I have it ready! Good night to everyone, I hope you have a restful day as well.

View all 848 comments

kingkatsuki @katsukatsudammn WE NEED YOUR DETECTIVE SKILLS WHERE DO THEY WENT???

katsukatsudammn @kingkatsuki lmao u think i didnt already overanalyze the hell out of the pictures that came out of them to figure it out,,,,,,,,, dont offend me heres a link to the post i did on tumblr about it [tumblr link]

kingkatsuki @katsukatsudammn sdlfkghsdfg OKAY BUT HOW CUTE DOES OUR BOY LOOK??

katsukatsudammn @kingkatsuki i would murder for that smile

3 MINUTES AGO

Things are a little awkward and stilted the next day, Yuuri is still carrying the emotional hangover of a serious talk, and Victor seems to have forgotten how to function, stopping mid-motion and getting a look on his face like he’s having an existential crisis before he continues with whatever he was doing. Yuuri has no idea what that’s about.

Yura is giving him the cold shoulder as well as a five-year-old can, which is to say that he sticks his tongue out at Yuuri and pulls Victor’s attention away from him as often as he can, but then he’ll also forget he’s supposed to be mad and excitedly come over to show Yuuri a neat drawing he did or a cool word he learned and how his teacher said his pronunciation is the best out of everyone because I’m the best!

Yuuri eats all his meals at the table with them and makes sure to leave his door wide open the whole day. He gets the e-mail of the girl who originally composed this song for him and thinks hard about what he wants it to become, who he wants to become.

It’s while he’s sitting on his desk chair, brainstorming on a piece of paper with Makkachin snoozing at the end of his bed, that Yura finally comes to his door, hovering cautiously in the doorway.

Yuuri stops what he’s doing and turns to him. “Do you want to come in?”

“We are. I apologized to him for being mean and closing my door.”

“Oh,” Yuri says, still frowning, like he’s not sure if he believes Yuuri or not. And then, “do you still like me?”

Yuuri is going to protect this boy with his entire life.

“Can I tell you a secret?” Yuuri says, leaning forward as if to whisper. Yuri looks conflicted for a moment before he steps into Yuuri’s room, stopping in front of him and tilting his ear towards him so Yuuri can whisper his secret. “I like you the most.”

Yuri leans back and gasps, eyes wide. “Even more than Makkachin?”

“Even more than Makkachin.”

“But- you like Makkachin a lot. He sleeps with you and everything.”

“I do. You’re still my favourite.”

Yuri’s eyes are still wide. “You’re my favourite too!” he says, a tad too loudly as if he can’t really control his tone with how excited he is. Then he seems to remember what has been happening the last days and says, “unless you’re mean. Are you going to be mean again?”

“I will try very very hard not to ever be mean again,” Yuuri promises.

Yuri looks him over before magnanimously declaring, “I believe you. Can we watch Doraemon? We haven’t watched in forever.”

“Yes, we can,” Yuuri says, pushing off his desk and moving himself and his laptop to the bed where they can sit more comfortably, not being able to suppress the little smile that comes to him with how easy kids are to forgive. All that implicit trust.

Yuuri will strive to never betray it again.

This thought is firmly cemented in place when Yuri picks up his arm and lifts it so he can tuck himself under it and press along Yuuri’s torso with a “so I can see better,” that would convince exactly no one as a reasonable excuse as to why he’s sitting so close.

Yuuri presses him to his side and navigates himself back to the website where they have been streaming Doraemon from.

He’ll just have to think of a way to make up for this. Victor scheduled a rest day for tomorrow, maybe he could convince him to take a trip down to Fukuoka…

«»

[video description: The video opens with Victor looking at the camera and fixing his hair, then saying in a very low voice, “Hello everyone, today is a very special day.” The camera and him move, it becomes clear that they’re inside a room. “Yuuri asked if we could go to Fukuoka to a cat café to surprise my Yuri, so we’re going. Yuri has no idea where we are going today! I’m about to wake him up. Wish me luck!”

The scenery changes to a bumpy train that makes the camera shake as Victor talks, scenery is going by rapidly behind him. You can hear a woman’s voice announcing train stops in Japanese. “We’re
on the train now, and I told Yuuri I’d only vlog when we arrived, but I need to share this with the world.” Victor shifts the camera so instead of being pointed at him it’s pointed at a sleepy Yuuri bundled up in a thick jacket and his cat beanie, wearing a face mask. He has his eyes half closed and head tilted to one side. Yuri is sitting at his side, leaning completely on him, with Yuuri’s arm keeping him from rocking too much with the motions of the train. He’s also wearing a cat beanie and a face mask. His has little kitten whiskers drawn on it. You can hear Victor cooing softly at them.

The scene changes again to Victor walking down a street, weaving through people. “We’re here! I’d like to apologize to all the international people watching, since this vlog is going to be spoken in Russian. Yura’s English still isn’t good enough for a full conversation and I don’t want to force him to English while he’s having fun. If anyone can be kind enough to add subtitles in English, I’d really appreciate it, thank you!” Yuri’s distinctive voice says something vaguely whiny-sounding in Russian and subtitles appear, translating it to “Dad, come on. I’m hungry!” The camera jerks to show Yura dragging Victor by the hand, and walking besides Yuuri, also holding his hand.

The image changes again to Yura looking at the logo of the café and pointing at it. “There’s a cat! Look, Dad!” Victor’s amused voice filters next, a little louder since he’s close to the camera. “Wow! Amazing!” Yuri then turns to Yuuri who’s talking in Japanese with someone. There’s no subtitles for that part of the video. Yuri grabs his sleeve and tugs until Yuuri looks down and Yuri can point out the cat to him. “Oh, you’re right, there is a cat,” he says. He’s clearly faking surprise. “I like this place,” Yura states. “There’s a cat in the name.”

Then the image changes again, Yuuri is spritzing something on Yura’s hands and making sure he applies it well. They’re having a conversation about why Yura has to take his shoes off if they’re just at a café. Yuuri is trying to bullshit his way through it with moderate success. “I think he’s onto us,” Victor whispers into the camera, letting the scene go on for a couple extra seconds, before it changes to Yura walking into the main room.

It takes him exactly 0.4 seconds to spot the first cat. He freezes and clutches Yuuri’s shirt, eyes going wide. “Cat! Yuuri there’s a cat.” Yuuri doesn’t say anything just herds him a little further into the café, Yura’s eyes going impossibly wider as he spots the other cats lounging and walking around, and the smaller kittens in a risen island in the center of the room, where there’s toys, cat beds and cushions.

Yura starts jumping up and down, head whipping around widely, trying to take everything in. The camera is focused solely on his reaction. “Can I pet them?! Yuuri, Yuuri! Dad! Look!” He whips around to look at Victor and make sure he’s seeing this too. “I know, sweetheart, look at all the kittens!”

“You can pet them,” Yuuri says softly. “This is a cat café, so we can eat things and play with kittens all day.”

“All day?! ” Yuri asks, eyes the widest yet. “All day,” Yuuri confirms. Yuri’s head whips towards Victor, which means he’s looking slightly above the camera, as if asking for confirmation. “All day, sweetheart.” Victor confirms. Then he adds, “Yuuri really wanted to surprise you and bring you here.” As soon as Victor’s done speaking Yuri’s bottom lip starts trembling and his eyes well-up. He sniffs wetly exactly once before he starts crying.

By how the camera shifts you can tell, Victor immediately drops to his knees. “Oh, sweetie, what’s wrong?” Yura rubs at his eyes and hiccups out, “I’m h-h-h-happy.” In the subtitles as Yura turns and hides his face in Yuuri’s leg, whoever subtitled the video writes Please protect this baby, I can’t really understand fully well what he says next because crying baby, but from what I
understand he’s happy because Yuuri likes him and wanted to surprise him. He got overwhelmed by how happy he was and started crying. Please protect this child at all costs. As this text goes by there’s a solid twenty seconds of Yuri quietly crying and Yuuri crouching down to hug him properly, before whispering, “Let’s go pet some kittens, okay?” His voice sounds wet, like he’s not far from crying either. A couple of more seconds go by before Yuri says, “okay,” and pulls back. He lets Yuuri wipe his face and blow his nose, before he takes his hand and lets him guide him around the room.

The picture shifts again and Victor is facing the camera. “We weren’t expecting such a strong response from Yura, but don’t worry, he’s all good now. There’s nothing that kitten therapy doesn’t fix,” he says to the camera with a winning smile, shifting the camera so it catches Yuri behind him, in the raised platform in the middle of the room, picking kittens up and pulling them up to his face. One of them meows at him and he meows back, before marching across the play pen to deposit it in Yuuri’s lap, who has installed himself against one of the transparent half-walls and has kittens using him as a jungle gym. He’s play-wrestling one of them using one hand.

After that there’s several shots of Yuri slowly approaching different cats, talking to them until they let him pet them, interspaced by shots of Yuuri petting a big cat with white fur who has decided to situate himself in Yuuri’s lap. The same cat appears in various shots and always around Yuuri. At one point Victor makes note of it, to which Yuri replies, “it’s because that cat is you, Dad.” The statement is followed by a beat of silence before Yuuri splutters and starts laughing.

There’s also several shots of the delicious looking pastries they consume throughout the day. The camera rarely shifts hands, but there’s a moment or two, when Victor has been focusing it on Yuuri too long, and Yuuri asks for it so he can take a turn.

The cat café they went to is in a loft and has a wall of windows that look over Fukuoka. Throughout the video you can see the light changing.

When the light starts fading Victor speaks to the camera. “We had a lovely time, but it’s time to go now. Yura do you want to go?” he asks, shifting the camera so it points at Yuri, again in the raised playpen, but now completely covered in sleeping kittens. “I want to die here,” Yuri says, not moving an inch. Victor laughs, before turning the camera back to himself and saying his goodbyes and telling everyone to visit Keurig Cat Café in Fukuoka, before shifting to Yuuri for him to have goodbye. Victor throws a peace sign and a wink at the camera, before the video ends.

**Yuri’s first visit to a Cat Café!!**
me, writing fluff: hmm let's slowbone this chapter out, it's nice
me, writing angst: NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE GET IT DONE RIGHT NOW
YESTERDAY FIVE YEARS AGO I WANT IT TO BE O V E R

i wrote this in 3 days and almost died

FUN STUFF:
-the keurig cat cafe is real, this is the only type of research i'm willing to do
-@eof-doodles over on tumblr made the CUTEST comic of that scene in chapter 10
where yura and makkachin are asleep on yuuri and i'm still sobbing over it pls check it
out and give the artist lots of love

tumblr tag for this fic with updates and some nice stuff
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

in which yuuri has an Epiphany and victor becomes 38% gayer, reaching dangerous levels of gayness. also smth about a free skate song or smth idk

Chapter Notes

As always, biggest shoutout to Minna for going over this for me, she is a higher diety and I would die without her!!

Also school just got into full swing and yah girl is dying my dudes!!! I'm happy I have two weeks to write chapters for this, or I would absolutely not be able to do it.

Thank you to everyone who has stuck with me so far, y'all are precious. Here's what the next few chapters are gonna be about, I'm planning two-ish more filler chapters and then we finally move on to some competitions:
-Chapter 13: PREAPRE FOR T R O U B L E!!! MAKE IT D O U B L E!!!!!!!!!
-Chapter 14: Victor Nikiforov found dead in a beach in hasetsu
-Chapter 15: Kyushu championships: THE GREAT FANBOY-OFF

I hope you enjoy this!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri has an epiphany on the train ride back to Hasetsu.

It happens like this: Victor and Yuuri are sitting on opposite sides of the train car (because Yura has been running up and down the car between them and because Yuuri likes looking at Victor), the sun is setting, delicately coloring everything in peaceful orange and pink tones, both Yuuri and Victor are leaning forward, towards each other.

At first, it had been because they were talking, so they could hear each other better over the sounds of the train and Yura singing some sort of Russian song as he messed with Victor’s phone, taking pictures of every single inch of the train. Then, when they had lapsed into comfortable quiet, it had been because… well, because Victor Nikiforov is without a doubt the most beautiful man Yuuri has ever seen in his life. He doubts there’s another single human being on this planet he’ll look at and just be in utter awe that someone as lovely as them could exist.

And like this? With the sunset highlighting all of Victor’s face, as he leans forward and looks at Yuuri, pleased and with a kind of soft contentment that hums around him? Yuuri couldn’t lean back and look away if he was paid to do it. It’s like their day together has given him just enough courage to look steadily at Victor without stuttering or becoming a mess.

“Do you know what your theme for the upcoming will be, Yuu ri?”
“Ah, no. Not yet,” he mumbles. He should think about it soon. He should make sure both his programs fit his theme. He’d probably have better luck picking a Free Skate music if he knew what his overarching theme was.

He already has a guide of a sort. *On Love: Eros*. On love…

“Well, you know you can ask if you need anything, yes?”

He could do Agape for his Free Skate. They would complement each other. But that doesn’t sound quite right. He doesn’t want for his Free Skate to be something that Victor already has planned out in its entirety. He wants to contribute to the choreography. He wants it to be something of *theirs*. If Victor only helps Yuuri until the Grand Prix, if Yuuri retires afterward, then he wants his last skate to be something Victor and he did together. A love letter to their time together, of sorts.


Victor gives him a beaming smile, one that looks faintly heart shaped. Yuuri is helpless to do anything but offer him a small smile back. They’re not a conscious decision, these smiles he gives Victor. The muscles in his face have a trigger reaction to Victor’s happy faces, and that is to smile.

Two days ago he wouldn’t have been able to look Victor directly in the eye for this long, much less accept his help so easily. It almost gives Yuuri whiplash how his mood shifted. All it took was one single honest conversation and he went from miserable and self-flagelating to so utterly *content*.

It hits him that he’s tired of being depressed, of never being enough. He shouldn’t spend time wallowing when he’s being offered so much. So he makes a vow in a train car, five minutes from Hasetsu, as the scenery blurs by behind Victor, framing him like a painting, to do his best and not lose so much time second guessing himself.

He feels a little more settled after that. And then it occurs to him that thoughts like this wouldn’t have any sort of long lasting effect on him, not before he met Victor, but now… now maybe they will. He can only hope.

The train comes to a stop, jostling them one final time, Yura shrieking when he loses his balance and then giggling when he falls.

Victor gets up, picks up Yura’s backpack, and then picks up Yura from the floor. Yuuri doesn’t move, blinking rapidly at the place where Victor had been sitting, the afterimage burning his eyes, until Victor’s hand appears back in his field of vision.

Epiphanies are weird things, in Yuuri’s opinion.

All he does is look up. And there is Victor extending a hand to him for the third time, after he irrevocably rocked Yuuri’s entire world, a quiet and content expression on his face that looks like a secret just for the two of them. Yura leaning over his shoulder, hair a mess from his beanie, looking down at Yuuri with childlike excitement, and Yuuri thinks… *oh*.

*Oh*. He knows what his theme is and he knows exactly what he wants his Free Skate to be.

Victor tilts his head. “Are you coming?”

Yuuri takes his hand.

«»
“He took me and Yura to a cat café and it was adorable,” Victor tells Chris through his phone. It’s on speaker, because Victor is having a gay crisis and an existential crisis, and today Yuuri is doing cross-training at the newest gym in town (which according to Yuuri opened when he was about ten, so really, _not that new_), and of course Yura had wanted to follow after him. Normally Victor would go too, because there’s nothing he loves more than watching Yuuri lifts weights, and lift more with his thighs than Victor actually weighs but…

Yuuri isn’t around, so Victor can dramatically spread himself on his bed, with his phone on speaker next to his head. Normally he’d do it on a couch, or on a _fainting_ couch, which are the only Nikiforov approved places to have existential crises.

Maybe he should order one, he feels like he’s disappointing all of Mama’s teachings having a crisis in a plain old _bed_.

“I saw the Instagram pictures. Cute,” Chris says. And then, “I’m glad he’s not ignoring you anymore.”

“We talked, he told me he wanted me to be myself,” Victor complains.

“That’s… nice?”

“Is it?” Victor asks. He has no idea. “I mean, I appreciate that he wants me to be _myself_ , but who’s that? Who’s _Victor_ ?”

“Oh, darling,” Chris sighs. “Victor’s a very kind, clingy, needy, beautiful, airheaded, competitive,
loving, polite man.”

“He sounds like a fake bitch, I hate him.”

“You’ve been hanging out with Phichit too much,” Chris tells him.

“Somewhere in Detroit, Phichit just gasped in offense and he doesn’t know why.”

“You’re being difficult,” Chris tells him. If there’s anyone Victor can count on to know who he is, it’s Chris, who has known him for longer than anyone else (barring Yakov and his mothers), and has watched Victor shape himself into whatever it was the sponsors and the fans wanted him to be. “That’s also part of who Victor is.”

“I’m difficult?” Victor asks, tilting the question into a frown.

“Yes. We can’t all be good things, darling.”

“But, if I’m me and I’m difficult then how can anyone like me? What if Yuuri hates who Victor is? I moved my whole life for him I’m not about to ruin it by being myself.”

“He won’t,” Chris says, balancing tired and patient perfectly. Victor loves him, and he hopes Chris knows how much he appreciates his friendship. And his ass, but mostly his friendship.

“You don’t know that! Victor isn’t as beautiful and untouchable as Victor Nikiforov, what if he doesn’t think I’m interesting enough? What if he finds out I take one hour in the bathroom every night because I have a strict skincare routine that includes five anti-aging cremes? What if he finds out I can’t roll my tongue? What if he finds out I hate broccoli?!?”

“Listen, anyone who makes me stop blowing them because they saw a mildly upset text from you flashing on my phone screen, isn’t going to stop liking you because you don’t like broccoli,” Chris tells him. Victor can almost imagine him stopping mid-painting his nails so he can make sure Victor is getting this.

“He did that?”

Victor is weirdly charmed by it. Mostly because he knows how good Christophe is at blowjobs.

“He did that. And he keeps crying in our group chat about how beautiful you are and how adorable everything you do is. He spent one hour the day you went to Fukuoka describing how much he loved how you ate cake.”

“You have a group chat?” Victor asks. He’s too gay to deal with the second part of that sentence.

“Really, you’re focusing on that?” Chris huffs a little, somewhere between amused and frustrated. “Yes, Victor. We have a group chat. Yuuri is in a group chat with almost every single skater in Men’s Singles. He mutes most of them, though.”

“Why was he never in a group chat with me? I’m in Men’s Singles,” he whines.

“That would’ve been like you being in a group chat with Stéphane Lambiel.”

Victor stops. He has looked up to Stéphane Lambiel for a great part of his life and completely embarrassed himself the first two times he met him.

“That’s fair.” Victor doesn’t know how he feels about being Yuuri’s Stéphane Lambiel.
His phone chimes with a notification and Victor picks it up. It’s a message from Yuuko with a link to her Instagram. Victor opens it and lets the video play, then he promptly drops his phone on his face, groaning both in physical and emotional pain.

“What happened?” Chris asks, not sounding terribly distressed by the loud sounds that Victor undoubtedly just made.

“I don’t deserve to be tested in this way,” Victor whines, picking up his phone and sending the link to Chris.

Victor knows he’s seen it by his low whistle. “His arms look stronger than I remember,” Chris says, appreciatively.

Victor whimpers, “I know.”

[video description: Yuuri and Yura standing in what looks like to be a gym. Yura is standing close to Yuuri with his head tilted back so he can look at him. You can’t hear what they’re saying, but Yura seems to be asking for something. Yuuri nods and gestures to a woman, saying something to her and stepping back. Yura bounces a little on his feet, holding his arms up so the woman can pick him up better. Yuuri grabs a bar that is clearly there for pull-ups, lifting himself off the floor, and then he crosses his legs as one would do when sitting. The woman picks up Yura and sits him in the little seat Yuuri’s legs make. And then, Yuuri starts doing pull-ups, lifting the total of his and Yuri’s body weight combined. He does this for a handful of times before he gets tired and gently lowers Yura to the ground, letting himself drop. They both look very happy, Yuri bouncing in place and gesticulating, and Yuuri with an unguarded, pleased smile.]

Liked by christophe-gc, phichit-chu, v-nikiforov, katsumari and 24,178 others

IceMomdonna #katsukiyuuri working hard for next season with the help of #yuriplisetsky

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daddykatsudon hnnnmmngggegethe oh yes daddy

vicnicisthicc WHAT THE FUCK WHAT THE FUCK WHA T HE F CUK I FEEL ATTACKED

vicnicisthicc he’s so hot he devolved @daddykatsudon into fanfiction porn sounds, u okay bae

daddykatsudon I WANT HIM TO CRUSH MY SKULL WITH HIS POWERFUL THIGHS
@vicnicisthicc

xxfallinlove SOMEONE DO THE MATH I NEED TO KNOW IF HE CAN BODILY PICK UP VICTOR

katsukatsudammn @xxfallinlove he Can

xxfallinlove HECK

5 MINUTES AGO

Yuuri and Yura come back from their day of crosstraining with their hair done up, and by done up
Victor means: two locks of Yura’s hair that keep falling on his face have been braided and tied in the back to give the impression of a circlet, and Yuri has five different scrunchies with various animal charms making his hair stick up on all ends.

“Dad!” Yura shouts, barely taking off his shoes before he runs at Victor and barrels straight into his legs, looking up at him excitably. “Yuuri is teaching me how to walk on my hands, isn’t that cool?”

“So cool,” Victor gushes, picking him up and setting him on his hip, because Victor is a ridiculous man who missed his son even if it’s just been a handful of hours since he last saw him.

Yura loops his arms around his neck, and continues babbling about his day. “And we did ballet and I’m better than the scary sisters! Yuuri said so, but I’m not supposed to tell them. And Yuuko brought us lunch and mine was shaped like a cat and it was so cool! And! She showed me Yuuri doing ballet when he was little like me! She says if I train hard I can be as good as Yuuri and then I can do upside down ballet and pole ballet and—”

“Pole ballet?”

“Yeah! Yuuri’s really good at that too! He picked me up and we spinned around really fast, it was awesome.”

Victor looks over at Yuuri who has gone an adorable shade of red and is waving his arms around as if he can wipe Yuri’s words away.

“That sounds like a lot of fun,” Victor says, tilting his head at Yuuri. “You’ll have to show me pole ballet some time, Yuu ri.”

Yuuri makes a sound somewhere between a very small bird squawking in alarm and someone wiping a window, and doesn’t cover his face as much as he slaps both hands on it.

It’s adorable. Victor is terribly endeared. Also, worried for his glasses.

“I’m hungry,” Yura announces, loudly and right in Victor’s ear, distracting Victor from Yuuri for a moment.

“Okay, sweetheart, let’s get you some food.” And that’s how Victor finds himself sitting at one of the tables at the inn, with a soccer match that some guests are passively watching as background noise while he cuts up and peels apples, putting them in front of both of his Yuuris and watching them eat. From time to time Yura will pick up a slice and offer it to him, because Yura can be a very sweet boy, when he wants to be.

There’s something incredibly reassuring about the repetitive motions of cutting and peeling apples, and something very satisfying in how close Yuuri and Yura are sitting to him, making a shared personal little bubble.

It’s a very nice end of afternoon, up until the point when Yuuri is too distracted by his phone to eat his fruit.

“Yuuri,” Victor says, coaxingly, picking up the last slice of apple and wiggling it a little bit in Yuuri’s face. “You should eat all your fruit, coach’s orders.”

Yuuri hums vaguely, flingers flying over his phone as he types.

“Yuu ri, open up.” He says it mostly as a joke, because Yuuri is skittish and there’s no chance he
would let Victor feed him, except Yuuri is also, apparently, distracted enough that he just turns his head slightly, and opens his mouth, eyes still fixed on his phone.

And Victor just kind of... gently hand feeds a slice of apple to his crush who has absolutely no business looking so good eating it. Why do apple slices suddenly look so phallic?

Victor needs to drink something cold. Maybe a river, or some beer.

The worst part is that Yuuri hasn’t even noticed, as hyperfocused as he is on his phone, and Victor is left to have his seventh gay crisis of the day.

He picks up his own phone and types out:

**vicki nikaj** HE’S SEXILY EATING APPLES AT ME I’M TOO GAY FOR THIS

**chill-a-nont** rip buddy

**giacumetti** What he said

**vicki nikaj** IM DYING AND YOU HAVE NO COMPASSION

**vicki nikaj** Quick question is wanting to feed someone a kink

**vicki nikaj** I think I just developed it

One of the few staff members the inn employs passes by their table and puts a beer in front of Victor, glancing over meaningfully at Yuuri and giving him a sympathetic look.

“Thank you,” Victor says. He’s much better at it now. The waiter nods their head in acknowledgment and wanders off.

«»

[Image description: A still of the cat cafe vlog of a sizeable white cat rubbing his face under Yuuri’s chin and Yuuri smiling softly. It was edited so under it is a screenshot of a Deviantart comment with “god I wish that were me” written on it. The icon was edited so it’s Victor’s face looking a little lovesick.]

Liked by kingkatsuki, katsukatsudammn, phichit-chu and 3,918 others

**victuuralam** we only post quality shitposts #victuuralam #victornikiforov #katsukiyuuri

*View all 14 comments*

5 DAYS AGO

«»

Yuuri’s been losing Eros. They’ve been at it for almost two hours, and he can’t seem to get the feeling right. If this keeps up Victor will put him on jump practice for the rest of the week which isn’t bad, exactly, but it’s certainly not what Yuuri wants to be doing, and he’s nothing if not stubborn.

Yuuri can see that Victor is getting frustrated too, but he’s too polite to say it. His eyes just go a little more squinty and his smile tight in the edges. A perfectly pleasant smile.
Yuuri finishes up the routine, gritting his teeth and dropping his arms in disappointment. Victor’s smile goes a little tighter.

“Yuuri! Maybe let’s take a little break, yes?”

“I can do it,” Yuuri says, stubbornly. His knee twitches in an aborted reflex to stomp his foot, which tells him that he has been spending way too much time with Yura if he’s devolving into five year old temper tantrum techniques now.

Victor takes a breath, as if he’s gearing himself to something, then his breath stutters in his chest and he huffs it out, drops the smile, and pouts at him. Yuuri blinks a couple of times in confusion.

“Maybe if katsudon isn’t working, you should try another technique,” he says, leaning against the barrier on his elbows and putting his face in his hands.

Yuuri blinks again, and considers taking his glasses off because Victor is so beautiful it’s a little hard to look directly at him sometimes.

“Like what?” he prompts.

Victor tilts his head a little, gives him a look through his eyelashes that has Yuuri’s cheeks warming up and ohno.

“Hmmm,” Victor hums, as if he’s thinking very hard about it. “Maybe you could try seducing me.”

Yuuri makes some sort of high-pitched sound that is very unattractive, his hands going up in a defensive position because oh no, oh no, he couldn’t possibly…

“Tick tock, Yuuri. If you don’t decide I’ll just go take a break without you.”

It sounds a little like a challenge.

Yuuri drops his hands, lets go of the tension he had been holding in his body during this conversation.

Fine. Victor wants him to seduce him, he will seduce him. And it must be clear in his expression that he accepted Victor’s little challenge, because Victor straightens up, looks a little more attentive, a little curious.

“Don’t look away,” Yuuri tells him, skating backwards to the center of the ice and holding his gaze until the very last minute.

«»

I really need to stop playing myself like this, Victor thinks dazedly as he watches Yuuri turn fluid and enticing on the ice.

He couldn’t look away if he wanted to, and he never wants to. In all fairness, who would choose to look away when they have Katsuki Yuuri looking determined in seducing them with his artistry?

Even if they’re only playing at seduction, because Victor isn’t dumb enough to think Yuuri will be anything but bashful after this is done.

He’s proven right when Yuuri finishes the routine.

Yuuri drops his final post and turns to Victor, flushed and looking so self-satisfied, so proud of himself with his open smile and his relaxed face.

Victor should employ this strategy way more often.

«»

[Image description: Yuuri and Yuri, mid-eating. Yuri with two braids that give the impression of a circlet and Yuuri with several hair ties with several animal charms tied to several tufts of his hair, making it stick up in every direction.]

Liked by phichit-chu, saracrisp, katsuki-fc, victuurafam, kingkatsuki and 55,356 others

v-nikiforov Good morning everyone, Yuuri and Yuri did each other’s hair today, aren’t they cute? #prouddad #prettyboys

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kingkatsuki GOD TIER GOOD BOYS I LOVE THEM I LOVE KATSUKI YUURI SO MUCH

katsukatsudamn this singlehandedly cured my depression

5 DAYS AGO

«»

Yuuri’s been texting with the girl in charge of re-working the track he gave Victor for a while now, and he’s getting a little antsy to see a finished product. She seems to understand what he wants, and is willing to make adjustments as he offers suggestions.

“Yuuri,” Victor calls. “It’s almost time for dinner.”

Yuuri looks over at his bedroom door where Victor is hovering. “Oh, already?”

“I’m not hungry,” Yura says, slumping further in Yuuri’s lap, ignoring them in favour of playing Neko Atsume on Yuuri’s phone.

Yuuri and Victor exchange an amused look, before Yuuri loops an arm under Yuri’s knees and stands up with Yuri still leaning against his chest, picking him up in the same way pageant moms pick up their pageant babies.

(He regrets having this information, like he regrets 3 a.m. marathons of Toddlers and Tiaras with Phichit when they were both too awake to sleep but too drunk and tired to find anything better.)

Victor pushes the door open a little further so they can pass, and then walks with them downstairs.

“Maybe that wouldn’t happen if someone didn’t beg Hiroko for food in-between meals,” Victor tells Yura, trying to use his Scolding Dad voice. Yuuri thinks he should work on it a little bit. He sounds more amused than anything else.

“Don’t be mad because Grandma loves me best,” Yura tells him, taking thirty pictures of the same cat.

Yuuri snorts a little bit. Of all the Japanese words Yura could have learned, the two first ones he
took to were *obaasan* and *baka* because of course they were. He’s a smart boy, he knows the quickest way to get Yuuri’s mother to feed him is to use his honey sweet tone and calling her *obaasan*.

Yuuri is dreading him catching wind of any anime with a tsundere character, because he doesn’t think anyone in the world is ready to watch Yuri Plisetsky go through a phase of calling everything and everyone stupid in Japanese. He can see that day fastly approaching as Yuri’s Japanese vocabulary expands at an alarming speed.

He sits them down at one of the tables, looking over his shoulder questioningly when he sees that Victor lagged behind. Victor has a look on his face half like someone slapped him and half like someone just gave him a gift.

Yuuri raises an eyebrow at that, but doesn’t ask when Victor seems to snap out of whatever that was about and comes sit beside them.

“How about you, *Yuuri*? Are you working on something?”

“Oh, just my free skate music.”

Victor leans over, resting his face on his palm.

Yuuri wants to put his whole hand over his face so he doesn’t have to look at how effortlessly beautiful Victor is. He’s going blind, he’ll need to change the graduation on his lenses soon.

“Care to share your thoughts on it with your coach?”

Yuuri looks away from him, picking Yura up and depositing him in Victor’s lap, before he gets up to go get their food.

“Nope,” he tells Victor over his shoulder, quickly turning so Victor doesn’t see Yuuri laughing at his shocked expression.

“*Yuuri*!” Victor whines after him, just as Yuuri disappears into the kitchen to get their food.

“Did you hear that, Yura?! He won’t even tell me his free skate song. Isn’t it terrible?”

Yura deigns to pull his eyes away from his game to give Victor an unsympathetic look, that promises Victor a lot of hardships when it’s time to coach Yura, and also when Yura hits his teens.

Maybe he should just ask Yakov to train him, hmmm…

“I know what it is,” Yura says, a little smug as he turns back to his game.

“You do?! Are you going to tell your father who loves you very much?”

“No,” Yuri says, with a kind of ruthlessness and carelessness that makes Victor clutch his chest dramatically. “Yuuri said it’s supposed to be a surprise,” Yuri adds, redeeming himself only a little bit.

Yuuri comes back, juggling three plates with the kind of expertise wait staff at restaurants have and putting them down on the table. Victor very quietly thinks it’s adorable how Yuuri always kind of wiggles in excitement at food. He’d say it out loud if Yuuri wasn’t so bad at taking compliments.
“Yura won’t tell me what your Free Skate song is,” Victor complains, picking up his chopsticks. Yuuri looks over at Yuri with a proud smile and offers him his closed fist for a fist bump, which Yuri gleefully accepts. Victor melts at how tiny Yura’s hands are compared to Yuuri’s.

“I can’t believe my own son and student are conspiring against me.”

Yuuri snorts in this terribly endearing way that has Victor forgetting all his dramatics about the Free Sate debacle and settling on being self-satisfied that he’s the cause of that little sound.

«»

The free skate song is almost ready, and Yuuri can barely contain his excitement.

“You look happy today,” Victor remarks, panting a little, “but maybe we should slow down, no?”

Yuuri slows down from his jog, coming to a full stop next to a bench, in which Victor immediately collapses on, trying to catch his breath.

“Sorry,” Yuuri says, a little apologetically.

“Ah,” Victor says in a strangled out little breath of laughter. “I’ve been thinking this for a while but your stamina is insane, isn’t it, Yuuri?” He bows his head a little, leaning his forearms on his thighs.

Yuuri stares at the top of his head, and then, completely without any conscience decision, he touches his finger to the whirlpool on top of Victor’s head.

The reaction is immediate. As if Yuuri had pressed a button, Victor slides down to the floor, hands covering his head. “Is it getting that thin?” Victor asks, miserably.

Yuuri immediately panics. “No, no!” He backtracks, dropping down to his knees. “It’s very thick and shiny!” he tries to reassure, touching Victor’s shoulder. “Victor please get up.”

“I’ll never recover from this,” Victor says sadly.

“Victor! We’re in the middle of the street! I’m sorry, please get up.”

“How can I get up when you have uncovered all my flaws in broad daylight like this, Yuuri?”

Victor Nikiforov is a ridiculous, dramatic man. Yuuri can’t believe how much he likes him.

“Victor,” he begs, vaguely motioning at a couple passers-by that everything is okay.

Then, because it doesn’t really look like Victor is getting up any time soon, Yuuri just kind of… gets him up. He grabs Victor by the arm and loops it around his neck, using it as leverage to lift him to a standing position.

Victor gets himself up along the way, prompted by Yuuri’s pulling, but he doesn’t stand on his own. Instead he chooses to just kind of slump against Yuuri’s shoulder and looks up at him with a dazed expression.

“Wow! You’re very strong, Yuuri.”

Yuuri thinks Victor’s probably having a sunstroke or something.
“Let’s get you some water and a cold place to rest for a bit,” Yuuri says, dragging him towards a little convenience store in the corner.

“Oh, yes. I am very thirsty.”

Victor doesn’t sound like he’s talking about water, but Yuuri is going to ignore that for the sake of his own sanity.

[post description: a video of Victor prompting Yuri to say certain phrases in Japanese. Most of them Yuri says he doesn’t know or chooses not to say, looking bored. This is followed by another video of Yuri, completely unaware of the camera. He’s clutching at Hiroko’s apron and looking up at her with a sweet smile. You can clearly hear him say in Japanese “Grandma, can I get some food please?”. The last thing is a picture of Yuri sitting on a kitchen counter and eating something out of a bowl with Hiroko Katsuki standing nearby, making sure he doesn’t fall and looking so very pleased.]

Liked by phichit-chu, saracrisp, katsuki-fc, victuurafam, icedaddyfc, katsumari and 62,535 others

v-nikiforov He refuses to learn how to say “Where’s the bathroom” but has learned how to ask for food in his first week here #prouddad #??

View all 1,100 comments

1 WEEK AGO

Sometimes Victor just gets… sad. He doesn’t really know why, but sometimes he’ll just think of all the mistakes he’s made and how his life will be in the future when everyone has forgotten him, and he’ll get a little down. And sometimes, Victor wakes up at two am, with barely four hours of sleep under his belt and will just be sad.

The only upside of this is that he’s gotten very good at covering the dark circles under his eyes.

He grabs his phone and as quietly as he can, gets up from the bed and pads into the hallway. Yura is light sleeper when it comes to certain things, mainly having any kind of light on his face, and Victor doesn’t want to risk waking him up with the light from his phone and then dealing with a crabby toddler in the morning.

Yuuri’s door is open, and for a second Victor considers knocking on it, but decides against it. He doesn’t want to be too much. Yuuri already gives most of his day to Victor, Victor doesn’t want to bother him in his personal space. So he settles for sitting on the floor in the hallway and thumbing his phone awake, opening his contacts list and letting his finger hover between both his mothers’ numbers.

He’s interrupted from his careful deliberation of which of them he could call at this time by the sound of Yuuri’s door opening all the way. Victor turns to see Yuuri in worn-in shorts and a baggy T-shirt with his glasses slipping precariously on his nose, blinking owlishly at him.

“Everything okay?” Yuuri asks, shuffling a little awkwardly in place.

Victor smiles. It’s automatic at this point. “Of course!” he says, cheerfully.
Yuuri looks doubtful, hand gripping the door and swinging it the tiniest bit as if he’s unsure if he should close it and let Victor be or not.

Victor is suddenly very very tired. “Nothing to worry about,” he says, dropping the smile a bit and looking away, letting his head thunk against the wall behind him.

There’s a couple of crawling seconds of silence, before Yuuri speaks again. “Do you want to come in?”

Victor’s head snaps back to him, mouth parting in surprised.

Yuuri still looks awkward, hovering on his doorway. There’s not a lot of light in this hallway and not a lot of light is coming from Yuuri’s room but it’s still forming a soft halo around him.

“You can’t sleep,” Yuuri hurries to add. “And it’s not good to sit on the floor for long.”

“Don’t you need to sleep, Yuuri?” Victor tries.

“It’s fine. I’m waiting to receive a message from someone. I’d be up anyway.”

Well.

Well, Victor wasn’t expecting this, but he’s not going to refuse Yuuri. So he gets himself up and walks towards Yuuri, who steps aside to let him in and then pushes the door halfway closed behind him.

Victor stands in the middle of the room, uncertain and awkward in that way everyone is when entering someone else’s room for the first time, while Yuuri moves comfortably back to sit on his desk chair.

He’s never really been in Yuuri’s room. He’s stepped in a couple of times to get Yura, but mostly he’s hovered at the door, not really daring trespass without being invited to. He is polite and well-mannered, and Yuuri is a private person. And he’s a little anxious, he needs somewhere to retreat to where he knows no one can bother him.

Victor has Phichit to thank for this knowledge.

“Sorry I don’t really have any other chairs,” Yuuri says apologetically. “You can sit on the bed.”

Victor sits on the bed stiffly, trying not to think about how he’s on Yuuri’s bed. Where Yuuri sleeps. And does other things, possibly.

Yuuri looks at him, squinting slightly even though he’s wearing his glasses.

“Is there something on my face Yuuri?” Victor asks, keeping his tone light.

“You look sad,” Yuuri blurts out, clearly without thinking, because as soon as the words are out of his mouth he starts waving his arms in the air, backtracking so hard he physically pushes his chair against his desk on accident, knocking down a water bottle that had been sitting on it. “I- I didn’t mean- I’m,” he bows, bending at the waist, his chest touching his thighs. “I’m sorry.”

Victor stares at him, takes a deep breath that stutters itself out on the exhale.

“It happens,” he says instead of no, I’m fine! Don’t be ridiculous I’m perfectly happy! “Sometimes, I just…” he trails off, shoulders slumping, letting the strain around his eyes and the corner of his mouth go. He’s tired. “It’s okay. I’m not mad, Yuuri.”
Yuuri looks up, peeking over his glasses and then scrunching up his nose adorably, pushing his glasses up with the motion so he can actually see Victor. Very carefully, he straightens up. His hands fall on his knees and he grips them.

“Do you-“ Yuuri starts, interrupting himself and flushing. He looks away, biting the inside of his cheek. Victor waits him out, which proves worth it when Yuuri turns back to him and asks, “Do you need a hug?”

Victor did not expect that. But then again he didn’t expect Yuuri to invite him in in the first place, or to tell him to sit on his bed. It seems like today Yuuri’s just full of surprises.

“A hug?” he asks, very carefully, just to make sure he heard that right.

Yuuri ducks his head and rubs the back of his neck self-consciously. “Ah, well… Phichit used to hug me when I felt sad… so… I figured…” he trails off. Then he gulps, Victor can see his Adam’s apple bobbing, and says, “nevermind that was stupid, forget what I said,” Yuuri rushes out, swiveling his chair so his back is to Victor.

That’s… that’s honestly so sweet, Victor hardly knows what to do with himself.

“ Yuuri ,” he says, coos really. “I would love a hug,” he tells him, as sincerely as he can.

Yuuri turns his chair back to him, his blush has gone all the way down his shirt, Victor notes.

“You don’t have to, just because-“

“How cruel,” Victor interrupts. “Offering me comfort and then taking it away like this. How cruel, Yuuri .” He doesn’t mean it one bit, but he knows that if he lets him, Yuuri will wind himself into a spiral anxiety and he can’t allow that to happen.

It works, Yuuri stops himself and looks shocked for a second before he settles on amused.

Victor opens up his arms, makes grabby hands at him like a toddler.

Yuuri gives him what could be mistaken by a fond look, and gets up from his chair, walking the short distance from his desk to the bed. He stops in front of Victor, looking uncertain for a moment, before he takes that last step and pulls Victor in against his chest, one hand going to the back of Victor’s neck and the other on his upper back, applying the slightest bit of pressure so Victor is fully pressed against his front.

Victor’s arms instinctively loop around his waist and oh. Oh , this is nice.

“You’re good at hugging,” Victor says, maybe a bit dumbly.

Yuuri huffs a little laugh, that Victor can only faintly feel against the top of his head, and pets his hand down Victor’s hair exactly once. “Thanks, I learned from the best.”

Victor squeezes him, trying to shove his face deeper into Yuuri’s chest. He can hear Yuuri’s heartbeat.

This probably isn’t the most comfortable for Yuuri. Victor knows he’s squeezing too tight, and he knows that Yuuri’s knees are a little bent like this. He’s going to get tired soon. Victor should probably let go.

He doesn’t.
“Is this helping?” Yuuri asks quietly, after Victor has counted about 400 heartbeats.

“Yes,” Victor mumbles.

“Okay,” Yuuri says and doesn’t move away until Victor has almost counted 2000 beats of his heart.

«»

Yuuri’s back at his desk and freaking out at Phichit over the fact that he just hugged Victor for almost fifteen minutes straight and waiting for the Free Skate song to come in. His composer said she was finishing recording and making the last adjustments today before she could send it over to him.

Victor’s nodding off in his bed, leaning against the wall with a pillow behind his back and holding his phone loosely in his hand. He’s dropped it three times in the last ten minutes, Yuuri is fully expecting for him to just pass out.

He’s already resigned himself to pulling a futon out of somewhere and sleeping on the floor if Victor does fall asleep on his bed.

Yuuri hears his door open and looks over at Yura, sleepily stumbling in and leaning on Makkachin. He’s dragging his Tigger behind him. Yuuri kind of wants to take a picture of it, but taking pictures of other people’s children without permission is rude, so he doesn’t.

“Oh, sweetie, did you wake up?” Victor asks, voice very soft.

“Mmhmm,” Yuri says, raising up his arms to be lifted into the bed. ”You were gone,” he mumbles, grabbing a fistful of Victor’s shirt and shoving his face in his neck.

Yuuri’s whole being softens at the sight.

Victor kisses the top of Yura’s head and whispers something to him that Yuuri can’t really hear, distracted by Makkachin padding over and putting his front paws on Yuuri’s lap, demanding attention, and the ping of Skype, signaling a new message.

Yuuri pets him distractedly, reading over the message and immediately scrabbling for his earphones as he tries to get his e-mail open and the sound file that was sent to him downloaded. He clumsily disentangles his earphones and plugs them in, shoving them into his ears and keeping them there with his hands to make sure he doesn’t lose a second of this, only letting go momentarily to hit play.

He holds his breath as the piano starts playing, by the time the violin joins in he’s in awe because this, this feels so right. He turns in his chair, still pressing his earphones to his ears. He has no idea what his face is doing right now, but Victor gives him a curious look and a smile.

Yuuri opens his mouth to say something, mouths words soundlessly as the song keeps going and going and going, stealing every single world he has, leaving him speechless.

He’s almost sad when it comes to a close, but then he isn’t because he gets to show…

“Victor,” he says, excitement making him breathless, and before he makes a conscious decision of it, he’s kneeling on the bed next to Victor, thrusting the earphones at him and hitting replay on the song.
Victor listens to it, and Yuuri can pinpoint the exact moment he hears how good it is by the way his eyes widen, the hand he’s not using to hold Yura to his chest, pressing against the earphone much like Yuuri had done.

When the song is finally done, Victor takes the earphones off. “That’s perfect, Yuuri!”

Yuuri beams. “Isn’t it?!”

His voice is a tad too loud, he thinks, because Yura grumbles and peeks over at him, looking grumpy.

Victor pets one hand over his hair and gets off of Yuuri’s bed. “I should return to my room,” he says, keeping his voice quiet. “We have a lot of work to do tomorrow, Yuuri. Get some rest.”


“Goodnight,” he says back, walking out of Yuuri’s room and into his own.

Makkachin, Yuuri notices, doesn’t follow him, choosing to hop up on Yuuri’s bed and lay down, looking up at Yuuri with his big soulful brown eyes.

Yuuri buries his hands in Makkachin’s soft fur and leans over until he can kiss his snout. “He liked the song, Makkachin,” he says, very quietly and very excitedly.

Makkachin’s tail thumps a couple of times approvingly and he lifts his head up to lick at Yuuri’s chin as if to say good job.

Yuuri grins down at him and pets him.

He can’t wait for tomorrow.

«»

[image description: Yuuri alone on the ice, with a face of deep concentration]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-gc, sara-crisp, katsuki-fc and 53,204 others

v-nikiforov Working on Yuuri’s free program. It’s going to be a good one #katsukiyuuri #gpf15

View all 874 comments

1 HOUR AGO

Chapter End Notes

this kid fic needs more kid,........,

**FUN STUFF:**
- PLEASE LOOK AT THIS GODDESS DOING THE PULL UPS THING WITH A KID IM STILL DYING GOD
tumblr tag for this fic that i use mostly to reblog pics of victuuri's future dogs
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

teeny yura in this verse has six grandparents,................, wild

Chapter Notes

Hello, hello!

First and foremost my many many thanks to Minna for continuing to be a very stellar beta.

Second, my many many apologies for going so much off schedule. Uni is getting a little hectic at this time of year and I'll probably be very busy until this semester ends. But!!!! I don't want to leave y'all hanging for 2-3 months, so I've made a schedule that works around my assignments and whatnot. Which means bigger chapters but more time between them. Also I'll be covering each competition in one single chapter and then we'll be done! You can check out my tentative schedule here!

Also!! In case it's not clear, from last chapter to this one there's a significant time jump. I tried my best to show that, but in case I failed miserably, here's your warning.

Thank you everyone for being so kind and patient with me, I'll continue trying my very best!!

**TL;DR:** Schedule for this fic is messed up because university is gonna murder my ass. Here's a tentative schedule. Also, there's a time jump in the beginning of this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[Image description: a collection of images, all of them almost artistic shots of products, or artistic and scenic shots. Every image has a normal version and a version with a bunch of different colored circles drawn around certain things, bits of the image zoomed in, explanations and questions scribbled in comic sans around certain things. It all looks very much like an illuminati conspiracy theory.]

Liked by phichit-chu, katsukatsudamn and 1,242 others

victuрафam who the FUCK is ready for my boy Yuuri’s trimestral Insta update?????? What do you think we gonna get this time? My money’s on an artistic shot of Ice Castle. I can’t wait for this fandom to overanalyze five pixels in a corner of the image and argue if it’s the tip of a dildo or a candle like they did in 2012 lol

View all 4 comments
**katsukatsudamn** somehow i feel personally attacked by this post

**victuurafam** @katsukatsudamn you should

1 MONTH AGO

[Image description: a short video that loops. There are a pair of skates on the ice, adult sized. The only reason you can see it is because there’s a light shining directly on them. The rest of the rink is obscured. The video goes black and another pair of skates appear, also adult sized, but the blades aren’t gold like in the first ones, just plain silver. Then the light goes dark again, and a new pair of skates appears. Child sized this time. Then the light goes off and the spot on the ice is blank. The video loops perfectly. An excerpt from Yuri on Ice is playing.]

Liked by **phichit-chu**, **sara-crisp**, **v-nikiforov**, **katsuki-fc** and 30,567 others

**katsuyuuri** Hopefully, I will meet you next level. Thank you for your continued support.

*View all 381 comments*

**kingkatsuki** but what doeS IT MEAN

**katsukatsudamn** *makes five pots of coffee and gets ready to stay awake all night* Here We Go

**xxfallinlove** okay but why does this look like a PREGNANCY ANNOUNCEMENT IM SCHOKINGDE

**victuurafam** I WAS HALF RIGHT A H!

**victuurafam** also this is so sweet I got five cavities??????

4 WEEKS AGO

[Video description: a video of Yuuri, laying down on the ice on top of a jacket, holding his phone steady with one hand and a flashlight with the other, and Yura skating around the rink, grabbing skates and putting them in the shot before he goes to turn the flashlight on and off, since the button seems to be located at the back of the flashlight and Yuuri is trying to keep it steady.]

Liked by **phichit-chu**, **victuurafam**, **christophe-ge**, **katsuki-fc**, **icedaddyfc** and 41,325 others

**v-nikiforov** Team work in the making of Yuuri’s latest Instagram post!!! @katsuyuuri posting once every three months sure looks hard.

*View all 739 comments*

**kingkatsuki** we don’t deserve neither of these yuuris they are TOO GOOD…… too pure

4 WEEKS AGO

[Video description: a short clip of Victor trying to explain something to Yuuri in terms of his
technique, except he’s devolved into saying things like “You’re not using enough woosh, Yuuri. Use more woosh!” This goes on for almost a full minute.

Likes by phichit-chu, katsuki-fc, icedaddyfc, kingkatsuki and 53,564 others

katsuyuuri @v-nikiforov being a coach sure sounds hard

View all 1,453 comments

kingkatsuki REMEMBER WHEN HE USED TO SHYLY CONFESS IN INTERVIEWS THAT HE’D LOVE TO MEET AND BEFRIEND VICTOR? REMEMBER THAT? LOOK AT HIM NOW

vicnicisthicc victor doesn’t deserve to be dragged like this

daddykatsudon Expose Him

katsukatsudamm somene smwhr just added woosh as a technical term to the skating lingo

phichit-chu @v-nikiforov @katsuyuuri YUURI I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU POSTED TWICE IN ONE MONTH I’M SO PROUD OF YOU!!! I HOPE YOU WOOSHED RIGHT!

v-nikiforov @phichi-chu He did woosh right!!!

katsuyuuri @phichit-chu @v-nikiforov I have Regrets

4 WEEKS AGO

[video description: Victor eating a meal with a lot of what looks like red meat. Yuuri is sitting across the table from him, with his chin resting beside his plateful of what looks like vegetables. Makkachin also has his muzzle resting on the table. They’re both looking up at Victor with big puppy dog eyes.]

Liked by Phichit-chu, Christophe-gc, saracrisp, katsuki-fc and 58,354 others

v-nikiforov @katsuyuuri Hardest part of being a coach.

View all 1,245 comments

kingkatsuki they looks so sad FEED THEM

katsukatsudamm FEED THEM

xxfallinlove FEED THEM

vicnicisthicc FEED THEM boi obvs wants some meat in him

sasslchow FEED THEM

phichit-chu FEED THEM!!!

carolinefct FEED THEM
[video description: a clip of Victor holding a piece of meat for Makkachin to happily bite off of his fingers, followed by Victor wiping his hand in a napkin, picking up his chopsticks and then holding up another piece of meat up to Yuuri, who looks at him a little distrustfully, but slowly opens his mouth and lets Victor feed him. It seems like a really good piece of meat because Yuuri makes a satisfied noise and wiggles a little bit.]

Liked by christophe-gc, milababecheva, saracrisp, katsuki-fc, icedaddyfc, phichit-chu and 64,345 others

They have been fed! Thank you for being concerned with Makkachin and Yuuri’s health but I can assure you they get plenty of healthy and good food!
Yuuri grunts and stumbles past Victor, going straight into Victor’s room, climbing on the bed and shoving a pillow on top of his head. Victor is about to get distracted by Yuuri’s ass when he notices Yura stirring up, lifting his head from where it had been laying on his Doraemon plushie and clumsily wiping hair from his face. As soon as he notices it’s Yuuri next to him, he crawls over and lays half on his back, going immediately back to sleep.

Victor has to take a minute to himself to thank whatever higher deity allowed this to be his life. Also to take about twenty pictures on his phone.

When he’s satisfied, he picks up his messenger bag from where he left it near the door and makes a short detour towards the couch to pet Makkachin.

“Look after them, Makkachin,” he whispers. Makkachin lazily opens his eyes and huffs at him. “I’m counting on you. Don’t let Yuuri do any exercise today, okay? He’s supposed to be resting.”

Makkachin licks his hand a couple of times and settles back on the couch to sleep.

Victor has to drag his feet out of his room and all the way to the train station, sending Yuuri a good morning text for when he wakes up with a reminder that he’s not allowed to go into the rink or Minako’s studio today.

«»

[video description: an excerpt from a short interview Yuuri did. The interview was conducted over Skype or some other sort of video calling program. Yuuri is wearing a suit jacket and a button down with the blue tie he wears to most functions. His hair is styled and he’s not wearing glasses. He’s answering questions seriously, and seems a little more at ease than he normally is in interviews. He’s clearly sitting in some sort of office space. You can see bookshelves with binders behind him. You can also see the door, which opens as Yuuri is answering a question. He doesn’t notice the door, or Yuri stepping into the room, tip toeing cautiously behind Yuuri before jumping and screaming “BOO!” Yuuri jerks in his chair, head snapping towards the sound, and when he realizes it was Yuri he huffs a laugh and tries to compose himself. The door is nudged open a little further and Makkachin trots into the room and comes to Yuuri, putting his front paws in his lap, asking for pets. Yuuri continues answering his question, as Yuri attempts to climb onto his lap and push Makkachin off. Before he fully succeeds, someone skids to a halt in the doorway, and you can see Victor Nikiforov, almost overbalancing and falling over in his sock-sliding attempt to get into the room. He looks a little frazzled. He steps in, picks Yuri up and throws him over his shoulder. He also hooks a finger under Makkachin’s collar to guide the dog out of the room. He mutters a quiet excuse us before he leaves the room and closes the door. Yuuri finishes his question and coughs into his hand to hide his amusement.]

Liked by phichit-chu, katsuki-fc, victuurafam, icedaddyfc and 26,464 others

katsuki-i-ace Adorable moment during Katsuki-san’s interview! Links in my bio for the full interview translated #katsukiyuuri #victornikiforov #victuurafamily

View all 452 comments

kingkatsuki god is real and this is PROOF

xxfallinlove I can’t believe they’re married now

daddykatsudon but when will the hair pushed back + glasses combo come back????
vicnicisthicc @daddykatsudon why do you have a dead wish

vicnicisthicc also can we discuss how good MY boy looked in his yoga pants hmmmyes

daddykatsudon @vicnicisthicc certified DILF

gc-the-og @daddykatsudon this is twink victor erasure

vicnicisthicc @gc-the-og HOLY SHIT I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD WELCOME BACK

gc-the-og @vicnicisthicc i was gone for four months and i come back to see that Katsuki Yuuri personally murdered my ship and that you’ve been CHEATING ON ME WITH SOMEONE WITH A DADDY KINK AND A FOOD FETISH

vicnicisthicc @gc-the-og THIS IS NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE

daddykatsudon @gc-the-og life imitates art bitch (victuuri being art of course) (also welcome back!!)

katsukatsudamn @daddykatsudon @vicnicisthicc @gc-the-og why y’all gotta be like this take ur shit over to tumblr,,,,,, damn u raised y’all

katsukatsudamn okay but he is ACTUALLY CHOREOGRAPHING HIS OWN PROGRAM FINALLY FINALLY I FEEL V I N D I C A T E D HES NOT RESTRICTED TO EXHIBITION PIECES ANYMORE BLESS THE ENTIRE NIKIFOROV LINEAGE

1 MONTH AGO

Yuuri wakes up breathless and panicked, an unbearable weight pressing down on his chest.

“I’m hungry,” Yura complains, kneeling right on top of Yuuri’s ribcage, with his little hands pressing down on Yuuri’s chest, and his hair falling around his face messily, making him look like a possessed child which is something Yuuri never thought he would get used waking up to.

Yuuri loops a hand around his torso and pulls him back down onto the bed, turning on his side with the motion, and proceeds to bundle Yura up against his chest as revenge.

Yura kicks out and Yuuri takes a minute wrestling him down on the bed until he giggles himself into a coughing fit.

“Okay,” Yuuri says, rubbing circles on Yura’s back until the coughing stops. “Let’s get you some food.”

Makkachin’s head shoots up, eyes intent on Yuuri and tail thumping rhythmically against the couch.

Yuuri gets up and gives himself a minute to get his bearings and stretch until the vertebrae in his back pop satisfyingly.

He needs to change clothes before he goes downstairs to get breakfast, since he’s pretty sure going down in what Phichit calls “booty shorts” isn’t appropriate. So he tells Yura to pick some clothes and get dressed while Yuuri goes to do the same.
“I’m tired,” Yuri tells him, laying on his back on the floor of Yuuri’s room while Yuuri looks for his glasses. “Pick me up!”

Yuuri finds his glasses tucked between the wall and the bed and thanks every deity that he didn’t break them during the night. Then he picks up his phone, scoops Yuri up on his other arm and sneaks down into the kitchens, Makkachin trotting happily behind them.

“What do you want for breakfast?” Yuuri asks, dragging a bench from a corner of the kitchen so he can set Yuri down somewhere he can reach the counter and help.

“Smiley eggs and octopuses,” Yuri says. “I wanna break the eggs!”

“Okay,” Yuuri agrees, taking out the things necessary for an omelet with ketchup drawing and sausages, and resigning himself to eating omelets with bits of eggshell in them.

It feels a little weird not having Victor hovering around and lecturing Yuuri about nutritional values in a slightly teasing tone while he makes milkshakes, and, for some reason, a truly ridiculous amount of pineapple juice. Yuuri has absolutely no idea why Victor has pushed so much pineapple juice into his hands for the past month or so, all he knows is that he read something on his phone and the next day, there were five pineapples in the kitchen, waiting to be juiced.

He keeps waiting for Victor to pop out of somewhere. It’s a little unsettling when he doesn’t, so Yuuri finishes cutting up the sausages like tiny octopuses, feeding Makkachin every now and then to keep him settled in his favourite place in the kitchen, under a table that is pushed against one of the walls. When he’s done, he picks up his phone and clicks on the text messages he received, keeping one eye on Yuri who is beating the eggs.

Victor GOOD MORNING YUURI!!!!!!!!!

Victor Remember to eat breakfast! I’ll be home in the afternoon! No training today! Minako will tattle on you if you go to the studio! Yuuko too!

Victor [image sent]

Victor I’m almost in Fukuoka and this dog walked into the train!!! LOOK!!!

Victor Their name is mochi!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

me I’m going to tell Makkachin you’re cheating on him

Yuuri takes a quick picture of Makkachin with his head on his paws, and with his big eyes looking up at him.

me [image sent]

Victor OHNO

Victor I’M SORRY YOU KNOW YOU’RE THE ONLY DOG FOR ME MAKKACHIN

Yuuri snorts and takes another picture of Makkachin. He only has to say “Smile for Victor, Makka”
to get Makkachin to stand to attention and start panting happily.

me [image sent]

Victor !!!!!!!!!!!! HAPPY BOY!!!!!!!!! Gorgeous boy!!!!!!!

Victor How’s my other gorgeous boy?

Yuuri takes a picture of Yuri, making a mess of the counter, with his tongue sticking out and brows furrowed in concentration.

me [image sent]

me Making us breakfast

Victor !!!!!!!!!!!!! CUTE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Victor And the other gorgeous boy? How is he this morning?

me IDK how are you Victor

Yuuri types without really thinking and hits send before he realizes what he just said. As soon as the full realization hits him he flings his phone on the counter and makes a distressed sound because oh god what was he thinking?

Yura stops beating the eggs to give him a confused look.

Yuuri wants to shove his whole face in the oven and scream for a little bit.

“Ah, um, I think you’ve beaten it enough. Good job, Yura!”

Yura beams up at him, and lets Yuuri take the bowl away. He pushes his bench towards the sink and climbs up to wash his hands, splashing the front of his shirt and a little bit of the floor. Yuuri is going to have to clean that too, but that’s fine. He doesn’t really mind. Anything to avoid checking his phone until he absolutely has to.

«»

[iimage description: several pictures of Victor Nikiforov. The first one of him just looking out the window at the train, another of him smiling and waving directly at the camera, seemingly noticing he’s being photographed. There’s a couple of shots of him on his phone. You can see the progression of his smiling. The last two pictures are Victor looking at his phone. The first one of the last two features him, looking down at his phone with his mouth a little open, looking startled. The very last one he’s dropped his phone a little bit and has dipped his chin towards his chest. His hand is covering his eyes and you can kind of see him blushing a little bit.]

Liked by phichit-chu, sasslow, vicnicisthicc and 7,123 others

icedaddyfc #victorspotting Victor was on a train to Fukuoka earlier, and he looked as good as ever. #victornikiforov
Yuuri is mind-numbingly bored, so he slathers Yura’s cheeks with sunscreen, grabs Makkachin’s doggy bags, and they go for a long walk around Hasetsu.

They end up at the local park where Yura decides it’s time to defy gravity on the swings and Yuuri stands in front of him, stressing himself out over Yura saying he’s going to jump.

“I want to do a loop around the swing!” Yura cries, kicking his legs out. Makkachin barks in encouragement and Yuuri gives him a disapproving look. Makkachin should know better than to encourage this type of behavior.

“You’re going to fall,” Yuuri tells him. “And then you won’t be able to do upside down ballet.”

“But I want to do a loop around the swing!” He’s swinging uncomfortably high. Yuuri decides he’d rather chance get kicked in the face and a tantrum than Yura injuring himself, so when Yura swings towards him next he picks him up and wrenches him off the swings.

He does get kicked in the chest, hard enough that it’s probably going to bruise, but at least his brain isn’t flashing him with pictures of Yura falling and injuring himself horribly.

“No! I wanna do a loop around the swing,” Yura shouts, and Yuuri holds him as far from himself as he can, so he won’t get kicked again.

“No loops around the swing,” Yuuri says, as sternly as he can.

Yura kicks out again.

“I know something even cooler, though,” he tries, and Yura stops struggling.

“Cooler?”

“Definitely. You’ll spin around really fast.”

“Faster than in ballet?”

“Faster than in ballet,” Yuuri assures.

Yuri seems a little distrustful, and then he demands, “Show me!”

So Yuuri sits him on the swing, makes sure he’s holding on tight and twists the swing’s ropes together until they’re wound tight.

“Ready?” he asks. Yura nods, knuckles turning white from how tight he’s gripping the swing.

Yuuri lets go of the ropes and they start unwinding themselves, spinning Yura, faster and faster until they unwind themselves completely, swinging softly as Yura screams, high pitched and delighted.

“Again!” he demands, so Yuuri does it again.
Yuuri appears very close to the camera, checking something, before he backs away and moves towards the swings. You can hear him say “Say hi to dad” followed by Yura shouting “Hi, Dad! We’re having fun without you!” You can’t hear Yuuri laugh but you can see it. Yura waves at the camera, and then grips the ropes of the swing. Yuuri then starts twisting the ropes on themselves, before he lets them go and Yuri starts spinning around wildly. His giggling and high-pitched screaming drowning out everything. You can see Makkachin stepping into the frame and start barking, jumping around until the swingset stops spinning and Yura topples out. Yuuri grabs him before he falls face first on the floor, and helps him walk towards the camera. Yura steps too close to the camera, turning everything black for a moment, and you can only hear him doing kissing noises, before he falls back against Yuuri and waves again. “Bye, Dad! Buy me something cool!” Yuuri looks at the camera amused and says “See you later, Victor” before turning it off.

Liked by phichit-chi, christophe-gl, milababcheva, icedaddyfc, katsuki-fc, kingkatsuki and 64,197 others

v-nikiforov I’m away for work, and I get this video during a meeting. So cruel ((( #prouddadd

View all 2,001 comments

xxfallinlove I can’t believe they’re married

skatemom Oh he looks like he grew up a bit! It’s always such a joy to see your kiddos having fun!

daddykatsudon can yuuri be classified as a dilf yet

kingkatsuki „,this is fine I’m fine I didn’t need my HEART ANYWAY IT’S FINE

katsukatsudamn “What I think of Victor’s son declaring he’s going to be the best Yuri in competition? [laughs] Well, he’s probably right. He’s already much more confident than I was at his age and he is a very stubborn and resilient boy. You should see him nailing singles! At five! It’s insane! [takes a moment to smile to himself] I hope I can continue supporting him through his journey. He’s going to grow up to be a beautiful skater.” – Yuuri Katsuki, July 2015, the famous interview that little Yuri crashed

kingkatsuki @katsukatsudamn YOU DIDN’T HAVE TO FUCK ME UP LIKE THAT

3 HOURS AGO

They’re making their way back to the inn, Makkachin walking slowly beside them, tired out from running after Yura in the park and walking so much, and Yura still valiantly trying to walk even if he’s dragging his feet and leaning mostly on Yuuri. Yuuri would pick him up but he spent at least twenty consecutive minutes throwing him up in the air, and his arms are feeling a little sore. They’re tired, and with this flagging mood, Yuuri had maybe not been paying as much attention as he should have been, he hadn’t been holding Yura’s hand as tightly as he should. He almost has his third heart attack of the week when Makkachin barks once and takes off down the street, and, almost immediately after, Yura’s slim fingers slip from Yuuri’s grip and he takes running after Makkachin.

“Yuri!” Yuuri shouts and takes running after them both.
It’s not exactly hard to catch up to a five-year-old. It’s a little harder to grab him without holding too hard. Yuri is a scrawny little boy, without any of the chub Yuuri had growing up. He bruises easily, and Yuuri lives scared to death of hurting him, even if Yura throws himself off of swings and into rink walls with no consideration to how much it might hurt.

He grabs him around the waist, skidding to his knees and loops an arm around him, feeling the ground peel off two layers of skin and twin points in his kneecaps start stinging. Yuri struggles, and Yuuri holds him a little more securely against his chest, feeling his heart hammer in his ears. He gives himself a couple of seconds to settle in the fact that Yuri didn’t run into oncoming traffic and that he’s okay, before he moves right into worrying about Makkachin and looks up to try to see where he went, the realization that in the seconds he stopped a number of horrible things might’ve happened hits him and-

And then he sees Makkachin jumping excitedly around another dog, almost identical to him, rolling over onto his back and trying to play-wrestle the other dog.

Yuuri’s eyes trail upward and oh.

Oh.

Victor Nikiforov’s mothers are standing in front of him. Victor Nikiforov’s successful mothers who are richer than the entirety of Hasetsu combined and have been featured on the covers of fashion and business magazines are standing in front of him staring down at him curiously.

“Hello! You must be Yuuri. I’m Geneviève and this is my wife Victoria. It’s so good to finally meet you,” says one of Victor’s mothers with a perfectly pleasant smile that makes her eyes squint.

Oh.

Yuuri lets go of Yuri, who immediately flies towards his Grandmothers and throws himself at one of them to be picked up and cooed at.

Well, this is… awkward.

Yuuri flushes and gets to his feet, feeling the blood start trickling down his knees from the scrapes. He shouldn’t have worn shorts today.

“It’s- It’s a pleasure to meet you,” he stutters out, and then bows out of habit. Also because Victor’s mothers exude an aura of power and respect that Yuuri recognizes from Minako and from Victor himself.

Yuuri stays like that for too long because he doesn’t really want to deal with Victor’s mothers who look very beautiful and a little scary, and just saw Yuuri lose Victor’s son and Victor’s dog and then immediately make a fool of himself by scraping his knees on the sidewalk.

He only really lifts his head when something cold bumps against him, and Yuuri peers down to see a dog, very much like Makkachin, but with their fur trimmed differently and a shade or two darker.

“Hello,” he whispers, and flows from his bow to a crouch, letting the dog sniff at his hand before he carefully pets it. “And who are you, gorgeous?”

“That’s Bijou,” Geneviève deigns to answer.

“Hello, Bijou. You’re such a good girl,” he whispers. A stellar dog who sits and lets Yuuri pet her, panting happily in his face. Her breath smells like expensive dog food. Yuuri keeps petting her
because it’s easier than dealing with people who probably don’t think he deserves even three seconds of Victor’s time.

Makkachin makes a grumbling sound and ducks under one of Yuuri’s arms, knocking him backwards and climbing into his lap.

Yuuri pets him reassuringly. “Don’t worry, Makkachin, you’re still the best boy.”

“Yuuri!” Victor’s mother calls. “Would you mind leading us to Yu-topia Katsuki? We got a little lost on our way over.”

“Ah,” Yuuri says intelligently, and before he can add anything to save himself, Yura cuts him off.

“Yes! I know the way!” And then he shimmies down from Victoria’s lap, grabs both of his Grandmothers’ hands and starts dragging them down the street.

Yuuri grabs a couple of the bags they didn’t have time to pick up when Yura grabbed them and follows after, sending a quick message off to Victor.

«»

[Image description: a landscape shot of Hasetsu, overlooking the ocean]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-ge and 34,346 others

genevivi-hellene Such a beautiful country to get lost in♡

View all 201 comments

4 HOURS AGO

«»

Victor is five minutes from Hasetsu’s train station, cooing at a picture of Yura going down the slide with an expression of unbridled joy, when he receives a new text.

Yuuuuuuuri ♥ Your moms are here

Victor almost drops his phone.

Oh. Oh no. No no no no.

Victor loves his mothers beyond words, but they also tend to be a little… much. A little- what’s the word… ah, yes! Hypercritical of everyone Victor chooses to date to the point of actively scaring his partners off. That’s the word.

So you can’t really blame Victor for, as soon as the train stops, launching himself out the door and running all the way back to Yu-topia.

«»

Yuuri is uncomfortably having tea with Victor’s moms, clumsily answering their questions in haltingly - as it seems he suddenly forgot all of his Russian vocabulary - when the door of the inn slams open. Victor stumbles out of his shoes and into the common dining room, panting, air
plastered to his forehead with sweat.

“Whatever they said, I’m sorry!” he half-shouts.

A couple of things happen at the same time. Both of Victor’s moms greet him with unison “Vitya!” and Bijou runs at him and starts whining excitedly, jumping up to try to get Victor to pet her, which Victor does, if a bit distractedly.

Yuuri blinks at him for a moment. “Did you run here?”

“I...” Victor stops, gulping around a dry throat.

“I’ll get you some water,” Yuuri says, frowning. Taking this excuse to escape the awkwardness in the room and also to make sure Victor doesn’t die of dehydration. “Can I get you anything?” he asks, politely.

“A martini would be nice. Vica?” Geneviève says, turning to her wife.

Victoria presses her lips together. “I’m fine, thank you.”

“I want yogurt!” Yura shouts.

“Right. I’ll be right back,” he says, very calmly and then steps into the kitchen to have his freak out in peace and quiet.

«»

Victor glares at his mother. “What did you do?”

“Is this how you greet your mothers, Vitya? We have missed you so mu-“

“Mama !” Victor chastises, trying to get Bijou to calm down a little bit. He missed her too, but there’s more pressing matters right now.

She blinks innocently at him. “We only asked him a couple of questions. He was handling himself perfectly.”

Victor huffs at both of them and goes after Yuuri.

He finds him in the kitchen, leaning against a wall and bent over a little bit, hands on his knees as he breathes hard. His poor Yuuri.

“Yuuri,” he says, very softly not to startle him.

Yuuri still startles, looking up at Victor.

“Ah. I’m fine, it was just a little, um-“

“Much?” Victor guesses.

“Sudden.”

Victor hums in acknowledgment.

“I’m sorry for whatever they said. They’re nice, just a little overprotective, sometimes.”

Yuuri breathes out a laugh, that kind of wheezes a little bit in his chest. Victor, who has run almost
the entire length of Hasetsu, can relate. He goes to get himself and Yuuri a glass of water, and then
drags a bench next to Yuuri so he can sit down and puts the glass of water in his hands. He only
notices his scraped knees when Yuuri takes his hands off of them to accept his glass of water.

Victor frowns. “What happened to your knees?”

“Ah,” Yuuri says, like he didn’t even notice. “I fell.”

“Yuuri,” Victor tuts in a chastising tone. “You should be more careful. Have you disinfected that?”

“It’s fine.”

“What if it gets infected, hm? As an athlete you should take care of your work tools as well as you
can, and your body is your most important tool,” he lectures, already steering Yuuri to his feet and
ushering him upstairs into the family bathroom where the first aid supplies are kept. He makes
sure to narrow his eyes at his mothers when he passes by.

Yuuri lets himself be guided, and doesn’t even protest when Victor starts dabbing his knees with
disinfectant and puts a Band-Aid on his wounds.

“Should I kiss it better?” Victor asks, half-jokingly, half-praying that he’ll say yes.

Yuuri predictably blushes and ducks his head, fingers curling on the rim of the bathtub where he’s
sitting. “That’s fine, don’t trouble yourself.”

Victor sits next to him, curls one of his hands next to Yuuri’s so the sides of their hands are
touching.

He waits him out. Victor can see Yuuri overthinking from here, working himself up and then down
again in a vicious cycle.

When he speaks up it’s not what Victor had been expecting.

“Is your mother really called Victoria?”

Victor snorts. “Yes. Mama decided on my name, and she said there wasn’t a better name than the
one of her wife so she named me Victor. She thinks it’s romantic.”

Yuuri’s hands clench on the rim of the bathtub. He seems a little lighter.

“It’s a little weird,” Yuuri comments and Victor snorts. He deliriously does not think about how his
son and the boy he’s infatuated (in love??) with have the exact same name.

“Yeah, it’s a little weird. Do you want to hear the best part?”

Yuuri tilts his face towards Victor, looking him steadily in the eye, and Victor’s heart constricts for
a moment because he is so beautiful and so strong.

“What’s the weirdest part?” Yuuri prompts.

“Mama’s nickname is Vivi.”

Yuuri snorts. “No way,” he says amused and disbelieving.

“Yes way,” Victor says back and touches their shoulders together. Yuuri does not pull away, and
they sit like that in comfortable silence for a couple minutes before Victor says, “I know they’re a
bit much, but… if you could try to bear it for a little while, I’m sure they won’t stay for long.”

“They hate me.”

“They don’t hate you.”

“I was more coherent when I was having a conversation with their dog then when I was talking to them.”

“Well, Bijou is a very good conversationalist,” Victor tells him, which gets him the softest laugh from Yuuri, something Victor has been greedily collecting since he arrived. “I promise you that they’re nice. And that even if they hate you, my opinion of you won’t change.”

Yuuri snaps his head towards him, looking a little guilty like he’s been caught, like he’s surprised Victor knows what he’s really thinking.

“You wound me Yuuri, thinking my opinions would be so fickle.”

“I-” Yuuri starts backtracking, eyes wide. Then he catches the way Victor is smiling and huffs. “Don’t make fun of me.”

“But you’re so cute when you’re flustered.”

Yuuri’s voice changes, his clean English getting affected with a Russian accent. “You wound me, Victor. How cruel, making fun of your own student like this. How can I live on?”

Victor gasps. “Are you making fun of me?! How cruel!” Victor mock-despairs before joining Yuuri in a fit of giggles.

They let silence lapse back over them, and then Yuuri gets up, putting on an expression as if he’s getting ready to single handedly fight a whole army.

“Let’s go back downstairs,” he says. “Oh, and I need to know how your mother takes her Martini.”

Yuuri has Victor sitting beside him, one dog on his lap and a cup of tea in his hands: the perfect conditions for him not to feel so panicky in front of Victor’s mothers. He’s trying very hard not to choke on his iced tea, but Geneviève seems to be trying to murder him via choking. It’ll be a very undignified death.

He takes a careful sip of it and swallows as soon as Geneviève opens her mouth.

“What are your inseam measurements?”

Yuuri is glad he swallowed.

“Mama, you can’t just ask people for their inseam measurements!”

“I need his measurements! I’ve seen what he wears to functions, he needs a nice suit, Vitya. And maybe some other stuff from my new Autumn line…”

Yuuri is going to die. Maybe he’s already dead and this is his punishment.

“So, Yuuri, what did you major in in college?” Victoria asks, diverting the conversation from Yuuri’s inseam. Yuuri likes her the most. She doesn’t ask about his inseam or his past lovers or if
he’s sleeping in the same room as her son.

“Oh, um, Dance Teaching?” He’s not very sure why he words it like a question, but the way they look at him are making him question everything about himself, so.

“He’s teaching Yura ballet!” Victor chimes in, making Yuuri flush.

Yura deigns lifting his eyes from the new console he received to say, “I can walk on my hands and do the spins.”

“Oh,” Geneviève claps her hand, sounding delighted. “Can you show me, Yura?”

Yura goes back to stabbing his stylus into his new 3DS. “No.”

“How did you like the town so far?” Victor asks loudly, covering Yuuri’s huffed out laughter.

“It’s beautiful. It reminds me so much of this town I visited with a danceur I knew. We stayed at this little inn with this beautiful tiny woman.” Yuuri takes a sip of his tea. “Hmm what was it called? Karatsu?? Ka…”

“Hasetsu?” Victoria guesses.

Geneviève claps her hand. Yuuri guesses that’s a habit of hers.

“Vivi, dear. That’s where we are right now.”

“Is it? Hmm I wonder if Mina moved back here. She was the most wonderful dancer. She won a Benois, you know?” she says, sipping her Martini.

“Oh, you know Minako Okukawa, Mama?”

“Hmm yes. Biblically.”

Yuuri chokes on his tea.

«»

Victor watches passively as Minako Okukawa slowly but surely gets his mama drunk while Mamoshka keeps a steady hand around Mama’s waist and is hyper-polite to Minako in that scary way she has of being.

Honestly, Victor should have guessed that they knew each other. After all, they’re both world class performers who were around the ballet circuits more or less at the same time. Also, Minako is a gorgeous woman in her own right and Mama, historically, has a tendency to be magnetized towards those.

Mama’s accent is getting Frencher by the glass.

“I never thought you’d have a kid,” Minako remarks.

“I never thought I’d have a kid. But! But look at my wife, Mina!” She turns to Mamoshka then, giving her such a loving, smitten look, Mamoshka actually takes three seconds off from being scarily polite to look down at Mama indulgently.
Victor gets that familiar pang of longing under his breastbone from wanting something like *that* so badly. He wants to get tipsy and have someone who loves him with a hand around his waist looking at him like he’s the best thing in the world.

He sneaks a glance at Yuuri who is using Yura as a shield against the drunken women at their table, which is to say he’s helping Yura play some game with tiny monsters on his new gaming console, voice pitched low not to disturb the conversation.

Victor wants to put an arm around his shoulders and cuddle him to his chest, but Yuuri would probably not be into that in such a public setting.

He looks back at his mother who has devolved to gushing about how good Victor is and *didn’t we do a great job?* Which is predictably followed by Minako slamming a hand on the table and going on a spiel about how her boy turned into such a beautiful man.

Victor eyes the glass he’s been nursing since Minako stormed into the inn and slammed three bottles from her bar on the table. Maybe he should start by getting drunk, that seems to be working for Mama. Victor swirls his drink around his glass, considering. He sneaks another look at Yuuri.

Yuuri somehow senses him looking and looks over, gives him a smile that’s all in his eyes and barely twists his mouth.

Victor’s thoughts are somewhere between *fuck it* and *worth a try* so he chugs down the rest of his drink and reaches for the bottle while maintaining eye-contact.

Yuuri’s eyebrows tick up, but he doesn’t say anything about it.

«»

It’s almost dinner time when Victor gets lost somewhere between tipsy and drunk. Yuuri doesn’t really know what to do about it except watch as Victor fills his cheeks with air and lets Yura squeeze them until the air comes out in fart sounds that send both Yura and Victor into a giggling fit.

So that’s what he does, with his elbow on the table and his cheek in his hand, watching them make faces at each other (and maybe sneaking a picture or two or five or twenty. Now that he got Victor’s express permission to take pictures of him and Yura at will, Yuuri’s camera roll is a lot fuller than it used to be.)

“Yuuri,” Victor coos, beckoning him over with the flap of a clumsy hand.

Yuuri pushes himself off the table and comes a little closer.

“No you,” he says, grabbing Yuuri’s cheeks with one hand. Yuuri doesn’t have time to ask now me what? or even puff up his cheeks like Yura and Victor had been doing because Victor gets distracted and starts squishing Yuuri’s cheeks together. “Squish squish,” he coos. “You’re so squishy Yuuri.” He starts softly pinching the extra fat around Yuuri’s jaw.

“Thanks, it’s the fat.”

“Me too!” Yura shouts, and starts poking and rubbing Yuuri’s cheeks in his palms like he’s trying to coax a chunk of Play D’Oh into a ball.

Yuuri resigns himself to the fact that this is his life now.
Victoria comes back from taking a phone call, and stops when she sees her son and grandson prodding at Yuuri like, well… like overcurious five-year-olds, which one of them is, and the other not so much.

“Do you want me to make then stop?” she mouths at him, to make sure Victor doesn’t hear.

“No, it’s fine. I don’t mind,” Yuuri says, voice wobbling and hiccupping a bit because of how his head is being moved.

Yura and Victor stop for a moment with a gasp. Yuuri sighs and spends the next ten minutes ahhhhhh- ing so Victor and Yuuri can entertain themselves making his voice wobble.

«»

“Yuuri! Yuuri! Let’s do it!” Victor says, raising up on his knees.

Yuuri was hoping that dinner would sober him up a little bit, but it seems that instead Victor has found his way to drunk and is currently flirting with it.

“Do what?” Yuuri asks, turning to him, which gives him a great excuse to ignore how Minako and Geneviève are pressing on each side of his mother. Yuuri does not need to know what his mother got up to in her early twenties, especially when what she got up to seems to be Victor Nikiforov’s mother.

At least Mari looks like she’s having fun talking business with Victor’s other mom.

“It!” Victor says, and before Yuuri can really do anything, Victor tries to tackle hug him to the floor.

Yuuri falls backwards and manages to catch himself on his hands, barely catching himself in time to turn his surprised fuck into something a little more kid friendly.

Yuuri might not survive today.

It’s okay. He had a good run, and if he dies he won’t have to embarrass himself in the coming season when it rolls around. Besides, there’s worse ways to go than smothered by Victor Nikiforov… By a Nikiforov family overdose, really.

“You’re so hard, Yuuri,” Victor coos.

“Oh oh oh,” says Minako, suddenly paying attention.

Yuuri turns bright red and tries to flail a hand at her, almost loses his balance under Victor’s weight.

“He meant my chest! Not- Minako !”

Minako raises a suggestive eyebrow at him.

Yuuri goes from passively accepting death to actively wanting to die.

“I’m so sad,” Victor complains, squeezing Yuuri’s ribcage. “I never hugged you when you were all squishy, Yuuri. That’s so sad .”

Yuuri leans further back into his elbows to get the strain of supporting Victor and his own weight from his wrists. “Victor, I can’t breathe,” he wheezes out.
Victor mumbles something into his chest that sounds like a mix of French and Russian of which Yuuri only catches “steal” and “breath”.

Yura looks over from the other side of the table, where Toshiya had been explaining soccer to him in a mixture of really simple Japanese and butchered English. His eyes go wide for a moment, mouth twisting with glee and before Yuuri can even think about forming the other “no” he’s climbing over the table and dropping himself on Victor’s back, the sudden lurch of weight making Yuuri’s arm give and making him fall flat on back on the floor with a grunt. That is definitely going to hurt tomorrow.

“I think I got a concussion,” Yuuri tells the inn’s ceiling over Yura’s giggling and the scattered laughter in the room.

Victor lifts up at him. “Do you want me to kiss it better, Yuuri?”

“I’m not kissing you while you’re drunk,” Yuuri tells him.

“I’m not drunk!” Yura announces, proudly, climbing up his father’s back and then leaning over him to reach Yuuri’s face and smack a loud, slightly greasy from dinner kiss on Yuuri’s forehead. “There. You’re healed,” he says, sounding self-satisfied and a little above-it-all.

“Thanks, Yura,” Yuuri says, giving him a fond smile.

“You can pay me later,” Yura says and sprawls a little more comfortably over Victor’s back.

By the time Yura has fallen asleep on his Grandma Victoria’s lap and Victor decided to fake-sleep on Yuuri’s, Yuuri decides it’s time to get everyone to bed. The emotional exhaustion is hitting him hard, and Yuuri just wants to lay facedown on his bed and hide for a little bit.

“Victor, get up,” he says, touching his shoulder gently.

Victor continues to pretend to sleep.

“Victor,” he tries again.

Nothing.

Yuuri presses his lips together.

“Wow this spot is really thinning isn’t it?” he says poking the top of Victor’s head.

Victor makes a distressed noise and his hands fly to cover his head, eyes snapping open.
"Oh good, you’re up."

"Yuuri that was mean," he whines, but starts sitting up a little.

"I’m sorry," he says, more amused than apologetic. Someone snickers and Yuuri gets drenched with the reality that Victor’s mothers are still here and oh god how much further can he fuck up?

Yuuri is seriously considering trying to go drown himself in the onsen when Victoria speaks up.

"Would you mind taking Yura off my hands, I think the jetlag is hitting?"

"Ah- yes. Yes, I can-" Yuuri stutters out, going to her and very carefully prying Yura off her lap, shushing him quietly when he makes sleepy upset noises and making sure he’s comfortable propped up against his shoulder.

Yura is probably very used to being moved while he sleeps, because he settles quickly.

"Thank you," Victoria says, getting up to collect her wife. “Take care of them for tonight, Yuuri.”

“1- I’ll do my best,” Yuuri says, tone lilting the words into a question.

Victoria nods and then just kind of- physically picks up her wife bridal style and carries her away. Yuuri starts getting an inkling why Victor has been letting Yuuri drag him about during this past month.

He helps Victor up as best as he can only using one hand and herds him upstairs to put them both to bed. He changes Yura out of his outside shorts and into some pajamas, and helps Victor wipe his make-up off with some wet wipes.

He leaves a glass of water and an aspirin on Victor’s bedside, just in case, before he wishes them goodnight and goes into his own room.

That was… a lot. Yuuri hopes tomorrow he won’t embarrass himself quite as horribly in front of Victor’s mothers but knowing himself…

«»

[Image description: a series of glasses being clinked together]

Liked by vicnicisthicc, icedaddyfc, phichit-chu and 52,543 others

v-nikiforov KAMPAI!!

View all 617 comments

1 DAY AGO

«»

Yuuri has taken three steps out of his room when an accented voice calls out his name.

"Yuuri! I’m so glad you are up!” Geneviève Nikiforova calls out, way too brightly for a morning.

At least now, Yuuri knows where Victor gets all his energy from.

“G-good morning.” Yuuri stutters out, wondering if it’s too late to take back his decision to get up
this morning.

“I was wondering,” she starts, stepping forward and into Yuuri’s space. Yuuri leans back a little, not entirely comfortable with how close she is. “If you’d do me a little favour.”

“I… can try?” Yuuri says, very carefully.

Geneviève makes him very very nervous, especially without Victor and Victoria serving as buffers and diverting the conversation from Yuuri’s crotch area, and really who just asks someone for their inseam measurements?

“My wife is a little… hm, how do you say…” She gives herself a couple of seconds to search for the word, finger tapping against her chin thoughtfully. “Ah yes! Sexed out!” And then Geneviève winks at him in a way that is so akin Victor’s but at the same time so different that it somehow leaves Yuuri feeling like he’s not old enough to witness it.

“And Mina invited me over to her studio, but I have no idea where it is and I’m afraid to get lost. Would you mind terribly taking me?”

Yes, kind of.

“Not at all,” Yuuri says. “I’ll get dressed and meet you at the entrance.”

Geneviève claps her hands together. “Lovely. See you in a couple.”

Yuuri nods and begins retreating back to his room when Genevieve’s voice catches his attention again.

“Oh, and Yuuri? Dress comfortably. Practice clothes would be best.”

«»

“Hasetsu is beautiful,” Geneviève says as they walk to Minako’s studio, her hand settled in the crook of Yuuri’s arm. Makkachin and Bijou are trailing behind them, every so often chasing each other and play-wrestling but keeping pace.

“It is,” Yuuri agrees. “Even more so during the spring.”

“Oh, really? Well, I suppose spring weddings are lovely too.”

“What?”

Is she thinking about marrying her wife again? Victor did mention at some point that his mothers renew their vows every handful of years and went on more honeymoons than he can count on his hands which is… nice, Yuuri supposes. It’s a lovely thought to have someone so committed to you that they would marry you multiple times.

“Did Vitya get to bed okay yesterday?” she asks. Yuuri isn’t sure if it’s a deflection or if she just didn’t hear him.

“Um, yes. He went to sleep as soon as he laid down.”

“Oh, I’m glad. He’s a little too clingy when he’s drunk, isn’t he?”

Yuuri presses his lips together. “Not really,” he answers, a little put out that Geneviève would say that.
Geneviève hums. “Don’t you think he’s a bit too much, at times? A bit too, hm, dramatic?”

“No. He’s just… Victor. It’s- he’s- he’s nice. I like how he is.”

Yuuri mentally facepalms himself. He’s nice. That his parents even let Yuuri out of the house being the social disaster he is has always been a wonder to him.

Geneviève looks over at him with a contemplating face.

“Clingy and dramatic is how he is,” Geneviève says, giving Yuuri a look he can’t quite place, but if he’d be pressed to identify, he’d say it was someone poking something with a stick to see how it reacts.

“Well… not- not in a bad way. It’s- I don’t mind, really.”

Geneviève hums and turns away from Yuuri as they keep walking down the street. Yuuri starts getting the feeling that he’s been tested on something. He’s not quite sure why or what he’s being tested on but it’s making him nervous.

“You should call him Vitya,” Geneviève finally says.

Yuuri flushes a little bit because that’s… that’s a little personal. “I wouldn’t want to overstep.”

“You should call him Vitya,” she repeats. “He’ll like that. Or maybe Vitenka, but save that one for very special occasions.”

“O-okay?” Yuuri says because it doesn’t sound like anything he says will have any impact.

“I love my son, and I want him to be happy,” Geneviève starts, “and I think, I’ve never seen him be quite as much himself as he is with you, even if that means he’s a little more than he usually seems like. I’m happy you like who he is too, when he’s like this.

“Vitya was so focused on his career for so long, he has done so much with his life already. Accomplished so much.” The pride is undeniable in her voice, fierce in an absolute way. “He’s my most perfect boy, wouldn’t you agree, Yuuri?” she asks, face softening into a smile that’s vaguely heart-shaped and eyes that crinkle in the corners.

“Yes,” Yuuri blurts out, a little overwhelmed. A lot overwhelmed.

“Take care of my perfect boy for me, Yuuri.”

And what other answer can Yuuri give but, “Yes, of course.”

«»

“Are you making pirozhki?” Victor asks when he finds his mother in the inn’s kitchen with Yura sitting on a counter and Hiroko by her side, watching with the kind of determined face Victor sees in Yuuri all the time when he’s trying to nail a particular difficult move.

“Good morning, Vitya,” Mamoshka greets, turning briefly from the stove to kiss Victor hello on the cheek.

“It’s ten a.m.,” Victor points out, just in case his mamoshka isn’t aware of the fact. “And you hate cooking.”

“Yura wanted some,” she explains, turning towards Victor’s son and tickling him along his
ribcage, making him squirm and giggle on the counter before mamoshka swoops down to kiss his nose.

“You’re going to spoil his lunch,” Victor says, trying to peer into what his mamoshka is doing. She’s a fairly good cook, because there’s nothing Mamoshka does that she doesn’t try her absolute best at. Victor grew up hearing if you’re going to do it, do it well or not at all, and even if Mamoshka always twisted her nose and complained about having to cook, she’d still be able to whip up delicious dishes.

“Don’t be like this, Vitenka. One time is alright, and besides, Hiroko wanted to learn. Could you have refused, hm?”

Victor looks at Yura’s excited face, trying to lean over the stove and peer inside the pan, only held back by Mamoshka’s hand on his chest, and then at Hiroko who has finally noticed him and is giving him a pleasant smile.

“Probably not.” He’s at least glad Mamoshka has warmed up enough to Hiroko that she doesn’t feel the need to wrap herself around Mama anymore. And speaking of which- “Where’s Mama?” he asks.

“She went over to Minako’s studio with Yuuri some hours ago,” she says casually, as if these aren’t horrible life destroying news. “Settle down, Vitya,” Mamoshka says, without even turning to look at him. “Your mama just wanted to get to know your Yuuri a little bit better, she’s not dragging him to a dank basement to torture him for information.”

“You don’t know that!” Victor says, a little hysterically.

Mamoshka does look over her shoulder this time, and raises an eyebrow at him.

“Don’t look at me like I’m overreacting! Name one boy who liked me after they met Mama!”

Mamoshka turns away. “You act like she does it on purpose.”

“She-“

“She likes your Yuuri, there’s nothing to worry about.”

“She does?” Victor says, voice rising in something like disbelieving awe.

“Well, Bijou loves Yuuri, so that’s a start. Not to mention how he bled to make sure our Yura didn’t accidentally run into the middle of the road or how he looked at you like you hung the moon when you were drunk and blowing spit-bubbles at your son.”

“He- oh!” Victor isn’t really sure how to react to this. “Wow,” he settles on saying.

Wow is a good word, it can encompass a series of emotions. He likes it.

“Sit down, Vitya. I’ll finish this and then we can go meet them if you want.”

Victor sits down.

«»

Despite Mamoshka’s reassurance that mama likes Yuuri, Victor still power walks all the way to Minako’s studio, wanting to get to Yuuri as soon as possible, just in case.
The scene that he walks into isn’t at all the one he had been expecting.

The first thing he notices is the music drifting down the hallway through one of the studio’s open doors, something classical that swells. Then he notices Minako sitting in a corner of the room with sunglasses on and a thermos in her hand, Makkachin and Bijou laying next to her. And in the center there’s Mama and Yuuri, waltzing.

**Waltzing.**

Mama is leading, and they’re moving perfectly in time with each other. Yuuri even looks relaxed as he lets himself be twirled around.

Victor hovers at the door, staring stupidly into the room because this… he was *not* expecting this.

Mamoshka catches up to him, bringing Yura by the hand.

“That’s lovely,” Mamoshka remarks, looking at the scene fondly, and wearing the special smile she reserves to whenever Mama dances.

“I think I’m hallucinating,” Victor says and almost immediately feels a sharp sting on his thigh, making him yelp.

He looks down at Yura’s tiny fingers and sharp nails pinching him. “So you know it’s real,” he says in a tone that implies he just did Victor a favour.

“Thanks, Yura,” Victor says, ruffling his hair messily as revenge.

Victor looks over to the center of the room, where Mama must’ve just taken account of their presence, because she let’s go of Yuuri mid-step and moves towards him, maintaining the grace she had while dancing.

“Good morning, Vitya.” She leans over to kiss him on the cheek, grabs both of Yura’s cheeks and kisses him on the forehead. “Good morning, my sun,” she says, cheeks slightly flushed from the exercise as she swoops in to kiss her wife on the mouth. “May I have this dance?”

Mamoshka looks smitten. “You may.”

Yuuri moves towards him, looking a little bit… tired. His hair is mussed and clinging a little bit to his forehead with sweat and there’s an exertion flush high on his cheeks and the tips of the ears. He stops right in front of Victor.

Mama looks at Victor from behind Yuuri’s shoulder and winks.

“Good morning, Yuuri, you look tired,” Victor says, because it’s as good of an opening to the inevitable *did my mother put the fear of the ancient gods into you* conversation as any.

“Ah, yes. Geneviève wanted to see some of my choreographies,” Yuuri says, pushing his hair off his forehead, looking a little bashful.

Victor is going to go ahead and guess that by *some of* what Yuuri means is *all of*. He’s a little put-out that he wasn’t here to see it, honestly.

“Baba made pirozhki!” Yura half-shouts, clearly tired of not being paid attention to. He lifts a bag up to Yuuri. “I brought you some!”

“Thank you, Yura.”
Yura beams. “You’re welcome.”

Yuuri sits down on the floor with the container of pirozhki Yura brought for him and almost regrets it when he’s swarmed by a small child and two curious dogs. Victor gives himself exactly seven full seconds to appreciate the image in front of him – Yura trying to push Makkachin’s muzzle down to get Yuuri’s full attention, as Yuuri tries to listen and keep two fully grown standard poodles from licking at his face and stealing his food from him – before he kneels down next to them and whistles a sharp command in Russian that make both the poodles settle.

“So,” Victor starts as casually as he can, which isn’t very. “Did you and Mama talk?”

“A little,” Yuuri says, breaking a piece of pirozhki off to feed Yura.

“What did you talk about?”

“Nothing much. She showed me some pictures.”

Victor is immediately suspicious. “What kind of pictures?”

Yuuri laughs at him in that way that is all in his eyes and doesn’t even touch his mouth as he reaches over and grabs his phone from the floor. He thumbs through it before he turns it to Victor.

Victor blinks at it, then tries to grab it from Yuuri’s hand to delete that picture, but Yuuri pulls it away from Victor’s reach.

“Delete it!”

“That’d be very rude,” Yuuri says, letting Yura pull his wrist until he can peer into the phone screen too. “It was a present, you know.”

Victor has no idea how a picture of him with his fringe tied at the top of his head, wearing neon orange crocs and sweating in an unattractive way that makes his face all blotchy, shoulders an angry red from a sunburn and one of those ugly tourist shirts is a gift.

“I can’t believe of all the pictures, Mama gave you that one.”

Yuuri looks over at him. “Actually she gave me access to her Dropbox account.”

“Both of them?” Victor asks, the fear of the ancient gods being thrust into his very soul.

Yuuri swipes his thumb and turns his phone towards Victor, revealing a picture of him when he was about fifteen in pink leopard print and decked in punk Hello Kitty merch.

“Both of them,” Yuuri says, sounding the most gleeful Victor has ever heard him.

“Mama!” Victor complains, “how could you!”

Mama twirls Mamoshka in her arms and blows Victor a kiss. “You’re welcome, sweetheart.”

[image description: Yuuri Katsuki doing the thirty-two fouettes from Swan Lake]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-ge and 15,567 others

genevivi-hellene Wow! Amazing!!!
They end up on the beach.

The exact details on how they went from discussing where they should go for lunch to Victor trying to dissuade Mama from buying Yura six different sand toy sets in a little shop by the beach are hazy. Victor is pretty sure it involved Mama offhandedly mentioning how beautiful the ocean was and how she hadn’t gotten much time to go to the beach this year with all of her workload, and then Mamoshka had materialized with a cooler filled with two pitchers of mimosas and lunch for them as well as new beachwear.

So they end up on the beach, searching for a little secluded space where there isn’t a lot of people who might recognize Yuuri as Japan’s Ace and also that one guy who has posters of his beautiful face stamped all over town. Victor saw at least one person run into an umbrella because they were too busy staring at Yuuri.

“We need sunscreen,” Yuuri says while Victor tries to wrestle the beach umbrella into opening and standing upright.

Yura looks at him with wide eyes and then takes off running. “No! No sunscreen!”

Yuuri takes off after him, catching him easily and throwing him over his shoulder. “Yes, sunscreen,” he says.

Victor internally swoons and almost stabs the sun umbrella into his own foot. There’s something very alluring about Yuuri in bathing shorts and an open shirt hauling his son over his shoulder because he wants to protect him from sunburn.

“You’ve inherited your mama’s subtlety, Vitya,” Mamoshka tells him, sounding amused.

“I’m subtle,” Mama says, indignantly, from her place laying on her and Mamoshka’s couple’s towel and her face pressed against Mamoshka’s thighs.

“It doesn’t really matter,” Victor tells them. “Yuuri is so oblivious I could show up naked in his doorway and he’d ask me if I wanted a towel to go shower.”

Mamoshka raises an eyebrow. “Tell me this isn’t something you’ve done, Vitya.” Her tone gets lost somewhere to apprehensive and settles on amused.

“Not intentionally,” Victor huffs, making his fringe flutter a little. “That’s not my point.”

“No one is that oblivious, Vitya,” Mamoshka says.

This time Victor raises his eyebrows and lifts a finger up. “You think? Watch this,” he says and turns to where Yuuri is trying to negotiate with Yura the terms of applying sunscreen. “Yuuri, I want you to do me!”

Yuuri looks over and frowns. “Oh, you need help with the sunscreen?”

Victor turns back to his mothers and makes an all-encompassing gesture towards Yuuri with a flick of his wrist in a silent see?
“Wow,” Mamoshka says.

“Amazing,” Mama adds, sounding delighted.

“In his defense, that can be misinterpreted,” Mamoshka says, quite reasonably.

Mama reaches up to pat her cheek, “My moon, you thought the three choreographies I created expressing my love for you were about our friendship .”

“Will you ever let that go?”

“Nope,” Mama says, pitching her voice a little bit higher and sing-songing the word.

Honestly, if Victor doesn’t have a similar conversation to this twenty years from now with Yuuri, he’s going to sue the universe.

«»

[Image description: a girl standing between Victor and Yuuri at the beach. She’s smiling and looking like she might cry of happiness. Victor is winking like he does in so many pictures with fans and Yuuri is smiling a bit uncertainly, throwing an awkward V sign up.]

Liked by [katsuki-fc, daddykatsudon, vicnicisthicc, phichit-chu] and 12,476 others

icedaddyfc Victor and Yuuri spotted in a beach in Hasetsu, and LORD do they look nice. Unf. #katsukiyuuri #victornikiforov

View all 79 comments

daddykatsudon i fucking hate ff.net terms but i agree with op U N F

vicnicisthicc ohmygod OHMYGOd OhMG yGOd MoHMy God Ohm Y God

vicnicisthicc CAN YALL BELIEVE A REAL GOD COEXISTS WITH US MORTALS??

daddykatsudon @vicnicisthicc yes and his name is katsuki yuuri

vicnicisthicc @daddykatsudon MEET ME IN THE PIT MY BOY HAS AN EIGHTEEN PACK

27 MINUTES AGO

«»

It’s funny, how the presence of some people can completely change a situation.

If his mothers and Yura weren’t here, building a small empire out of sand and inventing fake currency and a fake economic system, this might just be a fantasy come true for Victor. As it is, he has a big toy truck sitting on his lap and is currently enduring a very special kind of personal hell.

The only upside is that Victor knows for a fact that he’s not getting sunburn on his back because Yuuri has been rubbing sunscreen over the expanse of it for the last half hour or so. Victor is dying . Very slowly, and very sweetly dying. And the worst part is that he’s pretty sure Yuuri isn’t even fully aware of what he’s doing.

His movements are slow and steady, there’s a pattern to the pressure of Yuuri’s palms and fingers on Victor’s back, thumb slotting in the dip of Victor’s spine. Victor thinks at some point Yuuri
might have been spelling out his name with his fingers.

“Yuuuri!” Victor says—chokes out really, because as nice as this feels he might legitimately spontaneously combust. “Shouldn’t we get sunscreen on you?”

Victor feels Yuuri’s hands freeze and then pull back quickly. Victor turns to look back at him to see Yuuri hiding behind his hands, which is very unfair. Victor is getting whiplash.

“Sorry,” Yuuri mumbles faintly.

Cute. Yuuri is so cute.

“Don’t be sorry, Yuuri,” Victor coos, and picks up the sunscreen bottle. “My turn now, yes?”

Yuuri does not take his hands from his face. “Okay.”

Victor wants to pull his hands from his face and kiss him on the nose. Instead he sits behind Yuuri and starts applying sunscreen over the span of his back. He can certainly see why Yuuri spent so long doing it. It’s a very nice feeling.

“You’re very tense, Yuuri,” Victor says, putting his short masseuse’s course expertise to good use to try to make Yuuri unwind a little bit.

“It’s the tension,” Yuuri says, still slightly muffled by his hands.

Victor snorts and keeps going at it until Yuuri drops his hands from his face and then melts under his hands.

Victor wonders if he can get away with incorporating mandatory bi-weekly massages into their training regime.

«»

[video description: Victor fixing his hair and giving the camera all his best looks and angles. His phone camera is probably on a selfie stick going by how the camera is moving. “I hope everyone is having a beautiful day,” he says to the camera, over the noise of the beach-goers. Behind him you can see Yuuri and Yura just walking into the frame. Yura is hauling a bucket with him and he’s telling Yuuri something. You can see Yuuri look over at Victor, grin and then lift Yura up and sitting him on the shoulder. Yura is still clutching his bucket. “You should always take time to relax,” Victor is saying. “The sun is—” his words taper off into a yelp as Yuuri and Yura manage to approach him soundlessly and dump a bucket of cold water on him. Victor drops the camera, which keeps recording as Yuuri runs away with Yura in his arms making faces at Victor over his shoulder, and Victor gives chase. Someone laughs very close to the camera and the video cuts off before Victor actually catches them.]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-gc, katsumari and 24,123 others

genevivi-hellene Fun in the sun with the boys ❤️❤️❤️

View all 46 comments

2 HOURS AGO

«»
“Dad! Save me!” Yura screeches, dog paddling towards him.

Victor picks him up, trying not laugh at his beautiful son and his beautiful Yuuri who is submerged to his nose in the ocean water and humming the Jaws theme song.

“We need to get away from the shark! He’s gonna eat us!”

Yuuri breaks from humming the Jaws theme to blowing bubbles into the water.

“Oh no,” Victor says, not making a terrible effort to get away.

“Dad!” Yura screeches, pushing on his shoulders to be lifted higher up and completely out of the water, just as Yuuri complete submerges himself. Victor manages to take a couple of steps away, before he feels Yuuri wrapping both arms around his calves, shoulder at the back of Victor’s knees. And then he stands up and flips Victor over his shoulder.

Victor slams into the water, and makes sure to hold Yura up to keep him from swallowing ocean water. He comes back up spluttering to Yuuri laughing at him and Yura complaining about how he’s terrible at getting away from sharks.

Today is a good day, Victor decides.

«»

Round two of putting on sunscreen goes way better than round one as far as Yura is concerned. They distract him with a juice box and food, and Yuuri plays with him in the sand while Victor tries to cover him in sunscreen, carefully checking for any redness that should not be there.

With the sun, Yura’s freckles on his face and shoulders start to come out a little, as faint as they are, and Victor wishes he had a mirror somewhere to check if the splotchy freckles he gets on his face when he catches too much sun are also making an appearance or not. He’s normally very careful with that. His face has been his brand for so long that Victor has learned how to cover all his freckles with foundation, which isn’t the most pleasant during the summer, but oh well.

Better that than having his face all marked up.

Just in case he rubs a ridiculous amount of sunscreen over his cheeks and the bridge of his nose.

“You missed a bit,” Yuuri says, gesturing vaguely towards his own face.

Victor tries to rub it away, but Yuuri shakes his head, gets a little closer. He rubs a thumb over a place high on Victor’s cheekbone, trying to smudge the sunscreen in until something seems to catch his attention. Yuuri tilts his head, squints his eyes and gets closer, so close their noses are almost touching and a part of Victor’s brain grinds to a screeching halt. The other part goes kiss? Kiss? Kiss?

Yuuri swipes his thumb over Victor’s cheek one more time, and then, in the same voice one uses when they unexpectedly find candy, says, “Freckles!”

Yuuri takes his hand off Victor’s face and his eyes widen a little in pleasant surprise. He gives Victor a delighted smile, as if discovering Victor gets freckles in the sun is akin to finding something unbearably precious and dear.

And oh if Victor was asking the universe for confirmation that he is well and truly in love this is it. This right here, this moment.
“Yuuri says freckles are like the spots on leopards,” Yura chimes in, shoving his way under Yuuri’s arm. “Isn’t that cool? Leopards are like Dalmatian tigers!”

“So cool,” Victor agrees.

“Yuuri has tiger stripes on his tummy, though, isn’t that the coolest,” Yura asks, poking Yuuri’s stretchmarks.

Yuuri goes red in the face and tries to pull his swimming trunks up to cover it.

“Yuuri is so cool,” Victor gushes.

Yuuri looks up at him, still red in the face.

“Dad, that’s what I was trying to tell you all that time,” Yura rolls his eyes at him. “You should’ve listened better.”

Well, Victor is listening now.

«»

Like by katsuki-fc, daddykatsudon, phichit-chu, katsukatsudamn and 21,453 others

rikoriko_23 Our Yuuri spotted at the beach!! He goes out so little, it’s good to see him more around Hasetsu and not just going from the rink to the inn. I’m so happy he’s back and still so beautiful~ But who are the women with them?

View all 69 comments

katsukatsudamn victor’s moms, they must be taking a vacation in Hasetsu.

kingkatsuki they’re so beautiful???????????? 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“What are they even talking about?” Victor is most certainly not pouting over the fact that Mama stole Yuuri and is now walking a ways in front of him, arm in Yuuri’s as they talk. When did they even get time to bond? How did Yuuri go from being terrified of Mama to this?

“What are your Mama, who loves you above almost everything else in the world, and your number one fan talking about?” Mamoshka asks, sounding amused. “It’s a mystery. We can’t hope to guess.”

“Mamoshka,” Victor whines, perturbing the sleeping kid on his shoulder. Yura did really tire himself out today. “It’s worse if they talk about me.”

“Don’t worry, Vitya, I don’t think your Mama could tell Yuuri anything that would scare him away.”

“But how do you know?”

“Because he loves you, of course.”

Victor’s heart does this funny little thing in his chest that makes him feel a little like throwing up and a lot hopeful. “You can’t possibly know that,” he says. “How can you possibly know that?”

“Vitya, he spent half an hour putting sunscreen on your back and only laughs around you. It’s painfully obvious.”

“Is it?” He can’t be too hopeful. He shouldn’t be too hopeful.

Mamoshka takes her phone from her bag and swipes through some stuff, then angles it towards Victor.

It’s a picture from the night before. Victor is sticking his tongue out at Yura, holding him up by the armpits so they’re at the same level, and Yura is sticking his tongue back at him. Yuuri is in the background, clearly oblivious to the camera, an elbow on the table and his head in his hand. He looks… well, smitten is the word he would use. Fond, maybe, like a more settled and comfortable version of the expression Yuuri had given him earlier.

“Oh.”

“I talked with his sister, just to make sure. Dearest Mari told me he might take a while to realize it.”

“Oh.” Victor feels a little faint. He might have to sit down for a minute or twenty.

“But we can’t speak for him,” Mamoshka says. “Your Mama was a little more direct in her probing. And apparently found herself someone to gush about you to.”

“You really shouldn’t do any probing just because I like someone,” Victor reminds her.
“Maybe so,” Mamoshka concedes. “We just want you to be careful with your heart, Vitenka. And we missed so much in parenting you, with all that time you spent ice skating under Yakov. We overcompensate a little, in this. You should let your mothers fuss every once in a while.”

“Mamoshka, you always fuss.”

Yuuri leaves the dining area to get himself some water. It takes him about two minutes to do it but apparently two minutes is enough for disaster to strike because when he comes back everyone is huddled around the table, peering into something and Victor keeps making these weird hiccupping sounds that make Yuuri feel panicky.

“Are you crying?” he asks, distressed, wondering how he can fix this, whatever this is.

Victor looks up at me, eyes decidedly misty and lifts up a very familiar scrapbook, pointing at a picture of Yuuri when he was about six, striking a little pose on the ice.

“You’re so cute!”

He puts the scrapbook back on the table, flips the page and makes another high sound.

Geneviève brings her phone up and starts taking pictures.

“Mom!” Yuuri complains. “You said you wouldn’t show him!”

“Ah, but that would be so unfair,” his mother says, smiling sweetly. “You’ve seen all the pictures of when Vicchan was little, he deserves to see yours too, no?”

“No!”

“Is that a poster of me?” Victor gasps.

Yuuri wonders if he can drown himself in a glass of water.

[Image description: what you could call a family photo of the Katsukis and the Nikiforovs together. Yuuri’s parents in the front, since they’re the shorter, smiling. Mari behind them, smirking slightly. Beside her is Yuuri, and beside Yuuri is Victor, with a hand firmly on Yuuri’s shoulder. Then there are Victor’s mothers. Victoria with Yura in her arms and Geneviève with her arms looped around her waist. Both Yura and Geneviève are kissing her cheeks.]

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genevivi-hellene We had a wonderful time here in Hasetsu and hope to come back soon ♡♡♡

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xxfallinlove I can’t believe they’re married

12 HOURS AGO
Mama and Mamoshka are incredibly busy women, so they can’t stay for long. In fact, the only reason they were able to stay almost two full days was because they have some business to attend to in Japan and decided to take a day to themselves.

It’s always a little sad when they have to leave, and Victor wishes he could be five again and toddle after them all around the world. But he’s not and he can’t, and he hopes whatever Yura decides to be in the future it doesn’t take him too far from home.

“I like your Yuuri,” Mama says, moving the piles of documents on top of the coffee table next to the couch in Victor’s room so she can sit on it.

“I still can’t believe you bought his love with my childhood pictures.”

Mama gives him an excited smile. “Isn’t it fantastic that I could?! He likes you so much, Vitya.”


“You’re as subtle as your mamoshka, Vitya. Anyone can see that.”

“Mamoshka says the same about you.”

“Oh, I know. But tell me this, which of us composed beautiful meaningful choreographies and which of us hired a sky writer, hm?”

Victor huffs a laugh. She does have a point. “That’s fair.”

Mama grins, like they’re sharing a secret.

“I’m going to miss you. Tell me when your Yuuri gets his assignments. It’d be lovely if he got France. Your mamoshka and I might be there around the competition.”

Victor takes her hand, squeezes. “I will.”

“Do not forget, Vitya. I will be very upset.”

“Good,” she says, and then, “be good to yourself while we’re gone, okay?”

“Okay, Mama,” Victor says and leans forwards for a hug. Mama leans forwards too, accidentally knocking some documentation on the floor, but ignoring it in lieu of squeezing Victor tightly for a couple of minutes.

When she pulls back she helps him pick all of it up and pile it on the table.

“Vitya,” she says, holding a white envelope in her hands. “This is still sealed.”

Victor presses his lips together, and gently takes it off her hands, shoves it under the pile of other papers. Why it was there in the first place, Victor doesn’t know.

“It doesn’t matter.”

Mama sighs. “Vitya, how long has it been? Two? Three years? No one is going to take your Yura away. He’s yours, Vitya. You don’t need to be afraid of a piece of paper. You should o-”

“Mother.”
Mama cuts herself off.

“Okay,” she says quietly, grabs him by the cheeks and making him look at her. “You’re right, Vitya, it doesn’t matter. Whether that piece of paper says you’re his biological father or not, you’ll still be his dad and no one can take that away from you. Your love for him won’t change and our love for him won’t change either.”

Victor refuses to look at her in the eye, looking down.

“But what if it does?”

“It won’t. In the end, you chose him, even not knowing for sure. That speaks volumes, Vitya.”

Victor lifts his eyes up and Mama gives him her best reassuring smile, kisses him on both cheeks.

“You never have to open it. Just don’t be afraid of it, okay, Vitya? Everyone can see how much you love your Yura.”

“Okay, Mama.”

Mama leans forwards and hugs him, pets his hair gently. Victor hugs her back, squeezes for a bit.

The door to his room slides open forcefully and Yura comes thundering in. “Dad! Look what Grandma found!” He splays his arms, grinning.

“Is that Yuuri’s baby shirt?” Victor is completely sure that he has seen this exact sweater of Yuuri’s in the photo albums. It’s blue and yellow with a giant Y in the center, not easy to mistake.

“Yes!” Yura shouts, twirling around a couple of times before he climbs into the couch and into Victor’s lap, standing on top of Victor’s thighs and bouncing a little. Victor has to grab him to keep him from falling. “It’s a good luck charm so I can be become powerful! And pretty! Like Yuuri!”

“Yes. Yes, you will,” Victor says and then squishes Yuuri in a hug that is probably the slightest bit too tight.

[Image description: two pictures side by side. One of them is tiny Yuuri striking a cute pose on the ice wearing a yellow and blue sweater with a big Y on it. The second one is tiny Yura, trying to imitate the same pose, wearing the same sweater.]

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v-nikiforov #tbt

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kingkatsuki Victor Nikiforov was the best thing to ever happen to the Katsuki fanbase LOOK AT THAT TEENY WEENY BABY MY HEART

victuurfam a bitch is c r y I n g damn

3 HOURS AGO

«»
They drop off Victor’s mothers at the station in the morning. From here they’re heading somewhere else in Japan, and there’s really no way to leave Hasetsu to any major city but by taking a train, or waiting for a bus that only runs once a day.

Victoria stands in front of him with her bags, and she smiles, offers him her hand to shake. “It was so nice to meet you, Yuuri.”

“You too,” Yuuri says very awkwardly.

“You’ll have to come spend a couple of days with us in France. To make up for us invading your house so suddenly.”

“Ah, it was no trouble at all.” Yuuri rubs the back of his neck.

“I trust Vivi gave you all her contact information?”

“Yes.” Yuuri has her three different numbers, all of her Social Media and he’s pretty sure he’s in two different group chats with her. He has no idea how that happened but it happened.

“We’ll keep in touch. Do your best in the Grand Prix, you’ll do wonderfully.”

“Thank you.”

Victoria gives him a nice smile before she turns to say goodbye to her son and to Yura who is pouting and crabby about his Grandmothers leaving. Geneviève comes towards Yuuri, and he gets ready for a handshake, but instead gets a Russian mother hugging him so tightly she pins his arms against his torso and makes the breath woosh out of him. Then she kisses him on the cheek, and pulls back, looking at him with teary eyes. “Take good care of him, Yuuri. I’m counting on you.”

Yuuri almost chokes. What is it with Victor’s mother and telling him things like this?

“I- I’ll try my best.”

“Thank you. Be gentle with his heart, okay?”

“O-okay?”

“Good.”

The automated voice announces that Victor’s mothers’ train has just arrived to the station, and Vivi sniffs, turning to go hug her son one last time and cover Yura’s face in kisses before she’s pulled away by her wife into the train.

“Bye, Vitya! Bye, Yuuris! Look after each other, I love you!” Geneviève shouts, making the few people in the train station look at her weirdly.

Yuuri stands by Victor, lets Yura grab his hand, and they stand there and watch the train leave. Yura, with Yuuri’s hand still in his is, rubs at his eyes. Victor looks sadly at the train until it’s completely out of sight.

“Let’s go home,” Yuuri suggests. Maybe he can find something to distract them with before Victor makes him train in the afternoon.

“Okay,” Victor says, more quiet than he usually is. Yura drops their hands and makes the grabby hand motion to indicate he wants to be picked up, so Yuuri picks him up, adjusts him on his hip until Yura can lay his head on his shoulder like a sad puppy.
Victor looks a little bereft, without Yura by his side to hold his hand, so Yuuri takes his hand and leads him out of the train station.

They go home.

Chapter End Notes

Nikiforov-Katsuki family in the future be like: "Hi, my name is Vivi, this is my wife Victoria, and this is my son Victor. Also this is my grandson Yuri, and this is my son-in-law Yuuri. And of course, we can't forget Yuuri's sister Mari, not to be confused with Yuri's sister Mariko."

EDIT: I just remembered I meant to say: If the whole Yura's other parent thing sounds rushed it's because I keep forgetting that's an actual plot point I need to cover sldkfgdf SORRY Y'ALL I'm trying.

tumblr tag where I reblog cute stuff like this fam's future dogs and also big brothers flinging their little sisters in the air because that's relevant to this universe
“What do you have to do to be a good dad?” Yura asks on the bullet train to Fukuoka where Yuuri’s regional is going to be. Yuri’s kneeling on the seat directly in front of Victor’s, meticulously peeling stickers off a sticker sheet he’d swindled Yuuri into buying him and sticking them all over Yuuri’s sleeping face.

Victor should probably stop this from happening, but it’s cute and he wants to see how many stickers Yura can get on him before Yuuri wakes up. So far it’s six and counting.

“A good dad?” Victor asks, cautiously.

“Yeah. You’re one so you have to know, right?” Yura says, sticking a cat surrounded by hearts smack dab on Yuuri’s forehead, completely oblivious to how he just melted Victor on the spot.

Victor wants to pick him up and squeeze him against his chest, but he doesn’t want to disturb the scene in front of him or get Yura to try to kick him in the stomach, so he refrains.

“Hmm,” he starts. “You have to love your kid very much, and do your best to make sure they’re happy.”

“Like giving them stuff?”

“Like giving them stuff,” Victor says, amused. “But also taking care of them when they’re sick, and making sure they eat all their food and take baths and don’t get hurt. And sometimes you have to do things they don’t like very much, but it’s good for them.”

“What if they want to do a loop around the swings?”

“Yes. Or stop them from eating a bunch of candy that will make their tummy upset, or stopping them from climbing to really high places because they can fall down.”

“What if they want to do a loop around the swings?”
“They can get hurt a lot so you should stop them.”

“Oh,” Yura says, peeling another sticker off carefully and leaning over to stick a little heart on the tip of Yuuri’s nose.

“You should listen to them and support them in whatever they want to do,” Victor continues. “And always, always love them. That’s the most important one.”

“Okay. Thanks, Dad.”

“You’re welcome.”

As nerve-wracking and anxiety-inducing as performing can be for Yuuri, the part of attending competitions he hates the most is the press and the reporters that crowd the hotel lobbies and arrivals areas at airports. He hates how loud everyone is, how the camera flashes hurt his eyes, how microphones are pushed against his face and his personal space is violated.

As soon as they step off the train and Yuuri spots the small gaggle of reporters on one side of the station he frowns, mouth pressed into a set line.

“It don’t remember it being this crowded the last time I attended a regional competition,” he says, pulling his scarf over his mouth and nose, and his beanie down.

Maybe if he’s really stealthy he’ll be able to weasel his way through the reporters without being noticed. He’s done it before, countless times. He can do it again, he thinks.

Then he turns and looks at Victor in his expensive Valentino winter coat and his platinum hair and how he steps off the train and commands the attention of every single passer-by by just breathing. And then he looks at the small child that travels with them and how much baggage they’re carrying and thinks that getting through the reporters unnoticed is probably going to be harder than he initially thought.
“I doubt it’s every day they host an internationally ranked athlete,” Victor says, sliding his Chanel sunglasses onto the bridge of his nose and offering Yuri a matching set.

“Hm,” Yuuri hums, clutching his carry-on and trying to look around the crowd for a way to go around the reporters.

“We should go answer some questions,” Victor continues, hoisting Yura up onto his waist. Yura hates walking when they’re in crowded places. Yuuri guesses if he was that small, being in a crowded space would be much worse.

Victor starts walking towards the reporters – who by some miracle haven’t spotted them yet – like he isn’t calmly walking into a den of lions and Yuuri panics a little bit. His hand shoots out and he ends up snagging the back of Victor’s coat, letting out a strangled, “wait.”

Victor stops. Turns a little to look at Yuuri.

“Don’t you want to go say hi to your fans?” Victor asks.

“No.”

Victor arches an eyebrow, his lips pressing together. “That’s very rude, Yuuri. They’ve probably been waiting for hours for you-“

They’ve probably been waiting for hours to catch a glimpse of Victor. Yuuri has absolutely no idea why anyone would want to talk to him. It’s a well-known fact in the skating world how much of a mess he is in interviews. Also, just in general.

“-in the cold and rain and hail-“

“We’re inside, Victor.”

“Besides! You need to learn how to keep the press happy. If you answer a few questions now it will keep them from hounding you like attack dogs later. Yura, grab Yuuri’s hand. I’m out of hands. Let’s go! Fighting!” he says and marches towards the press. Yura extends his tiny little hand and wiggles his fingers.

Yuuri sighs, hoists a bag higher up on his shoulder, makes sure his carry-on and everything strapped onto it won’t fall off, and then reaches for Yura, letting him wrap his hand around three of his fingers and drag him to the gallows.

[video description: the video was taken with a cellphone camera, it’s a little hard to hear with the general background noise characteristic of train stations – people speaking, trains arriving and departing, the announcements of arrivals and delays. Yuuri, Victor and Yuri are standing at the center of a circle of people, reporters and fans who seem to be given them a certain amount of personal space. Yuuri is clearly uncomfortable. You can hear him stuttering through saying, “I-uh- my theme is, uh, well- love? I suppose.” Victor at his side has an apprehensive face on. Midway through Yuuri’s stuttering Victor interrupts him by saying, “excuse me, hold this,” and then passes his son over for Yuuri to hold. He then wraps an arm around Yuuri’s shoulders and says in a bright voice, “his theme is love! Isn’t that exciting?!" His Japanese is heavily accented with the Hasetsu dialect.

Yuuri, who has started rocking Yura a little bit, seemingly out of nervousness, nods and continues a little more steadily, “Victor already had choreographed something centered around love, so we
decided to carry that theme to my Free Skate.” His voice is still quiet compared to the way Victor projects his voice. You can visibly see reporters leaning forwards to be able to listen. One of them follows Yuuri’s answer by asking if his free skate was centered around romantic love since his short program is centered around sexual love. Yuuri shakes his head and goes on to answer, “I’ve always had a lot of people supporting me, but I’ve always felt like I was fighting alone. My worst possible nightmare was to fail as a skater, and I did that.” He laughs a little self-deprecatingly. “It wasn’t until after Victor’s arrival that I realized that all the people I was afraid of disappointing by failing were still standing by me and were still supporting me, even at my worst. I’ve found all types of love around me when I realized this, and I wanted to show it to you through my skating.” He glances over at Victor who is still smiling but has an air of cluelessness to him, probably not being able to keep up with Yuuri’s quicker Japanese speaking. “He’s the only person I have ever wanted to hold onto and through that he has allowed me to see all the love around me. I wanted to show that in my free skate. I want it to be a thank you to him and everyone who has supported me.”

The reporters are silent for a beat. Yuuri bows as much as he can with a child in his arms, and says, “I hope I can do it well, thank you for your continued support. I will be trying my best to win gold at the Grand Prix final.” Victor bows too, not as much as Yuuri, and then says, “please keep supporting Yuuri and watch well for many surprises!” After that he pulls Yuuri away and they disappear into a Taxi.

Katsuki Yuuri interview | 2015 Chu-Shikoku-Kyushu Regionals

katsuk-i-ace views

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“Yuuri,” Victor coos, tugging loosely on his wrist. “You can’t keep hiding behind your hands forever.”

“Watch me,” Yuuri mumbles, not budging an inch.

“You did well! Very assertive!” Victor tries. Yuuri groans and slides down the back seat of the Taxi, moaning about being embarrassing.

Yura wraps both his arms around Yuuri’s forearms and drops all his weight, laying across Yuuri’s lap. Yuuri’s hands jerk a bit but stay covering his face, leaving Yura hanging off of his arms awkwardly, and leaving Victor to pointedly resist the urge to poke at his biceps.

“I didn’t understand most of what you said,” Victor starts. “But it sounded very heartfelt! Everyone looked surprised!”

Yuuri parts his fingers and peers at him. “You didn’t understand it?”

Victor understood something about love. A lot of things about love, but Yuuri was speaking too quickly for him to parse out what. Love is his theme for the season after all, Victor doesn’t know why he’s so embarrassed.

Yura looks up at him, upside down from where he’s hanging from Yuuri and says, “Yuuri said you made him find love and your love is gonna win the gold.”
Victor’s breathe rushes out of him as Yuuri slumps further down the seat and groans, covering his face again.

“Yuuri!” Victor squeals and tries to tackle hug him into the side of the Taxi.

“Congratulations on your relationship!” Phichit screams through the tiny speakers on Yuuri’s phone, beaming at the camera and pulling on the string of a party popper, making confetti rain in the screen. “I can’t believe you didn’t tell me! I thought we were fri -“

“Victor and I aren’t dating,” Yuuri interrupts, before this can escalate any further. He’s happy that he waited for Victor to go shower to take this call, at least.

“What do you mean you’re not dating? Yuuri! Did you accidentally confess your love for him to some random reporters in a train station and are now ignoring it ?”

Yuuri looks away from the camera.

“I can’t believe - no, nevermind. I can. So you’re still definitely not dating? There’s nothing going on between you two?”

“Well,” Yuuri starts, because… well, something is definitely going on between the two of them. Yuuri isn’t actually blind, and he can pick up on some social cues even if he mostly decides to ignore them or tries very very hard to pretend they don’t exist.

“Well!” Phichit says, getting closer to the camera.

“We’re not not dating,” is what Yuuri says, because that’s the best answer he can give in regards to the weird situation Victor and him are in right now. A sort of limbo, maybe.

They’re not dating. They don’t kiss or go on dates or sleep with each other in the metaphorical sense. But at the same time they’re not not dating, because the do hug a lot, and he touches Victor more than he touches anyone else. And maybe he’s comfortable around Victor in a way he’s with very few people. Also the fact that they live together, more or less, and sometimes just end up in each other’s rooms, be it to watch a movie with Yura, to keep each other company on their downtime or just because Victor can’t sleep and wants someone to be awake with him.

“You’re not dating but you’re also not not dating,” Phichit asks, sounding out the words slowly.

“Yes.”

“Why aren’t you just dating?”

“Well,” Yuuri starts. He has a list. He opens his mouth to start reciting it, then shuts it with a click when he realizes that Phichit will shut down most the items on it, and that anything that sounds remotely like he’s a demigod and I look like I rolled out of a Taco Bell garbage can will be shut down because Phichit is Phichit. “Well…” he says again. “It’d be… unprofessional.”

Phichit gives him a face so thoroughly unimpressed that Yuuri feels a little bad.

“And! He has Yuri. Men with children can’t just jump into relationships!” There. A good answer. It’s in all the books Yuuri has read about single parenthood. And by all, he means the two Victor has on his bedside table because he apparently loves trashy gay novellas about single fathers finding love.
Yuri, upon hearing his name, scrambles up from where he had been playing on the floor and climbs onto the bed. Yuuri has to help him up a little because he has weak little five year old arms and is trying to climb on the bed while holding Tigger.

“Who’s that?” he asks, peering at the phone, before he gets a little shy and hides behind Yuuri’s arm.

“My friend, Phichit. You talked to him a couple of times, remember?”

Yuri shrugs, and then seems to lose interest. “I’m gonna color up here,” he tells Yuuri, and then proceeds to climb down the bed and throw his three coloring books, different sets of pencils and crayons and sticker sheets up on the bed, settling in against Yuuri’s side before he goes back to coloring a picture of a bear in green.

When Yuuri turns back to Phichit he’s giving him a face. “Oh yeah,” Phichit says, “because you’re just horrible with his kid who does not like you one little bit and you have not been co-parenting this child for months now.”

“I haven’t. I’m Yuri’s friend-“

“Bestest friend,” Yuri interrupts. “You’re my bestest friend. You signed the contract so you have to say it.”

“Right. I’m Yuri’s bestest friend, so-“

“Are you really going to finish that sentence in a way that won’t convince me that you love that child and would die for him?”

Yuuri shouts his mouth with a click because well …

“Also, I can’t believe you have a contract with him and not me, Yuuri! I’m hurt!”

Yuuri huffs. “I’d offer to make you a friendship contract but I can’t. It says in Yura’s contract. I don’t want him to sue me.”

“That’s so adorable. You’re forgiven from not making a friendship contract with me.”

“Thanks,” Yuuri deadpans.

“You’re welcome,” Phichit says graciously. “Also congratulate little Yuri on how good his English comprehension is. I can’t believe he caught some of that!”

Yuuri swells up with pride. Just a little bit. “His Japanese is better than Victor’s,” he says. “He’s learning it really well. At this rate it’s going to become his second language before English does!”

Phichit stares at him, smiling a bit. “It’s adorable how proud you are of little Yuri’s accomplishments.”

“He works hard,” Yuuri defends.

Phichit laughs. “Alright. Call me when you’re officially co-parenting a child with Victor so I can make good use of all these party poppers I smuggled with me to Thailand. I have to go now, Ciao Ciao has been waiting on me for twenty minutes. Do your best, Yuuri! We’re rooting for you!”

“Thank you. Good luck for your competitions too. Make Thailand proud.”
“I will! Bye-bye!”

“Bye, Phichit.”

«»

“So, let me get this straight,” Chris says, as Victor sits on the rim of the bathtub and lets the shower run behind him. “He just announced that your love is going to win him gold at the Grand Prix season while you stood in the middle of a circle of reporters looking like you were modeling for a travel magazine featuring perfect families, and you’re doing nothing about it?”

Victor groans, leaning onto his knees. “What am I supposed to do? He said he didn’t mean it like that! I’m not making a move unless he makes a move.”

“And he’s not going to make a move unless you make a move,” Chris says.

“I know,” Victor whines into the phone. “But I can’t push him before he’s ready too! He’s so…”


Victor makes another sound into the phone. “He sleeps in my bed sometimes, did you know that? Yura drags him there to play games or watch a movie or something and he just falls asleep. And I have to handle waking up half on top of him with a child in our bed.”

“Our bed?”

“My bed. Whatever.”

Chris hums, sounding amused. “I’m afraid you’ll have to keep suffering if you don’t want to make the first move, my friend.”

“I know,” Victor says. “He’s just so…”

“Cute?”

“Beautiful, enchanting, riveting, interesting, surprising, gorgeous, amazing, beautiful—“

“You said beautiful twice.”

“Have you seen him?! He’s beautiful twice!”

Chris snorts. “Sweetheart, I don’t know what to tell you except for go take your shower and continue pseudo-dating your boy until one of you combusts from sexual frustration and jumps on the other’s dick.”

“I don’t think Yuuri really—“

“I’m in a group chat with him, trust me, he is.”

“Oh.”

“I have to go now, but I hope you can get the emotional and physical dicking you deserve.”

“You’re such a good friend,” Victor says. “Adieu, Chris.”

“Ta-ta, darling.”
Victor ends the call, puts his phone aside and gets in the shower. He doesn’t know why he’s hesitating so much when it comes to this, when it comes to Yuuri. Maybe it’s because he already pushes Yuuri so much with skating, shoving him past his comfort zone again and again and again. He doesn’t want to push Yuuri in this. He doesn’t want to be part of the things outside of Yuuri’s comfort zone. Or maybe it’s because he’s serious about this like he’s never been serious about anyone else. He doesn’t want to fuck it up, for his sake and for Yura’s sake.

It might take a while but Victor can wait. He’s been waiting. A little more is bearable, especially when Yuuri melts, slowly and steadily, until he’s loose and carefree and comfortable around Victor. It was so very hard and taxing to reach where they are now, their journey made of baby steps and backtracking. It would be terribly upsetting to mess it up now.

He gets out of the shower and towels himself off, puts on his loungewear, and quickly runs through his skincare routine before he opens the door to the hotel room they’re sharing to a familiar scene that has yet to fail in making him melt. His Yuuris both laying stomach down on the bed with different coloring books in front of them and crayons spread across the bed, coloring. Yura is poking his tongue out in concentration, coloring over the lines.

They look up when he opens the door and Yuuri smiles and Yura scoots closer to him and pats the bed at his other side. “I have one for you so you can color with us,” he says. “It has a dog, see?” Yura taps the other coloring book.

“My son, so thoughtful,” Victor coos, and climbs on the bed, stomach down to color too. It’s a tight fit since they reserved a room with two singles. They have to squish together and Victor is barely balanced on the edge of the bed, but for now, for this, it works.

Later, Yura will probably insist to push the beds together so he doesn’t have to choose who to sleep with, and they’ll have to have a whole argument about not piling up on Yuuri before a competition which could possibly injure him, but for now they settle down and they color and it’s so nice and comfortable that something that has been settled in the pit of Victor’s stomach for a long long time eases a little bit more.

«»

[Image description: three different pages of coloring books. The first one seems to be from a Sanrio coloring book with a Pochacco illustration that is well colored with little hearts drawn around it and little skates added to it. It seems that glasses were also added. The second drawing seems to come from a Rilakumma coloring book. It’s painted outside the lines and a bunch of clashing colors contrast sharply with each other. The third one seems to come from a Winnie the Pooh coloring book and it’s a well-colored picture of Eeyore.]

Liked by pichit-chu, katsukatsudamm and 41,356 others

v-nikiforov Coloring session! #prouddad #mysonisanartist #wow #amazing

View all 634 comments

xxfallinlove I can’t believe they’re married

victuurafam okay but can we talk about how victor turned his drawing into yuuri? Thanks

kingkatsuki @victuurafam YES I HAVE WORDS ABOUT THIS AND THEY’RE ALL JIBBERISH BC THIS IS SO FUCKING CUTE OHMYGOD
Victor is going to be a professional about coaching Yuuri at major competitions.

He got a suit to fit his coaching aesthetics, he got Yura a little coach’s assistant ensemble – that he refuses to wear and instead keeps running around in little jeans that he asks Yuuri to roll up at the hems because Yuuri does it and he thinks it’s cool, and three layers of tops because Yuuri is a terrible influence on his son’s fashion – and he’s keeping a respectable distance from Yuuri. Because he is a professional coach.

Very professional. And hugging Yuuri just because he looks a little shaky would not be professional.

Maybe Victor can sneak them into a janitor’s closet or something for an emergency group hug, or even what he likes to call toddler therapy. For some reason Yuuri settles if he’s holding a toddler. It’s in equal parts cute and a little worrisome watching Yuuri stress bounce Yura. It works when Yura is also stressed and needs to calm down, but when he’s not he barely tolerates it.

Besides his shakiness Yuuri is doing very well in this competition. He’s first after the Short Program and although he looks upset that he didn’t break any of his previous personal bests, Victor is still proud of him, and allows himself a side hug in the kiss and cry.

And, while Yuuri is doing great, a bit of a situation seems to be escalating with the other Yuri, who looks about ready to tell the small child who had collected the plushies and flowers off the ice for Yuuri - and is now excitedly gushing to Yuuri about how he wants to be just like him - to meet him outside in the parking lot and to be ready to tussle.

Yura clutches Yuuri’s hand and glares at the older boy who really can’t be more than eight or nine.

“I’ve watched all your programs,” the boy is gushing. He’s repeated himself a lot of times, which Victor is grateful for because it permits him to parse out what he’s saying, since his Japanese still isn’t where Victor wants it to be. “I’m your biggest fan! Do you think you could coach me after you retire like Nikiforov-san is coaching you?”

Yuri turns red in the face and Victor has time to think huh-oh and to take a step forward to try and diffuse whatever is about to happen when Yura implodes.

“ No! He’s gonna coach me! And I’m Yuuri’s biggest fan! And he likes me best, so there!”

Victor really is quite proud of how far Yura’s Japanese has come, but right now he wishes it weren’t as good so this whole situation could be avoided.

The boy blinks down at Yura. “Oh! That’s exciting he could coach us both!”

Yuuri looks more and more lost by the minute. “Um,” he tries to intervene, only to be cut off by Yura.

“No! Only me!”

The boy frowns. “But I’m Japanese and Yuuri-kun is Japanese so it makes sense.”

“Well, he’s my dad and that’s better than being Japanese!”
Well then.

Victor swoops in, picking Yura up off the floor, and throwing him over his shoulder. “So sorry! Important coach things! See you tomorrow! We’ll take pictures! Bye bye!” Yura kicks him in the stomach and starts trying to squirm free. “Let’s go, Yuuri! Important coach things!”

“Right,” Yuuri says, sounding shell-shocked, but follows them to an empty conference room in the rink. Victor pulls one chair in front of two others and sits Yura in it, before settling on the one across from him and waiting for Yuuri to do the same.

“He can’t have Yuuri!” Yura screams.

“No one is stealing Yuuri away,” Victor says, trying to make his voice steady because, hey, his son just called the person he’s in love with dad and Victor hasn’t even kissed said person. “You were being very rude to Minnie—“

“Minami,” Yuuri corrects, and seems to snap out of whatever other dimension his brain threw him into when Yura uttered the words “he’s my dad”. “You were very rude to Minami-kun. He wants to skate just like you.”

“He can have another coach!” Yura says, crossing his arms huffily.

“That’s up to Yuuri. He might not even coach at all,” Victor glances over to Yuuri. “And it’s going to be a long, long time until he retires.”

“It is?” Yuuri says, sounding legitimately surprised.

“Do you not want to keep skating?”

“I do, it’s just…” Yuuri trails off, looking away.

“It’s just?” Victor prompts because this feels important. This sounds important.

“It’s just- I figured you would want to return to skating after the Grand Prix, and, well, I figured you’d just—”

“Leave,” Victor finishes. Right. Yuuri has been thinking Victor would just up and leave after the Grand Prix this whole time.

He presses his lips together. There’s too much to deal with. But if there’s anything that Victor has learned is that communication is very important in any type of relationship, so everyone knows what they’re getting into and someone doesn’t end up missing the first two years of life of their child because their partner didn’t think to inform them that they were pregnant.

Victor’s not bitter.

“I will coach you until you grow tired of me and tell me to stop,” he says. “There isn’t a time limit on this, Yuuri.”

“Oh,” Yuuri says, and then just kind of curls on himself a little bit. Victor wants to hug him but there’s one more thing they need to take care of before he can. He turns on Yura.

“You,” he says.

Yura glares, arms still crossed.
“You can’t be rude to other people who like Yuuri.” Yura opens his mouth to argue and Victor gives him a look. “Ah! I’m not finished. And we need to talk about why you called Yuuri your dad.”

“You said he was,” Yura says.

Victor holds his breath because he certainly did not do that. Beside him he can see Yuuri’s head snapping to him in his peripheral vision.

“I didn’t,” Victor says.

Yura frowns at him. “I asked you what being a good dad was like and you said all the things that Yuuri does, so he’s my dad.”

“What?” Yuuri squeaks.

“Dad said to be a good dad you have to love me and give me stuff and stop me from trying to do a loop around the swing and make sure I eat my food and cheer for me when I skate,” Yura says.

“That’s not how it works,” Victor starts.

“Yes it is!”

“Yura-“

“I asked Grandma if anyone could be my dad and she said if you really liked another boy he could be my dad, and you really like Yuuri! That’s how it works! I’m not stupid!”

Victor almost asks which Grandma, but at this point he doesn’t think it matters whether it was Victoria or Vivi or Hiroko. They could all have said this.

“What Grandma meant was if I dated or married a boy then he could be your dad,” Victor explains. “I’m not dating Yuuri-“

“You’re not?” Yuri says, sounding honestly confused. “But you like him! And he likes you!”

“Yes, but-“

“He eats with us and he’s with us every day and he trains with us!”

“I’m coaching him, and-“

“He sleeps with us too! And he watches movies with us and takes care of us! Why aren’t you dating him? That’s stupid! And then he can’t be my dad, so you have to date him!”

This is going downhill really, really fast and Victor has no idea how to handle it. Poorly seems to be what he’s going for.

“It’s a little more complicated than that,” he tries, but Yuri seems to not be having it, because he just turns to Yuuri.

“Do you like me?” he asks. “You said I was your favorite! And you told Phichit I was your bestest friend, so you like me, right?”

“Of course,” Yuuri says, looking very lost and like he’s seriously considering jumping out of the window to not have to deal with this.
“And you love me too right?”

“Yes,” Yuuri says with no trace of hesitation, and Victor finds himself holding his breath, his whole body turned to these two people who are so so important to him, in this moment that seems to crucial.

“And you like dad a lot too, right?”

Yuuri flushes. “I do.” A little more hesitation, but Victor was expecting that. Yuuri sneaks a quick glance at him and then keeps his eyes firmly focused in front of him.

“And dad you like Yuuri the mostest out of all the boys, right?”

“I do,” Victor says.

And now you may kiss the groom, his brain supplies, a little hysterically.

“So why aren’t you dating?”

An excellent question. Another excellent question would be how Victor and Yuuri ended up being the ones interrogated when it was supposed to be the other way around.

There’s a couple solid moments of silence where Victor doesn’t know what to say and where Yuri just stares judgmentally at them like no child should be capable of. And then those tense moments are broken, to Victor’s surprise, by Yuuri’s accented Russian.

“We’re not ready yet,” he tells Yura, and Victor’s entire body snaps towards him, turning so fast he thinks he gives himself whiplash. He inhales sharply, the sound of it disrupting the quietness and calmness set by Yuuri’s tone. “It’s like getting ready to do something really fun but a little scary. Like competing,” Yuuri continues. “Sometimes you need a little longer getting ready before you can do it so you can make sure you do well.”

“Like extra training?” Yura asks, eyebrows knitted together.

“Yeah. Like extra training.”

“Oh. Okay,” Yura says, easy as that. “Do I have to wait until you’re ready for you to be my dad?”

“I- um…” Yuuri is visibly flustered by the question, turning to Victor for help as if Victor hasn’t been left awestruck and with something that feels a lot like love and hope putting him on a chokehold and stealing his breath.

“Why do you want Yuuri to be your dad?” Victor finally says.

“Because he is, and I want him to like me the most and to stay with me forever. That’s what good dads do.”

“He doesn’t need to be your dad to do any of those things. You don’t need to call him dad for him to like you.”

“I wouldn’t call him dad, that’s weird,” Yura says. “You’re Dad. He’s Yuuri first and then he’s my best friend and then he’s my dad.”

Five-year-old logic really is something else.

“Well, he can be your best friend and do all those things. And you can wait a little while for him to
be ready, is that okay?"

“I guess.,” Yura sighs, and slumps down on his chair. “Don’t take very long, I want a cool dad, okay?”

Yuuri huffs a laugh that he quickly covers by slapping his hand over his mouth, and Victor barks, puts a hand to his chest dramatically.

“I’m cool!”

Yuri rolls his eyes at him - and really who even taught him that. Was it Yakov? It was probably Yakov - and says, “Dad you’re a dork.”

«»

[post description: a short video of Victor and Yuuri leaving the skating arena in Fukuoka. Yuuri still has his hair slicked back and he’s wearing glasses. There’s the flashes of a couple of cameras from photographers who are hanging around. Victor is leading Yura by the hand out of the arena. He’s standing close to Yuuri but they’re not touching. Yuuri has a grave look on his face that can easily be mistaken for glaring. Victor leans over and whispers something that makes Yuuri look directly at the cameras, and the look away. Yuuri says something else that the cameras don’t catch and Yuuri laughs, face softening and opening up. The camera flashes become a little more frantic. There’s also a couple of pictures, all of different angles of Yuuri smiling.]

Liked by phichit-chu, kingkatsuki, katsukatsudamn, vicnicisthice, sasslchow and 27,495 others

victuurfam I Saw A Man So Beautiful I Started Crying?????? #victuurfam #katsukiyyuri #victornikiforov

View all 371 comments

kingkatsuki I want this stamped on the lid of my coffin so I can rest with an angel watching over me

sasslchow HE LOOKS SO GOOD THEY LOOK SO GOOD

sasslchow anyone has the video of this choreography? I tried to stream it but the website was sketchy and kept going out

kingkatsuki @sasslchow WHO YOU GONNA CALL

sasslchow @kingkatsuki ??

kingkatsuki @sasslchow *to the tune of ghostbusters* @katsukatsudamn !!!!!!!!

katsukatsudamn @kingkatsuki @sasslchow [youtube link] I got y’all

sasslchow @katsukatsudamn YOU’RE A BLESSING

katsukatsudamn @sasslchow a blessing will be yuri’s free skate I commandeered all the laptops in the house so I can make sure I don’t miss anything

kingkatsuki classic @katsukatsudamn
Yuuri is exhausted. He had already been nervous about performing, and before the bitter taste of failure could settle in his mouth - because of badly he did, how disappointed he is in himself - Yuri had called him dad, and then Victor had said he would stay with him as long as Yuuri wanted him to, and then emboldened by that and by Victor’s confirmation that he cared for him Yuuri had just said things, assumed things.

He should’ve kept his mouth shut, should’ve let this unnamed thing between Victor and him alone, shouldn’t have said that to Yuri who will probably get hurt the most when Victor grows tired of him, should-

“Tired?” Victor asks, unlocking the door to their hotel room.

Yuuri hums vaguely.

After their conversation, Yuuri was roped into doing press, and then a sponsor that Yuuri had been trying to avoid caught up with him and talked for far too long, trying to rope Yuuri into a photoshoot, which had led Yuuri to call his PR manager and for them to negotiate on the phone for almost a full hour, Yuuri not being able to go anywhere while his phone was held hostage.

“The tub isn’t big enough to draw you a bath,” Victor says, sounding a little apologetic.

“That’s fine, I’d probably fall asleep anyway.”

It’s later than they meant to get back, and Yura who had woken up earlier than usual and didn’t have a nap, conked out on Victor’s lap after dinner.

Yuuri drops his small suitcase off and goes about pulling the sheets back from one of the beds and getting Yura’s pajamas out of Victor’s travel suitcase. Then he pulls out his and Victor’s too since they packed their things together to make travelling easier. Yuuri goes through the motions of changing and making sure everything is in place - their shoes lined at the door, his costume hung properly so it doesn’t wrinkle, his skating gear all in place, his phone charging, Yura’s Tigger next to him and a pillow by his side so he doesn’t roll off the bed, Victor’s skincare product case by the bathroom sink.

He’s about to faceplant on his bed and hope that exhaustion wins over his anxiety when Victor speaks.

“We need to talk.”

And there goes his anxiety. Maybe if Yuuri stays very, very still he won’t have to deal with this.

“It’s nothing bad,” Victor says, sounding a bit closer. Yuuri peers up to see him standing next to his bed, and he sits up with a sigh.

“We’ve talked.”

“We talked with Yura,” Victor says. “As your coach, it’s my job to make sure nothing is troubling you.”

“As my coach?”
“And as your friend,” Victor says, sitting on the bed opposite to Yuuri’s. They have to keep their voices quiet for Yura’s sake. Victor licks his lips and clasps his hands together between his knees, leaning forward, looking earnestly at him. “And as whatever else you want me to be.”

Yuuri’s heart constricts. “I- I don’t-”

“You don’t have to decide right now,” Victor reassures, voice soft, and there’s something fragile reflected in his eyes that makes Yuuri afraid of opening his mouth and saying the wrong thing and breaking it. “Just give me a couple answers, okay?”

“I’ll- I’ll try my best,” he says, swallowing hard against the lump in his throat. His hands feel clammy and he unclenches them and wipes them off on his sleep pants.

“Thank you,” Victor says and smiles like Yuuri is doing him a favour. “Do you care about Yura?”

Yuuri blinks. He expected something a little harder. “Of course.”

Victor nods and takes a deep breath. “And about me?” Victor squeezes his knees together, trapping his hands. He looks nervous, almost.

“Of course,” Yuuri repeats himself, just as truthfully.

A breath whooshes out of Victor and his shoulders slump like strings have been cut.

“Okay,” he breathes out. “Okay. Final question: do you want to keep us?”

It’s a funny question. Yuuri almost laughs at the concept of keeping Victor, as if he could. As if that were a possibility.

The answer is yes. Of course it’s yes. But Victor is the world’s, Victor is so much and he’s standing in front of Yuuri, a mere mortal, and asking him if he wants to hold minor deities between his hands. He wants to, oh how he wants to, but he can’t.

“I don’t want to be selfish,” Yuuri settles on saying.

It’s the wrong answer, apparently.

Victor presses his lips together, frowns. “What if I want you to be?” he asks.

“What?”

“What if I want you to be selfish with me?”

Yuuri thinks he stops breathing because it sounds a lot like Victor is asking him to say yes. To keep him.

Victor leans forwards a little bit so he’s below Yuuri. Looking up at him and he’s so beautiful like this Yuuri feels like he got punched in the sternum.

“Be selfish with me, Yuuri.”

Ah, Yuuri thinks. He can’t say no. He doesn’t want to and now he can’t. Not if Victor asks him to, not if he asks him like this, like he’s pleading.

Ah. He’s so out of his depth here.
"You’re unfair," Yuuri tells him. Victor should know he can’t deny him.

“I suppose I’m selfish too,” he says.

Yuuri breathes out steadily, he feels like he’s just on the edge of something, fingers skimming gold and if he just reaches a little further he can have it.

“Okay,” he says finally, looking Victor in the eye. “I’ll be selfish.”

<<

[kimage description: various pictures of Yuuri during his Yuri on Ice routine.]

Liked by phichit-chu, katsukatsudann, kingkatsuki and 28,492 others

katsuki-fc Yuuri’s costume for his Free Skate which apparently Victor’s mother, Geneviève Nikiforova – also a fairly renowned lingerie designer – helped design. You can check for a source in the interview Victor gave for Sports Illustrated about coaching and Yuuri’s new season. #katsukiyuuri #japaneseregionals #yurionice

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kingkatsuki LOOK AT MY SON WHOM I RAISED WITH MY TWO BARE HANDS LOOK AT MY BEAUTIFUL BOY LOOK AT HOW WELL HE’S DOING!!!!!!!!!!!!!

katsukatsudann @kingkatsuki I can’t mcfucking WAIT to see his programs develop and see how he skates this cleanly. that fall looked harsh he was bleeding a lot I hope he didn’t break his nose

kingkatsuki @katsukatsudann *thinks about how much more beautiful yuuri can skate this program and immediately faints*

sasslchow An Angel?????

xxfallinlove HEY EXCUSE ME DID YUURI KATSUKI JUST SKATE A LOVE SONG TO VICTOR NIKIFOROV ON THE ICE OR????????????????????

xxfallinlove also I can’t believe theyre married

4 HOURS AGO

<<

Victor tried very very hard to be a professional coach. He kept a respectable distance from Yuuri, stayed serious and focused the entire time he was rinkside, tried to give Yuuri good advice after on ice warm ups which Yuuri completely ignored, launching himself into a quad he still couldn’t quite land instead of downgrading it to a triple and slamming his face on the rink wall. And, okay, maybe the applying lip balm directly to Yuuri’s lips or the hug before the program wasn’t the type of behavior that most coaches used around his students, but Yuuri’s lips had been chapped and Victor is a firm believer in physicality as a way of comfort.

The hug after the program, when Yuuri had two pieces of cotton stuffed up his nose to stop the bleeding – which had been probably made worse by the fact that Victor sidestepped a hug as punishment for ignoring his advice to downgrade the quad – might not have been entirely professional, with Victor squeezing the breath out of Yuuri and trying to shake into him how very proud he was of Yuuri’s accomplishments. The situation might’ve became even less professional
given that Yura was jumping up and down, both of his tiny hands gripping Yuuri’s wider one and jerking his arm along with his jumps of excitement as he babbled in quick Russian.

Victor probably needs to work on the whole being professional thing. Later. Definitely later, because he thinks if he’s made to take his arm from around Yuuri’s shoulders he will bounce off his skin and never come together again.

Yuuri, on his part seems fine with this, staring down at the gold medal they had placed around his neck hours earlier.

“You did well today,” Victor tells him, again.

Yuuri keeps looking down at his medal with a slight frown, and Victor starts getting worried. When they had placed the medal on Yuuri, he had beamed at the camera, standing high on the podium, showing it off to Yura and even letting him wear it a little bit. Now he’s frowning.

Victor wonders what he can say to lift Yuuri’s spirits back up and erase that frown from his face, but before he can Yuuri looks up at him, jaw set in determination and a certain fire in his eyes that makes Victor inhale sharply.

“I can do better,” Yuuri says, and Victor is so so so proud he could burst.

“You can,” Victor concedes. “And you will.”

Yuuri nods once seriously, straightens up a little as determination flows into his bones, chin raised almost in defiance.

Victor can’t wait for the rest of the season.

«»

[Image description Yuuri with his gold medal and Yura and Victor, throwing up little victory signs.]

Liked by phichit-chu, saracrisp, christophe-gc and 44,482 others

katsu-yuuri Thank you to everyone who came out to support me. I hope I can continue trying my best during this season.

View all 483 comments

7 HOURS AGO

Chapter End Notes

my kink is communication and no unnecessary angst

UPDATE: Uni is getting kind of insane and we're hitting end of semester crunch time and I don't have the time to dedicate to this fic. I'm very very sorry, but I really don't want to overwhelm myself, I have been trying to do both at the same time but it's giving me a lot of anxiety and I end up doing nothing, so I'm putting this on hold until I'm done with this semester. I don't know when, exactly I'll come back, but I'm
forseeing ends of December. Again [here's the tumblr tag I use for updates on this fic](#), if you have any questions or want to know anything about this verse hit me up on the tumblrs. Thank you so much for being so continuously patient with me <3

**TL;DR:** Academia is strangling me and I need a h*ckin' break, my dudes
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

CUP OF CHINA JAM SESSION WHERE WE JAM EMOTIONALLY AND ARTISTICALLY

Chapter Notes

Very many thanks again to LadyDrace who continues being a stellar beta.

And heey, y'all, it's me,,,,,,,,,,, ya girl,,,,,,,,,,,, I'm sorry I've been gone for so long but College destroys me constantly and consistently. Also I'm sorry this chapter is such a mess at the beginning but I hope it's not too bad?? I'm very sorry. Just. In general.

idk when next chapter will be and I'm sorry I got so out of schedule but I have some exams at the beginning of February so After That.

I hope y'all like it and I didn't disappoint!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[video description: an upbeat Japanese song is playing, the kind that could be classified as running music. There’s several clips that follow each other keeping in time with the music, some of them are close up shots – of someone’s feet pounding the earth, skates sliding on ice, calves that go up and down on screen signaling someone doing pull-ups – and others are full body shots – Yuuri running up some stairs, doing a jump on the ice, doing a step sequence on the ice, skipping rope to a dizzying rhythm, doing pull ups. The clips go by in rapid succession, the scenery of where Yuuri is running and the activities he’s doing switching, in an indication of how active Yuuri is and how hard he’s training.

The song starts stuttering, slowing down and losing momentum, and the several pictures of Yuuri being active slow down as well. He falls on a jump, slows down on his run and bends over with his hands on his knees, breathing heavily, lets himself dangle from the bar he was using for pull-ups, lets the jump-rope fall to the floor, falls on his back and pants.

The video holds for longer in the one where he’s bent over, taking a break from running. The angle changes so we have Yuuri’s perspective and can see a bottle of colored sports drink appear in front of his face. Yuuri looks up and the camera follows to see Victor holding it towards him. There are no words exchanged, but Yuuri straightens up and takes it. As he does so, the image splits and you can see side by side all the Yuuris doing the different things being given a sports drink similar to the first one but coloured differently. The camera stays on him while he chugs the several drinks down, the song speeding up again as he does. The image expands again just to the scene of him running, and he gives the half-empty bottle over to Victor. The camera angle changes to focus on his face and the look of determination he has on, before it pans out and he starts running again. Several clips of him resuming his activities flash by, before the sports drink name flashes on the screen quickly followed by a slogan which is roughly translated in the subtitles to “The best keep

description: a montage of several videos of Yuuri, each clip edited to flow seamlessly. The song in the background starts with someone cutely singing “ohmygosh I love him isn’t he perf-” before the song makes a noise like its rewinding, until there’s a breath of silence. Then a voice breathes “senpai” and generic trap music starts playing. The first part with the first voice features Yuuri acting cute and shy and smiling, when it rewinds however it changes to shots of him during his Eros program (smirking, running his hands over himself) and shots of his commercial (pulls up slowed down, powerful moves across the ice, panting, lifting weights, pushing his hair back and drinking from his bottle).]

Liked by phichit-chu, katsukatsudamn, vicnicisthice, daddykatsudon and 25,385 others

videlicetrick me: i’m only here to stan victor Nikiforov

Katsuki yuuri: *does That*

Me, choking, very gay, dying: f u c x

View all 186 comments

daddykatsudon this is art

2 WEEKS AGO

[video description: the Grand Prix assignments, particularly the Cup of China one for Senior Single Male Skaters, the camera is zooming in and out and you can hear Phichit Chulanont’s voice singing *The Boys Are Back* from the High School Musical 3 soundtrack.]

Liked by christophe-gc, v-nikiforov, chuchualmighty and 38,497 others

phichit-chu My good friends are all going to be in the Cup of China!! Can’t wait to give everyone a good show and to finally talk to @christophe-gc in person!!

View all 688 comments

chuchualmighty I didn’t know you knew Chris @phichit-chu
phichit-chu @chuchualmighty we got to talking when our respective best friends started talking!!
Chris is fun in group chats!!

giacummies-c I cant believe Phichit and chris are rebounding with each other after yuuri cheated on Phichit with victor

1 WEEK AGO

[Image description: Chris and Victor wearing sunglasses and giving the camera flirty looks.]

Liked by phichit-chu, v-nikiforov, gc-the-og and 64,394 others

christophe-ge #tbt Can’t wait to hang out with this boy again.

View all 1,358 comments

1 WEEK AGO

[Image description: Phichit and Yuuri beaming at a camera, followed by several silly pictures that also feature Leo and Guang Hong.]

Liked by v-nikiforov, saracrisp, katsuki-fc and 68,394 others

phichit-chu #tbt Can’t wait to meet up with all my boys!!! @leo+iglesia don’t forget the guitar!

View all 1,397 comments

leo+iglesia Already packed it dw

phichit-chu @leo+iglesia cup of china jam session is a go then?

leo+iglesia @phichit-chu Hell yeah

6 DAYS AGO

[Image description: Sets of suitcases and travel bags pushed together, some of them clearly designer brands, some of them not so much and some of them clearly belonging to a child.]

Liked by katsuki-fc, kingkatsuki, katsukatsudamm and 29,483 others

katsuyuuri #cupofchina

View all 529 comments

kingkatsuki this is his 6th post in the span of two months I’m reeling

kingkatsuki imagine him actually posting selfies one day

kingkatsuki wild
Yuuri pulls Yura’s facemask over his nose and adjust his beanie over his ears while Victor takes their carry-on bags from over the compartment over their seats on the airplane.

“Got everything in your backpack?” Yuuri asks, looking around the seats just to make sure.

“Tigger too?”

Yura unzips his coat a little bit to show where he stuffed Tigger before he zips it back up.

“Okay, good. Do you wanna walk or do you want up?”

Yura looks at the people jostling Victor as he tries to get their travel bags and his little brows furrow. He lifts his arms towards Yuuri.

“Up.”

Yuuri sets him on his hip and looks around again to make sure they got everything.

Victor shoulders both their travel bags, before momentarily blocking the hall between seats so Yuuri and Yura can step out and get out of the airplane. Yuuri offers him his hand to make sure they don’t get lost and Victor reaches for it, wrapping his fingers around Yuuri’s palm and letting him guide him out of the plane and into the airport terminal.

He tries to let go when they’re headed towards the baggage claim area, wary of reporters, but when Victor feels Yuuri’s hand slip from his, he hooks one of his fingers around one of Yuuri’s and doesn’t let go. Yuuri looks at him, a little amused, and lets it happen.

“Are we still meeting Phichit for dinner?” Victor asks as they stand around waiting for their suitcases to pass by in the carousel.

“Yeah. Celestino is meeting us too.”

“That’s nice, having someone closer to my age.”

“Victor your age difference to Celestino is double your age difference with Guang-Hong, the youngest competitor.” Yuuri will never understand how someone as beautiful as Victor has these kinds of issues with his image, but then again, that’s what happens when half the world idolizes you.

Victor shuffles a little closer to Yuuri. “I think I’m getting wrinkles.”

“They’re laugh lines,” Yuuri tells him and tugs a little on the finger Victor is still clutching.

The lines in the corners of Victor’s eyes crease a little, barely perceptible when he smiles at him, and Yuuri is kind of helpless to do anything but to smile back.

Yuuri is saved from getting arrested by Victor’s pretty smiling face by Yura kicking him in the stomach to get down and shouting in his ear about his suitcase. Yuuri barely manages not to drop him, pulling his hand from Victor’s to steady Yura.

“I’ll go get our luggage,” Victor says, dropping their shoulder bags at Yuuri’s feet and moving away. “Yura do you want to help?”
“Yes!” he shouts, so Yuuri puts him down and lets them go, pulling his beanie tighter around his ears when he notices a couple of people with their cameras turned to them.

«»

[Image description: Yuuri and Victor looking at each other with smitten faces in an airport. There’s a red circle around their linked hands to draw attention to it.]

Liked by katsukatsudamn, kingkatsuki, vicnicfliptrick and 24,396 others

victuurafam Our fav fam is officially in Beijin and I’m screaming FUCKING LOOK AT THEM #cupofchina #cupofchina2015 #grandprix #gpf15 #victornikiforov #katsukiyuuri #victuuri

View all 371 comments

27 MINUTES AGO

«»

The restaurant Phichit and Yuuri agreed on meeting at is very comfortable, with little booths that create an illusion of privacy and delicious food that Victor allows himself to indulge in just because he can. Yuuri hasn’t touched any of the seafood and has barely eaten, and Victor would push, but after Yuuri gently turned down his offers to try something from Victor’s plate, and going by the way Yuuri’s hands are shaking finely as he peels shrimp and feeds it to Yura, Victor shouldn’t push.

Then Phichit arrives with Celestino on his heels, and Victor watches Yuuri flinch a little at his former coach’s cheery greeting. Victor guesses it might be a little awkward for Yuuri, seeing Celestino for the first time after abandoning him and taking up another coach’s offer when he said he would retire. If Celestino resents him in any way, he doesn’t show it, watching with a fond smile as Phichit heckles Yuuri into changing seats so he’s sitting with Victor while Yuuri flushes and calls Phichit ridiculous and we sit together all the time, this is not an american high school movie, Phichit.

Victor honestly likes Celestino. He was one of the cooler and most exuberant skaters when Victor was growing up, with his long, untamed hair and his programs that either fell into the good vibes and free love or seduction at an expensive Italian restaurant in Paris category. Victor has learned a thing or two from him.

“It’s good to see you again, Victor,” Celestino greets happily, waiting for Phichit and Yuuri to stop squabbling like brothers over seating arrangements.

“You too, Celestino,” he says, matching Celestino’s cheery tone. “It’s been a while. Have you met my son?”

“Not in person! I’ve seen some of his videos. You’re going to have a little monster on your hands if he wants to continue skating,” Celestino says.

Yura, who had gotten a little shier and quieter when he had noticed strangers approaching their table, squints suspiciously at Celestino and tries his best to hide behind Victor’s arm.

“Yura, this is Yuuri’s former coach Celestino. Do you want to say hi?”

Yura squints harder. “Is he going to steal Yuuri back to coach him?”
“I don’t think so,” Victor says, trying not to laugh at how suspicious Yura is of everything.

“Good. You’re a better coach,” Yura says and Victor prays that Celestino doesn’t know any Russian at all.

Going by his face and how he smiles when Yura gives him a careless wave, he doesn’t.

Phichit seems to win whatever argument he was having with Yuuri and Yuuri moves his plate over to Victor’s side of the table and makes him scoot so he can sit, which means Victor ends up having to put Yura on his lap and reorganize the plate configuration on his side of the table because of course as soon as Yura realizes Yuuri is on their side, he needs to be closer to him and that means sitting half on top of Victor and half on top of Yuuri.

They settle easily in conversation. Celestino is a friendly person and Phichit is friendlier, including everyone and teasing Yuuri endlessly, much to Victor’s delight. Victor would probably have felt awkward if he hadn’t talked with Phichit previously and if Phichit wasn’t fully aware what a part-time disaster Victor can be. It’s good to talk with younger skaters and not have to deal with that gleam of adoration and almost fear Victor has gotten used to.

“Have you talked to Yuuri about the plan?” Phichit asks, stressing the last two words and wiggling his eyebrows at Victor.

“What plan?” Yuuri says, immediately on edge. Victor, who has put his arm around Yuuri’s shoulders as soon as he finished eating, soothingly rubs his knuckles against Yuuri’s upper arm.

“Phichit wants you to participate in one of the videos we post when the fans get to be too much,” Victor says.

“In trolling them, you mean,” Yuuri says, lips quirking up. Victor enlisted Yuuri’s help in one of those videos when the fans were getting particularly nasty about who they thought Yuuri should be with. Victor was wearing a towel wrapped around his head, sunglasses and sipping on whiskey as Jolene played in the background. Yuuri’s very handy with a camera.

“Yes!” Phichit says. “I’ve been doing it, Victor’s been doing it. Chris has been doing it. You’re the only one left.”

Yuuri looks mildly amused. “I don’t think I could do any of the… things you guys do without a healthy dose of alcohol involved.”

“Yes! That means you’ll do it!” Phichit cheers, looking giddy.

“That’s not what I–”

“I want dessert!” Yura yells suddenly, squirming in their lap and almost kneeing Victor in a very uncomfortable place when he turns to get up.

Victor picks him up and settles him on his lap. It wouldn’t do for Yuuri to not be able to compete because Victor’s son decided to stomp on his thigh. “Don’t yell,” he says sternly, and tries to stop Yura from squirming too much.
Yura takes a gulp of air.

“Yell-y boys get no dessert,” Victor warns, trying to prevent a full meltdown.

“Yuuri, Dad is being mean.”

“Yell-y boys get no dessert,” Yuuri repeats, raising an unimpressed eyebrow at Yura’s pout. “Use your nice words, Yura.”

Yura looks like he’s about to fight for a minute, before he contrarily says, “Please, can I get dessert?”

Victor blesses the Mama Katsuki genes in Yuuri. There’s something about a certain look they give that just makes you feel terrible about the notion of disappointing them.

“Of course, sweetheart. Sit down properly, okay?”

Yura sits down, still a little pouty, but happy with the fact that he’s gonna get his dessert.

“Can I play on your phone?” he asks, turning back to Yuuri.

Yuuri unlocks it and clicks on Neko Atsume, passing it over to Yura.

“You guys are so precious,” Phichit coos, taking pictures.

“If I see any of those online, I’m not talking to you for a week,” Yuuri tells him.

Victor knows by second-hand experience that he will do it too. There was one dark, dark week during the summer after Phichit posted a throwback thursday picture of Yuuri in a crop top that Yuuri had told him if he posted it he wouldn’t talk to him for a week. Victor honestly didn’t think Yuuri would have done it, but a full week of Phichit trying to get Yuuri to forgive him through Victor had proved him wrong.

Phichit pulls a face. “Spoilsport.”

«»

[Image description: several pictures of Guang Hong, Leo, Phichit, Yuuri, Victor, Yuri and Celestino walking around one of the streets of Beijin. Phichit, Leo, Guang Hong and Yuuri are all more or less walking side by side, with Yuuri hanging just the slightest bit back and being shown looking behind his shoulder for a couple of pictures at either Victor or Yuri who hang back with Celestino.]

Liked by katsuki-fc, katsukatsudamm, gc-the-og, vicnicfliptrick and 2,463 others

grandprixwatch It Begins… #cupofchina #coc14 #grandprixseries

View all 102 comments

gc-the-og haVE YOU SEEN MY HUSBAND?? WHERE IS HE

kingkatsuki Unfollow Me Now This Is The Only Thing I’ll Be Talking About Until Rostelecom

kingkatsuki @katsukatsudamm on a scale of 1 to 10 how excited are you to see our boy Get It

katsukatsudamm @kingkatsuki 14. If my boy doesn’t get a medal I’ll sue
Celestino left to meet up with some other coaches, giving Yuuri a pointed look and telling him to look after the younger skaters, leaving Victor feeling old and a little out of place. He feels like a dad. Like he’s in a completely different sphere. Even Yura can relate better with Yuuri’s friends than Victor can.

“I want some!” Yura says, jumping to grab Yuuri’s arm where it’s bent at the elbow, making Yuuri jerk mid-motion to take a bite out of something Phichit got him from a street vendor.

“Are you sure? You’re not going to like it,” Yuuri warns.

“I will.”

“You won’t.”

“You just don’t wanna give me some,” Yura pouts.

Yuuri raises an eyebrow. “Okay then,” he says and offers some of his food to Yuuri. Victor isn’t entirely sure he should be letting Yuuri eat that since it looks like it’s been deep fried, but he didn’t eat much at dinner and he can always allow a motivational treat before competition, which is a dirty excuse to say he doesn’t want Yuuri to look at him with his puppy dog sad eyes when Victor takes it away.

Yura takes a bite, chews it defiantly and then immediately pulls a face and opens his mouth.

Yuuri snorts and puts his free hand in front of Yura’s face, palm up, and lets him spit the food out onto his palm, pulling a face almost as disgusted as Yura’s. “I told you you wouldn’t like it,” he says, slightly amused despite everything.

Victor pulls out Yura’s water bottle and gives it to him to clean out the taste, before he continues hunting down the baby wipes that always somehow end up at the very bottom of the bag. Yuuri throws the chewed up food in a trashcan nearby and then extends his hand for a baby wipe. Instead of passing one over, Victor grabs him by the wrist gently and wipes his hand down for him.

“Do you want to try some?” Yuuri asks, completely unfazed my Victor’s frankly unnecessarily thorough sanitizing of his hand. Victor wonders if he’s developing a hand fetish.

“What is it?” Victor asks, gently rubbing the baby wipe over the webbing between Yuuri’s fingers. Yuuri’s hands are slightly dry, Victor makes a mental note to rub some lotion on them later.

“You dunzi,” Yuuri says. “It’s good.” And as if to prove it he wiggles it in front of Victor’s face.

Victor, because he’s Victor and he maybe likes teasing Yuuri a little too much, opens his mouth instead of doing the sensible thing and throwing away the baby wipe and picking it up himself. Yuuri, predictably, flushes, eyes going slightly wide, but he doesn’t back down. Very carefully he pushes it just past Victor’s lips, just enough for Victor to take a bite – just the tip, if you will.

Victor bites down and makes sure to chew it thoroughly. “Hmm,” he hums just to see if Yuuri can blush harder – he can. “It’s good.”

“Ah,” Yuuri says.
“Well, that was positively pornographic,” a familiar voice says, sounding thoroughly amused, and Victor is surprised enough that he stops making eyes at Yuuri and turns to see Christophe standing there, glasses perched on the bridge of his nose and the Dior scarf Victor gifted him two years back wrapped around his neck.

Yuuri is startled enough that he jumps two feet back and accidentally knocks straight into Guang Hong, almost bowling the poor boy over. Yuuri manages to grab him by the elbow to steady him, apologizing profusely, which is mostly drowned out by Yura shouting “Chris!” and throwing himself at the newcomer.

Chris, already used to this, grabs Yura under the armpits and throws him up in the air a couple of time before he gives him a hug and a kiss on the cheek. “How is my favorite boy?” Chris asks.

“You gave me something that tasted really bad so I need some chocolate. My mouth is all yucky,” Yura complains, a bit too fast for Chris to keep up with, since his Russian still isn’t the best.

“Oh really, wow,” Chris says, because that’s what you do when a child is babbling at you and you don’t understand.

“I thought you were staying in tonight,” Victor says, going over to greet Chris with a kiss on the cheek. “How did you find us?”

“Your Yuuri was texting me updates. He said you were having a little get-together and invited me to meet you.”

Victor frowns. “My Yuri?”

“Your big Yuuri,” Chris clarifies.

“Oh.” Right that makes sense.

“Glad you could meet us, Chris,” Yuuri says, keeping his distance.

Chris pouts. “Aren’t you going to give me a hug?”

“I would, but I don’t trust you not to grope me,” Yuuri says, quite reasonably.

Chris gasps, in mock outrage. “Katsuki Yuuri, I am holding a child.”

Yuuri gives Chris a look that lets Chris know how little he believes something like that would stop him. Yuuri is right, honestly.

“Well you can grope me, anytime,” Phichit intervenes. “Christophe Giacometti. We finally meet,” he says, and his smile is definitely on the manic side. “Selfie?”

“It would be my pleasure,” Christophe says, and Victor suddenly has the need to take his very tiny toddler away from Chris.

Phichit whips out his phone at lightning speed and pulls all of them into a picture, introducing Leo and Guang Hong on the way. The boys look overwhelmed and a little starstruck but shuffle close for a picture.

Victor’s glad Chris is here, he’s glad there’s someone who doesn’t look at him like he’s untouchable and like he should be feared or treated like an ISU official. And he’s glad Yuuri thought to call Chris. Victor doesn’t know if Yuuri just wanted Chris to feel included or if he
noticed how uncomfortable Victor was getting, but either way he’s thankful.

So he winks at Phichit’s camera phone when he calls for a selfie and makes sure he’s standing inappropriately close to both Chris and Yuuri, just for some extra fun.

«»

[Image description: most of the Cup of China competitors – minus Georgi and plus Victor Nikiforov and his son – huddled up together for a selfie. They look like they’re outside. Christophe is holding Yuri who is giving the camera a peace sign and a big smile. Victor is immediately by his side, a hand around his shoulders, and his other hand on Yuuri’s shoulder who is standing close to Phichit, Guang Hong and Leo flanking them.]

Liked by katsuki-fc, gc-the-og, icedaddyfc, almightychuchu, victuurafam and 77,346 others

phcihit-chu Back at it again with the boys!!! Wish these guys luck, I’m coming back home with gold! #cupofchina

View all 3,537 comments

ge-the-og MY HUSBAND IS BACK

gc-the-og also @ victor I see ur hands ur not slick

vicnicisthicc @gc-the-og I’m not saying threesome but

daddylatsudon @vicnicisthicc @gc-the-og THREESOME THO

kingkatsuki IM SO HAPPY YUURI GETS TO HANG OUT WITH HIS FRIENDS BEST LUCK TO ALL!!!

katsuk-i-ace the top 3 certified cutest skaters in Asia all in one photo!!! I hope they take more pictures together Guang Hong, Phichit and Yuuri all have really strong supporters who like seeing the three of them together!!!

vicnicfliptrick y’all kno im loyal af to my man victor, but I gotta admit the #asicsquad is poppin af. Not as much as Vitya, an actual fucking god

jijijiji GUANG HONG!!!! HES SO CUTE OHMYGOSH OUR CINNAMON SON!!!! GUANG HONG!! GOOD LUCK!!

katsukatsudamn RIP Georgi Popovich tho, even with victor out of the scene he still gets left out

6 HOURS AGO

«»

“You’ll do great,” Victor says, wiping his thumb on Yuuri’s palm to spread the remaining of lotion around. Yuuri isn’t really sure why Victor sat him down and went on a twenty minute rant about skin care while thoroughly rubbing lotion into Yuuri’s hands but he can’t really find it in himself to complain.

“How do you know?” Yuuri asks, before he can stop himself.

Victor looks him in the eye from where he’s sitting in his bed opposite to Yuuri’s, smiles with the
kind of confidence that Yuuri still has no idea where to get. “Because,” he starts, pressing both thumbs to the center of Yuuri’s palms and slowly dragging them. “I’ll be watching.”

It’s probably a little ridiculous how that works, but it works, and Yuuri sets his jaw and nods.

He can do this.

«»

He cannot do this.

How is he expected to do Eros in front of a whole crowd against Christophe Giacometti, the man responsible for more hands-on sexual awakenings in the figure skating world than anyone else to date?

He can’t-

“Hello, Yuuri,” Christophe’s familiar voice says, accompanied by Christophe’s familiar hand groping Yuuri’s ass.

Yuuri squeaks in surprise, then after his heart has a couple of seconds to calm down and his brain assimilates that it’s just Chris, he says, “Hi?”

“You know,” Chris says, keeping his voice low and speaking too close to Yuuri’s ears for him to be completely comfortable with it. “Stealing Victor away from us is quite the capital crime.” Yuuri freezes up. “Don’t get me wrong, darling, I’m happy for the two of you, but there are some people who won’t be as happy. Having Russia’s darling seduced away from his mass of adoring fans by you?”

Yuuri can physically feel each and every muscle in his body lock up.

“I don’t really care about that. He’s happier than I’ve seen him in years. But this season is going to be a little boring,” he sighs.

Oh, Yuuri realizes. Oh, he’s underestimating me.

All at once he relaxes, a calmness descending over him and settling deeply into his bones.

He’s being underestimated even after already proving to the world he’s the only one who can hold Victor’s attention.

Well. Fuck this.

 Fuck this, he’ll show everyone just what he can do.

“I’m going to stretch,” he says and slips from under Chris’ arm. “Good luck out there, Christophe.”

«»

“I’ve never seen him like this,” Victor hums, more to himself than anything else.

By his side Chris smirks and says, “You’re welcome.”

Victor turns to him with a raised eyebrow, but doesn’t ask questions.

«»
He looks so beautiful in his bondage outfit like yes daddy step on m-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-
daddykatsudon @vicnicisthicc is right @gc-the-og MEET ME BEHIND DENNY’S SO WE CAN THROW THE F**K DOWN BITCH

gc-the-og @daddykatsudon bring ur fave dildo so we can d-d-d-d-d-d-d-duel

vicnicisthicc @daddykatsudon @gc-the-og ill be the judge may the best kinkster win

katsukatsudamn @gc-the-og @vicnicisthicc @daddykatsudon I worry about y’all

5 HOURS AGO

[video description: a montage of every time the camera showed Victor’s face during Yuuri’s Eros performance, and a montage of Yakov Feltsman standing near him and just by Yuri’s side trying to cover his eyes only to have his hands repeatedly batted away by the child as he gleefully watches Yuuri and loudly cheers for him.]

Liked by katsukatsudamn, vicnicisthicc, vicnicfliptrick, kingkatsuki, katsuk-i-ace and 10,678 others

victuurafam Here’s a compilation of Victor looking #thirsty and supportive of his husband feat Worried Grandpa Yakov trying to shield his grandson’s innocent eyes from International Seducer Katsuki Yuuri

View all 93 comments

vicnicfliptrick I’d feel bad about starting to stan Katsuki but Victor stans him harder than any of us ever could so I don’t

kingkatsuki I love how he almost drops his jaw when Yuuri does The Thing and /just/ catches himself and snaps his mouth shut

daddykatsudon tag yourself im victor gagging for yuuris dicc internally

4 HOURS AGO

[video description: Victor and Yuuri waiting for the results sitting at the Kiss & Cry, Victor with an arm around Yuuri and Yuuri kind of squinting at the screen, when suddenly something catches his attention and Yuuri looks off-screen. Then he spreads his legs a little and pats his thigh, holding one hand out and Yura comes running in, climbing into his lap and throwing his hands around his neck too as they wait for the scores. When Yuuri gets put in first place both Victor and Yura lose their minds and shake him while Yuuri just kind of stares in shock at the screen.]

Liked by phichit-chu, icedaddyfc, victuurafam, katsuk-i-ace, kingkatsuki and 11,985 others

katsuki-fc Yuuri, his coach and his biggest supporter waiting for the results after his Short Program in the Cup of China in an adorable heart-warming moment #katsukiyuuri #victornikiforov #cupofchina #coc #gpf15

View all 290 comments
[video description: someone slowed down Yuuri spreading his legs and patting his lap, making it look slightly sexual with a vaguely sexy song playing over it.]

Liked by vicnicisthicc, katsukatsudamm, daddykatsudon, victuurafam and 2,934 others

gc-the-og @daddykatsudon is this enough of an apology?

View all 39 comments

daddykatsudon funny how u try to apologize but MURDERING ME FUCC OHMYGOD

28 MINUTES AGO

[Image description: Phichit Chulanont standing between Chris and Yuuri, one arm wrapped around Yuuri’s shoulders and pulling him towards him and Chris practically glued to his back winking at the camera. Phichit is making a scandalized face.]

Liked by christophe-gc, v-nikiforov, katsukatsudamm, gc-the-og and 94,493 others

phichit-chu These two guys who almost melted the ice with their routines better watch their asses I’m coming for them during the FS!! #gpf15 #coc #cupofchina #phichitsandwich #sandwichit

View all 3,452 comments

chuchualmighty #sandwichit IM FUCKING HOLLERING JESUS CHRIST

christophe-gc I look forward to watch you try to come for my ass ;)

phichit-chu @christophe-gc ─┬┴┬┴┤(°﹏°)─┬┴┬─

chuchualmighty IS THIS REAL FUCKING LIFE

3 HOURS AGO

“You’re going to do great tomorrow,” Victor repeats, all the way from where he’s tucked in his own bed with Yura across the room. The distance between their beds suddenly seems wider than it had the previous night when Victor sat on his and Yuuri sat on his and Victor barely had to lean forward to hold his hands. Now it feels like a chasm, like the very core of space and time pulsated and expanded just there.

“Yeah,” Yuuri says instead of doing what he had done the night before and asking how Victor could be so sure of that. He thinks if Victor gives him the same answer he did yesterday it would be worse, it would be unbearable. So he just says yeah and pretends his voice doesn’t shake.

“Good night, Yuuri,” Victor says, voice appropriately sleepy.

“Good night,” Yuuri says, and spends the rest of the night staring at his ceiling with some terrible
invisible thing pressing down on his chest and temples, trying to breathe deep and slow, trying to convince himself that he can do this even though he can’t, never could. Even in Sochi when everything seemed to be going so well, when it seemed he might have just the barest chance at the podium, and then jumped to dead last during the Free Skate.

There’s nothing stopping that from happening again. There’s nothing stopping Yuuri from being a crushing disappointment to his parents and Victor and the whole of Japan and-

He focuses on breathing, and turns in his bed as silently as he possibly can, not to disturb Victor and Yura peacefully resting in the bed besides his. He needs a distraction. Something to help him fall asleep so he can not be a total failure tomorrow. The obvious choice is his phone, so Yuuri reaches for it, turns the luminosity all the way down and pulls the covers over his head, his back to Victor’s bed, to make absolute sure he doesn’t disturb them.

He gets sucked into a spiral of gaming wiki links until his phone flashes with 3% battery and the clock announces that it’s almost six a.m. and he hasn’t slept a wink.

This is… not good.

Yuuri is going to fail and Victor is going to leave and he’s going to retire in disgrace and spend the rest of his life being a run-down skater in his parents’ inn and-

He tries breathing again, tries reasoning with himself that he might just scrape by. That’s all he needs to do. To scrape by. And Victor will stay by him, like he said he would, even if Yuuri fails. Maybe?

He takes another deep breath, plugs in his phone and pads over to the bathroom.

A shower should help. He’ll at least not look as dead as he feels.

«»

Victor doesn’t notice that Yuuri hasn’t slept until they’re already in the arena and getting ready to do warm-ups.

Yuuri doesn’t really blame him since Yuuri is usually slow in the mornings, and Yura decided to throw a fit over getting dressed because he didn’t pack this very specific shirt that he absolutely had to wear right now, leaving Victor looking a little frazzled. Yuuri couldn’t possibly add to that.

The only reason Victor really notices is because Yuuri can’t open a stupid water bottle because his hand won’t stop shaking and also because he looks like death incarnate, probably. Yuuri is fully aware what he looks like when he’s sleep deprived and it’s not pretty. Not that he is pretty when he gets a full night’s rest, prettiness is reserved for people like Chris and Phichit and Victor, but that’s beside the point.

When Victor finds out he gets the kind of disapproving face that gives the impression if Victor were a less poised man his eye would be twitching. Yuuri privately thinks that if he ever used that face on Yura it would be very effective to quell any type of oncoming tantrums.

“Yakov, can you watch Yura for a couple of hours? I have to get Yuuri to bed,” Victor says, pushing Yura’s backpack into Yakov’s hand.

“I’m not going to babysit your damn child while you go fool aro-“ Yakov starts, then gets a good look at Yuuri and harrumphs. “I’m not your goddamned babysitter. Call me on your way back.”
“Thanks Yakov, you’re a great Grandfather, Yura loves you!”

“Get out of my sight before I regret this.”

“I wanna go too!” Yura yells, taking a step forward and trying to slip from Yakov’s grip on his hand. Victor kneels down for a couple of minutes to talk quietly with Yura, and Yuuri barely hears the words “a little sick” and “rest” before somehow Victor manages to convince Yuri to stay and then starts dragging Yuuri away.

If you had told Yuuri that he would find himself being platonically stripped down to his boxers and blindfolded by Victor before being pushed on a bed and having the Victor Nikiforov lay on top of him like a human blanket to ensure Yuuri went to sleep he would have probably not believed you. Not before he met Victor, and not right after. Two weeks before that exact thing happens, though? Yeah, he would believe you because that’s just the kind of thing that Victor does.

Platonically strip you. For your health.

Yuuri has no idea why putting on the sleep mask before Victor pulled down his pants was necessary but he’s not really in a position to question it.

“Victor, did you set an alarm?” he asks.

Victor pats his chest. “Yes, now go to sleep.”

Yuuri does not think he can sleep at all with such an important event mere hours away. He’s wrong. He doesn’t know if it’s the exhaustion catching up to him or the pressure all along his body, or Victor petting him soothingly but he falls asleep, and doesn’t wake up until Victor shakes him awake.

The brief respite might’ve been nice, but as soon as Yuuri’s brain processes he’s awake it goes into maximum panic mode and he can feel himself shaking at the seams until he’s sure they’ll burst and everything in him will spill out messily on the floor, staining Victor’s nice designer shoes.

Victor presses his lips together as Yuuri gets redressed and hovers all the way back to the sport’s complex. Yuuri kind of hates it.

Image description: someone’s phone with a picture of Yuuri during his Free Skate in the middle of a circle with some lines connecting several points, around the circle there is a candle, a keychain part of Victor’s official merch, tiny plastic skates that look like they belong to some sort of toy, a bath bomb, and a box of chicken McNuggets.

Liked by katsukatsudamm, vicnicfliptrick and 1,345 others

victuurafam There’s been rumors that Yuuri isn’t feeling well, he’s been seen walking in and out of the sport’s complex looking sick, so prayer circle for the best boy please @ god let him do well View all 289 comments

18 MINUTES AGO

Victor doesn’t know what to do and he hates it. Very few times in his life has he felt as inadequate
as he feels right now, standing in a parking garage with Yuuri shrugging him off, shoulders tense, all of him shaking, dragging his feet like he’s about to step up to the guillotine as he walks away from Victor.

He doesn’t know what to do, he doesn’t know what else is there to do. He has made Yuuri rest, he tried talking to him, he dragged him away from the crowds and from the competition. He doesn’t know what to do.

He pushes his hair out of his forehead, pressing his palm to it as if that’ll help him get an idea. They’re running out of time. Yuuri will have to step on the ice soon and he will absolutely fail if he does it looking like he does right now.

Victor presses his lips together.

Maybe…

Maybe Yuuri needs a little push, or maybe he needs reassurance that it’s okay to fail here, maybe…

“If you fail to make the podium today,” he starts and Yuuri spins around so fast that Victor is concerned he’ll give himself whiplash, “I’ll take full responsibility as your coach. If you can’t win with me by your side then-“ he trails off, his brain screeching to a halt as soon as it registers that Yuuri is crying in front of him.

“Then what? You’ll leave?” Yuuri bursts out, crying messily. “Why would you say that? Like you’re trying to test me?”

“Yuuri- I didn’t mean.”

“I know!” Yuuri yells and it echoes around them for a couple of seconds, Yuuri heaving for breath and Victor still reeling at what he’s done.

The tense silence is only broken by an almost inaudible hiccup and Yakov’s familiar voice saying, “Oh hell,” from the entranceway to the garage, Yuri standing a couple of feet in front of him.

Crying.

Yuri does not cry.

Yuri does not cry unless he is very very upset.

“Yura,” Victor speaks, hears his own voice kind of break a little bit. Yuuri turns too, when he sees Victor staring at something behind his shoulder, and as soon as he does Yuri shifts and for half a heart-stopping moment Victor thinks he’s going to turn and run away, but instead he runs straight towards them, straight towards Yuuri and clings to him almost desperately.

“I don’t wanna leave,” Yura hiccup. “I don’t wanna leave, I wanna stay with you, I don’t- I-“

Yuuri starts crying harder and sinks to his knees, pulls Yura to his chest and tries to shush him gently while Yura takes big fistfuls of Yuuri’s Team Japan jacket until his knuckles turn white.

“It’s okay, it’s okay, it’s okay,” Yuuri says, voice wet. “No one’s leaving, it’s okay.”

Victor goes to his knees too, feeling so, so useless. He lifts a hand to touch one of them and stops himself, uncertain if he should, if he’s allowed to.

“I wa- I-“ Yura continues to hiccup.
“It’s okay, I promise no one is leaving. I promise.”

“B-b-but you and d-d-dad said.”

“We didn’t mean it,” Yuuri reassures, squeezing Yura a little bit tighter. “Your dad and I were being dumb, we didn’t mean it.”

Victor shakes his head. “Papa was being stupid,” he says. “I’m sorry, sweetheart I promise no one is leaving. I promise. Please stop crying, I’ll do anything, whatever it takes. I’ll do whatever you want, both of you please, darlings, stop crying, I’m sorry.”

“You’re crying too,” Yura sniffles, peeking up from Yuuri’s shoulder.

Victor touches his cheeks, a little startled and ah, so he is. It’s been a while for him.

Yuuri has turned his head so he’s now looking at Victor and his face is a mess, blotchy red and tear tracked. He doesn’t look too different from Yura. Victor decidedly does not like it.

“What should I do?” he asks, desperately.

“Just-“ Yuuri takes a shuddering breath, and blinks away a couple of tears that had been stubbornly clinging to his eyelashes. “Just stand by my side and believe in me, believe that I can do it even more than myself.”

“I can do that,” he says, relieved. He already does that, or at least, he thought he did. “I will do that. There’s no one in this entire building that believes more in you than I do, Yuuri.”

Yuuri looks at him very intently for what feels like forever. “I believe you,” he says, after an eternity as passed.

Yura, still shaking a little from how hard he was crying, still sniffing, reaches out a hand and starts leaning out of Yuuri’s arms towards Victor, and Victor gets ready to pick him up, but instead Yura grasps him by the shirt with an iron grip and pulls until Victor almost topples forward. He loops an arm around Victor’s neck too and holds them both close in a position that isn’t really comfortable for anyone but Yura, but Victor and Yuuri let themselves be held like that until Yakov who has been just awkwardly standing at the stairway to the garage says, “Get your act together, Vitya. Yuuri is up in fifteen minutes. You have that long to fix yourselves before you get disqualified.”

They chance their luck and hold together for a little bit longer until it’s eleven minutes until Yuuri has to step on the ice, and then they rush upstairs and prepare the best they can.

Yuuri steps on the ice, and skates to where Victor is leaning over the barrier with the Makkachin tissue box so Yuuri can blow his nose. Pre-competition rituals between Yuuri and Victor are always a surprise. Victor never knows what Yuuri might do, if he’ll pull him into an impromptu hug and declare himself a tasty katsudon, or squeeze Victor’s hands and touch their foreheads in front of everyone. This time around, there’s no loving gesture. Or well, there is. Victor will count it as one, at least.

This time around Victor ends up bent over the partition wall to catch the balled up tissue Yuuri dropped, with Yuuri’s finger poking at the whirlpool at the top of his head, before he pats him on the head in the strangest show of absolution Victor has ever experienced.

Yura gets his customary fistbump before Yuuri does his laps around the rink and takes position in the center of the ice.
The music starts, Victor holds his breath and then…

*Oh, and then…*

«»

For the second time, Yuuri steps on the ice and feels a weird sense of calmness wash over him. It’s not quite exactly the same as he had felt during his Short Program.

During his SP Yuuri had been possessed by a single-minded focus to *win* to prove that he *was* good, that he could take Victor away from them and that he could keep him. Now, he feels almost detached. He feels emotionally drained and he’s not expecting anything. He goes into his first jump and he doesn’t think he’ll land it but he also doesn’t think he won’t land it. He thinks *stupid Victor*, and he thinks *I can’t believe he thought that was a good idea*, and he lands his jump. And the next one, he touches down on another and wobbles on a combo, and shakes it off easily.

He feels light on the ice, almost weightless, as he runs through his life in a program, etching his heart into the ice. He’s at the second half of his program and he can feel the strain in his muscles, how he’s beginning to tire, but somehow he still feels light, weightless. He knows that in a moment his body will catch up to him and that he will crash spectacularly.

He catches a glimpse of Victor at the barrier. He can’t see what his expression looks like.

*Stupid Victor*. But Yuuri can’t expect him to always know exactly what to do, he can’t keep expecting Victor to meet him where he is. It’s unrealistic to base any kind of relationship on that, especially a long-lasting one. Yuuri will just have to start meeting Victor where he is too. He’ll just have to find a way to show Victor that he’s willing to do it.

Hm, he wonders how Victor would react if he just…

«»

[video description: a livestream of Cup of China.]

**LIVE CHAT:**

*daddykatsudon* IM SO SCARED

*chubby-guangji* I mean guang hong is p young he’ll get there

*sasslchow* this qualifier is a fucking mess

*IGGYlesia* @chubby-guangji just watch our boys will be breaking records

*kingkatsuki* prayer circle for yuuri to hold it together

*katsuk-i-ace* DON’T MIND DON’T MIND

*vickiforlove* katsuki is going to crash and fucking burn that’s the second jump he doesn’t land

*daddykatsudon* SHAKE IT OFF BABY COME ON

*katsukatsudamn* I think hell pull it off
ge-the-og yikes

vicnicfliptrick @vickiforlove DON’T JINX IT

IGGYlesia katsuki might still blow it

katsukatsudammn look at him he’s calm he’s gonna get it

katsuk-i-ace GO YUURI GO!!!!

daddykatsudon @IGGYlesia ILL FIGHT YOU IN REAL LIFE SHUT UP

kingkatsuki IM SHAKING OHMYGOD

kingkatsuki pleasepleasepleasepleasepleasepleasepleasepleasepleasepleasepleasepleaseplease

katsukatsudammn HES FINE HES FINE HES FINE HES FINE HES FINE

vickiforlove yeah if u say it enough it might happen

vicnicisthicc I TAKE IT BACK I DON’T WANT TO LIKE YUURI ANYMORE WATCHING HIS COMPETITIONS LIVE IS SO FUCKING STRESSFUL

gc-the-og COME ON GET THE GOLDEN TRIO ON THE PODIUM COME ON KATSUKI

almightychuchu HES GONNA FUCKING DO IT EVERYONE CHILL

katsukatsudammn HE LANDED THE SALCHOW HE LANDED THE SALCHOW YES YES!!!

kingkatsuki !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

daddykatsudon GET IT BABE GET IT OHMYGOD

vicnicisthicc a bitch is literally fucking shaking im going to CRY

gia-de-cometti how is he not tired damn

gia-de-cometti katsuki continues to be fucking insane

xxfallinlove I’ve been crying for three minutes straight

kingkatsuki LOOK AT HIM GO LAST COMBO COME ON!!

katsukatsudammn SHOW THEM HOW IT IS COME ON!!!!

vicnicfliptrick ohmygod

daddykatsudon SLKDJFGHKLFG

daddykatsudon DID HE FUCKING JUST

katsukatsudammn THAT WAS A MOTHERFUCKING QUAD FLIP I CAN’T
BELIEVE MY EYES

kingkatsuki YES YES YES YES OHMYGOD OHMYGOD OHMYGOD OHMYGOD YES

kingkatsuki !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

cnicisthicc S H O O K

gc-the-og HOLY SHIT KATSUKI CAN G E T I T ANY FUCKING DAY OF THE WEEK DID YOU SEE THAT

vickiforlove he touched down tho

daddykatsudon MY BABE FUCKING GETTING IT IM SHAKING G O D

daddykatsudon YOUR FAVE COULD NEVER

katsukatsudann @vickiforlove I guess that just makes him the second person in competition in the whole world to do a quad flip in competition and getting all the rotations in

daddykatsudon @vickiforlove LITERALLY SHUT UP

kingkatsuki IM SO PROUD OF HIM LOOK HOW BEAUTIFUL HE IS

cnicisthicc I had several fucking heart attacks

daddykatsudon as soon as katsuki yuuri gets that quad flip down it’s over for y’all bitches

xxfallinlove ARE THEY HONESTLY RUNNING TO EACH OTHER OHMYGOD

kingkatsuki its cutskçdfjhlsfkjghsd

kingkatsuki OH MY FUCKING GOD

_____________________

Type your comment here...

_____________________

[Hide Chat]

Is he mad?

Yuuri can’t really tell anything from where he’s standing, so far away, sweat-soaked and without his glasses. Victor looks like he has his hands in front of his face, and Yuuri almost prepares for the worse, but then Victor is turning to Yakov, telling him something, and then he starts running towards the exit of the rink.

Yuuri doesn’t really think twice, doesn’t even take the time to circle around the ice and thank the
crowd. He starts dashing across the rink and towards the exit.

Victor’s not mad. Victor’s not mad and Yuuri didn’t entirely botch his Free Skate and he almost landed a quad flip. He beams, arms spread out.

«»

“Victor, I did great right?” Yuuri asks and he’s so beautiful, he’s so beautiful and Victor ran all the way here so he could hug him and spin him around and tell him how beautiful he is. Twenty minutes ago Yuuri was walking away from him, crying in a garage, and now here he is, beaming so brightly, skating towards Victor with his arms open right after he did a quad flip for him. Not for points, not to win, but for Victor.

God, Victor loves him. And he’s so full of it that it just overflows.

He doesn’t really make a conscious decision to tackle Yuuri into a kiss, but that’s what ends up doing. It barely lasts two seconds and they crash on the ice a little painfully, Victor cradling Yuuri’s head to prevent any serious injury, he has the forethought for that much.

It occurs to him, a little belatedly, that Yuuri might not like their very first kiss to be in front of the entire world. In all fairness, Victor did not expect for this to be how it went either, but Yuuri… Yuuri, Yuuri, Yuuri who surprises him and is so good to him. Yuuri basically forced his hand because what else could he have done, what else?

Victor had thought their first kiss would happen in one of the many ways they’ve almost kissed in the past month or so that have only been interrupted by someone walking into the room, or Yura’s truly awful timing, or one of them just catching themselves and remembering they’re not there yet. They’ve almost kissed a lot of times, because they had gotten excited and had gotten a little too close to each other, because they had woken up practically on top of each other, because they had forgotten themselves and turned to leave the other with a kiss like a habit they hadn’t acquired yet.

This is not what Victor had expected but it’s so good, still, so right. As if the reason they had been pulling back all along is so they could have this one moment right here.

“I couldn’t think of any other way to surprise you as much as you’ve surprised me,” Victor breathes out, as much of an excuse as it is the truth, pure and simple and bleeding from his tongue and the way he can feel his eyes crinkling and the bruise he’ll have from slamming his knee on the ice.

Yuuri smiles and it’s all adoration in the soft curve of his eyelids and the dips at the corners of his mouth. “Is that so?” Yuuri says, soft, and amused and Victor laughs, this tiny breath of a thing that steals the last air he had in his lungs, and Yuuri laughs too.

Victor wants to kiss him again. He leans down and Yuuri leans up, and they almost headbutt each other when an expected weight on Victor’s back almost makes his arms give out.

“Yuuri!” Yura screams, crawling up Victor’s back like he’s his personal bridge and leaning over his shoulder to look down at Yuuri. “You did Dad’s jump! That was so cool! You were so cool!”

Yuuri laughs again. “Thank you. That was pretty cool, wasn’t it?”

Yura nods his head vigorously. “Can you do it again?”

Yuuri looks at Victor. His eyes are very, very pretty and Victor is very, very weak.
“We’ll see,” Yuuri says with a certain look in his eyes that does all sorts of wonderful things to Victor.

“Get out of the ice and go get your scores you damned fools,” Yakov yells from behind them.

Victor tries to turn just enough so he can look at him. “Yakov, you’re terrible at keeping small children from running off.”

Yakov’s face turns a shade of red that tells Victor if Yakov were a lesser man and this wasn’t a public place he’d be flipped off right now.

———

[image description: a couple of pictures from the Cup of China medal ceremony. The very first is Phichit, Chris and Yuuri taking a picture together, holding their medals up – Phichit in the middle with gold, and flanking him, Yuuri with silver and Chris with bronze. There’s another shot with Chris in the middle with his arms thrown over both Yuuri’s and Phichit’s shoulders. And there’s one with Yuuri in the middle, with Chris and Phichit kissing his cheeks on each side and he was obviously caught off-guard by it. Then there’s a picture of everyone who participated in the Cup of China with the inclusion of Victor and Yuri. There’s more shots on the ice and around the arena with Phichit and other competitors.]

Liked by v-nikiforov, christophe-gc, almightychuchu, katsuk-i-ace and 107,483 others

phichit-chu never doubt your boy (■□□ ♪) ภาพยนตร์ #coc #cupofchina #gpf #gpf14 #cupofchinajamssessiontocome #victuuriconfirmed

almightychuchu HE RISES!!!!! STRAIGHT TICKET TO THE GPF THAT’S OUR GOLDEN BOY!!!

gc-the-og my boy was robbed but honestly I aint even made

kingkatsuki THEY ALL LOOK SO GOOD ALSO SO EVEYRONE KNOWS I HAVE NOT STOPPED CRYING SINCE YUURI FLIPPED

katsukatsudamn V I N D I C A T I O N

katsukatsudamn this is going to be the beggining of the katsuki era finally my son has the means to succeed i can’t FUCKING WAIT

daddykatsudon it’s been 0.7 seconds since victuuri confirmed they’re together and giacometti and chulanont already trying to snake around my boy. he loyal tho he loyal

daddykatsuon real talk tho a bitch is still fucking shaking and im so fucking proud of these two best friends fucking MAKING IT and medaling together, i talk a lot of shit but phichit chulanont fucking deserves this one and so does my bae yuuri and skating’s sweetheart thot giacometti. you did well boys keep it up!!

gc-the-og @daddykatsudon damn I didn’t kno u had other emotions other than thirst

daddykatsudon @gc-the-og I do but only once a year and my moon sign has to be ascending on jupiter and it has to be exactly 13c outside otherwise my permanent mood is thirst
vicnicfliptrick not to be That Bitch but victor nikiforov beaming crookedly and not giving a shit if his smile looks straight for the cameras is my new religion and the new messiah is katsuki yuuri, thank you for my life

6 HOURS AGO

[video description: a very shaky fancam of Phichit, Yuuri, and Chris taking pictures together. You can only hear noise since it’s shot from a fair distance away. You can see Phichit motioning for them to change positions before he exchanges a look with Chris and they both kiss Yuuri on the cheek as Phichit takes the picture. Yuuri startles and his face looks redder though it’s hard to see from so far away. He playfully pushes them away and scrubs at his cheeks.]

Liked by vicnicisthicc, kingkatsuki, phichit-chu, gc-the-og and 2,194 others

victuurafam don’t ask me how I got this, I know a guy who knows a guy who knows a guy

3 HOURS AGO

[video description: a short clip on a loop of Victor tackle-kissing Yuuri.]

Liked by vicnicfliptrick, sasslchow, victuurafam, katsukatsudamn and 19,493 others

kingkatsuki Victor Nikiforov and Katsuki Yuuri making history during the 2015 Cup of China

@xxfallinlove you know what to do

View all 945 comments

xxfallinlove I

xxfallinlove I can’t

xxfallinlove I fucking can’t

xxfallinlove f U CK

kingkatsuki It’s okay take your time

xxfallinlove I CAN NOT BELIEVE THEY ARE MARRIED

4 HOURS AGO

«»

Victor is still riding a happiness high hours and hours later, all the way in their hotel room, after the medal ceremony and the dinner they had been dragged to by their friends and competitors. He’ll probably have to have a proper conversation with Yuuri as soon as Victor steps out of the shower about what this really means, just so he can make very sure that they’re both on the same page.

It’s understandable that he tries to speed through his shower, humming along to some song he can’t
quite remember the name of, before he wraps himself up in one of the hotel bathrobes and steps out
of the bathroom.

“Yuu-” he starts calling out, before he fully processes the scene in front of him, and then he shuts
his mouth with a soft click.

Yuuri’s asleep with Yura curled up under his arm, Tigger smooshed between the two of them, and
while he was in the shower, as speedy as it was, Yuuri managed to push the two beds together, line
the middle with spare pillows so no one falls in the crack, and get himself and Yura into pajamas.

Victor feels very soft, and warm, and thankful.

Very quietly, he goes about getting dressed and putting away a couple of things, making sure his
and Yuuri’s phone are charging and that Yuuri’s medal is safely put away. He coaxes Yuuri into
shifting just a little so he won’t be lying on top of the blankets, and then he tucks both of them in,
before slipping into bed, trying not to disturb them as best he can.

Yuuri shifts a little, eyelids fluttering open for a couple of seconds. He throws his arm out towards
Victor, grasping lightly at the material of his shirt and goes back to sleep. Victor grabs his wrist,
kisses his palm and holds his lips there for a moment as Yuuri’s fingers twitch and curl towards
him, before he coaxes him into bending his arm so he can scoot closer and make sure Yura is
safely tucked between the two of them and there’s no chances of him rolling off the bed.

He stretches his arm and turns off the nightstand light, and settles in to sleep. They can talk
tomorrow.

«»

Victor blinks awake to Yuuri’s very pretty eyes staring at him. As soon as Yuuri realizes he’s
awake his face goes soft, and he says very quietly, “Hi.”

Victor thinks this must be what a heart attack feels like, because his heart is so full it’s bound to
collapse. “Hi,” he says, voice raspy and crackly from sleep, but it’s fine because Yuuri gives him a
very soft smile. “Were you watching me sleep?”

Yuuri’s cheeks go a little red. “Yeah. You drool a lot, did you know?”

Victor immediately slaps his hand to his face to wipe his mouth, which does not have any drool on
it. Victor would be offended, but Yuuri laughs at him and it sounds so wonderful, he forgets to be
even a little bit upset at being tricked like this at such an early hour.

“You’re beautiful,” Victor says, or blurts out. It’s pushed out of him in a breath, like he can’t
contain the words. He’s overflowing again, feeling so much it spills from his lips.

“You kissed me,” Yuuri whispers, sounding a little in awe, and in almost the same tone Victor
used to call him beautiful.

“I did.”

“Because… because you like me?”

Victor has no idea why Yuuri is shaping it like a question. He has been more than clear enough. He
has quite literally begged Yuuri to consider them in the future as a couple, he has begged him to keep Victor.
“Have for a while, thanks for noticing,” Victor says because the alternative is grabbing Yuuri by the shoulders and shaking him.

Yuuri flushes a very pretty colour. “Would you consider doing it again?”

“Liking you?”

Yuuri gives him a flat look. “Kissing. Maybe not in front of a whole crowd this time?”

Victor is suddenly very, very awake, and feeling almost giddy. He shifts in the bed, scoots a little closer until he’s almost touching Yura still curled up between them.

“Right now?” He asks.

Yuuri looks at him very intently for a minute and gosh Victor can’t believe he is in love with the prettiest man in the world and that he gets to share a bed with him. He can see Yuuri’s eyes flicking all over Victor’s face, and then, Yuuri slowly nods, before scooting closer himself and leaning forward, eyes still open and intent on Victor’s.

Victor leans forward too, and starts feeling his heart making it’s way to his throat and beating a rhythm into his there the closer he gets. He doesn’t close his eyes, and its’ a good thing that he didn’t, because the next second Yura shoots up in a stretch and almost headbutts both of them under the chin. They just barely manage to pull back.

Victor sighs, defeated and resigned.

“’m hungry,” Yura whines, rubbing at his eyes, and Yuuri starts laughing, this thing that bursts out of him and sounds a little like disbelief. He covers his face with his hand when he does it too, which somehow only works to make it look more endearing.

“Good morning, sweetheart. Do you want some food?” Victor asks, and Yura nods, crawling into his lap and sleepily leaning on his chest, fist bunching up on Victor’s shirt.

It looks like Yuri’s impeccable timing still holds, but that’s alright because Victor has a feeling there will be a lot of opportunities for them not to be interrupted.

«»

[description of image: Phichit taking a selfie in a hallway, behind him you can see Leo with a guitar case and Guang Hong smiling and doing a peace sign.]

Liked by christophe-ge, chuchualmighty, v-nikiforov and 71,354 others

phichit-chu Ya boys are ready #cupofchinajamsession

View all 2,454 comments

chuchualmighty Are you going to post the vlog of the #cupofchinajamsession ???

phichit-chu @chuchualmighty As soon as I’m done editing out any not-ISU approved shenanigans!!

9 HOURS AGO

«»
“Are you sure it’s okay for us to come along? I don’t mind going back to the hotel room?” Victor says. He doesn’t really want to impose on Yuuri and his friends, not to mention how his presence will probably only make everyone uncomfortable.

“Chris is coming too,” Yuuri says, changing from his Exhibition Outfit into his suit for the banquet. “And I told Phichit to keep things PG for Yuri, which only really means I can’t drink that much. Don’t let me have more than six glasses, okay?”

Victor raises an eyebrow.

“I can hold my liquor,” Yuuri defends, mouth almost turning into a pout. It’s very cute.

Victor raises the other eyebrow.

“I pre-gamed in Sochi, stop looking at me like that.”

Victor quirks his mouth. That is a little impressive. “Okay. Six glasses.”

Yuuri walks over with his (still very ugly) tie draped around his neck and the collar of his dress shirt flipped up. He leans down and kisses Victor square on the mouth. “Thanks.”

Victor grabs him by the ends of his tie and pulls him back down for another kiss, that lasts until Yura starts throwing pillows at their heads and calling them gross.

Victor is very worried about the awkward atmosphere he will create as soon as he steps in the room, older than anybody else and with a child, but turns out he didn’t really need to.

Phichit managed to convince the staff to let them use an empty conference room for half the price they normally rent them on account of being so late and with the promise that they wouldn’t leave a mess behind. There’s chairs pushed against walls so the center of the room is free and everyone is just sitting on the floor. Leo has a guitar on his lap and his strumming it absentmindedly. Chris is sipping a beer from a cooler nearby and talking amicably with everyone.

They all stop when Yuuri opens the door to stare. “Sorry we’re late, someone couldn’t find their accessories.”

“Fashion is important, Yuuri,” Victor says.

Yura, who is currently wearing Victor’s borrowed Chanel sunglasses and exactly two headbands
says, “Yeah, Yuuri.”

Yuuri just smiles, amused, and leads them to the center of the room. And it could be tense but Chris claps Victor on the arm amicably, and Yuuri says, “Ah, sorry, introductions, right. This is Victor,” he says, gesturing towards him as if no one in the room knows him, “my boyfriend. And his son, Yuri.” He gestures to Yuri, who has abandoned Victor to try to beg candy off of Christophe. “He’s kind of a dork so be nice to him, please.”

“Yuuri!” Victor gasps, but he’s laughing, so incredibly delighted with everything that is happening right now. He turns to the others and allows himself to smile goofily. “Hi!” He gives a little wave too. “Nice to meet you.”

Phichit and Chris burst out laughing.

“Can confirm, total dork,” Phichit says. “Once he complained to us for thirty minutes because Yuuri blinked at him and he was having a gay crisis. I screenshotted it, do you want to see?” Phichit asks, wiggling his phone at Guang Hong and Leo.

They look a little reticent at first, before nodding and crowding around him to read over his shoulder.

Victor watches as they go from a little uncomfortable to amused. Guang Hong covering his giggling with his hands.

And just like that, they relax again.

“Hi, Victor,” Guang Hong waves, giving him a very soft smile.

“It’s really nice to meet you, man,” Leo says, sounding equally friendly.

Victor beams. “You too!”

Chris leans forward a little and catches Yuuri’s attention. “Boyfriend, huh?” he says, slightly teasing.

Yuuri leans forward too, so he can see Chris from around Victor properly, and he says, “Did I stutter?”

Chris laughs and backs off. Victor very nearly swoons. It’s probably going to be a good night.

«»

YouTube search: *cup of china jam session*

[2015] Cup of China Jam Session – Asia’s Certified Top 3 Cutest Skaters Dancing to ‘Catallena’ by Orange Caramel
Phichit-chu
1 hour ago • 12K view

[2015] Cup of China Jam Session – Katsuki Yuuri singing ‘Landslide’ but the Glee version
Phichit-chu
1 hour ago • 29k views
[2015] Cup of China Jam Session Playlist
Phichit-chu

[2015] Cup of China Jam Session – ‘Gimme Gimme Gimme’ from Mamma Mia dramatically acted out by your podium boys ft. Victor Nikiforov
Phichit-chu
3 hours ago ● 105k views

[2015] Cup of China Jam Session – do you even lift bro?
Phichit-chu
4 hours ago ● 78k views

[2015] Cup of China Jam Session – Victor Nikiforov singing ‘Grace Kelly’ by MIKA
Phichit-chu
4 hours ago ● 387k views

[2015] Cup of China Jam Session – Katsuki Yuuri teaching Yuri Plisetsky how to do ‘Catallena’ aka Yuri Plisetsky yelling for five minutes straight
Phichit-chu
4 hours ago ● 183k views

[2015] Cup of China Jam Session – Leo de la Iglesia and Guang Hong Ji singing ‘Lucky’ by Jason Mraz & Colbie Callait
Phichit-chu
3 hours ago ● 96k views

Cup of China Jam Session All Victuuri Moments
tovictuuri
1 hour ago ● 5k views

[2015] Cup of China Jam Session – Christophe Giacometti dramatically performing ‘Candyman’ by Christina Aguilera
Phichit-chu
6 hours ago ● 100k views
[post description: a short video taken from one of the many vlogs Phichit Chulanont posted after the Cup of China. It’s him and Chris bantering amicably about their places and discussing the Grand Prix Final, their faces take up almost the entirety of the screen. The second post is one of the still frames with a circle at the bottom left pointing to Victor and Yuuri who are sitting a ways back. Victor is sitting on the floor with his legs straight in front of him and Yuuri kneeling astride his lap with his forearms resting on Victor’s shoulders. Victor’s hand is very clearly on Yuuri’s ass. There’s a couple more frames all with the red circle pointing to them, and if you tap fast enough they appear to be in motion, giving the idea of action, particularly of Victor leaning up for a kiss and Yuuri staying just out of reach and laughing, cupping his face and telling him something.]

Liked by katsukatsudamm, vicnicisthicc, xxfallinlove and 5,394 others

victuurfam anyway ive been fucking screaming for 10 HOURS STRAIGHT yall welcome

View all 204 comments

vicnicisthicc J E S U S F U C K

gc-the-og is it just me or is katsuki actually shoving his thumb IN victor’s mouth sdlfkkgjf

vicnicisthicc @gc-the-og HOLY FUCK HE IS

gc-the-og in front of all his friends and also god

gc-the-og wow

daddykatsudon HONESTLY KATSUKI YUURI CAN SPIT IN MY MOUTH AND FIST MY ENTIRE THROAT AND ID BE THANKFUL

gc-the-og @daddykatsudon do you mean *fist your thrussy

daddykatsudon @gc-the-og NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

daddykatsudon @gc-the-og unless he’s into that then sure

2 HOURS AGO

[video description: Guang Hong, Phichit and Yuuri doing the beginning of the Catallena choreo, each of them doing the iconic screaming.]

Liked by phichit-chu, katsuki-fc, kingkatsuki, guangie-ji and 3,443 others

almightychuchu I’m sobbing Guang Hong all contained and polite and then you have Phichit and Yuuri trying to summon Chtulu

View all 37 comments

1 HOUR AGO
[post description: several stills of one of Phichit’s video where ‘Gimme Gimme Gimme’ from Mamma Mia is playing and Yuuri is sitting in a chair acting dramatically alone before he sweeps in turns Victor, Phichit and Chris into dancing.]

Liked by vicnicfliptrick, victuurafam, gc-the-og and 5,304 others

daddykatsudon for all y’all doubting that yuuri can G E T IT

View all 29 comments

31 MINUTES AGO

[video description: Yuuri and Phichit teaching Yuri the choreography to several kpop songs and you can hear several people cheering Yuri and telling him how well he’s doing. Yuri learns at a terrifying speed.]

Liked by kingkatsuki, daddykatsudon, vicnicfliptrick and 2,109 others

victuurafam Imagine growing up with this many ppl cheering you on. Wow. My son is gonna do great things look at him go!!!!!!

View all 95 comments

2 HOURS AGO

[video description: Phichit making a comment about Yuuri’s strength, and Yuuri who is clearly already a little drunk, calling Phichit and Guang Hong over and picking them both up at the same time. You can hear a very desperate ohmygod from behind the camera.]

Liked by vicnicisthicc, kingkatsuki, katsukatsudamm, vicnicfliptrick and 4,395 others

daddykatsudon remember when Phichit jokingly said to our king “can you even lift bro” and Katsuki Yuuri not only lifted him but also another whole human being? Iconic

View all 103 comments

vicnicisthicc lmao u can pinpoint the exact moment Guang Hong Ji has his gay awakening, rip kiddo

39 MINUTES AGO

[post description: a bunch of side by side comparisons of the skaters during the banquet and later doing the get together. The differences being mostly unbuttoned dress shirts, taking their jackets off as well as their bowties and ties, and rolled up sleeves.]

Liked by katsuki-fc, daddykatsudon, katsukatsudamm and 10,354 others

kingkatsuki What was that about boys with their sleeves rolled up??
View all 49 comments

1 HOUR AGO

[Image description: a picture of Yuuri, Victor and Yura at an airport. Yuuri is wearing a face mask and squinting a little. He looks like he has a little bit of a hangover. Yura and Victor are beaming at the camera.]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-gc, saracrisp and 63,034 others

v-nikiforov You’ve been great to us Beijing, but it’s time to go home. We might visit again on our own time. Next up: Rostelecom! Please keep supporting Yuuri for many more surprises in the future

View all 2,493 comments

xxfallinlove Y’all what if they propose on the ice can you IMAGINE??

xxfallinlove also I can’t believe they’re married

4 HOURS AGO

Chapter End Notes

if all official art is canon then victor nikiforov has canonically grabbed yuuri's wrist and shoved a whole wrap yuuri was eating in his own mouth from behind to assert gay dominance as well as establish claim over katsuki yuuri and that’s wild

[Tags: here tifs the update tag on my tumblr for Updates, and here’s the general series tag for Fun Reblogs And Other Related Stuff]
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

yeah can i get aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa dumb starting chapter thats slightly fun and completely derails into infodumping please???

the working title of this entire fic is teeny yura saves lives and this whole chapter is why

Chapter Notes

First and as always biggest shout out to Minna for being stellar as always and betaing this for me. I both love and would DIE for you.

Second oof sorry for the long wait, uni is unforgiving. But here's 17k to compensate!! I hope it's alright and that the infodumping isn't super bad but it Had To Happen so i'm very sorry.

Third, I think a lot of people will be kind of disappointed with how I dealt with Yuri's other parent thing and I think I could've spread it out and dealt with it a lot better, but given that I bullshitted my way through this entire fic with little to no planning this is how you're getting All Of It. There should be a lil more in next chapter, but.... yeah. I'm sorry if I disappoint anyone.

FOURTHLY! Next chapter is the last one and I have no idea when I'll have it up because my laptop is REALLY broken and I can't write without it. Just formatting and editing this on my phone was hell. But as soon as I have a working laptop I'll get on it.

Thank you so much for your continued patience I'd die for all of you who have been kind to me and supported me, I hope you like this ♡♡♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[video description: Victor sitting next to Yuuri on a bench overlooking Hasetsu, asking Yuuri what day it is. Yuuri, who had been distracted with something else, looks up and says, “Um, the eleventh?”. At which point Victor grins and holds up a Pocky box, shaking it a little, before taking one out and saying, “Play with me, Yuuri!” in a coaxing voice. Yuuri looks amused and says, “Again? You’re going to ruin my diet,” even as he takes the Pocky from Victor’s hand and puts it between his teeth. “Cheat day,” Victor singsongs. They then play the traditional Pocky game, each of them biting at each end until their lips are milimeters from touching in the middle, at which point the camera is dropped and turns pitch black.]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-gc, daddykatsudon, icedaddyfc, vicnifliptrick and 94,975 others

v-nikiforov Happy 11/11 everyone! I hope you all get to kiss someone cute today!
vicnicfliptrick IM GOING TO COLLAPSE

vienisthice OKAY IM DEAD AND WHAT KILLED ME IS THAT LIL SIGH AT THE END WHEN THE CAMERA GOES BLACK

katsukatsudamn I can’t believe we’re in the good timeline

katsukatsudamn but who’s going to tell @v-nikiforov that the objective isn’t to kiss someone

v-nikiforov @katsukatsudamn It’s not? Well Yuuri taught me how to play this game wrong then.

katsukatsudamn @v-nikiforov It’s not? Well Yuuri taught me how to play this game wrong then.

kingkatsuki @katsukatsudamn KJGHGF OHMYGOGGGGGGGGGGGGGG IS THIS REAL FUCKING LIFE ???????????????????????

katsukatsudamn @kingkatsuki IM YELLING REMEMBER WHEN OUR BOY BLUSHED WHEN HE MENTIONED VICTOR AND NOW HES TRICKING HIM AT A DUMB GAME TO KISS HIM LIKE ???????? NOT TO LOSE MY COOL BUT HOLY FU C C C C C C K

6 DAYS AGO

[video description: from the Cup of China jam session video in which Yuuri sings ‘Landslide’, a short clip of him quietly singing the line “I’ve been afraid of changing ‘cause I’ve built my life around you” while swaying from side to side. Yuri is sitting on his lap and swaying with him, looking a little sleepy. On the last word which stretches out, Yuuri’s eyes flick towards Victor.]

Liked by katsukatsudamn, phichit-chu, daddykatsudon, xxfallinlove and 3,203 others

kingkatsuki I know it’s been like a week since the cup of china but this bit still got me fucked up y’all. Can you believe Katsuki Yuuri who has hinted and outright stated multiple times that the chief reason he skates is Victor and that he would’ve probably pursued ballet if he hadn’t seen Victor skate is here, having his idol as his COACH, basically MARRIED to him and PARENTING his child with him and SINGING to him?? When has your fave EVER.

View all 192 comments

5 DAYS AGO

[post description: a very well-framed picture of Victor that looks almost professionally taken of him on a street, a wall with blooming flowers draped over it behind him. The second picture is what appears to be a selfie of Yuuri very badly taken, a little out of focus, with bad framing where he looks slightly apprehensive.]

Liked by saracrisp, phichit-chu, chrtophe-gc, kingkatsuki and 74,495 others

v-nikiforov Yuuri took both of these. @phichit-chu I feel this is your fault, please explain.
phichit-chu HE’S LYING TO ALL OF US. HE CAN TAKE SELFIES JUST FINE IT’S A CONSPIRACY!!

vicnicfliptrick how is victor nikiforov literally the most beautiful boy in the world though??

phichit-chu also how did you convince him to post a bad picture of himself

v-nikiforov @phichit-chu I said please

v-nikiforov @phichit-chu Seriously, how could you have failed all of us and not teach him how to properly take selfies?

phichit-chu HE’S LYING!! IT’S A TRCIK!!

daddykatsudon @vicnisisthicc “I SAID PLEASE” ARE YOU SEEING THIS

vicnicsthicc @daddykatsudon the truth really is out there wow

katsuyuuri @phichit-chu You can’t prove anything.

v-nikiforov @phichit-chu I believe Yuuri

phichit-chu @katsuyuuri WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?!?!?!?!?!?!??????

katsukuyuuri @phichit-chu you know what you did

3 DAYS AGO

[video description: a video of Victor propped up against some pillows in a bed talking about Yuuri and his future appearance at Rostelecom. It was taken from a livestream he did where he answered some questions. At one point he says “Where is Yuuri? Right here. He’s, uh, what’s the word?” He takes a minute to think before he says. “Ah yes! He’s grinding on me.” His eyes flick to a corner of the phone, where the chat probably is. “Oh you want to see?” he asks, looking slightly amused. “Hmm, I don’t know if that’s the kind of thing I want you to see.” This goes on for a couple minutes before he yields. “Okay, I’ll show you, because I like you, but don’t tell anyone okay?” He sends a conspiracional look towards the camera shakes and shifts until it’s pointed at his lap that Yuuri is using as a pillow as he plays on a Nintendo 3DS, Yura tucked under one of his arms so he can see the screen too. “Say hi to the internet, Yuuri,” Victor says. Yuuri blinks at him and pulls the console up to mostly cover his face and says “Hi to the internet, Yuuri.” Victor laughs and then tries to coach Yuri to do the same. “Say hi to the internet, Yura.” Yuri looks at him thoroughly unimpressed and says “No,” before turning back to his game and tugging on Yuuri’s wrist to make him go back to playing. The camera shifts again towards Victor who is trying not to laugh and mostly failing. “They’re playing the Pikachu game! They have a dog named Makkachin, it’s a very cute dog!”]

Liked by phichit-chu , vicnicfliptrick , kingkatsuki , katsuki-fc and 4,934 others

victuurafam I hate them so much they’re ruining my life
“Have you seen my phone?” Victor asks, patting his pockets.

“Jacket, inner pocket,” Yuuri says, pulling Yura’s sneakers off and shoving them into one of the outside pockets of his backpack before he shoves it under the airplane seat.

“Where’s my jacket?”

“Yura’s sitting on it,” Yuuri says, unlocking Yura’s seatbelt now that they’re safely in the air and lifting him up so Victor can pull his jacket from under him.

“Can I watch a movie now?” Yura whines.

“In a second,” Yuuri says, digging into his backpack for his tablet.

Victor frowns down at his phone, trying to unlock it for the third time. “Yuuri, my phone won’t unlock.”

Yuuri looks up from digging through his bag and frowns. “Victor, that’s my phone.”

Victor flips it in his hands and notices that it is, indeed, Yuuri’s phone. In his defense, their phones are identical with the same phone cases in different colours. It doesn’t help that they have the exact same lockscreen image. In their defense, it’s a very cute picture with Yura and Makka curled up together. Yuuri took it, so it looks very good.

“Where’s my phone then?” Victor asks, handing Yuuri’s phone over.

Yuuri pats his hoodie pockets and pulls Victor’s phone out, swapping it for his.

“I wanna watch Princess Monocle again!” Yura says, a tad too loud, making the passengers in the next aisle over throw them looks. Victor gives them a charming, slightly apologetic smile.

“Mononoke, Yura,” Yuuri corrects, powering up the tablet and lifting the armrest between his seat and Yura’s, so Yura can scoot over and they can both watch the screen.

Victor unlocks his phone and opens the group chat where he had left it off.

**giacumetti** What does you being a thirsty ho have to do with going to russia three days earlier?

**vicki nikaj** The walls to my room are very thin

**vicki nikaj** I practically have a paper door

**vicki nikaj** Yuuri is practicing all the time, so he’s tired a lot

**vicki nikaj** And I got yura used to sleeping with me because I didn’t want him to feel alone when we first came to japan

**vicki nikaj** Now he won’t go back to his bed
vicki nikaj Which is set up right up against my room btw

chill-a-nont ohmygod

vicki nikaj And Yuri is staying with Nikolai during the competition

giacumetti Are you going earlier so you can have a sexcation

chill-a-nont OHMUYGOD

vicki nikaj If I don’t get dicked down so good I can’t sit down for 3 days straight I might die

chill-a-nont IS THIS WHY YUURI TOLD EVERYONE IN THE GROUP CHATS HES IN A LOT NOT TO WORRY IF HE GOES AWOL FOR 2 DAYS BEFORE THE COMPETITION???

vicki nikaj He said that???

giacumetti Well, im jealous

chill-a-nont OHMYGOOOOOOOOOOOOOD

vicki nikaj That’s so sweet of him!!!!!!

giacumetti Have fun you crazy kids

chill-a-nont wait

giacumetti They grow up so fast

chill-a-nont is that Smart??

chill-a-nont what if yuuri pulls something

vicki nikaj That’s why god invented riding, Phichit

chill-a-nont sdjkfgshdkgf ohMYGODDD

vicki nikaj and blowjobs

chill-a-nont prayer circle for yuuri's dick

giacumetti More like prayer circle for victor's ass

chill-a-nont lmao youre right

vicki nikaj !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

chill-a-nont prayer circle for victors ass

vicki nikaj Honestly I hope ill need those prayers

chill-a-nont did you bring turtle necks?
Victor looks over at Yuuri, accidentally catching his attention. Yuuri gives him a sweet, distracted smile before looking back to his tablet.

Am I really gonna need one?

Yes.

YES

Wow!

Amazing!

“This is Yuuri!” Yura says, after having dragged Yuuri by the hand in front of Nikolai. “He’s my new dad!” he says, beaming proudly up at his grandfather.

Yuuri bows a little before offering Nikolai his hand to shake. “It’s a pleasure to meet you. Yura talks a lot about you,” he says, in his adorably accented Russian.

Nikolai narrows his eyes at Yuuri for a moment, and Victor holds his breath, getting ready to step in, only to be cut off by Nikolai slapping Yuuri on both shoulders and grinning. “Good to finally meet you. Yura tells me a lot about you and about that katsudon your mother prepares. Say, you wouldn’t know the recipe would you?”

Yuuri looks dazed for a moment. “Um, yes?”

“Great,” Nikolai says, picking up Yura and throwing him over his shoulder playfully, making him squeal, as he heads for the kitchen. “Stay for dinner, I made Yura’s favourite.”

Yuuri gives Victor a lost look, like he’s not too sure how to proceed. Victor presses down on his smile and puts his hands on Yuuri’s shoulders, smoothing them down his arms reassuringly. “I think he likes you.”

“I’ve barely met him,” Yuuri says, tangling their fingers together when Victor’s hands reach his.

“Nikolai is deceptively easy to impress. If Yura likes you, he likes you.”

“Huh,” Yuuri says, frowning a little. It’s probably underwhelming for him being so easily accepted. Victor knows Yuuri has been worrying about meeting one of the most important people in Yura’s life. His forehead gets this little wrinkle right in the middle and Victor wants to kiss it away, so he does because he can and no one will stop him.

“Let me get your jacket,” Victor says after pulling back, detangling their fingers and tugging on the collar of Yuuri’s jacket. “We might be here a while.”

“That was nice,” Yuuri says, after they’ve said their goodbyes and Nikolai has gone back inside to put Yura to bed.
“It was.”
“Nikolai’s a good man.”
“He is.”
“Do you wanna go back to the hotel and have sex until the jetlag hits me?”
“God, yes!”

[video description: three seconds of blurred, shaky, shot-far-away video of who looks like Yuuri tugging Victor into an elevator in a hotel lobby by the scarf.]

russskate I KNOW NO ONE WILL FUCKING BELIEVE ME BUT IM STAYING AT THE HOTEL WHERE THEY PUT THE SKATERS FOR ROSTELECOM AND I SWEAR TO GOD I JUST SAW VICTOR NIKIFOROV AND KATSUKI YUURI TRIP THEMSELVES OUT OF A CAB AND INTO THE HOTEL WHILE GIGGLING BEFORE KATSUKI JUST GRABBED VICTOR AROUND THE SCARF AND TUGGED HIM AROUND LIKE A DOG. THIS EITHER JUST REALLY HAPPENED OR I HAD TOO MANY MARTINIS AND AM NOW HALLUCINATING WHAT THE F U C K

View all 15 comments

3 HOURS AGO

“Which one of these says ‘I’m an emo gay who writes bad homoerotic poetry’ and which one of these says ‘the only reason I’m wearing this is because my boyfriend sexually mauled me’?” Victor asks, holding up two turtlenecks by the hangars.

The sales assistant stares at him, mouth open and cheeks flushed. “I-I’m not sure…”

“The right one,” Chris says from Victor’s iPhone that the sales assistant is currently holding.

“Definitely the right one,” Phichit agrees.

Victor looks at the turtleneck critically. He usually hates everything that touches or constricts his neck, he always feels a little bit like he’s suffocating, but good dick comes with a price and this is it.

“You’re right,” he decides, and hands the other one to the sales associate, before unwinding his scarf and putting it next to his jacket on the chaise close to the dressing rooms.

The sales associate gasps, making Victor turn and tilt his head at her.

“Are you, like, okay?” she asks, looking concernedly at his neck.

In his phone Phichit leans closer to the camera, squinting before he starts laughing so hard he falls out of his chair. Chris just whistles, sounding impressed.

“Oh,” Victor says, touching his neck, and then beaming at the sales associate. “I’m radiant, thank
you for asking!"

“… okay,” she says, not sounding very sure if it is in fact okay or not. Victor makes a mental note to praise her to the manager for a job well done.

«»

[video description: a video of Victor and Yuuri standing outside a hotel, facing each other and talking. At one point Victor swipes a strand of hair that had been falling over Yuuri’s eyes away and Yuuri flinches a little bit, catching Victor’s hand between his own and rubbing it a little. The camera is too far away to pick up any noise but you can assume they’re now talking about how cold Victor’s hands are, because the next thing Yuuri does is try to blow hot hair over Victor’s hands and continue rubbing them. Victor says something else that the camera can’t catch and Yuuri smiles at him, shoving one of his hands and one of Victor’s into his coat pocket, and turning a little indicating for Victor to do the same with his other hand. Victor ends up back-hugging Yuuri, with his hands shoved in his pockets for warmth and his chin tucked over his shoulder as they talk to each other, Yuuri sometimes turning his head towards Victor and getting their faces impossibly close together. They stay like that until a taxi stops in front of the hotel, and then they separate to get themselves and their bags inside.]

Liked by katsuki-fc, katsukatsudammn, icedaddyfc, daddykatsudon, victuurafam and 3,493 others

russsskate DEFINITELY NOT HALLUCINATING NOW

View all 392 comments

xxfallinlove I literally CANNOT believe how married they are

victuurafam IMAGINE BEING THAT IN LOVE. WILD.

kingkatsuki My fave thing about this is how they both pretend Victor doesn’t have pockets.

4 HOURS AGO

«»

“Yuuri!” someone calls down the hallway, about fifteen minutes before it’s Yuuri’s turn to take the ice.

“Hi, Sara,” Yuuri says, turning under Victor’s arm and giving her a friendly wave.

Sara stops in front of him, smiling. “I wanted to wish you good luck! And to congratulate you. I’m so happy for both of you,” she says.

Yuuri flushes a little, hand twitching in an aborted motion to scratch the back of his neck. Victor squeezes him with the arm he’s had draped over Yuuri since they left the locker room and beams.

“You don’t have pockets,” he says, cheerily, completely honest, and smile looking slightly heart-shaped and wholly adorable.

“Thank you,” Yuuri says, a little more quietly than Victor had.

“Sara!” another familiar voice shouts from down the hallway and Yuuri sighs. “Sara! What did I tell you about getting too close to Katsuki?” Michelle shouts, grabbing his sister by the arm and
pulling her back a couple of steps.

Sara wrenches her arm from his hold and crosses them over her chest, giving her brother a thoroughly annoyed look. "Mickey! Stop being a dick to Yuuri!"

"He’s evil! Evil!"

"Excuse me,” Victor says, part disbelieving, part insulted.

"Don’t bother, Vitya,” Yuuri whispers. “It’s just how Mickey is.” He turns to Mickey then, who is giving him the stink-eye and leaning as far away from him as possible without stepping away from his sister. “Hi, Mickey. How have you been?”

“Stay away from me!” he says, pulling an honest to God crucifix from his jacket’s pocket, and something that looks like a tiny vial of perfume.

“I’ve been fine too, thank you for asking,” Yuuri says, pleasantly. He thinks he’d be much more affected if he hadn’t been dealing with this since he was fifteen years old and competing against Mickey in Juniors.

"Is that holy water?” Victor asks, staring at the vial, completely flabbergasted.

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“You can never be too careful!” Mickey says. “It’s too late for you now. You’ve fallen for his wiles.”

"Mickey!” Sara admonishes. “For the last time Yuuri isn’t a sex demon! Stop being rude!” She turns to them, looking as apologetic as a person can. “I’m so sorry for him.”

“It’s okay I’m-” Yuuri says, only to be interrupted by Mickey.

“He’s too pretty! It’s not normal! Humans aren’t that pretty!”

Yuuri blinks at him. He’s not really sure he understands what is happening now.

“We were fourteen! You made out with him and got a boner. Get over it!”

Mickey turns a violent shade of red. “It’s not about that!”

“What’s happening?” Yuuri asks, confused. He looks over at Victor to see if he has any clue but he’s looking as lost as Yuuri.

“Victor is really pretty too and you don’t think he’s a sex demon,” Sara argues. “It’s time to stop. Get some help!”

“That’s different. I’ve seen Nikiforov’s giant forehead when he jumps!” Victor slaps a hand over his forehead and gasps. “Katsuki looks like softcore porn when he’s falling on his face on the ice. It’s uncanny! He’s not human,” Mickey continues, getting increasingly worrying shades of red.

"Yuuri, is my forehead that big?” Victor whines, trying to mess with his bangs so it covers most of it.

“No,” Yuuri says, dragging out the ‘o’ softly. “It’s just… more to love.”

"Yuuri!” Victor says, almost tackling him into a hug. Yuuri catches him and lets Victor squeeze him.
“We’re going. Right now,” Yuuri informs the Crispino siblings who are still arguing and barely hear him. “Good luck in your Short Program, Mickey.” And then he drags Victor away as fast as he can.

“Michelle Crispino is a little odd, isn’t he?” Victor asks, leading Yuuri rinkside.

“A little, yeah.”

“Good taste in men, though. I’ll give him that.”

Yuuri rolls his eyes. “I still have no idea what that was about.”

“You know exactly what that was about, you just don’t want to deal with it,” Victor says, hand on Yuuri’s lower back as he guides him gently into the arena.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Yuuri says, looking anywhere but Victor and trying not to let his lips twitch into a smile.

They stop close to the rink. There’s still a good couple of minutes until it’s Yuuri’s turn, and Victor takes those to face Yuuri and create a little bubble of privacy around them.

“How do you feel?” Victor asks, keeping his voice low in case there are any cameras nearby.

“Good, I think. I feel… yeah. I’m good.” And it’s true. Yuuri feels relaxed like he doesn’t normally feel before a skate. There’s that low-level thrumming of anxiety present, like there always is, but he feels like he can do this. Maybe it’s the fact that Victor didn’t let them leave Hasetsu if Yuuri couldn’t run through the program perfectly three times in a row, maybe it’s the fact that he knows he doesn’t need any artifices, he doesn’t need anything but himself to keep Victor’s complete attention on him.

Whatever it is, Yuuri feels ready to face the entire Rostelecom Cup and win gold.

“You can do this,” Victor still says because he’s learned. He’s meeting Yuuri halfway again, and this is why Yuuri knows he can win. Winning is Yuuri’s way to give back to him, to let him know that what he does is enough.

Yuuri knows he can do it, so he gives Victor a look from under his eyelashes, trails his fingers up his arm until he can hook them in the collar of his turtleneck and pulls it away from his skin, before letting it snap back in place. “I know.”

Victor isn’t really a face blusher unless he’s gone through exhausting amounts of activity, but he does blush, just on the tips of his ears and on the bridge of his nose. It’s very very cute to see him do it, to see him blink in shock before this look of delighted surprise takes over.

Yuuri has decided, some time ago, that he’s going to spend the rest of his life doing everything to see him look just like that as frequently as he can.

“Shall I make sure your skates are laced properly, darling?” Victor asks, putting a hand on Yuuri’s hip.

“Sure,” Yuuri shrugs, like he’s disinterested in it, and steps back, leans against the rink wall and lifts his foot off the floor, tilting it at an inviting angle as if he expects Victor to fall on his knees in a crowded rink for him.

He waits for Victor to laugh and to tug him into a nearby bench so he can check Yuuri’s laces
properly, and Victor, not liking to be outdone, takes a step forward and falls to his knees in front of God and all of Russia.

«»

[video description: a livestream of the Rostelecom Cup.]

LIVE CHAT:

vicnicisthicc YURI HASN’T EVEN STEPPED INTO THE RINK AND IM ALREADY COLLAPSING

daddykatsudon HES ON HIS K N E E S

daddykatsudon IS THIS REAL FUCKING LIFE

kingkatsuki this is the treatment Katsuki Yuuri deserves

ge-the-og LORD MERCY

princecharminggeorgi Is this, like???

princecharminggeorgi Allowed???

katsuksudamn things katsuki yuuri did: THAT

thecrispytwins my wife sara cheering and clapping next to goddess mila babicheva when victor was on his knees is like……. A MOOD

mickeysofine I don’t understand what the hype is about katsuki

mickeysofine hes not even that cute

daddykatsudon YUURI IM SO SORRY SWEETIE IM SO SORRY A UGLY MICKEY STAN WOULD SAY THIS ABOUT YOU

vicnicisthicc @daddykatsudon don’t start shit before the performance ill never forgive you

daddykatsudon @vicnicisthicc say please

kingkatsuki HERE WE GO HERE WE GO HERE WE GO WE GO

vicnicisthicc @daddykatsudon ppppppppppppp- if u don’t do it kiss goodbye to that WIP I was working on for you

gc-the-og @vicnicisthicc RUTHLESS

mickeysofine michelle looks like a real man at least. He’s so PROTECTIVE it’s so hot

thecrispytwins @mickeysofine its called being overbearing go take a seat

katsuksudamn prayer circle for katsuki yuuri
kingkatsuki always prayer circle for katsuki yuuri

gc-the-og at this point more like circle jerk for katsuki yuuri like damn boy

katsukatsudamn @gc-the-og can you stopsdfjlgsdfg

vicnicisthicc AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

daddykatsudon ASLKJDGHSLKFJGHSLKFJGHSLKFJGDHGSLDFJGHDLDGFJGDHGSLDJHSLDFJGHDLDGFJG

princecharminggeorgi This is DEFINITELY NOT ALLOWED. There’s CHILDREN watching. Katsuki fistbumped one before getting on the ice.

katsukatsudamn DID KATSUKI YUURI, KNOWN ANXIETY BABY JUST JERK VICTOR NIKIFOROV AROUND MY HIS COAT LAPELS OR AM I GOING BLIND

vicnicisthicc u kno I didn’t need this much evidence that my boy is a sub but here we are

kingkatsuki EVERYONE SHUT UP ITS STARTING ARE YOU READY

thecrispytwins I love katsuki so fucking much

thecrispytwins whoever says victor is the king of surprises never followed yuuri’s career

daddykatsudon MY BODY IS READY HIT ME DADDY

vicnicfliptick it started out as casually stanning how did it end up like this it was only casually stanning it was only casually stanning

victuurafam and on your left you can see katsuki yuuri GETTING IT

gayseunggil I will say Katsuki is really cute but normally his Technical Element scores are a mess. I’m cheering for him though. The Asian boys need to kick these eurolosers to the curb.

daddykatsudon is he gonna lick his lips again tho

vicnicisthicc I hope sodfgjcdflgkd

daddykatsudon OHMYGOD

kingkatsuki HE BLEW A KISS THAT’S SO FUCKING CUTE

victuurafam

katsukatsudamn D A M N

gc-the-og is he turning towards the judges cause that’s bold
HE BLEW A KISS AT VICTOR OHMYGOD

THANK YOU GOD FOR MY LIFE

OKAY BUT ARE YOU SEEING THE SAME SHIT AS I AM

NOT A WOBBLE PERFECTLY ON TEMPO WITH THE MUSIC, CONFIDENT STEP SEQUENCE AND JUMPS

NO ONE SAY THE TWO CP WORDS OR ILL KILL YOU IN REAL LIFE

EVERYONE DON’T FUCKING JINX IT

do you mean “clean program”

PREPARE TO THROW DOWN IF YOU JINXED IT I WILL MAKE YOU EAT A FUCKING SKATE

IM SHAKING OHMYGOD

goddamned breathtaking

not to be rude but he can skate on me any time

yall I might cry?????

I love how the chat actually kind of slows down because Katsuki is THAT good and everyone is holding their breath

I think I made a mistake.

I think I’m gay for Katsuki.

another victim claimed by worldwide seductor katsuki yuuri. rest in fucking pieces.

THIS IS SO INTENSE

look at him GO. LOOK AT HIM MAKING IT IN AN INTERNATIONAL STAGE CONFIDENTLY

it’s okay to cry I have tissues

im not going to cry don’t distract me

IM SITTING BESIDE YOU TAKE MY TISSUES AND SHUT UP

GOD HE LOOKS SO FUCKING GOOD

I DON’T EVEN GO HERE AND IM SO PROUD OF HIM
thecrispytwins DAMN DAMN DAMN DAMN DAMN DAMN

thecrispytwins katsuki really out here showing all of us what we’re missing

daddykatsudon @vicnicisthicc don’t lie t yourself you GO HERE. YOU GO HERE BITCH.

kingkatsuki I can’t believe it.

kingkatsuki A clean fucking program

kingkatsuki katsukatsudamn is tearing up. It’s okay babe me too

victuurafam that was a whole EXPERIENCE

victuurafam I think I saw god during that an dhe kinkshamed me

daddykatsudon *guzzles down a bottle of water*

katsukatsudamn if he gets robbed in the scores im going to fly to Russia and run down the judges my own damned self

vicnicfliptick He gets underscored often?? @katsukatsudamn

katsukatsudamn @vicnicfliptick ALL THE GODDAMNED TIME HE KEEPS GETTING ROBBED

daddykatsudon HOW does he go from SIT ON DADDYS LAP SWEETHEART to beaming like an ANGEL someone EXPLAIN THIS TO ME

vicnicisthicc @daddykatsudon get you a man that can do both

mickeysofine that was……………………………… wow

thecrispytwins @mickeysofine I know u got a boner

daddykatsudon @vicnicisthicc I WOULD BUT KNOWN VILLAIN VICTOR NIKIFOROV ROBBED THAT TREASURE FROM THE WORLD

victuurafam you can see victor’s thirst and he’s all the way in Russia

victuurafam I would ask if he knows he’s being filmed but I don’t think he gives a shit anymore

katsukatsudamn SHUT UP THEYRE GONNA ANNOUNCE THE RESULTS

mickeysofine @thecrispytwins the only man that gets me hard is power top michelle crispino

thecrispytwins @mickeysofine mickey is a disaster bottom and we both know it

katsukatsudamn 109.97 HES IN FIRST

kingkatsuki HOLY SHIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
katsukatsudamn HES FINELLAY GETTING WHAT EH DESERVES OHMYGOD IM SO HAPPY

daddykatsudon YES YES YES YES YES YES GET IT GEEEET YOUR GOLDEN MEDAL MY SEX GOD

vicnicisthicc I love how proud victor looks

ge-the-og HOLY FUCK

katsukatsudamn IT’S A PERSONAL BEST TOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

daddykatsudon H O L Y F CU K

vicnicisthicc HILYFGPDSFLKGSDF

vicnicfliptrick HE KISSED HIS FUCKING SKATE

victuurafam AM I GODDAMNED HALLUNICATIONG RIGHT NOW

princecharminggeorgi THERE ARE CHILDREN IN THIS ARENA

princecharminggeorgi THEY NEED TO BE ARRESTED FOR PUBLIC INDECENCY OR SOMETHING

gayseunggil What The Fuck Is Going On

gayseunggil Why am I witnessing a BDSM scene at the kiss and cry?

kingkatsuki I screeched so loudly the neighbors came knocking on my door to check if I was okay sdlfkgjdsdlfg

katsukatsudamn they actually did

vicnicisthicc this is TOO FUCKING MUCH for my POOR FUCKING HEART

vicnicisthicc not even I can handle this much EXPOSURE TO KINK

ge-the-og i know I said katuski can GET IT but damn katsuki C A N G E T I T

victuurafam brb need to make a bunch of memes out of all of that

_Type your comment here..._

[Hide Chat]

«»

[video description: a compilation of Katsuki Yuuri fistbumping Yura at every single competition he was a part of while under Victor’s tutelage, starting with the Onsen on Ice event where he fistbumped Yura and some other local kids, and ending with Rostelecom Cup, where Yura’s grandfather helped him lean down from the VIP area so he could fistbump Yuuri before he went onto the ice.]
victuurafam Okay but look HOW CUTE these two are, I hope this becomes a thing and that they never stop doing it, even after Yuuri has left skating and little Yuri is the one competing.

View all 293 comments

1 HOUR AGO

«»

It feels a little weird not having Yura with him in the kiss and cry, waiting for the results, but after the stunt Victor pulled – kissing Yuuri’s skate, on international television, god – it was for the best that he wasn’t.

Which means that Yuuri has to wait until he can sneak out onto a hallway without any lurking reporters to get jumped on by an overexcited five year old, which, honestly, he has to say he missed.

“That was so cool,” Yuri gushes. “You didn’t fall even once .”

Yuuri snorts this ugly little amused sound. “I didn’t. Are you proud of me?” he asks, trying to keep his tone quite serious and failing miserably.

Yura pats him on the head, having to lift onto his tiptoes the slightest bit to manage it, even if Yuuri is half-crouching in front of him. Yuri forgets, just how small Yuri actually is, even compared to other toddlers. The triplets are barely a year older and they almost tower over him.

“You did good. You deserve katsudon,” Yura tells him.

“That was so cool,” Yura gushes. “You didn’t fall even once .”

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“You did good. You deserve katsudon,” Yura tells him.

“You did good. You deserve katsudon,” Yura tells him.

“Not until I win a medal,” Yuuri reminds him.

“You’re the coolest . Of course you’re going to win! You were so cool they’re going to give you all three medals.”

“All three of them? Wow,” Victor says, not even trying to hide a little bit how he has his phone angled towards Yura and has probably recorded all of this.

“Yes! Dad did you see?! Yuuri went like this!” He says and then starts sliding around the hallway and jumping into twirls.


Yura stops and looks at him. “Really?”

“Really really,” Victor confirms and Yura beams and runs at Victor for a hug, while Victor tries to manage hugging him and flipping the camera so it catches this too.

“Oh, you’re getting a call,” Victor says, peering at the phone in his hand. Yuuri has somehow failed to notice that Victor had been holding Yuuri’s phone all this time and not his, but at this point them mixing up their phones is the normal.

“Why are you using my phone?” Yuuri asks.

“Mine ran out of battery. Here, I think it’s Mari,” he says and hands the phone over to Yuuri, who takes it and steps away from the commotion Yura is creating so he can hear his sister properly.
“Hello? Mari? Did you see me on TV?” he asks, going for a teasing tone.

“Yuuri,” Mari says in a tone that has Yuuri’s blood immediately run cold.

Yuuri, I’m so sorry, it’s Vicchan…

“What is it?”

“Yuuri, I’m so sorry, Makkachin got into some steamed buns and they got stuck in his throat.”

No, no, no. Not again. Please, not again.

“Is- is he…” he stutters out.

“We drove him to the vet as fast as we could,” Mari says. “He’s in surgery now, the vet is optimistic, but…”

“It can go wrong.” Yuuri whispers, so blindingly scared.

“Yeah. I just wanted to let you know. Let Victor know. I tried his phone but he didn’t pick up. I’m really sorry, Yuuri.”

“It’s not your fault,” he says, taking a steadying breath. He can’t freak out. This isn’t about him. This is about Victor. However much this may hurt him, it’s going to be so much worse for Victor and oh god Yuuri is going to have to be the one to tell him about it. “I’ll call you later to tell you when Victor will be arriving,” he tells her.

“Yuuri, what-“

“I’ll call you,” Yuuri interrupts, hitting end call and turning towards Victor.

He hates this. He hates this so gut-wrenchingly much he feels sick with it.

But the vet is optimistic, which is more than Vicchan ever had, and Victor isn’t competing. There’s nothing keeping him here but Yuuri and Yuuri will never, never make him choose like this.

“Victor,” he calls, steeling himself. Victor looks up from where’s he’s half-crouching on the floor, listening to Yuri speak. Yuuri looks at him and how relaxed and content he is, how very comfortable surrounded by family he is. God, he hates this. “You need to go back to Hasetsu right now.”

“I’m not leaving you,” Victor insists. He feels like his heart is collapsing on itself. He hates everything that is happening and the choice that was forced upon him.

“You have to go,” Yuuri insists. Victor hates that Yuuri feels like he has to do this, that he has to push Victor into making this decision. That he’s good enough, that he cares enough, that he knows enough about Victor to keep insisting.

“Yuuri,” he tries, exasperated, feeling horrible.

“Victor,” Yuuri throws back matching him in tone, before all of him seems to slump. “Trust me, if- if anything happens, you’ll want to be there. You’ll never forgive yourself if you’re not,” he says, voice in a hush that only the two of them can hear, eyes firmly settled on their shoes.
Victor hates this. He hates that he can’t say no because he loves Makkachin and because Yuuri is asking him to go, not just for Victor but a little bit for himself too. Victor forgets that he’s not the only one who loves Makkachin anymore. He forgets, even after all these months.

He pushes his hair back, huffing in frustration, desperately trying to figure out how to make this situation a little less terrible. His eyes catch on Yakov who has been standing by a wall with Nikolai talking, and on Yuri who is clutching at Nikolai’s pants and looking over at them worriedly.

He hates this.

“Yakov, thank God,” he breathes out and pushes away from Yuuri, going to Yakov and grabbing him by the shoulders. “Can you coach Yuuri tomorrow? It’s Makkachin. He’s sick and I- I can’t-“

Yakov is quiet for a moment, staring Victor down like he does whenever he’s trying to suss out just exactly what Victor is thinking and in what kind of mess he’s trying to get himself in.

“That’s not nece-“ Yuuri starts, only to be cut off by Yakov’s gruff voice.

“Go see to your dog, Vitya. I can help your boy for one day. Maybe with me, he’ll actually win a gold medal.”

Victor collapses in relief, leaning over Yakov in a hug and squeezing him gratefully.

“Makka’s sick?” Yura’s voice asks, and it would sound demanding if it wasn’t trembling.

Victor pulls back and looks at his son who is so young and still untouched by death and he can’t do this, he can’t.

“Makka’s a little sick, sweetheart,” Yuuri says, crouching down at eye-level with Yuri. “He ate something that was bad for him and Mari had to take him to a doctor, but he really misses your dad and he would feel lots better if your dad was with him now.”

He can’t and apparently he doesn’t have to. Victor feels so relieved he could collapse, and almost immediately he feels guilty for it. He should be able to do this, he is Yura’s dad, after all.

But, then again… so is Yuuri.

“Is Makka going to be okay if Dad goes to be with him?” Yura asks.

“Maybe. The Doctors think so, and they are very smart.”

“Do you think so?”

“Absolutely,” Yuuri answers, without any hesitation.

“Oh, okay. Who’s going to coach you, since Dad is gone?”

“Mr. Feltsman is going to help me for a little bit.”

“Can I help too? I bet I can be a good coach too while Dad is taking care of Makkachin! I can help!”

“I-“ Yuuri says, sounding a little choked up. “I’d love that. Thank you, Yura.”

Victor feels a little bit like crying, so instead he kneels down and hugs both his Yuuris close to his
Surprisingly, Yuuri manages to sleep more than he did at the Cup of China which is saying something, even if his sleep was fitful at best.

As a result Yuuri is wide awake at seven a.m. and checking his phone compulsively, alternating from pacing around his room where Victor’s side of the bed is still unmade, trying to avoid looking at the number of things Victor has left behind in his rush, and sitting on the bed, hugging a pillow. He only really stops when Mr. Feltsman knocks on his door and forcefully drags him down to breakfast.

Yuuri pokes his food around his plate. He doesn’t really think he can stomach food right now, not with Victor so far away and Makkachin so sick. Not with hundreds of people who are expecting him to do well later today, to skate well and win, to not let Victor down. Not with Mr. Felstman glaring him down from across the table.

“Eat,” Mr. Feltsman demands. “I know you are not hungry right now but you will eat so you can skate.”
Yuuri flinches a little, still poking his food around his plate, and carefully selecting a tiny amount to eat. He doesn’t want to be rude to Mr. Feltsman who’s already being kind enough to sit at the kiss and cry with Yuuri and even maybe give him some tips on how not to fail completely.

Mr. Feltsman sighs.

“If you do not eat, I will text Vitya,” Mr. Feltsman threatens, very effectively too, since the last thing Yuuri wants is for Victor to have to worry about him on top of everything else.

He dutifully shovels food into his mouth and makes a show of chewing and swallowing it down, like he’s fourteen again and is trying to show his mom how well he’s eating all his greens so she’ll let him put the international skating competitions on in the tv in the dining area.

Mr. Feltsman nods, seemingly self-satisfied, letting the slightly awkward silence stick to the air between them once more. They eat. Yuuri keeps checking his phone for any updates, but all that he has is a message from Victor telling him his phone is about to die on the layover and a message from Mari telling him she’ll pick up Victor and will drive him to the vet and then home, for Yuuri not to worry – like that is possible – that she and their parents have everything under control.

Yuuri takes a shuddering breath and tries to sip the tea Mr. Feltsman had pushed in front of him earlier.

“You are a good skater,” Mr. Feltsman says, sounding a little like he’s been chewing on the words for long enough that they developed a bad taste in his mouth and he had no option but to spit them out. “Even before Vitya. You will skate well and make Japan proud.”

Yuuri blinks at him, caught off-guard. “T-thank you?”

“Do not thank me. I’m not giving you pity.”

Yuuri chews on the inside of his cheek. He’s not really sure what to say to that. So he says, “I would like to make Victor proud too.”

Mr. Feltsman harrumphs. “You are a fool if you don’t think he is already proud of you.”

Yuuri presses his lips together. “I would like to deserve that.”

Mr. Feltsman squints at him, then gives a grave nod.

“Then do it. Skate for Vitya. Win. There is nothing stopping you.”

Which is… not entirely correct. At all. There are a lot of things stopping Yuuri and most of them are in his own brain, which makes it a little tricky to just do it. Yuuri would, if he could. But he can’t and so he’s left to scramble and scratch his fingers bloody to get himself back up every time he falls.

“Finish your food. Nikolai and Yura will meet us at the lobby in ten minutes.”

“What?”

“I got them rink passes. Yura threw a tantrum to be allowed backstage until he was blue in the face, and Vitya said he could help, so hurry up. It’s never good to leave that child waiting.”

That Yuuri is intimately familiar with, and is thoroughly proven when the doors to the hotel’s restaurant are pushed open and Yura comes in shouting, “Yuuri! Where are you?” and stomping
around the fairly empty room until his eyes land on them. Yuuri would get up to scold him for being so loud in a public place and maybe to try to get him to stop bothering the other people trying to have breakfast, but he can’t get over how Yura looks right now. He’s dressed in a suit jacket that is too big on him, dragging on the floor behind him and falling sloppily down one of his shoulders, the sleeves having been rolled up as much as they could so his little hands could poke out, and half of his hair pinned to the side so it only falls over one eye, like a fringe.

“Yuuri! Look!” Yura says, coming to a halt in front of Yuuri and twirling. “I’m dressed like Dad so I can be a good coach too. I’ve been practicing and everything,” Yura tells him.

“You- you have?” Yuuri asks, still more or less speechless but quickly melting at how good Yura is.

“Yes. I’ll show you,” he says. And then he flips his bangs and grabs Yuuri’s hand off the table. “Yuuri! You’re so pretty! I love you!” he says, making his voice lower-pitched and sounding nothing like Victor. “You need more woosh, Yuuri! Woosh! Do you need a kiss for good luck?” He smacks a kiss on Yuuri’s hand. “There! Now you can win!”

Yuuri isn’t really sure why, but he feels a little bit like crying.

“Thank you, Yura,” he says, feeling it scrape against the back of his throat. “That was perfect.”

“I know,” he says, letting go of Yuuri’s hand and climbing into his lap, helped by a little boost from Yuuri, so he can get at Yuuri’s plate and steal some of his food. Yuuri hugs Yura to his chest a little bit for comfort and thinks that maybe, just maybe he’ll do this.

There’s something that feels fundamentally hollow in performing Yuri on Ice without Victor there, without anyone rinkside to reach out to, but Yuuri still has support around him. He shouldn’t forget that, not when everyone tries so hard to be there for him.

He doesn’t know if this mood will hold until it’s time for him to step on the ice, but right now he feels as if maybe, just maybe, he might be able to pull this off.

«»

When Victor arrives at the vet clinic Makkachin was rushed to, Makkachin is fine and out of surgery with good prospects for a quick and full recovery, even if he had looked a little too sad and droopy. Victor had almost collapsed in relief at the sight of his dog, peacefully sleeping, flank rising and falling with his steady breaths, and had openly cried when Makkachin had stirred and boofed at him softly, licking his hands and face when Victor had gotten close enough for him to.

He’s exhausted from the long flight and the long car ride. His phone died somewhere before they arrived in Hasetsu, and Victor has completely lost the time. He has no idea if Yuuri has skated yet or not, how he’s feeling, how Yura is, and it gnaws at him.

“The doctor says you can stay here with him, and we can take him home in the morning,” Mari tells him, pressing a cold drink from a nearby vending machine against his cheek.

Victor gratefully takes it from her, and chugs it down. It’s not like he had a lot of time to eat either. He’s so tired.

“Has Yuuri gone on yet?”

Mari checks her watch. “In about an hour, I think.”
Victor breathes out shakily. “Okay, that’s- that’s good. Can I charge my phone anywhere?” he asks.

Mari frowns and pokes her head outside the recovering room they put Makkachin in, asking something in Japanese to the desk attendant before stepping back into the room. “He says there’s a plug over there you can use.”

Victor plugs his phone in and ignores how his hands are shaking from exhaustion.

“I’ll get you something to eat,” Mari tells him. “You should rest for a bit, if you fall asleep, I’ll wake you when it’s Yuuri’s turn.”

It hits Victor like a truck that Makkachin could have gotten food stuck in his throat anywhere, even back home in St. Petersburg, in an empty apartment Victor spent long hours absent from. It hits him that if this hadn’t happened here, if he didn’t have Yuuri’s family who care about Makkachin almost as much as Victor does, this could’ve ended very, very badly. It chokes him up a little thinking about it.

“Mari,” he says, sounding a little ragged, a little desperate. “Thank you. Thank you.”

Mari stares at him for a couple of solid seconds before she smirks and ruffles his hair like he’s a little kid. “That’s what sisters are for, right? Now go sit your ass down before you collapse.”

“Thank you,” he repeats, sniffling a little. And then he takes off his jacket and sits his ass down next to Makkachin, waiting for his phone to charge so he can let Yuuri know that he’s okay.

“You shouldn’t worry so much, you know,” Mari tells him, halfway out the door. “You left Yuuri in good hands.”

Victor takes a second to breathe because he knows, he knows that Yakov is a good coach, undoubtedly better than Victor, he knows. But he still worries. “Yakov is a very good coach,” he starts, and then doesn’t finish when Mari interrupts him.

“I’m sure he is, but I wasn’t talking about him,” she tells him, taking her phone out of her pocket and opening a messaging app and handing it over to Victor. It’s entirely in Japanese, which Victor is still not very good at reading. He maybe catches one or two words in all of it, but that’s not the main focus. The main focus is his son dressed in a baggy suit jacket with his hair styled so he looks like Victor and Victor’s and Yuuri’s passes looped around his neck with a couple of knots tied in the lanyard so the laminated paper doesn’t hit his knees. He has Yuuri’s face in both hands and seems to be talking to him and Victor…

It’s ridiculous, but Victor worries a little less, just a little.

“You’re right,” he says. “I left him in excellent hands.”

Mari takes her phone back and pockets it. “And you left Yura in excellent hands too,” she reminds him.

Victor doesn’t have anything to say to that. He knows he did. He trusts Yuuri with him, like he trusts very, very few people. “I did,” he still says.

“Good. Now rest for awhile. Don’t worry if you fall asleep, I’ll wake you.”

“Thank you, Mari.”
“Yeah, yeah,” Mari says, waving a hand to brush the words off. “My brothers are such a pain,” she sighs as she heads out, letting the door shut behind her.

Makkachin grumbles softly, and Victor scoots closer to him, stretching a hand on top of the table so he can hold Makkachin’s paw.

“You know what, Makka,” he whispers. “I think we’re in very good hands too.”

«»

From *It’s Not a Phase Mom*:
They’re okay

From *It’s Not a Phase Mom*:
Makkachin is coming home with us in the morning and everything so stop stressing

From *It’s Not a Phase Mom*:
[Image sent]

From *It’s Not a Phase Mom*:
Victor fell asleep on the floor of the room lol

From *It’s Not a Phase Mom*:
The vet let Makkachin lay down with him

From *It’s Not a Phase Mom*:
Everyone is okay. Stop being an idiot.

From *It’s Not a Phase Mom*:
We’re cheering for you

From *It’s Not a Phase Mom*:
Bring home a medal so mom can rub it in the face of all the other moms

“Katsuki, you’re up,” Mr. Feltsman calls, putting his palm up so Yuuri will pass the phone over.

To *It’s Not a Phase Mom*:
Tell him to watch me

To *It’s Not a Phase Mom*:
I’ll buy you that comeback album pack you wanted if I win

From *It’s Not a Phase Mom*:
Good luck. Get that prize money, I want the limited edition.

“Katsuki,” Mr. Feltsman repeats.
Yuuri takes a deep breath and puts his phone in his outstretched hand.

“I’m ready,” he says, taking off his blade guards and handing them over, before he steps on the ice. “Any last advice?” he asks, nervously.

“None you’d keep. You’re too much like Vitya.”

Yuuri huffs a little amused breath at the thought. He doubts he’s anything like Victor but he won’t go directly against what Mr. Feltsman says.

Not to mention that Mr. Feltsman’s earlier advice was almost all about watching his free leg on his jumps and lower the difficulty, which Yuuri will do over his own dead body, so it’s a fair statement, either way.

“I have advice,” Yura pipes up, hanging off the rim of the rink’s wall.

“Oh?” Yuuri asks, looking over at him.

“Don’t fall,” Yura says, very seriously.

Yuuri’s lips twitch. “Thanks, Yura. I’ll try really hard.”

“Good,” Yura says, letting himself fall and balling up his hand in a fist, so Yuuri can gently fistbump him.

He skates a couple of laps around the rink, shaking his hands out and trying to center himself.

There’s still something fundamentally wrong about skating Yuri on Ice without Victor around, but… but Yuuri has to show him he can do it. Victor is fine, Makkachin is fine, and even if the usual person isn’t there at the end for him to reach out to, that doesn’t mean he’s alone.

He takes his position at the center of the ice, drawing his starting position and taking a deep breath.

He still has so many people supporting him, so many people that give him so much.

The arena quiets around him, waiting for the opening chords to start, and in those two frozen seconds between the arena quieting and the music starting, a voice echoes through the rink, high-pitched and childlike.

“Yuuri! Davai!”

The opening chords strum through the arena and Yuuri begins to move.

It’s time to give back to everyone who supported him.

«»

[video description: a livestream of the Rostelecom Cup.]

LIVE CHAT:

**daddykatsudon** things katsuki yuuri did: THAT

**kingkatsuki** IM CRYING WHAT THE FUCK WHAT THE FUCK WHAT THE FUCK WHAT THE FUCK
katsukatsudann @everyone saying it’d be a splatfest without victor around:
WHERE’S YOUR GOD NOW ASSHOLES????

gayseunggil Justice for the Asian boys has been fucking served.

nikiforlove @katsukatsudann he wobbled the fuck out of his 4sal and touched down on the flip the fuck you mean

vicnicfliptrick why is stanning katsuki yuuri constantly so stressful and emotional holy fuck

victuurafam WE REALLY OUT HERE MEDALING IN AL THE GREAND PRIX EVENTS MY BOYS

vicnicfliptrick the way he drops his hand and his whole expression collapses at the end though? I’m really out here crying

gayseunggil @nikiforlove Are you one of those idiots that thinks Katsuki “stole” Victor from figure skating or whatever the fuck? Because you sound like one of them.

kingkatsuki @vicnicfliptrick WE DON’T TALK ABOUT THAT IN THIS HOUSE

vicnicisthicc he keeps getting silvers to match victor’s hair truly what a power couple

daddykatsudon sldkjfhgdsfkfghsdf @vicnicisthicc the TRUTH has been exposed

nikiforlove @gayseunggil victor shouldn’t be wasting his time with a second rate skater

katsukatsudann @nikiforlove are you actually dumbass or are you just rp-ing one?

gayseunggil @nikiforlove Wow, I hate being right.

vicnicfliptrick @nikiforlove As a fellow victor stan I need to intervene and say that yeah it’s really TERRIBLE that Victor actually gives us stupid smiles now and allows himself to be silly and gets to spend more time with his son

vicnicfliptrick @nikiforlove it’s really terRIBLE THAT HE SEEMS TO BE DOING SOMETHING HE TRULY LOVES AND FOUND SOMEONE WHO CARES FOR HIM DEEPLY

vicnicfliptrick @nikiforlove VICTOR NIKFOROV HAS NEVER OWED YOU SHIT, HE’S GIVEN US TOO MUCH ALREADY AND IF HE WANTS TO BE A TROPHY HUSBAND AND COACH FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE THAT’S HIS OWN RIGHT. HELL HE COULD BECOME A HERMIT AND NEVER POST ANYTHING EVER AGAIN AND IT STILL WOULDN’T BE ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS. HE! DOESN’T! OWE! YOU! SHIT! LEARN TO FUCKING RESPECT HIS LIFE DECISIONS HE’S A PERSON NOT A MEDAL WINNING MACHINE.

daddykatsudon DAMN @vicnicfliptrick GO OFF

katsukatsudann @vicnicfliptrick you’re my new favourite person actually

vicnicisthicc GO OOOOOOOFFFFFFFGGGG
kingkatsuki that looks like it hurt from here wow

gayseunggil https://webmd.com/first-aid/thermal-heat-or-fire-burns-treatment
@nikiforlove You look like you need that.

daddykatsudon I think they left lmao

victuurafig @victuurafig who Care about those irrelevantass antis did y’all see how our collective son Yuri was dressed like his dad today because Victor was gone? Fucking ADORABLE

kingkatsuki @victuurafig ACTUALLY PRECIOUS!!!!!!!!

vicnicfliptrick I caught that!!! @victuurafig I’m pretty sure the jacket he was wearing is actually one of Victor’s too I’ll have to dig through my thirst folder of Victor in suits to be sure

kingkatsuki @victuurafig him wishing yuuri luck at the beginning? PRECIOUS

vicnicisthicc @vicnicfliptrick hmmmmmmmmmyeaaaaaaaaah what’s this thirst folder and how do I get access to it???

vicnicfliptrick @vicnicisthicc DM me on Insta and I’ll send you the dropbox link

vicnicisthicc @vicnicfliptrick youre an angel and my new best friend

daddykatsudon @vicnicisthicc I cant believe youre cheating on me in front of my very eyes

katsukatsudamn I can’t wait for the Grand Prix, imagine Katsuki Yuuri actually medelling in the event that has cursed him for his entire career since he left Junior’s

kingkatsuki WATCH MY BOY SUCCEED THO, WATCH HIM

gayseunggil Concept: the grand prix final with a podium solely constituted by the Asian skaters

gayseunggil Can you imagine Chulanont, Lee and Katsuki all medaling? The Dream.

katsukatsudamn That’d be AMAZING, but I feel like Christophe and Michelle have good chances if Chris finds his inspiration and Michelle doesn’t choke

katsukatsudamn I don’t know if Chulanont is ready yet. His base scores aren’t enough for him to medal even if he skates perfectly

katsukatsudamn Seung-Gil has a pretty good shot

katsukatsudamn My predictions are: Katsuki, Giacometti and Lee and Crispino will duke it out for third

gayseunggil …………… That’s fair, honestly. Hope springs eternal, though.

katsukatsudamn @gayseunggil give it two years and watch a full Asian podium become true.
“Did you watch?” Yuuri asks, as soon as he finds himself in the moderate privacy of a bathroom, enough out of the way of any main point in the rink that no one will find him for a while.

Victor looks at him, his face filling Victor’s phone screen, still sweaty from his performance, with his hair starting to unravel, wisps falling on his face messily, Japan’s sports jacket zipped up to his chin. Victor bets he’s not even out of his costume yet.

“Of course. You were beautiful,” Victor tells him, truthfully. He’s still beautiful exhausted and with the bad bathroom light doing unflattering things to his skin complexion.

“You look tired,” Yuuri says, eyes shifting back and forth, running over Victor’s face. “How’s Makkachin?”

Victor angles his phone down so it shows Makkachin sprawled on his lap, snoozing. “Recovering. Mari is picking us up in a bit to take us back to the inn.”

“I’m glad,” Yuuri says. “Pull the camera back up, I want to see your face.”

“Why? I look like the undead,” Victor says, tilting the phone back up and pulling a face when he catches his image in the corner of his phone. Lack of sleep and stress really don’t suit him too well. Not without a careful makeup routine.

“A very pretty undead,” Yuuri says. “Like a fancy vampire or something.”

Victor snorts and covers his mouth with a hand to try to hide it, before he remembers this is Yuuri who thinks that Victor snorting is endearing for some reason, and he lets his hand drop.

“Thank you, darling. Can I see your medal now?”

Yuuri ducks his head and moves around a little bit to tug the medal from his pocket and show it to Victor.

“Pretty. Silver suits you,” Victor says, a little teasing. “But do you know what would suit you better?”

“Gold?” Yuuri guesses, chewing on his lip.

“I was going to say me on your arm, but sure. Gold does have a nice ring to it, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah,” Yuuri sighs, tucking his medal back in his pocket.

“Are you tired, sweetheart?”

“Yes,” Yuuri repeats, a little more heavily, slumping the slightest bit. “I miss you. I don’t like skating the Free without you around,” he says, very quietly, and almost like he’s sorry he’s doing it.

Someday Victor will get used to Yuuri telling him these things and feeling full to bursting with it. Or he won’t and the emotion will always climb to his throat and tilt his lips up a little, crinkle the corners of his eyes.
“I miss you too, darling,” he says, just as quietly, almost adoringly. “And Makkachin misses you.”

“I miss him too,” Yuuri tells him. “I’m sure Yura misses both of you a lot too.”

“Tell him I miss him a lot and can’t wait to see him again.” Victor would be lying if he said it’s not putting him on edge being so far away from Yuri for so long. Since Yura came to him Victor has never really gone a full day without seeing him, and not being there, not being a car ride away from him in case anything happens is harder than he ever would’ve predicted.

“He’s with Mr. Plisetsky. It was getting late and I still have a couple interviews to give. I promised Morooka at least one after the competition. I’ll meet them a bit later. Mr. Plisetsky is insisting I stay over there instead of staying at the hotel,” Yuuri tells him, leaning back against one of the bathroom walls and getting a little more comfortable.

“I’m glad you won’t be sleeping alone,” Victor tells him. “Do you think you could…”

“I’ll facetime you again when I’m with Yura.”

Victor breathes out. “Thank you.”

“You should rest, Vitya. Have you eaten?”

If this were anyone else Victor would probably have lied, but it’s Yuuri, and it’s Yuuri calling him Vitya so sweetly and it’s still such a new thing for them that Victor hasn’t had time to build any resistance to it. One word and Yuuri breaks him open.

“I took a nap,” he says. “And Mari brought me a bento Mama Hiroko made.” There’s a dip in Yuuri’s forehead when he frowns that Victor wants to slot his thumb into and smooth away. “I’ll rest when I get home.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri says, like Victor is doing him a favour by taking care of himself.

“Text Mari to wake me up when you want to facetime, okay? Are you still keeping the same flights back?”

“I will. And I’m trying to see if I can get us moved to an earlier flight. I’ll text you the flight number and what time we’ll be arriving. Now please go rest.”

“You too, sweetheart. Don’t forget to eat.”

“I won’t. See you soon, Vitya.”

“See you soon,” Victor says and blows a kiss at the camera. Yuuri flushes a little but does the same back before ending the call, and leaving Victor still sitting on the floor, with Makkachin in his lap and waiting patiently for Mari to arrive to take both of them home.

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katsuki-fc:

Our translators worked super fast to translate Yuuri’s latest interview with Morooka for a Japanese sports website and magazine. There’s also some pictures to go with the interview that you can see here, here and here. This is from right after the 2015 Rostelecom Cup where Yuuri won silver!
Morooka: How do you feel about your second place win?

Katsuki: Really grateful that I could reach this place after the hardships in this competition. And a little disappointed that I couldn’t do better. And tired. Really tired. It’s been a long day.

M: Your coach, former five time Grand Prix Champion Victor Nikiforov wasn’t with you today. Can you disclose why?

K: There was a family emergency and Victor had to rush back home to deal with it. It’s his family emergency so I will leave the matter of exactly what happened for him to disclose if he wishes to.

M: I hope everything is okay. My best wishes for Victor’s family.

K: Everything seems to be alright now. Thank you for your wishes.

M: Can you explain to us how Nikiforov being absent affected your performance of your Free Skate? I understand this is something you’ve developed together and that has great emotional value for both of you. It’s okay if this question is too personal for you to answer.

K: It’s fine. It’s true that Yuri on Ice is deeply personal to me. I’m not sure if I mentioned this before, but Yuri on Ice was first commissioned when I was still working with Coach Cialdini in Detroit. At the time I wanted something to represent me and my ambition, that represented my skating career, but I had fallen down from my winning streak in Junior’s and was having a hard time adapting to the Senior division. The end result was something lackluster and devoid of any confidence. It only showed my disappointments and desilusiones. Coach Cialdini rejected it and I took it as a personal critique on my abilities to choose my own music, so I let him choose the rest of my music and decide on my choreographies from then on out.

When Victor first brought up the idea of charging me with choosing my own music for the Free, I had him listen to that. [Katsuki pulls a face that signals a story behind this.]

M: I take it he didn’t like it.

K: [laughs] He really didn’t like it. We had a bit of a misunderstanding for about a week. I get too stuck in my head sometimes, and, well, it’s really no secret how much I admire Victor. It was a bit crushing for him not to like something I felt represented me. But then he said something to me, I’m not really sure what it was. Something about how the music should be overwhelming like I was, that I wasn’t weak like this song was. So I thought a bit about what I wanted my Free to be, and my Short was already about a type of love so I had to tie them together somehow.

Before Victor came into my life I had always thought I was fighting alone and that I had no support, even though I was surrounded by people who supported me. I got too stuck in my own head and couldn’t see past myself and my misgivings. I couldn’t think how anyone could support me because of how badly I felt I was doing. Victor pulled me out of my head and showed me how much support I had all along, starting with him. Victor… [Katsuki trails off for a couple of moments and seems to gather his thoughts.] I have a hard time making connections with people, and I hate for anyone to
see any of my weaknesses so I tend to push them away. Victor was the first person I wanted to hold onto, first because he was this ideal I had, someone I admired, and then after I knew him, just because of who he was.

Victor saw all of my weaknesses from the start, all the bad sides of me, both in Sochi and right after he got to Hasetsu when we were still a little unsure how to make this coach-student relationship work. He saw all those bad parts of me, and he tried to understand me and meet me halfway. Victor was always reaching out to me and waiting for me to reach out too. He let me get out of my own head enough to realize how much support I have and how much love I’m surrounded by, and for that I’m truly grateful to him.

M: Is that why your Free Skate’s ending pose is you reaching out?

K: Yes. My Free is about my ambition, my love for this sport, and the love everyone has had for me all this time, how much they have supported me. I’m trying to give some of that love back and meet them halfway. I owe all of this to Victor so in the end, I reach out to him. [laughs] It’s actually a little tricky, since I skate without my glasses and there’s so many people around the rink, I can’t really see, so I have to memorize where he is to be able to turn towards him by the end.

M: And how was it skating such an important program without the person at the center of it?

K: Hollow. In the middle of it, I almost forgot that he wasn’t there. I was skating my love on the ice and I forgot for a couple of seconds, and then by the end I remembered again that there was no one waiting for me to reach out to and it was a very sad moment. I don’t think this program was meant for me to skate it alone, since it’s fundamentally about reaching my goals with the help of the love that others place on me.

M: Do you think it could be a duet?

K: Maybe someday. Not anytime soon, but maybe someday.

M: Would you skate it with Nikiforov as a duet?

K: Who else would I skate with?

M: Not even if you eventually break up?

K: [Katsuki looks speechless for a while as if the thought hadn’t occurred to him.] I don’t think that’s the kind of relationship Victor and I have. This love that we share, it’s something that we agreed to work on together, and not something that I see being broken.

M: That’s very romantic.

K: [looking embarrassed] Ah, I didn’t mean to.

M: Can you tell us a little bit about what made you succeed today despite this hardship?
K: Yuri, actually. This morning I was very stuck in my own head, and I was very worried because of that family emergency. I thought the only person that really understood and supported me wouldn’t be here, and there was no possible way I could do it alone, but then Yuri met up with us dressed like Victor and I was reminded that I still have a lot of people supporting me, and I have a lot of people who are counting on me to do well. It helped that just before I got on the ice I got a text saying the family issue was resolved and I could be a little more at peace.

M: It was very heartwarming to see how dedicated Yuri was to you doing well. He said something to you before you went on the ice, can I ask what was it?

K: He said “Don’t fall.” [laughs] It’s very good advice.

M: It is. Last question before I let you go, I know you must be really tired from a hard and demanding couple of days. Any prospects for the Grand Prix?

K: Gold would be nice, of course, but honestly I think I would be happy showing everyone who has supported me performances I can confidently say I don’t regret. I’ll be happy if I skate clean programs.

M: That sounds like the perfect goal. Thank you so much for taking time out of your day for doing this special interview with me, I really appreciate it.

K: Thank you, Morooka-san. You have been supporting me for a very long time and have been more than nice to me through all these interviews. I remember that you were the one who interviewed me the very first time when I was still in the Junior division. I hope I can show you a performance that you will be proud of too at the Grand Prix Final. [Katsuki bows and shakes my hand before he leaves.]

Source: katsuki-fc #katsuki_yuuri #e: rostonecom cup 2015 #e: grand prix series 2015 #interview #victuuri

840 notes

Victor is beyond exhausted when Mari nudges him out of her car and pokes him into stumbling into the inn, which is made slower by the fact that Victor absolutely refuses to let Makkachin walk anywhere and has been carrying him since the vet gave the all-clear for them to come back home with some instructions on what to watch out for and some antibiotics that Victor will have to forcefeed Makka.

“Welcome home, Vicchan,” Hiroko says, appearing at the door with a smile that makes Victor’s shoulders loosen a little. “Have you eaten? You look tired.”

“I’m home,” Victor mumbles, adjusting Makkachin in his arms a little bit. “I’ve eaten a little. And I promised Yuuri I would rest.”

“Good. Go ahead, we’ll wake you up for lunch, don’t worry.”

“Thank you,” Victor says, feeling it in his gut.

Hiroko waves his gratitude away and nudges him a little bit towards the stairs that lead to the rooms. “Just rest up, yes?”
“Yes, yes,” Victor says, feeling his knees ache a little as he climbs the stairs, completely bypassing his room and heading straight to Yuuri’s. They normally sleep in Victor's room since the bed is bigger, but something tells him that he’ll feel better here than in a bed that is too big.

He puts Makka up on the bed, letting him find the most comfortable spot in the mattress and then lays down, being careful not to disturb him too much. He’s barely managed to place his hand on Makka’s fur before his head hits the pillows and he’s asleep within seconds.

Yuuri doesn’t have the energy to pack the mess that has been made of their hotel room since they arrived in Moscow, so he stashes his gear in his bigger suitcase and makes an overnight bag out of his gym bag to stay over at the Plisetsky’s house. His muscles ache from the strain he has put them through during his performances, his head aches from not wearing his glasses for so long, his heart aches from how far away Victor is and with his worry for Makkachin.

Yuuri is very, very tired, and it feels immeasurable the effort of calling a cab and climbing the five flights of stairs to Mr. Plisetsky’s apartment since it’s a very old building and the elevator looks like it hasn’t worked since the 80s.

All he wants to do is to lie down on a bed and sleep until he has to drag himself to the gala and the banquet tomorrow, all events he would rather skip so he could get on the first plane out to Japan. But he has a duty with the Japanese Skating Federation and with his sponsors and his supporters. So Yuuri will force himself to skate and he will force himself to make small talk, but not before he sleeps for at least ten hours straight.

He knocks on the door and waits patiently for Mister Plisetsky to open it, adjusting his shoulder strap. The door flies open and Yuuri opens his mouth to greet Mr. Plisetsky before his brain fully assimilates the person who is standing in front of him and the words die in his throat.

“Um,” Yuuri says, shifting uncomfortably. “Is this Nikolai Plisetsky’s apartment?”

The man at the door takes a step back. “Yeah. Come in, the kid’s been waiting up for you. He won’t shut up about it.”

Yuuri hesitates for a moment in the doorway, unsure, before he steps into the apartment.

“Do you want something to eat? They got leftovers,” the man says, closing the door behind Yuuri and moving towards the kitchen with the ease of someone comfortable in their space.

“That’s alright, I wouldn’t want to impose.”

“You wouldn’t, the old man worked too fucking hard on making these. You should try some. The kid was excited for you to try them too.”

“Right,” Yuuri says, feeling a little ill-footed but following the man into the kitchen, mostly because he’s not quite sure what else to do with himself.

And thankfully he doesn’t need to figure it out because as soon as he steps into the kitchen Yura looks up from where he’s sitting at the table with a mug too big for his hands and screams, “Yuuri!” before climbing down from his chair, almost knocking his mug over in the process and running to him.

At this point it’s muscle memory for Yuuri to crouch down and catch Yura with one arm, and to stand back up with him on his hip.
“You’re back! I waited for you forever. Grandpa made me have dinner and everything, even though I really wanted to have dinner with you because Grandpa made katsudon pirozhki! Isn’t that cool?”

“So cool,” Yuuri agrees, relaxing a little bit.

“I wanted to stay with you like Dad does but Grandpa said it would be super boring and that you were just going to answer dumb questions. You didn’t have fun without me, did you?”

“Not even a little bit,” Yuuri reassures him. “I just answered a lot of questions and then I came here right away.”

“Good,” Yura says, nodding satisficedly. “You have to try what Grandpa made, it’s the best thing in the whole world.” Yura kicks his feet to be set down and Yuuri carefully lowers him onto the floor, letting him run back to the table. He looks expectantly over at Yuuri for him to follow.

“Good evening,” he greets, politely, nodding at Mr. Plisetsky who is just placing a plate with what looks like steaming hot pirozhki on the table.

“Good evening, put your bag down anywhere and sit to eat. I only have Yura’s take on what katsudon is supposed to taste like, I need another opinion.”

Yuuri gingerly places his bag down in a corner of the room and sits on the table next to Yura. The plate of pirozhki is pushed towards him before he’s fully seated. He feels a little weird with all eyes on him like this, so he carefully picks up a pirozhki in a napkin and bites into it, eyes widening at how good it is, and then closing in bliss.

“This is very good, do you think I could take some back?” Yuuri asks. His mother would probably love these, and so would Victor.

Mr. Plisetsky looks extremely smug. “Of course, I’ll put them in a container before you leave.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri says, and goes back to happily eating.

“Your Russian is very good,” the man that had greeted Yuuri at the door pipes up. Yuuri still doesn’t know his name or who he is but it wouldn’t be hard to make an educated guess. Yuri is scarily similar to the person who birthed him. Same green eyes, same blond hair, same nose. Victor had spoken about Yura’s other parent but only in vague terms and briefly, but it’s not hard to make the connection.

“Thank you,” Yuuri says.

“When did you start learning?” he asks.

Yuuri shifts a little in his seat. He doesn’t know why he feels so uncomfortable right now. Maybe because it’s always a little unnerving to talk with someone whose name you don’t know, maybe because this is a person that has the power to take Yura away from Victor, maybe it’s the way he is leaning back, looking slightly down at Yuuri.

“Ah, when I was fourteen, I guess. And then I took a course at the university for it.”

The man hums.

Yuuri feels a little judged.
“Don’t bother him, Sasha. Let him eat,” Mr. Plisetsky says.

“Yeah, Sasha,” Yura says, sticking his tongue out. And then, leaning over towards Yuuri in a loud whisper he says, “He’s just jealous because you’re cooler than him.”

Yuuri highly doubts that’s what this is about but he doesn’t say anything about it. He just keeps eating and listens to Yura tell him a (slightly exaggerated) play-by-play of everything he did since Yuuri last saw him, while Sasha just watches him.

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Yura refuses to go to bed right away, so they sit in the living room for a bit, Mr. Plisetsky retiring to his room on account of having to open his bakery early the next morning, leaving Sasha, Yuuri and Yura alone in semi-awkward silence.

Despite his tantrum, Yura is too tired to do anything but lay down under Yuuri’s arm and attempt to fistfight sleep off, not even old reruns of some Russian cartoon about a bear are enough to keep him awake. It takes exactly ten minutes of this until Yuuri is sound asleep and drooling onto Yuuri’s shirt which seems to be what Sasha had been waiting for, because before Yuuri can even think to awkwardly excuse himself to the bedroom, he says, “Put the kid to sleep and come have a beer with me. We should have some words.”

Yuuri really, really doesn’t want to have words with a russian man who is 60 percent dressed in leather and narrow his eyes at him like he’s thinking of new, inventive ways to gut him, but that didn’t sound like a question and Yuuri is too polite to say no. So he nods and gently scoops Yura up so he can move him to a bed, tucking pillows on both his sides to make sure he doesn’t roll off the bed or wake up because there was nothing for him to cuddle up to nearby.

Then he drags himself back out into the living room. If he could he would just collapse besides Yuri and not wake up until Mr. Feltsman came try to knock the front door down to personally drag him down to the rink, but it appears that today isn’t done with Yuuri yet, so.

“Let’s go into the balcony,” Sasha says, pushing the window to the living room open.

“Isn’t it… a little too cold… for that?” Yuuri asks carefully.

“Grab a blanket,” Sasha tells him, and then climbs out without looking back.

Yuuri sighs, and grabs the blanket thrown over the couch, tightening it around his shoulders before climbing out after him. He has to brace himself against the cold because this is Russia in winter, but thankfully the alley the fire escape leads to is protected against any strong winds, so Yuuri will probably not die of hypothermia out here.

He sits down next to Sasha and accepts a beer bottle from him, unsure what to expect.

This is what he knows about Sasha, just from tidbits of what Victor has told him and from spending the last hour with him: he’s Nikolai’s nephew, not his son. He was in an open relationship with Victor. He always calls Yura ‘kid’ and never by his actual name and he stays as far from Yuri as he possibly can without seeming like he’s doing it. He avoids touching Yura for too long, which makes Yuuri kind of angry. He is very pretty, but makes himself look as scary as he can.

“So, you and Victor… that’s serious, right? Marriage serious?”

Well, whatever Yuuri had been expecting it was not that.
"I, uh, I guess so," he says, taking a sip of his beer to avoid having to add anything to that.

"Good. That’s good," Sasha says, and Yuuri might be imagining it but he sounds a little awkward with it. "Listen," he starts, blowing a strand of hair out of his face and giving himself a couple of seconds before he continues, "it’s really fucking hard for me to be around the kid, I never asked for that, but he’s still kind of my responsibility, so like, don’t… fuck up with him, okay? Or I’ll beat you up."

Yuuri stares for a little too long, and Sasha holds his stare levelly, setting his jaw in defiance.

"I’m trying my best," Yuuri finally says.

Sasha deflates a little.

"And he has a name, you know?" Yuuri says because that still makes him angry.

"I know, I gave it to him," Sasha snaps. Yuuri flinches a little. Sasha doesn’t look even slightly apologetic, but he sighs, running a hand through his hair and messing it up a little. "How much do you actually know about this whole… situation?"

Yuuri shifts the blanket closer to him, takes another sip of his beer. "Besides Victor being deadly afraid that you’ll take Yura from him? Nothing. He says it’s not his story to tell, that it doesn’t really matter."

Sasha stares. "Wow," he says, sounding a little amazed. "He really is a huge fucking dumbass."

"He’s not -" Yuuri starts defending, immediately.

"Shut up. He is. He goes around acting like the kid was pushed on him and that we aren’t perfectly happy with how things went, like we think he’s a terrible dad and at the slightest slip-up we’re going to take the kid back. Do you know how it actually happened?"

Yuuri barely has time to shake his head before Sasha continues, "I’m going to tell you this, because that kid fucking idolizes you and Nikolai likes you. Also I’ve seen how fucking gross you and Victor are together, it’s all over the goddamned Internet. I’m expecting you to become part of this weirdass family, which means we might run into each other again, so I’m only telling you this shit because I know you won’t fuck up," he says, making it sound like a threat. "And to see if you knock some sense in Victor’s head once and for all because this shit is getting tired, it’s been like three goddamned years."

Sasha points at Yuuri threateningly with his beer bottle. Yuuri isn’t quite sure how he manages it but he manages it. He looks at Yuuri like he’s waiting for something.

"Uh, okay?" Sasha lifts his eyebrows expectantly for him to continue. "I’ll… help knock some sense into Victor’s head?"

Sasha nods, downs his beer bottle in one go and opens another one.

"Okay, so," he starts, "Nikolai’s store got vandalized really fucking badly by some punkass neighbourhood kids, and the bank wouldn’t give him a loan because we were still paying up the loan we took off for the abortion thing before the doctors conveniently told me it was too late for that shit. Bank says they needed someone trustworthy to co-sign it because god forbid trusting the poor people. I said I’d get the money, but Nikolai wasn’t having it and just called that loud bastard Yakov because he figured, hey Victor is a big shot celebrity, the bank will accept a co-signment from him, and he thinks Victor is my baby daddy so he figures Victor can do this one thing and
then fuck off again.”

Sasha takes a breath and Yuuri takes that opportunity to ask, “Is he?”

“Is he what?”

“Is he your baby daddy?” Yuuri clarifies, holding his breath a little for the answer.

“Honestly? No shitting idea,” Sasha says, saluting his beer at Yuuri. “But that’s what I told Nikolai because it was a possibility and I figured, if it was someone famous he’d leave them alone and not try to run after them with a broom for alimony or some shit. The other guys? Kinda shitty, not gonna lie. Also I didn’t want my uncle to know I’m a ho, which didn’t really work out but, ya know.”

Yuuri blinks at him, a little overwhelmed with all of this. “Right,” he says. “And you told Victor this?”

“Yes. He asked if I had any clue if it was his and I said, ‘maybe, probably not’. He knew what we got into. Anyway, Nikolai talks to him about the bank thing and Victor just goes and fucking… pays for all of it. All the repairs. In total, all he asked for was to meet the kid and Nikolai got mad as hell until he realized what a sad fucking gay Victor was. Then he started baking him cakes.”

“He’s not that much of a sad gay,” Yuuri says.

“Well, not now that he has the relationship of his literal dreams. I’m glad that clingy idiot got love, good for both of you,” Sasha says, tilting his beer bottle towards Yuuri for a toast. Yuuri clinks their beer bottles together. He’s not quite sure what’s going on at this point but if it’s possible to have sensory overload and whiplash at the same time, he’s getting it.

“Why didn’t you use the money from the first loan?” Yuuri asks, carefully.

“Spent it. Being pregnant was literally hell. It was the worst year of my life, so as soon as I could, I took that uterus bullshit right off. Don’t need it, and I had been wanting to do it for a while. I had the money.” He shrugs. “Good fucking riddance. But this isn’t about that, this is about how your boyfriend is a dumbass. So, anyway, Victor’s a sad gay, Nikolai is kinda sorry for him, right?”

“Right,” Yuuri says. This feels a little like hearing Phichit tell a long drawn out story. Overwhelming.

“Right. So Victor literally drags his ass from St. Petersburg to Moscow and back almost every week he has a day off. It’s fucking ridiculous. He really likes the kid and he keeps asking parenting questions to Nikolai and showing him all these highlighted parenting books. At which point my uncle basically adopted Victor. Anyway, Nikolai, he’s old as ass, you know. It’s hard for him to look after kids. I can’t do it for long because I don’t wanna be a shitty person and resent a fucking infant for my stupid mistakes but it’s not like I can forget an entire fucking year of straight hell, right?”

He looks at Yuuri.

“That’s… fair,” Yuuri says. It still makes him angry, but he can’t pretend that he even has the slightest clue what Sasha had to go through.

“Right. So Victor finds some balls somewhere and basically has this Power Point presentation about how it would be great for him to adopt the kid because he can actually afford having a kid, and he really fucking wants this and the kid really wants to skate and he can make that happen
more easily than any of us could. Nikolai really loves that kid but he knows this is what’s best for him and at this point he trusts Victor.

“I think it’s a fucking fantastic idea. Kid’s set for fucking life. We’re all happy. Yakov asked for a paternity test for whatever the fuck reasons. We don’t ask what shady shit that guy is into and we don’t give a shit about actual paternity. But somehow that idiot thinks that if he’s not his biological dad then someone is gonna take the kid from him. Which is fucking ridiculous, honestly. Everyone thinks he’s a good dad, and it’s not like it matters who jizzed all over me. Like, shit, I had that inside of me for nine months and I am nowhere close to a parent to that kid.

“You’ve know him, for what? Six months? You’re more of a dad than I will ever be to him. Try to get that inside of his hugeass head.”

“… right,” Yuuri says, feeling a little shellshocked. “That was… a lot.”

A lot of information, really fast, after a very, very long day. Yuuri is going to sleep for five years as soon as he finds a bed.

“Tell me about it,” Sasha says, opening another beer.

They sit there in silence for a couple of minutes as Yuuri processes all of this, him nursing his beer, Sasha chugging his at an alarming speed.

“Can I ask a question?” Yuuri asks.

“Sure, before I get too drunk too answer.”

“Why did you call him Yuri?”

Sasha snorts. “The television in the hospital room was on some sports channel or whatever and they were talking about some Yuri. Sounded kinda pretty,” he explains.

Yuuri guesses “sounded kinda pretty” is as good a reason as any to name a kid.

“My turn. Why did Victor keep the kid’s last name?”

“He wants him to be able to make a name for himself,” Yuuri answers. “And not live under the Nikiforov name, if Yura really wants to skate. It’s going to be hard enough to distance himself from Victor.”

“Cool,” Sasha says, and lets silence descend upon them again, until it gets a little too awkward and a little too cold.

“I should head inside,” Yuuri says.

“Sure. See you tomorrow. Probably not, though. Good luck with the skating thing or whatever.”

“Thanks,” Yuuri says, awkwardly. “And thank you for the beer.”

Sasha tips the bottle towards him, without even turning to look, and Yuuri takes that as good as permission to slip back inside and go to bed. Sleep takes him longer than he’d like, but he manages it.

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[Image description: both Victor and Makkachin laying down in the dining area looking like sad
“I want to change my exhibition,” Yuuri tells Yakov.

Yakov sighs for a very long time. “Do you have the track you want to change it to? A costume? Do you have it prepared at all?”

“Um,” Yuuri says, shifting. “A little.”

“Do whatever you want. You’ve already won, and I don’t think you’ll listen to me anyway.”

“Thanks, coach Feltsman.”

[video description: an excerpt of Yuuri in a suit, jacket off, shirt unbuttoned at the cuffs, skating to Stammi Viccino.]

**Rostelecom Cup 2015 – Katsuki Yuuri EX [Stammi Viccino]**

katsuk-i-ace views

[subscribe]

**Description:**

Katsuki Yuuri changed his exhibition program for the Rostelcom Cup where Victor was…

---- Read More ----

As soon as Yuuri is off the ice and Victor sees him slide his blade guards on, he hits the call button. It takes a couple of rings before Yuuri finally picks up.

“Yuuri,” he croons into the phone, “was that for me?”

Yuuri laughs very softly and Victor grips his phone a little closer to his ear.

“It’s always for you,” Yuuri says sounding fond and amused, and, ah, Victor loves him. He loves him so much.

“That was beautiful, sweetheart,” he sighs into the phone dreamily.

“Did it make you feel better?”
“A little bit. It made Makkachin feel better too, he tried to lick the laptop,” Victor says, petting Makkachin’s head in his lap.

“You’re lying,” Yuuri accuses, still light and amused.

“I would never. Don’t laugh at me, I can see you, you know?”

The camera has been staying on Yuuri for a while now, making time for the next performance. Yuuri is as enthralling as any performance, after all. Victor watches him on his laptop’s screen looking around until he finds the camera.

“Yeah, that one. Hi, beautiful.”

Yuuri blushes a little and the camera pans closer to his face. Victor physically aches with the need to touch him.

On screen Yuuri does the V sign with his hand, palm turn towards him, before making a heart out of his pointer and thumb, kissing it and offering it to the camera. Victor very nearly swoons, and by the sudden screeches that filter through his laptop speakers, he’s not the only one.

“That was so embarrassing,” Yuuri mutters into the phone, before putting his hand over the receiver and speaking to someone off-camera.

“That was adorable. I miss you so much. And I got on my knees for you. That’s hardly anything, compared.”

“That was different,” Yuuri says, crouching down just in time to catch Yura who flings himself at him. “Say hi to the camera. Dad’s watching.”

Yura waves at the camera. “Hi, Dad!” he yells. “We’re having fun without you!”

The image on his laptop changes to the next skater that is about to perform right after that, and Victor mourns the loss of his two beautiful Yuuris.

“So cruel, my son,” he says, sighing. “Hurry back home, please. I might just whither and die without the both of you.”

“We’ll be home soon,” Yuuri promises.

“Grandpa made katsudon pirozhki!” Yura yells into the receiver, making Victor wince.

“Whoa, that sounds so good.”

“It is!” Yuuri says. “I have to go change and answer some questions, do you want me to leave the phone with Yura? Yakov’s looking after him.”

“Yes, please,” Victor says, and settles in to hear his son babble about everything that happened while Victor was gone.

«»

[video description: Yuuri looking at a camera and smiling bashfully, before doing a V sign, making a heart with his fingers and kissing it.]

Liked by katsukatsudammn, katsuk-i-ace, kingkatsuki, vicnicfliptrick, phichit-chu and 20,304 others
victuura fam IMAGINE KATSUKI YUURI LOVING YOU TO THE POINT WHERE HE PULLS THIS SHIT ON INTERNATIONAL TELEVISION, IMAGINE KATSUKI YUURI, KNOWN SHY AWKWARD DORK WHO PROFESSIONALLY SWERVES JOURNALISTS BECAUSE HE DOESN’T LIKE THE ATTENTION DOING THIS JUST FOR YOU AT AN INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION. I LOVE VICTUURI SO MUCH

View 102 comments

kingkatsuki I literally can’t believe that victor nikiforov is single handedly saving the katsuki fandom like if you told me a year ago that I’d witness yuuri blowing a kiss TWICE in the same competition I’d call you a filthy liar and collapse at the thought but it’s really happening

vicrolicfliptrick @kingkatsuki jesus is real and his name is victor nikiforov

daddykatsudon not to be That Bitch but that’s the handsign for eating pussy

vicrolicfliptrick @daddykatsudon it’s a V for victor ohmygod

daddykatsudon @vicrolicfliptrick that’s what they want you to think

14 HOURS AGO

[kimage description: a selfie of the Yuuris clearly sitting at a waiting area in an airport, both of them all bundled up and standing close together.]

Lik ed by v-nikiforov, phichit-chu, christophe-gc, saracrisp and 53,405 others

katsuyuuri Victor is normally the one who does this but, thank you Moscow for the incredible support, I hope I could make everyone who believed in me proud today. See you again, soon. Please keep supporting me, I will do my best to win gold at the Finals.

View all 1,045 comments

kingkatsuki I’VE BEEN CRYING SINCE THIS WAS POSTED CAN YOU BELIEVE OUR GOOD HUMBLE BOY HE TOOK A SELFIE LIKE I’M SO USED TO GIVING AND NOW I’M RECEIVING….. 2015 TRULY IS A BLESSED YEAR FOR ALL OF US KATSUKI FANS

kingkatsuki WE WILL CONTINUE SUPPORTING YOU NO MATTER WHAT THANK YOU FOR ALWAYS TRYING YOUR BEST FOR US

victuura fam can you really believe that yuuri’s first selfie was bc his husband wasn’t around to thank the fans to support him so yuuri had to do it himself?????? like???? okay?????? i’m not crying or anything??????

13 HOURS AGO

[video description: a video of a Japanese airport where Victor is sitting in one of the chairs at
arrivals with Makkachin sitting at his feet with his head on his knee as Victor pets him. Victor looks unusually uncomposed. It goes like this for a couple of seconds until Makkachin goes over to the glass wall to bark at something, making Victor look over and see Yuuri. He then proceeds to run towards the door as Yuuri drops his carry on and bags, picks Yuri up - who he had been leading down the hall by the hand - and runs to Victor too. They meet halfway, with Victor opening his arms for a hug and Yuuri running straight into them. The three of them hug for a while. The camera can’t really catch what is said. The video finishes with Yuuri transferring Yura into Victor’s arms as the child hugs his dad for longer, clinging to him, and Yuuri leans down on the ground to hug Makkachin and pet him.]

Liked by phichit-chu, christophe-ge, kingkatsuki, victuurafam, daddykatsudon, vicnicfliptrick and 43,945 others

katsuk-i-ace One of my friends was at the airport and she recognized Victor from the skating videos I make her watch, and she managed to record this! Such a sweet moment, they look like they really missed each other. #katsukiyuuri #victornikiforov #victuurafam #victuuri

View all 403 comments

katsukatsudamn I legitimately have no fucking words left.

xxfallinlove I CANT BELIEVE THEYRE MARRIED

kingkatsuki WE ARE GETTING SO MUCH THIS LAST WEEK THANK YOU VICTUURI FOR MY LIFE

daddykatsudon fuce a bitch is emotional

vicnicfliptrick THIS IS WHAT VICTOR NIKIFOROV GODDAMNED DESERVES

3 HOURS AGO

«»

No one really tells you how stressful it is flying alone with a child, but the answer is very. Which is only made worse that inbetween preparing for his exhibition, attending the banquet, packing everything and making sure they were on time for check-in in the earliest flight possible out of Moscow, and being constantly on edge about something happening if Yuuri isn’t paying attention to Yuri for two seconds, Yuuri gets maybe two full hours of sleep, and given how these last days have been going, it’s not a stretch to say that he’s dead on his feet.

But it’s okay. He’s back home, he’s loaded all of his baggage in the trunk of Mari’s car, and he’s comfortably settled against Victor’s chest, Yura on Victor’s other side and Makkachin riding in the front. The only way anyone will be capable of pulling him off his place right here, is if they pry him off with a crowbar.

“You look tired,” Victor whispers. He’s been peppering these little kisses on top of Yuuri’s head through the ride, and it’s only making Yuuri melt into him.

“Couldn’t sleep the last two nights,” Yuuri mumbles around a yawn.

“Can’t sleep without me there?”

“Yeah. And packing. And Sasha’s weird shovel talk.”
Victor goes tense under him and Yuuri frowns, rubbing his cheek against his chest to try to make him go back to being soft and pliant.

“You met Sasha?”

“Yeah. He’s a little weird, isn’t he?”

Victor breathes out heavily, ruffling the hair on top on Yuuri’s hair.

“I guess. What did you talk about?”

“He called you a sad, dumb gay and told me what happened.”

“And?” Victor asks. Yuuri can feel him holding his breath under his cheek.

“And you’re a good dad, is what I got from it. And everyone thinks you’re a good dad, and you’re being a little dumb about this and you’re sometimes sad, but it’s okay because I’m a little dumb and sad too.” Yuuri yawns again, feeling his eyes droop close. “We can be dumb and a sad and gay together.”

Victor goes soft under him again which is much more comfortable for Yuuri.

“That sounds nice,” he says, squeezing Yuuri around the shoulders a little, kisses the top of his head.

“Yeah. I’m going to sleep now.”

“Okay, sweetheart, you can sleep.”

“Okay,” Yuuri sighs, and lets his eyes fall shut.

«»

[Image description: Yuuri asleep on Victor’s chest, under Victor’s arm in the back of a car. Victor has his head turned and this very loving expression on his face as he kisses the top of Yuuri’s head.]

Liked by icedaddy-fc, phichit-chu, christophe-gc, kingkatsuki and 75,403 others

v-nikiforov Welcome home.

View all 2,394 comments

2 HOURS AGO

Chapter End Notes

some of yall: but HOW can he be GAY and also possibly the BIOLOGICAL father????

me, leaning uncomfortably close to the mic: trans boys exist, steven
here's the tag i use on tumblr for update news for this fic, in case u wanna kno

ALSO @japansace wrote me a thing called The Boyfriend Paradox with Victor being EXTRA and yuuri knowing russian (like in this fic) for sheer victor thirst alone. Give it a go, you guys, it a good!!!!!
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

...............something round and golden.................. hmm..................... i Wonder What It Is

Chapter Notes

Okay I'm going to get super long and weepy about things, so if you usually read these,,,,, rip buddy.

First and foremost, the BIGGEST thank you to my wonderful beta, and amazing best friend Minna, who has been the BEST BRO I could ever have wished for and who stuck with me through this monster of a fic and never complained and who was nothing but supportive and cheered me on. Bro, I love you so much, I would die for you, you've helped me so much through this and i know you don't read these because this isn't even your fandom but I have to say it.

Still firstly, the biggest most love-filled most clingy THANK YOU for my beautiful wife Belles who has cheered me through writing this entire fic and who is unfailingly supportive and continuously kind and y'all I don't deserve her. This whole fic should be dedicated to her because I am not exagerating when I say it wouldn't exist if it weren't for her. Before this behemoth I firmly believed that I couldn't write long and multichaptered fic. And about 20k in I was about to drop this fic and move on to something else but Belles encouraged me and pushed me to post so shout out to her. I love and would die for you. You know this.

And I also want to thank every single person who was so so so so so kind to me through all of this, who commented, and kudo'd and bookmarked and even went all the way to tumblr to leave nice comments. I appreaciate and love every single one of you, you're all such a HUGE reason why I kept going, and felt like this story was worth telling even if I outright hated how it was turning out and thought my writing was garbage. Y'all kept me going. I finished this for you and it became a personal victory for myself. I can now write longer things!!!!! There are absolutely no words to express how thankful I am. I owe you so much. Thank you for supporting me through all of this, I truly don't deserve this much and I will strive and do my best to improve myself and become better so I'm worthy of all of this love I've gotten.

To finish, some people have asked me over on tumblr if there will be a sequel to this. And the answer to that is: kind of?? There will be companion pieces to this. I was forseeing taking a break after I finished but my wife whomst I love and adore asked me if I could write a companion piece for this that I had discussed with her and y'all know what they say.......... happy wife, happy life. So keep your eyes peeled for Maybe Possible Some Additions to the katsuki-plisetsky-nikiforov household of the teeny and adorable variety.

And for the ones wondering: YES I absolutely started crying when I punctuated that last sentence. This fic is very much my big overweight baby, and I might be annoyed
at it sometimes but I love it dearly, it has given me sososososo much.

So thank you so much to everyone for standing by me, and I really hope this doesn't disappoint!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[post description: two images followed by a short video. The first image is of Makkachin sitting inside an open suitcase. The second is of Yuri sitting on the other side of the suitcase with a bandana wrapped around his head keeping his hair back and diving goggles on his face. He has his hands up as if he was holding a wheel. The video is of Yuuri pushing Yuri down the hallway inside the suitcase as Yuri screams in delight.]

Liked by katsuyuuri, phichit-chu, icedaddyfc, vicnicfliptrick and 67,456 others

v-nikiforov Packing is going great! See you soon, Barcelona! #gpf2015 #gpfbarcelona

View all 1,245 comments

5 HOURS AGO

[post description: a video of Victor running through a little check list of what he has to take on a trip, asking Makkachin if they’re ready to go. It was clearly taken a few years back. And the latest video Victor posted on his Instagram of him packing with Yura and Yuuri.]

Liked by katsukatsudann, kingkatsuki, vicnicfliptrick and 14,343 others

victuurafam Catch a bitch crying at the club over how Victor went from packing alone with his dog to having two whole Yuuris who love him and make it Fun for him.

View all 493 comments

xxfallinlove I STILL CANT BELIEVE THEYRE MARRIED

vicnicfliptrick I’m the bitch crying

3 HOURS AGO

“Victor, have you seen my-“ Yuuri starts, walking into Victor’s room in search of his charger, and then stopping when his eyes land on Victor.

Victor, who instead of running through his packing list one last time or being in the middle of his skin care routine is sitting on the bed, turning a white non-descript envelope over in his hands. Yuuri doesn’t have to step closer to know what it is. Going by Victor’s face he can take a good guess.

He hovers there, for a minute, unsure of what to do, of what Victor needs from him.
“Vitya?” he calls tentatively.

Victor sighs, and looks up at him with those big sad eyes that make Yuuri move closer, sit next to him within easy reach, so he can put a hand on his knee and squeeze, so Victor can lean on him if he needs to.

“I know I’m being stupid,” Victor starts, flipping the envelope in his fingers.

“You’re not being stupid.”

“Aren’t I?” Victor challenges.

“Am I being stupid when I quit my career mid-season? Or when I choke in competitions even though I *know* I can run through the program perfectly? Or when a room is too crowded and I need to step out?”

“That’s-“

“Stupid?”

“No! Of course not,” Victor says, finally turning his head towards Yuuri, a frown dotting his forehead.

“Then this isn’t stupid either,” Yuuri tells him decisively. “It’s important to you.”

“I-“ Victor starts, letting the rest of his sentence be swallowed by a tired sigh. “I don’t want it to be. I just- I just want to know that if someone tries to take him away, I could… I don’t know, do *something*.”

Yuuri leans on him. Sometimes – a lot of times – they have these conversations better if they’re not looking at each other. It’s easier to speak your feelings if you don’t have to look someone in the eye.

“No one’s going to take him away,” Yuuri says, quietly.

“You don’t *know* -“

“*I* wouldn’t let them. Not easily, not if you didn’t want to. I’m selfish, Victor. You asked me to be selfish and *I am*.” He gives a couple of seconds for that to sink in. “I love him too, you know. Maybe not for as long as you have and maybe not as much yet, but I love him too.”

Victor sighs, and slumps under Yuuri’s cheek. One of his hands lets go of the envelope so he can link their fingers together and squeeze.

“You really wouldn’t let them?” he asks, leaning his head on top of Yuuri’s.

“Really,” Yuuri says and squeezes his hand back. Victor lets a couple of seconds trickle by between them. “Okay. I believe you.”

“Ohay,” Yuuri says, and then, because he can still feel the way Victor’s shoulders tighten, he asks, “Do you still want to open it?”

“I don’t know,” Victor answers, sounding raw in his honesty.

“You can. I’ll stay with you if you want me to. Just know, no matter what that says, you *are* his...
“I’m going to miss you more than anyone else in this world, and no one will take him from you, okay?”

Victor chews on that for a bit. Yuuri doesn’t really mind the long stretches of quiet. He’s more than happy to give Victor his time like Victor gives him his.

“Okay,” Victor says. “I still don’t know if I want to open it.”

“Do you want me to stay with you until you make a decision?”

Victor nods. Yuuri can feel his cheek rubbing over the top of his head with it. “Hold me?” Victor asks, and Yuuri does because he is so incredibly weak for him and so incredibly eager to do anything at all that would comfort him, pulling away to sit behind him and wrap his arms around his middle. Victor likes being held, and Yuuri has never minded less doing the holding.

They stay like that for long moments. Yuuri isn’t sure if five minutes or twenty have passed, but he doesn’t really care. He holds Victor and presses his cheek against his shoulder blade and just *breathes* with him, shifting very gently every so often just so Victor knows he’s with him, that he’s not alone.

They sit and they breathe and Yuuri has no idea what’s going on inside of Victor’s head, and he can’t hope to know how to deal with the *aftermath* of this, aside from just being there and supporting Victor however he can.

He breathes out, slow and gentle, shifts his knee a little so it nudges Victor - a gentle reminder. A couple more seconds pass by and the silence that had comfortably settled around them is harshly broken by the sound of ripping paper. It startles Yuuri a little, makes him jolt and peer over Victor’s shoulder to watch him methodically ripping the paper into smaller and smaller scraps.

“Victor?” Yuuri calls, carefully.

Victor continues ripping. There’s no brutality behind it. It’s practical, like the punctuation at the end of a sentence. Victor throws the scraps into the air and Yuuri frowns.

“We’re gonna have to clean that up, you know?” Yuuri asks him.

Victor turns in his grasp and looks at Yuuri in the eyes. There’s something hard there, like resolve. “I *know*,” Victor starts with a conviction that makes Yuuri lean back a little, pay close attention, “that we’d both do anything for our son. And if anything happens, we can get through it. Can’t we?”

Yuuri blinks at him for a full second, processing the words that came out of his mouth, before a smile breaks through his face so suddenly his cheeks hurt a little.

“Definitely,” he says, putting all the faith he has in *them* into that one single word.

Victor exhales like he had been holding his breath and mirrors Yuuri’s dumb, unbidden smile with one of his own, and Yuuri doesn’t even have the time to appreciate it before Victor leans forward and topples them over. Yuuri lets it happen, looping his arms around Victor’s waist and squeezing because he feels so *full, so full* of emotion that he feels as if he doesn’t press Victor to his chest as hard as he can it’ll all come messily spilling out.

They stay like that just hugging and finding comfort in each other’s presence until an excitable dog and a more excitable kid come and jump on the bed, tired of not being paid attention to.
They’re in the baggage claim in Barcelona, waiting for their bags to circle through the conveyor belt, all of them a little tired. Yura is cranky from the long flight and refuses to walk anywhere, glaring at everything that comes close to him and three breaths short from throwing a full-out tantrum if they don’t get him to a less crowded place with a bed. To avoid that, Victor is holding him and trying to minimize the sensory input around them, giving him headphones with Yuuri’s relaxing classical playlist on, and tucking Yura’s hoodie over that.

Yuuri doesn’t seem to be faring much better, having pulled his beanie down so it touches the top rim of his glasses, and his face mask up so it touches the bottom of them, squinting grumpily at the people passing in front of him and at every suitcase that passes by that isn’t their own like they have each personally offended him.

It’s because Victor is handling two disgruntled and grumpy Yuuris that he doesn’t really expect Yuuri to pull his face mask down and ask, “What would you like for your birthday?”

“We don’t really celebrate birthdays,” Victor says.

“You gave me something for mine,” Yuuri argues, nose scrunching up in a frown.

Victor is about to argue that that’s different, but that line of conversation probably won’t lead them anywhere.

“I gave us both something, you look very nice in that suit,” Victor tells him, mostly because it’s true and mostly because he knows Yuuri will probably try to match him in value and he knows Yuuri doesn’t have that kind of money. But Yuuri’s face scrunches up further, lips turning into a slight pout like he’s disappointed, so Victor decides on saying, “Something round and golden would be nice.”

A little extra motivation for Yuuri to win gold can’t hurt, and he makes absolute certain that he tilts his tone into a teasing lilt so Yuuri doesn’t take it too seriously and get stuck in his own head.

“Hm,” Yuuri hums, turning from disappointed to pensive, and pulling his face mask back up.

Victor is about to open his mouth to say something else, but Yuuri catches sight of their luggage and steps away to pick it up.

Victor watches him carefully, but Yuuri doesn’t look upset. He looks… almost like he does when there’s something that he’s not quite getting in his program and he needs a moment to figure it out.
So Victor decides not to worry about it and makes a mental note to pay close attention to him during the next few days.

«»

[video description: Phichit’s face filling the screen grinning as he asks Celestino to hold his phone. “Hey guys, I see Yuuri walking over, how much you want to bet I can run at him right now and he’ll catch me?” A different voice, presumably Celestino’s, starts saying “Don’t-“ only to be interrupted by Phichit saying “Already doing it!” before he takes off towards Yuuri and screams “Incoming!” You can hear Yuuri yelling “I’m holding food!” just before Phichit jumps at him and Yuuri drops his pastry bag to catch him, stumbling back a little. “You made me drop my croissant!” Yuuri complains, just as the video cuts off.]

Liked by v-nikiforov, saracrisp, christophe-gc, almightychuchu and 73,493 others

phichit-chu EXCITED TO SEE MY BOY AGAIN!!!!!!! #gpf15 #barcelona

View all 2,394 comments

daddykatsudon KATSUKI YUURI CAN JUST FUCKING CATCH A WHOLE MAN LIKE OKAY

vicnicisthicc @daddykatsudon its all the dad training

5 HOURS AGO

[Image description: Chris and Victor posing dramatically in the middle of a street.]

Liked by saracrisp, v-nikiforov, phichit-chu and 67,467 others

christophe-gc Barcelona just became a little more beautiful #barcelona #gpf2015

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gc-the-og A BITCH IS THRIVING

4 HOURS AGO

[Image description: Victor, Yuuri and Yuri sitting in a little outdoor café. You can see a small hoard of shopping bags on the floor next to their chairs, and half-eaten pastries on the table. They seem to be mid-conversation.]

Liked by icedaddyfc, vicnicfliptrick, christophe-gc and 36,453 others

genevivi-hellen Was blessed with a layover flight in the city my beautiful boys are currently in!!! Aren’t they handsome?
Yuuri is regretting asking Victor to take him sightseeing just about now. Not because he doesn’t love hanging out with Victor’s mom and with Chris and Phichit, but it’s a little… overwhelming. It’s not even that he minds being dragged from boutique to boutique, from landmark to landmark, but well… it’s a little that he does mind.

It’s tiring, so much interaction, and while seeing Chris, Phichit and Victor try to give each other fashion advice is absolutely hilarious, doing it while trying to keep Yura from throwing a tantrum out of boredom, and worrying about the upcoming competition, and about what he wants to get Victor makes Yuuri tired.

“It pains me I can’t stay longer,” Geneviève says with a little put-upon sigh. “I’d love to see you compete in person.”

“Maybe another time,” Yuuri says. He doesn’t really have any plans to quit anytime soon.

“Maybe next season I can design your costumes,” Geneviève says with a little excited smile. “I love doing skater’s costumes. No one else lets me use that many sequins, you know,” she says with a private smile like she’s sharing a little joke.

Yuuri smiles back at her. No matter how frequently they chat on the phone, and how infinitely more relaxed he is around her compared to when she first dropped by Hasetsu for a surprise visit, it’s still a little unnerving. Geneviève Nikiforova is an overwhelming person to hang around, and she’ll steamroll you with her nice intentions if you give her half a chance to.

“Speaking of which,” she says, unlocking her phone and sliding it across the table towards Yuuri. “I managed to finish the outfits you asked for in time. I got them delivered to your hotel room.”

Yuuri picks her phone off the table and swipes through the handful of pictures Geneviève took of the variations of Victor’s Stammi Viccino costume. They’re beautiful. The minor changes and the colours Geneviève picked are perfect.

“You like them?” Geneviève asks with a sly smile, not giving a chance for Yuuri to fumble with his praise. “I knew you would.”

“I love them,” he says, as heartfelt as he can be, letting his eyes dart around the picture to take in every detail.

“I’m glad. Are you going to keep it a secret from Vitya?” she asks.

“I thought I might surprise him,” he says to the apparent absolute delight of Genevieve. Yuuri side-eyes the café’s entrance, where Victor had disappeared into with Yura by the hand to take him to the bathroom. “I thought… I thought it might nice. That he might like something like that.”

“He’ll love it,” Geneviève says, clapping her hands together in delight.

Yuuri smiles at her, thankful for the reassurance. Before he soberes up a little. “How much for them?”

Genevieve waves a hand at him, flicking the subject carelessly away. “Don’t be silly. They’re a
gift.”
“I can’t possibly-“
“You can and you will .”
“But-“
“I’m not going to charge my future son-in-law for something that is only to make my son happy. Save your money, Yuuri. I’m sure there’s better things you can spend it on.”
“But-“ Yuuri tries again, ready to argue, even though he knows paying for this will put a sizeable dent in his savings. But Victor has already given him so much that this hardly seems like anything to pay to give a little back. He’s interrupted, this time, by Victor coming back from the bathroom with Yura in tow holding another pastry. Yuuri distantly thinks that Yura is going to spoil his dinner like this.
“We’re back,” Victor announces, looking between the two of them a little suspiciously. “Did you miss us?”
“Terribly,” Geneviève says on a dramatic sigh.
“I got more chocolate!” Yura exclaims waving his croissant around and looking the kind of self-satisfied that either means he’ll try to pull something later, or that he’ll fall asleep in three seconds flat as soon as they lay him down on a bed.
“I can see that,” Yuuri says, side-eyeing Victor a little.
Victor smiles charmingly and looks at his mother, avoiding Yuuri’s eyes. Yuuri can feel his lips quirk up in amusement, his eyes getting soft around the corners as he looks at Victor. “So what were you talking about?” Victor asks.
“I was just telling Yuuri how I wouldn’t mind taking Yura for a couple of hours so you two can have some alone time. Maybe go see La Sagrada Familia. It’s gorgeous at night,” Geneviève says, so casually Yuuri would never have guessed she was lying through her teeth.
“Don’t you want to come too, Mama? We could all have dinner,” Victor asks, frowning.
“I’ll meet you for dinner, don’t worry. Minako says she’s around and so is Christophe. I’ll see if I can find them and get everyone together so we can go somewhere nice for dinner. And I get to spend time with my beautiful grandson who certainly wants to go into the toy store we passed on the way here,” Geneviève continues.
“Yes!” Yura shouts immediately.
“Mama, no .”
“Yes! I wanna go with grandma!” Yura says, wiggling out of his chair and going to climb on Geneviève’s lap. “I wanna go to the toy store!”
Victor sighs, and half-glares at his mother. There isn’t a lot of force behind it. Yuuri would bet a hefty amount that he minds about as much as Yuuri does that they’re left to have some quiet time with just them after the whirlwind of meeting friends that today was.
“I suppose we could walk around for a bit,” Victor says, trying to sound a little put-upon. He’s very
good at fake pouting, Yuuri will give him that.

“Excellent,” Geneviève says. “We can meet up around, hmm,” she checks her watch, “let’s say eight. I’ll text you the restaurant,” she continues, already getting up and collecting her things, picking up Yura’s backpack and helping him put it on as he bounces in place and starts chanting “Toy store! Toy store! Toy store! Toy store!”

“We’re terrible enablers, aren’t we?” Victor asks, tilting his head towards Yuuri, amusement lighting up his eyes.

“Just a little bit,” Yuuri says, smiling just a little.

“See you later, Vitya! Behave! Have fun!” Geneviève says, going over for quick cheek kisses before she takes Yura by the hand and starts walking away. “Ta-ta!”

“Bye, dads!” Yura says, sounding like someone who knows that they’re about to swindle a family member out of all their pocket money.

Yuuri and Victor watch them go for a couple of seconds, before Victor turns to Yuuri, with raised eyebrows and that certain look in his eyes that never fails to make Yuuri’s knees go a little weak.

“Well,” Victor says, smirking. “Shall we?”

«»

Despite living together it’s hard for Victor and Yuuri to find a moment alone. They’re constantly surrounded by people, they’re constantly training, and raising a child is a full time job that allows no breaks. It feels nice, walking around the little marketplace in Barcelona, shoulder to shoulder. It’s nice to have this moment of respite, but Yuuri still feels restless.

He’s walking around Barcelona, getting ready for a Grand Prix Final that he knows he has a very good chance to win, with people who support him waiting for him, and the man he loves walking by his side, and with too much money in his pocket. Yuuri was fully prepared to dip into his savings for the costumes to surprise Victor later, but Geneviève won’t take his money and Yuuri feels like just the program is not enough.

He never thought he’d compete again. A couple months ago he could never have dreamt of having so much, of reaching so far but here he is, and all because of Victor. Yuuri feels the overwhelming urge to show him how much this means to him, how grateful he is. He needs to show Victor that it’s their love that has gotten him here. And that’s what leads him into steering Victor into the marketplace in the first place.

No matter that they spent the day shopping, Yuuri wants to find something to gift him. Something meaningful, something that Victor can look at and think of him, and think of them and all they’ve accomplished in this short time. He wants to give him something that promises so much more of this in the future. Something… something round. And golden.

“Stay here,” Yuuri says, acting on impulse alone as he speeds walks to the little jewelry’s front store and peers into the window, eyes darting around. His mind is made when he catches the neat professional flyer that advertises ring engravings.

He meant a gold medal, his brain screeches at him even as he picks a pair and gives the clerk the instructions of what he wants engraved, telling her that he’ll pay any amount to have it done now.

It doesn’t take as much persuasion as he thought it would, but it does take a bit of time, and Victor
follows him into the store, probably worried that so long as passed.

“Yuuri?” he calls.

The store clerk comes back and slides him a non-descript black box and the check which almost makes Yuuri faint, but he signs off on it and thanks her, grabbing a stunned Victor by the hand and dragging him around until he finds a good enough spot.

They end up in front of La Sagrada Familia, Yuuri’s hands shaking, nervousness overtaking him the moment he pops the box open and hears Victor gasp.

Yuuri might’ve rushed into something here…

Oh, well. He was always more candid when he was being impulsive anyway. It seems to work for him.

«»

Victor’s mothers are the kind of extravagant that like to reassert their love for each other by renewing their vows every couple of years. Growing up, Victor has attended more weddings and been around more love than a lot of people normally are. Being the clingy mama’s boy he has always been, it wasn’t really a surprise that he’s been dreaming about getting married to the perfect person who would love him as much as his mothers love each other.

There’s at least two albums full of magazine cutouts Victor stuck together in his teenage years when he had a little break for skating and sat in the living room of his mothers’ house surrounded by poodles, taking the prettiest things from all of his Mama’s wedding magazines. His browser history is a testament to how much he dreamt of this. It’s a little embarrassing how much time Victor spent looking at extravagant proposals and how to make your own wedding arrangements.

Getting married, despite being something that he dreamt about frequently, had always felt like something a little distant, almost unreachable. His career came first, always, no exceptions, not even when there stopped being a challenge for him on the ice. And then Yura came first – still does – no exceptions. And then Yuuri had quite literally waltzed into his life and Victor felt as if he had shuffled a little closer to it, but still he never expected this.

By virtue of how much time Victor has spent in his life looking at proposals, he has pretty high expectations. He’s seen beautiful things that looked cherry-picked from a fairy tale and he must say…right now, he’s not disappointed.

It feels… right to do it like this. Impulsive and intimate. Just the two of them in front of La Sagrada Familia as the lights from the cathedral cast shadows over Yuuri that make him look heavenly. It feels right that there is a tinge of uncertainty, and Yuuri’s hands shaking as he carefully tugs Victor’s glove off his hand and shoves it in his pocket.

He can keep it. There’s no way Victor will ever want to cover his fingers again.

“I-“ Yuuri says, and takes a shuddering breath as he pops the box open. “I had them engraved.” He takes both rings out and puts one on top of the other, turning them for Victor to see the snowflake pattern hiding inside. “They’re a pair. I thought, if we have to be apart again, like at Rostelecom, I’d like to have a part of you with me.”

Victor is going to marry him. Oh my god, he’s going to marry him. He’s really- he’s really going to marry him. It really hits him when Yuuri grabs his hand and slips the ring on his finger, his hands trembling. He doesn’t ask Victor if he can, there’s no question to it. His hands tremble but
his eyes are determined.

“It’s a promise ring, I guess,” Yuuri says, a little sheepishly, like now that he has the ring on Victor’s finger he doesn’t really know what to do with himself.

“What are you promising me?”

Yuuri blinks, tilts his head a little. “What do you want?” he asks, like it’s that simple. Like all Victor has to do is ask. He asks like he’s answering “everything”.

“Hmm,” Victor hums like he’s thinking about it. He’s not. He’s not thinking much of anything aside from I love him I love him I love him I love him. Yuuri has a set to his jaw that gives away how much he’ll do for Victor if he asks right now. “How about you promise to love and cherish me?” he asks, taking the other ring out of Yuuri’s palm and carefully holding his hand so he can slip it on his finger. “In sickness and in health. And I’ll do the same.”

The smile that Yuuri gives him is this slow, flourishing thing, like he’s slowly processing Victor’s words and he can’t help himself. He looks radiant. Victor would give him everything.


“Isn’t that what you gave me?” Victor asks, squeezing his hand back.

“Yes,” Yuuri says, hurried and vehement. And then softer, gentler, “yes.”

Victor grabs Yuuri’s other hand, his ring catching the light and reflecting it back at him, impossible to ignore. Victor wants to laugh. Yuuri proposed. Yuuri proposed. To him. In beautiful Barcelona.

Yuuri, who is so gorgeous and determined and with whom Victor is so incredibly stupidly in love, he hardly knows what to do with himself. Yuuri wants to marry him.

Victor does laugh, this bubbly, giddy thing that makes Yuuri tug him forward, eyes lighting up behind his glasses, and drop Victor’s hands to cradle his cheeks between his palms. The cold metal of the ring kisses Victor’s cheek. Victor can’t wait to get used to that feeling. He feels so full to bursting, and this has started happening so often lately that he has a faint grasp on how to handle it.

The best way is to just lean down and kiss Yuuri. To loop his arms around Yuuri’s waist and pull him to him, lifting him so he’s resting on the balls of his feet so Victor isn’t leaning down so much. To kiss him and kiss him and kiss him until he can’t breathe, and then kiss him some more because Yuuri can hold his breath for longer than Victor can and Victor won’t let something as silly and secondary as breathing cut their kisses short.

[video description: a video of Yuri Plisetsky in one of those toy cars that are battery powered, swerving dangerously around the sidewalk with Mari trying to steer him away from running into anything or anyone, two women that some would recognize as Minako and Geneviève are walking side by side with their arms linked, deep in conversation. Phichit is filming all of this and laughing his ass off, while Christophe mostly tries to keep pace with Yuri’s car and not get ran over. It is of note that someone slipped too big sunglasses on Yuri that dwarf his face, and he’s wearing a scarf that blows behind him. Sat with him on the toy car there are three different stuffed animals. You can hear Phichit trying to sing “They see him rolling, they hatin’” but laughing too hard to fully be able to. After a while of this they have to stop somewhere and Phichit says, “Hit it Yura! Like I taught you.” And Yura looks up at the camera, expressionless before dabbing, at which point
Phichit well and truly loses it, not being able to hold his phone steady anymore and the video ends.

Liked by saracrisp, victuurafam, icedaddyfc, vicnicfliptrick, chuchualmighty and 80,453 others

phichit-chu speed demon

View all 3,425 comments

v-nikiforov I can’t believe you taught my son how to DAB

phichit-chu @v-nikiforov honestly that’s on u you should’ve seen this coming.

v-nikiforov Also where did he get the car

katsuyuuri @phichit-chu Seriously??

phichit-chu @katsuyuuri YOU'RE THE DAB MASTER THAT YOU HADNT TAUGHT THE WAYS OF THE DAB TO THIS CHILD IS A CRIME

phichit-chu @v-nikiforov Also your mother just bought it for him

katsuyuuri @phichit-chu I have never dabbed in my life you can’t prove it

phichit-chu @katsuyuuri don’t test me ill win

2 HOURS AGO

Yuuri isn’t sure how he’d word to his friends and family that he had just gotten impulsively engaged to Victor, and he’s not sure he wants to deal with the consequences of announcing such a thing so he decides to just… not do it. At least for now. It’s not like he’s going to actively hide it. He’ll just hope no one notices the rings, which is of course foolish, because as soon as they meet the group for dinner – Yuuri holding Victor’s right hand, and with his own right hand in his pocket – Geneviève’s eyes zero in on their linked hands, squinting for a moment before they open wide and she claps her hands, beaming.

“Did you get engaged?!”

Before Yuuri can open his mouth, Victor jerks his hand up, turning the back of it towards his mom so he can excitedly show off his ring without having to let go of Yuuri’s hand.

“Yuuri proposed!” he announces, looking so honestly excited and happy that Yuuri swallows everything he was going to say and faces whatever is going to happen next with his chin held high, proud.

Geneviève screeches at a frankly worrying decibel level, rushing towards them and enveloping them in a warm hug that grinds Yuuri’s bones together. When she pulls back her eyes look misty and she wipes at them, offering them that smile that is so like Victor’s.

“I’m so happy for you!” she says, putting a hand on Yuuri’s cheek and the other on Victor’s.

“You’re going to be so happy together, I can’t wait to attend your fifth wedding.”
“Mama, we haven’t even gotten to the *first*,” Victor says, sounding a little choked up, eyes getting a misty quality to them.

“Ah! You’re right, you’re right! There’s so much to *plan* for! I need to call your Mamoshka, she’s going to be so happy!” she says, dropping her hands to get her phone, all the way smiling at them.

“*Mama*,” Victor huffs a little, and it’s probably supposed to sound reproving but he’s smiling too widely for it to come out right. “Let Yuuri win gold first at least!”

Geneviève waves her hand at him, picking up her phone and thumbing through it.

Yuuri breathes in, looks at the others, waiting for their reaction. Phichit seems to be frozen in place, mouth dropped open slightly before a slow smile takes over his face and he yells for everyone in Barcelona to hear, “Everyone! My friend got engaged!”

And he’d be the next one to get to them if Yura didn’t try to run them over with his new car, only stopping when the plastic hood hit their calves, and then climbing over the little windshield of his toy convertible to get to them.

“Dads!” he yells. “You were gone for *twenty years*.” He pouts up at them from where he’s standing on the plastic hood of the toy car that is creaking a little too ominously for Yuuri’s liking and he’s about to lean down to get Yura off of it when Victor beats him to it, not even letting go of Yuuri’s hand when he leans down to scoop Yura up, one armed.

“Yuuri asked me to *marry him*, isn’t that exciting?” Victor says.

Yura stares at them. “Does this mean there’s going to be a lot of cake?” he asks and Yuuri snorts, taking his hand out of his pocket to cover his face with.

“That’s *exactly* what it means,” Victor says.

“Cool,” Yuri says, just as Phichit reaches them and tries to jump Yuuri, hugging him, and shaking him a little bit.

“I’m so happy for you! Can you believe just one year ago you were staring dreamily at posters of him and wishing he’d look at you twice?”

“*Phichit!*” Yuuri chastises, feeling his cheeks warm up.

“Look at you now! I’m your best man right? Say yes! I’ll be *distraught* if you say no. I might die. Haven’t decided yet.”

Yuuri huffs a little laugh. “Sure. You’re the only person I’d ask.”

Phichit starts fanning his face. “I want to cry but I worked so hard on my eyeliner this morning,” he sniffs.

Mari comes up to him and punches him in the shoulder. Kind of *hard*.

“Ow,” Yuuri says, frowning at her.

Mari smirks back going to ruffle his hair. “I’m happy for you. Finally putting a ring on it, huh? At least you could’ve warned us and we could’ve gone somewhere fancier.”

Yuuri rubs the back of his neck a little subconsciously. “Ah, it was a little bit of a… spur of the moment thing.”
Mari snorts. “Yeah. With you it had to be.” Yuuri gives her a betrayed look and she laughs, punching him again, a little more lightly. “Proud of you, kid. Wait until I’m there before you tell mom and dad, I wanna see which one of them starts crying first.” Mari turns so Yuuri can see Minako standing just by her side, with tears obvious in her eyes. “Speaking of moms and crying.”

“I can’t believe you sprung something like this on me,” Minako says, sniffing wetly. “God, you’ve grown up so much.” Minako isn’t really a hugging person, and she’s a big part of why Yuuri isn’t really a hugging person either. When he was younger he wanted to be exactly like Minako. He wanted to hold himself like her, walk like her, be beautiful like her. He’d emulate how she interacted with the world as well as he could, so he knows that Minako isn’t a hugging person even if she was nice enough to let Yuuri cling to her when he was small and scared. But despite not being a hugging person Minako hugs him, squeezing him tightly and petting his hair a couple of times. “If he hurts you, I’ll murder him,” she says before pulling back. Yuuri honestly believes that she could murder anyone that she wanted to if she really set her mind to it.

He laughs, a little awkwardly, squeezes Victor’s hand in his, which makes Victor turn from his conversation with Geneviève, Chris and Phichit. He gives Yuuri a small smile and squeezes his hand back before turning back into his conversation.

“I don’t think that’s going to be needed. But… thank you for offering?”

“Just say the word and I’m there, kid.”

Yuuri feels his face go soft at how much Minako cares, and how everyone looks so genuinely happy for him. “Thank you,” he says, a little quietly, feeling so full of so many kinds of love that it squeezes the breath out of him. “Thank you.”

«»

[journal entry: Victor with a fan in St. Petersburg, somewhere near the beach.]

Liked by icedaddyfc, vicnicisthicc, katsukatsudamm, victuurafam and 435 others

japansace I was taking a walk around St. Petersburg and look who I found! #victornikiforov himself and I SWEAR he was wearing a ring????

View all 34 comments

katsukatsudamm @japansace a fashion ring or a wedding band or???

japansace @katsukatsudamm It looked like a wedding band!!! I don’t know it could be something else……

4 HOURS AGO

«»

Yuuri feels… terribly nervous. It sticks to his skin uncomfortably and chokes him up, the anxiety and the overwhelming need to win warring in the inside of his throat and blocking his airway.

Yuuri needs to win. He needs to. For Victor, and everyone who supported him and himself. He kisses his ring before his performance, tries to borrow some strength from it, but he knows he’s not in the right mindset for Eros. In a perfect world his anxiety wouldn’t catch up to him like this. In a perfect world Victor’s words wouldn’t weight heavily on his shoulders, but this isn’t a perfect world and so they do weight on him.
After Yuuri wins gold. Those words might’ve been thrown around carelessly but Yuuri imprinted them under his eyelids and they have been running through his head.

Rationally he knows there isn’t a clause to their engangement, to their being together, but his brain isn’t being agreeable with him and the steady current of but it might, but it might but it might has been plaguing him since he woke up and Yura and Victor weren’t in the room.

The truth is: Yuuri wants to win so badly that he can’t.

«»

[video description: a livestream of the Barcelona Grand Prix Final Men’s Short Programs.]

LIVE CHAT:

thecrispytwins ahhhh touched down that’s too bad

kingkatsuki HES DOING SO WEL!!!!

katsukatsudamm I think his pcs might be a little lower than they normally are

vicnicfliptrick I’m constantly blinded every time his ring hits the light and it’s WORTH IT

xxfallinlove I HAVE BEEN SCREAMING SINCE HE KISSED HIS RING ON THE ICE I CANT BELIEVE THEYRE ACTUALLY GETTING MARRIED

gayseunggil @katsukatsudamm You might be right. He looked a little… mad at the beginning.

thecrispytwins He looks like a dom who was personally wronged

daddykatsudon @thecrispytwins HOLY SHIT YOURE RIGHT HE DOES!!!!!

vicnicfliptrick He still looks so pretty tho??????????

katsukatsudamm And his technical scores should be really good. His step sequences are still really hard and hes doing everything MASTERFULLY

mickeysofine he touched down tho that’s gonna hurt

vicnicfliptrick YUURI YOURE DOING AMAZING SWEETIE

katsukatsudamm honestly he IS DOING SO WELL!!!!!!!

gayseunggil He did a hell lot better than last final. His program is much harder too. I’d be surprise if this didn’t put him in first.

vicnicfliptrick even when he’s not fully feeling it he is so GORGEOUS to watch

kingkatsuki That’s my boy!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

xxfallinlove Hard fave is victor stans turning yuuri stans honestly
YES DADDyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy OH NO

oh no

oh no

oh nooo

:( oh noo

WAIT WHATS HAPPENING IS HE HURT WHATS GOING ON

YOUUURRRII BABY NO YOU DID SO GOOD YOU WERE DOING SO WELL

I DON’T UNDERSTAND

@vicnicfliptrick anxiety is a bitch

HE DID SO WELL IM SO SAD DON’T CRY YOU CAN DO THIS PLEASE

This is heartbreaking to watch.

WAIT ANXIETY????

@vicnicfliptrick Yuuri has REALLY BAD anxiety and this is the final he might be putting too much pressure on himself to succeed and touching down must’ve been a blow for him right now. He probably thinks he did worse than he actually did

YUURI YOU WERE SO BEAUTIFUL PLEASE GET UP WE LOVE YOU

he looks so DISAPPOINTED AND SAD im going to cry

That is awful, I had no idea. He did so well! Someone tell him. Someone tell him!!!

he needs a hug. VICTOR COME HUG YOUR HUSBAND

prayer circle that he recovers before the free

prayer circle for yuuri

prayer circle for you

Prayer circle for Yuuri.

prayer circle for yuuri

prayer circle for yuuri
On good days, Yuuri loves watching his competitors skate. He loves watching all the love and effort that they’ve put into this, watching if they have something new to bring to the table, watching how far they’ve come. On bad days… not so much.

This isn’t a bad day, it’s not as bad as his usual ones, but it’s still not good. Yuuri is so overwhelmingly disappointed with himself that it chokes him up, makes it so hard to breathe. And he watches his competitors. He watches Phichit skate his dreams on the ice and do so well. Yuuri is so proud of him. He watches Chris skate his sexuality on the ice, still just the slightest bit uninspired for this far into the season. He watches Michelle, who’s always been almost as unstable as Yuuri, skate half a clean program and losing it on the second half. He watches Seung Gil skate a technically clean program that is devoid of emotion. And he watches Georgi let his makeup run down his face as he skates for a girl who’s not watching anymore.

But more importantly, he watches Victor – sometimes out of the corner of his eye, sometimes directly.

The way he cheers and winces along with the performances, the way he observes the skaters so intensely, so focused that he doesn’t even notice Yuuri, that he didn’t even hear him call earlier.

Yura is kneeling in the chair between them, watching attentively, cheering when Victor cheers and winces when he winces. It’s adorable but Yuuri wishes he could have him in his lap so he had something to hold onto and feel a little more centered. As it is he bites his lip and watches and thinks does he want to skate again? Am I holding him back? Until it consumes him and fills his chest with debris that scratch uncomfortably against his lungs.

At the end of the day he’s in third with Georgi taking second and Chris taking first.

He breathes out, shakily.

He needs to get gold. Needs to, with an urgency that he’s never quite felt before. He’s afraid he won’t be able to do it. He’s so blindingly scared that Victor will see Yuuri as a waste of time, even though, rationally he knows Victor would never. Rationally, if his anxiety gave him two seconds to breathe, he’d know that even if he ends in dead last Victor would stand by his side, help pick him back up, take it as a personal failing of his coaching and try to do everything in his power to do better, be better, teach better.

Yuuri fists his hands over his knees and tries not to think about this, tries to reason with himself, but he’s losing. Badly.

“Let’s go, sweetheart?” Victor asks, with Yura already standing by him and Yuuri startles a little, not having noticed them get up.

Victor smiles at him, so gentle and trusting and so painfully beautiful and Yuuri is keeping him away from the ice. He’s so selfish-

A little voice in his head tells him that Victor asked him to be, that he’s doing what Victor asked, but he can’t help but fear that he’s not. That he’s hurting Victor. That he’s hurting Yura keeping
him away from his grandfather, not giving him the proper training to be able to skate, forcing him to adapt to a foreign country so unfairly.

“Yuuri?” Victor asks, frowning a little.

Yuuri blinks himself out of that stupor, swallowing hard and getting to his feet. “Yeah, sorry. Just… thinking.”

Victor makes a little noise of acknowledgement in the back of his throat and grabs Yuuri’s hand, brings it up to his mouth so he can kiss his ring. “Don’t think too hard, sweetheart,” he says, dropping their hands and squeezing Yuuri’s. Yura is already moving in front of them, leading the way, and looking back every couple of seconds to make sure they’re following, and god Yuuri loves them.

He loves them so much. He’d do anything for them. He’d quit skating for them. If Victor asked, he would do anything, but Victor won’t ask. Victor will think of himself second and of Yuuri first.

Yuuri squeezes his hand back, and makes a decision.

«»

Victor doesn’t dry his hair before bed, choosing to drape a towel over his head and put on a loose robe, just because he wants to see if he can make Yuuri kiss him by just being pretty enough.

It’s a game he likes playing sometimes – all the time – make himself look as beautiful as he can, batting his eyelashes, leaning just so that his robe slips a little. Victor is very, very good at making himself look attractive, and he likes that he can turn that into a game with Yuuri, who has been exposed to Victor for most of his life but if Victor smiles in a certain way, will still blush and tug him into kisses like he can’t help himself.

When Victor went to shower he had left Yuuri trying to wrangle Yura into his pajamas, and he never knows what kind of magic Yuuri works, but when he comes back Yura has settled down, wearing his pajamas and wrapped up in an extra blanket Yuuri always puts in his carry on for long plane trips. He’s tucked in one of the beds with all the extra pillows the room had to offer around him as he watches a video on Victor’s phone, eyes drooping every few seconds before he snaps them back open.

Victor sits in front of Yuuri and invents alluringly drying his hair right then and there just for Yuuri’s benefit. Yuuri doesn’t really seem to notice, looking blankly down at his phone.

“Yuuri,” he coos, half a pout in his voice.

Yuuri drops his phone and looks up. Victor straightens a little bit but doesn’t stop smiling, even if he’s confused why Yuuri looks sad right now.

“Yuuri?” he tries, a little less teasing, a little more tentative.

“After the final,” Yuuri starts, fists clenching in his lap. He stops himself, looking down and taking a shuddering breath before looking back up. “After the final, let’s- let’s move to St. Petersburg.”

Victor tilts his head at him, frowning. “Yuuri, sweetheart, what are you talking about?”

“I can’t win this. I can’t- and I have to. I have to, but I don’t think I can, Vitya, and I’ve already wasted so much of your time, I’ve been asking so much of you, moving so far away, and of Yura, and- and I saw how you looked at everyone else competing, you looked like you miss it and I don’t
want to keep you from the ice. So we can move and Yakov will take you back, I know he will, and I can- I’ll quit if I have to, I don’t mind, and Yura can start school and training properly and-“

Oh, his poor Yuuri. He’s talking so fast that Victor can barely keep up and everything he’s saying is so nonsensical that Victor doesn’t even know where to start. He should’ve probably seen this coming, but he didn’t, so he’ll have to do some damage control now before Yuuri says something really, really stupid that he doesn’t mean.

So he leans forward and grabs Yuuri’s cheeks, startling him into shutting up.

“Yuuri, darling, breathe.”

Yuuri blinks widely at him, hiccupping a little on his next intake.

“Yuuri, love, I have absolutely no idea what you’re talking about,” Victor tells him, as rawfully truthful as he can be.

“I can’t win,” Yuuri says, so so quietly that Victor barely hears it. “And I don’t want to hold you back.”

“You absolutely can win this,” Victor starts by saying.

“I’m in third,” Yuuri points out.

“Behind Chris and Georgi, two of the top skaters in the world with at least two years of seniority on you, and both of which have professional coaches and weren’t recovering from taking most of a season off, yes. And still you did beautifully. Not as well as you’ve done before,” Yuuri flinches beneath his hands, “but still, you did so well. And you know the free is where it counts. If you have so little faith in yourself, then at least have some in all the work we’ve put together into this. Don’t offend me by saying I’m such a terrible coach that my star student can’t medal.”

Yuuri looks a little lost at that. “I- I’m sorry?”

“You should be,” Victor tells him, making sure he smiles a little bit so Yuuri knows he’s not really mad at him, and punctuates it with rubbing his thumbs soothingly over his cheeks where his hands are still framing Yuuri’s face. “And sweetheart, do you want to know what I was thinking when I was watching Chris and Georgi skate?”

Yuuri nods, tentatively.

“I was thinking how I could make your programs stronger for Four Continents and World’s. I was thinking about what I’d like to see you skate next season. I was thinking that I’m tired. I’m tired, Yuuri. My knees hurt like an old man’s. I was thinking how good it was that for once I got to sit next to my son and watch him fall in love with the ice, instead of barely seeing him during the skating season. I was thinking of how I’ll ask Chris to be my best man at our wedding.

“I’ve loved skating for a very, very long time. But I’m tired. I found things I love more. I love you more and I love Yura more. I’m always going to miss it, and I think there’ll be some days I’ll want to compete again. But choosing between competing and this,” he says, leaning down to kiss Yuuri in the space between his eyebrows as achingly sweet as he knows how to. “There’s no choice.”

“But-“ Yuuri starts.

“I’m selfish too, you know. If I competed again, I know both Chris and you could give me a good run for my money, and maybe, in another universe, I’d love that, but in this one? In this one I’m
selfish. I want to be remembered as the skater who retired undefeated after five consecutive seasons. Okay?"

Yuuri stares at him with his big brown eyes that have slowly thawed from sad determination into liquid love as Victor spoke.

“Okay, Vitya,” Yuuri sighs, finally bringing his hands up to touch Victor and fisteing them in his robe, tugging a little bit so Victor gets the idea and sits on his lap, straddling him, so Yuuri can hug him against his chest all he’d like. “Okay.”

They stay like that for a couple of seconds, before the bed shifts and they pull back to see Yura crawling towards them looking sleepy and upset. “Were you fighting?” he asks, trying to squeeze himself between Yuuri and Victor. Victor leans back a little so Yura can fit.

“No, sweetheart. Don’t worry about it.”

Yura doesn’t look like he fully believes them, narrowing his eyes at them suspiciously, but he looks too tired to argue, so instead, he grabs a fistful of Yuuri’s shirt and Victor’s top and pulls until they almost squish him between them.

Yura ends up falling asleep like that, refusing to let go of their shirts. They’re quiet for a long while until Yuuri starts trying to shift his legs, wincing a little at the pins and needles. Victor winces in sympathy and gets off of him, prying Yura off and settling him back on the bed.

“We should still move,” Yuuri says, very quietly. “Geneviève says he’s on a waiting list for a really good school.”

“I haven’t decided if I love that you talk so much with my mothers or not,” Victor tells him. It’s a lie. He loves how well Yuuri gets along with his mothers.

“We have a group chat.”

Victor smiles, goes over to kiss him again just because he sounds so cute when he says that.

“We’ll think about moving after the season is over. Yuri’s school only starts in September, sweetheart. Don’t worry too much.”

Yuuri snorts at the last part, and Victor pinches his cheek a little, eyes crinkling up when Yuuri does nothing but look up at him adoringly.

“Go take a shower, sweetheart, I’ll warm the bed for you.”

Yuuri hums a little getting up with a wince as feeling circulates back into his legs, and he leans over to steal a quick kiss that stretches into something sweet and so aching that Victor melts a little bit.

“Want me to join you?” Victor asks when Yuuri pulls back.

Yuuri raises an eyebrow at him, amusement twinkling in his eyes. “I thought you were going to warm the bed for me,” Yuuri says.

“I could be persuaded,” Victor tries to flirt.

Instead of falling for his charms, Yuuri tugs his wedding band from his finger, kisses it and puts it in Victor’s hand. “Keep this warm for me while I shower,” he says, and with a last kiss on Victor’s
cheek he slips into the bathroom, leaving Victor sighing after him, so thoroughly in love that it makes his chest ache a little bit.

«»

“Are you ready?” Victor asks, holding Yuuri’s hand at rinkside, seconds before Yuuri has to skate into the center and perform for the judges. His thumb is rubbing over Yuuri’s wedding band, making the metal on his finger impossible to ignore.

“I think so,” Yuuri breathes out.

“Show me a performance that you can be proud of,” Victor tells him, and then as an afterthought. “Show everyone who has my heart and why you’re worthy of keeping it.”

On a bad day, those words could probably break Yuuri’s focus, but today… today is not a bad day. He smiles and nods, determined. Then turns to Yura and offers his fist, letting Yura fistbump him.

“Any last advice?” Yuuri asks Yura.

“Be pretty! Don’t fall!”

Yuuri snorts. “I’ll try really hard.” And then with a last lingering glance, he skates into the center of the ice, kisses his ring for good luck and gets into position.

«»

[video description: a livestream of the Barcelona Grand Prix Final, Men’s Free Skate]

LIVE CHAT:

katsukatsudammn SOMEONE STAB ME IN THIS REAL LIFE

kingkatsuki HES JUST HES JUST GETTING IT!!! HOLY SHIT!!!!

daddykatsudon GET IT GET IT GET IT GET IT GET IT GET IT

xxfaalinlove IM SOBBING EVERYONE IM SOBBING LOOK AT THAT

vicnicfliptrick THIS FEELS SO MUCH LIKE WATCHING VICTOR REPEATEDLY MAKING HISTORY

gayeunggil His PCs are going to be through the roof. He’s nailing every jump, every spin, every transition. Get your gold, Katsuki!

vicnicisthicc I CANT TYPE THROUGH MY TEARS

katsukatsudammn EVERYONE SHUT UP THE FLIP IS COMING

daddykatsudon THE FLIP

victuurafam THE FLIP

thecrispytwins GET IT YUURI GET IT YUURI!!!!!
princecharminggeorgi There’s so much love in this performance, my heart aches.
daddyykatsudon FUCK
vicnicisthicc MY BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
katsukatsudammn HE DID IT HE LANDED IT HE LANDED IT
kingkatsuki skldfjghspkdghskljdfghskjfdg
gayseunggil YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS KATSUKI!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
katsukatsudammn HES THE SECOND PERSON IN HISTORY TO LAND IT IN COMPETITION IM SO PROUD OF HIM
kingkatsuki BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB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katsukatsudann I WANT TO MAKE THIS PERFORMANCE INTO A CLUB SO I CANT PUNT EVERYONE WHO TRASHED YUURI INTO THE GODDAMNED SUN WITH IT

katsukatsudann LOOK AT HIM NOW!!!!!!!

vicnifliptrick VICTOR!!!

victuurafam VICTOR DID THE FLIP AT THE SAME TIME THAT HE DID

vicnicisthicc TAG YOURSELF IM VICTOR CRYING BC YUURI IS SO BEAUTIFUL

katsukatsudann EVERYONE SHUT UP THEYRE ANNOUNCING IT

vicnicisthicc LOVE REALLY CAN WIN I CANT BELIEVE THIS

kingkatsuki IF THEY UNDERSCORE HIM ILL FLY TO SPAIN TO STRANGLE SOMEONE I SWEAR TO GOD

vicnicfliptick ARE YOU LISTENING TO THE STADIUM IF HE SCORES ANYTHING UNDER THE 210S THERES GONNA BE A RIOT

katsukatsudann EVERYONE SHUT UP THEYRE ANNOUNCING IT

gaysseunggil Give him a gold medal you goddamned cowards!

vicnicisthicc Ohmygod

katsukatsudann ohmygODF

kingkatsuki Ohmusdfiklgjiskldfg

thecrispytwins HOLYUSDFKLGJSDFÇGLKJSDFKGHDFFJL

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[HIDE CHAT]

[Image description: Yuuri crying on top of the podium with a gold medal around his neck.]

Liked by katsukatsudann, vicnicfliptick, chuchualmighty, and 34,395 others

katsuki-fc #katsukiyuuri after winning his first Grand Prix Final in Barcelona. There are no words to describe the emotion that followed his win after following his journey for so long. It has been an absolute pleasure to watch him grow and evolve and to watch him get up after falling down time and time again. If there’s anyone who is full of passion and love for the ice and deserves this, it’s Katsuki Yuuri. We’re so proud of you, here’s to many more gold medals to come.

View all 693 comments

3 HOURS AGO
“I still can’t believe I won,” Yuuri says, sounding awed.

Victor would shower him in praise but he’s currently too busy trying to stop Yura from jumping on the nice hotel bed. Yuuri’s medal is hanging off his chest and Victor can just see it smacking against his face if it swings the wrong way.

“I knew you could do it sweetheart,” Victor says, making a grab for Yura who shrieks and jumps away just in time. “Yura, you’re going to hurt yourself, stop jumping.”

“You can’t tell me what to do! I’m a winner look at my medal!” Yura shouts at him. Victor climbs on the bed and grabs him under the armpits, raising him up above his head when he starts protesting so he can blow raspberries on his tummy. That always distracts him for throwing a tantrum. It’s a tried and tested move and predictably Yura shrieks in giggles and almost knees him in the chest.

“We can marry now,” Yuuri is saying, and he does it so quietly Victor knows he wasn’t meant to hear it. He stops teasing Yura, flipping him over his shoulder and climbing down from the bed.

“What do you mean now?”

“You said after I win gold we could start making arrangements.”
That stops Victor in his tracks. He’s so stupefied by that that he barely notices when Yura kicks his feet against his torso and starts slipping off his grasp.

“Dad! Put me down!”

Victor goes to put him down, keeping his hands under his armpits and Yura’s feet barely grazing the floor so he tries kicking to be let down.

“Yuuri, darling. I meant after the competition. That wasn’t an imposition. Our marriage doesn’t come with a clause.”


Yura finally manages to get down and runs towards Yuuri, climbing on the bed he’s sitting in and hiding behind his back, safely away from Victor’s tickling fingers.

“Sweetheart that was really silly of you,” Victor tells him moving in to kiss him because he just has to. And also because he can.

“Well, it got me a gold medal, so,” Yuuri shrugs, brushing the subject off. Victor leans down to kiss him only to be rudely interrupted by Yuri pushing his face away and looping his arms around Yuuri.

“No, you’re evil you can’t kiss Yuuri,” he declares. “I’ll keep him safe!”

Victor isn’t even bothered that he just got kissblocked. It’s become a habit at this point. Instead he rolls with the punches and wiggles his fingers at Yura. “The tickle monster will steal your Yuuri away.”

And without missing a beat, Yuuri grabs onto Yura and rolls to the other side of the bed so there’s a whole object between them, eyes light and playful.

Victor really is going to marry him. He still can’t believe it.

«»

“I was thinking,” Yuuri says quietly when Yura has finally gone to sleep and it’s just the two of them awake, comfortably tucked under the covers. “For my exhibition, I know we’ve been messing around with the Stammi Viccino duet, and I thought, maybe…” Yuuri trails off, peeking up at Victor from under his eyelashes, effectively knocking Victor breathless.

“You want me to skate with you?” he asks, slowly.

“I just thought it might be a nice surprise,” Yuuri says, looking away.

Victor can feel his heart hammering in his throat, making it hard to swallow. “I don’t have a costume,” he whispers.

Yuuri bites his lip and quietly slips off the bed, opening the hotel room’s closet and taking out two non-descript garment bags. Victor hadn’t really noticed them there, among the bags he had their banquet suits in. Yuuri smooths one out and unzips it, letting the light of the bedside lamp illuminate the costume inside.

Victor stops breathing.

“I asked your mother if she could make me a version of your Free Skate outfit for last season and
she said she’d make a pair,” Yuuri says, looking shy.

And Victor- Victor is absolutely speechless with how much Yuuri constantly gives him. How good and thoughtful he can be. How he’ll propose on impulse but carefully deliberate doing an exhibition event with Victor to the point where he commissions outfits. God, Victor loves him.

“Vitya?” Yuuri asks, sounding concerned now, and Victor really can’t have that. So he gets up from the bed as quietly as he can make himself be, trying really hard not to disrupt Yura, and then he just-

He just swoops Yuuri into his arms, looping them around his waist and lifting a little bit, spinning him around even as Yuuri yelps, startled.

“You like it?” Yuuri asks, sounding amused when Victor puts him back down.

Victor could say yes, but yes doesn’t encompass what he’s feeling right now. So instead of that, he frames Yuuri’s face and kisses his forehead, and his nose and his cheeks and his lips until Yuuri gets impatient and tries to tug him into a proper kiss. Instead of a simple yes, he says, “I can’t wait to marry you.”

And Yuuri lights up, cheeks becoming dusted in pink. His voice is quieter than Victor’s is, and just as soft when he says, “Me either.”

«»

[video description: a livestream of the Men’s Singles Exhibition Gala.]

LIVE CHAT:

kingkatsuki yuuri has been rinkside wearing his jacket the whole time
katsukatsudamm 20$ says he does stammi viccino again
kingkatsuki WHATS UNDER THE JACKET YUURI
daddykatsudon YEAH YUURI TAKE IT OFF
vicnicisthicc but WHERE IS VICTOR THO
vicnicfliptrick WHERE IS MY BOY???
gayseunggil Katsuki’s exhibitions are always a treat.
katsukatsudamm I hope nothing bad happened again
thecrispytwins TAKE IT OFFFF
kingkatsuki yuuri looks fine so idk
victuurafam WHY ISNT VICTOR AT RINKSIDE
katsukatsudamm EVERYONE SHUT UP ITS HIS TIME!!!!!!!!!!!!!
vicnicfliptrick the chat is going INSANE wow
daddykatsudon YEEEEES TAKE IT OOFFFFFFFFF
vicnicisthicc HOLY SHIT
kingkatsuki HOLY SHIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
katsukatsudammn IS HE WEARING A WHOLE COSTUME INSPIRED BY VICTORS OWN??
daddykatsudon and that is what we call a POWER MOVE bitches
kingkatsuki he looks like a PRINCE IM IN LOVE
gayseunggil Wow Katsuki’s beauty just punched me in the face I wasn’t prepared.
victuurafam THERE IS THE FISTBUMP WITH THE SMOL
vicnicfliptrick GUYS IM SO EXCITED!!!! THIS WAS ONE OF MY FAVE VICTOR ROUTINES!!!
katsukatsudammn GOD LOOK AT HOW FAR WE’VE COME
vicnicisthicc he’s so beautiful????????????????????????????????
daddykatsudon I cant believe I stan an angel
katsukatsudammn he looks so relaxed????’ like WOW winning gold does WONDERS for him
kingkatsuki hes beauty he landed that jump with graclcksdjf
katsukatsudammn IS THAT VICTOR
vicnicfliptrick VICTOR
vicnicfliptrick VICTOR IS SKATINGLKSJFDGNSLKDHFJGNKLDGNKLDJKDFJG
vicnicisthicc YEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
katsukatsudammn HOLY FUCK
victuurafam slkdffgggjgjsdhjghçljhglkdfjghsdfkjhghsljkdjfgjghslkdjfg

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Type your comment here

[HIDE CHAT]

[video description: Victor and Yuuri looking at each other sitting in a dining hall, Yuuri has his
elbow on the table and his head in his hand looking thoroughly in love at Victor as Victor speaks with him and toys with the fingers on Yuuri’s other hand sometimes stopping to kiss it. The camera shifts between them and some of the older coaches gathered further down the same table. “What the heck,” Phichit’s voice says. “Is this allowed? Is this allowed?” He keeps doing it and laughing until Yuuri turns to him and says, “Stop memeing I’m trying to have a conversation.”

Liked by saracrisp, christophe-ge, katsukatsudamn, icedaddyfc, victuurafam and 84,456 others

phichit-chu So happy for these two crazy kids. I love them!!!

View all 1,233 comments

xxfallinlove I LITERALLY CANNOT BELIEVE THEYRE MARRIED

4 MONTHS AGO

[video description: little Yura Naruto running in-between guests at what looks like a formal event. You can see Victor trying to slip around people to get to him and hear Phichit laughing and Yuuri whisper-shouting “You taught my son how to Naruto run?!” to which Phichit replies “Someone had to!”]

Liked by katsumari, katsukatsudamn, vicnifliptrick, almightychuchu and 86,493 others

phichit-chu gotta go fast

View all 1,453 comments

victuurafam “MY SON” IM LITERALLY SOBBING OHMYGOSHHHHHHHHH

4 MONTHS AGO

[video description: Yuuri and Victor hauling their bags into Yutopia. Yuuri keeps asking Victor what he’s doing with his phone. They get through the door to a darkened common room and Yuuri looks around frowning, “Where is everyo-“ he’s cut off by the lights being turned on and his whole family and friends shouting “Congratulations!” Their yelling competing with the loud party poppers being set off. There’s a banner and balloons. Victor moves further inside and turns his camera towards Yuuri’s face catching him with a hand over his mouth and his eyes widened. “Welcome home, sweetheart,” Victor says before the video cuts off.]

Liked by phichit-chu, kingkatsuki, katsukatsudamn, katsuki-fc and 73,435 others

v-nikiforov A very, very warm welcome home for our gold medalist!

View all 1,392 comments

4 MONTHS AGO
[image description: Yuuri eating katsudon and smiling broadly. Several member of his family sit around him.]

Liked by phichit-chu, katsuki-fc, almightychuchu, skatemom, katsuki-i-ace and 65,435 others

v-nikiforov Katsudon for our winner!!!

View all 1,029 comments

4 MONTHS AGO

[Image description: a selfie of Victor and the Yuuris on a beach, they’re all smiling brightly at the camera.]

Liked by christophe-gc, milababecheva, saracrisp, kingkatsuki and 71,343 others

katsuyuuri Thank you to everyone who has showed me all the love around me and who supported me. See you all next level.

View all 1,424 comments

kingkatsuki HE ACTUALYPOSTED A SELFIE WIHTOUT BEING UNDER OVERHWLEMING STRESS I CANT BELIEVE THIS........ GOD........ IS THAT YOU?

4 MONTHS AGO

«»

Yuuri hits end call on his phone, feeling overwhelmed as he sits in a little bathroom stall out of the way so he can have some quiet. It still doesn’t feel real what just happened and he feels like crying. Like letting everything out and just bawling. But he has things to do and he can do that later in the privacy of his own hotel room.

He opens the door to the stall and almost trips over something, getting whiplash when shrill Russian shouting hits him. Yuuri blinks, and then crouches down.

“Yura, didn’t I tell you to stay with your dad?”

Yura pouts at him, looking put out. He’s still wearing the silver medal Yuuri managed to snag at World’s somehow, and God Yuuri still has no idea how that happened. It feels surreal.

“You were gone for so long and Dad was talking to boring people so I came to find you.”

“Did you tell him you were coming to look for me?” Yura looks pointedly away. “That’s what I thought. Come on, let’s go back.”

“I know the way!” Yura says, stomping in front of Yuuri and trying to push the heavy bathroom
door open, the lights in his sneakers flashing greens and blues on the tiled floor. Yura absolutely does not know the way, and Yuuri is caught having to herd him the right way without it seeming like he’s doing it. It’s become increasingly easy to do that.

It doesn’t take that long to turn down the right hallway and find Victor. “I found Yuuri!” Yura shouts and Victor almost collapses in relief when he sees them.

He moves towards them, picking Yura up and squeezing him against his chest, before he pulls back a little and puts on his best Dad face. “Don’t do that again,” Victor tells him sternly.

“I was just looking for Yuuri,” Yura pouts.

Victor tugs the medal over his head, holding it out of Yura’s reach when he tries to keep it.

“Boys who run off without telling their dad don’t get medals,” Victor says. “Only good boys get medals.” He walks a little closer to Yuuri and one-handedly loops the medal around his neck. “Be a good boy and you’ll get it back.”

“That’s not fair! Yuuri!” Yura shouts, turning to Yuuri for help.

“You heard your dad. Boys who run off don’t get medals.”

“You’re boring,” Yura pouts, kicking until Victor lets him down and walking a few paces away to cross his arms and glare at the wall, back pointedly turned towards them.

Yuuri gives Victor an amused look.

“Oh, that’s too bad. We were going to go out for ice cream to celebrate but since we’re boring I guess we’ll just eat soup for dinner today,” Victor sighs, sounding mock forlorn.

Yura twitches.

“And since we’re boring I guess we’ll just go right to sleep after dinner. No movies or anything,” Yuuri sighs, matching him in tone.

Yura whirls around, “But you said we could watch a movie!”

“Well, that’s when we were fun dads. We’re boring now so I guess we’ll just have to go to sleep like boring dads. Right, Yuuri?”

Yuuri nods seriously. “Right.”

Yura’s face scrunches up, as if he can almost grasp that he’s being played but he’s not too sure and doesn’t want to risk it.

“I changed my mind. You’re fun dads again! We can watch a movie, right?” he asks, uncrossing his arms and pulling up the puppy eyes.

“Hm,” Victor hums, tapping his chin with his pointer as if carefully deliberating. “I don’t know. What do you think, Yuuri?”

“If we’re fun dads and Yura promises not to run away again, I guess we can eat ice cream and watch a movie.”

“I promise! I won’t run away again! Pinky promise!” he says, holding up his pinky. Yuuri looks at Victor, pressing down hard on his smile.
“If he pinky promises,” Yuuri says, looping his pinky around Yura’s, Victor doing the same over Yuuri’s finger, completely dwarfing Yura’s tiny hands.

“It’s a deal then. Let’s get ice cream!” Victor cheers, grabbing Yura by the hand, and looping his other arm around Yuuri’s waist to guide them back towards the men’s locker room so Yuuri can change out of his Free Skate costume.

It hits Yuuri again, that feeling of being overwhelmed. He can’t believe how so very lucky he is to have all of this. He touches the medal pressed against his sternum and exhales. It feels real. All of this is real and soon he’ll start planning a wedding.

When Victor arrived in Hasetsu and was willing to coach Yuuri and to stay for him, Yuuri thought it couldn’t get better than that. He was wrong. It could get so so much better. And he’ll bet all he has that it’ll keep getting better for years to come.

«»

[post description: a screenshot of an Instagram post of Yuuri with hair a little longer than he usually wears it, making a peace sign at the camera and smiling widely, Yura is by his side and so his Makkachin. They seem to be in some sort of park. The post was originally by Victor Nikiforov and the caption reads “Doing this with company is a lot more fun! #podiumfamily”. There are some tweets by both Yuuri and Victor about St. Petersburg as well as several scenic pictures that were lifted directly from Yuuri’s Instagram, all of them of several places in St. Petersburg and Moscow. The last image is a section of a sports magazine with a chunk of text highlighted.]

Liked by katsukatsudamm, vicnicflipttrick, kingkatsuki, katsuki-ace and 38,493 others

katsuki-fc It’s been officially confirmed by both Victor and Yuuri that they have moved to St. Petersburg. Yuuri will be training at Victor’s ice rink and Victor will still be his coach. They’ve disproven the rumors that Victor is returning and Victor himself stated that “this feels right, and I’m happy doing it like I haven’t felt in a long time”. It’s also been confirmed that Yuri will begin taking official ice skating lessons at the rink and begin his formal training as an ice skater. And for everyone worrying about Victor and Yuuri pushing this on him, they’ve been very vocal about this being something Yuri has been asking for a long time and if he were ever to quit they would be nothing but supportive. We look forward to see Yuuri’s performances next season. There’s no ice shows scheduled for this summer for either of them, but Phichit has been hinting that he has special plans for this summer and that he’s excited to see his old roommate again so we’re keeping our eyes peeled for that! Good luck to the Yuuris in their training! We hope they have a relaxed vacation! #katsukiyuuri #victornikiforov #victuurafam #podiumfamily

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katsuki-ace All the best!!! I’m sad I won’t be able to easily see Yuuri anymore but I hope he’s happy in St. Petersburg! Excited for the new season, there were rumors he was meeting with Madam Baranovskaya who had a huge influence in Victor’s skating!

daddykatsudon YES COME TO EUROPE!!!!!!! @vicnicisthicc prepare ur ASS im visiting u this summer and we’re going to take a trip to st. Petersburg and walk around to see if we bump into him like CAN YOU IMAGINE ASKDJFGSD

vicnicisthicc @daddykatsudon ur the one visiting ur the one who needs to prepare their ass but sd.fkgf I CAN ID DIE ON THE SPOT IF VICTOR TALKED TO ME

chuchualmighty OKAY BUT IF WE ACTUALLY GET A MINI ICE SHOW PRODUCED BY
"Is this the last one?" Yuuri asks, putting one of the many boxes his parents had sent in the mail down. This one is heavy, and if they mailed back Victor’s ridiculous bust Yuuri is just going to give up. He looks over his shoulder at Victor, who has two boxes of his own in his arms, and Yura who is carrying a smaller box determinedly.

“I think so. Nothing else downstairs.”

Yuuri sighs, relieved. They’ve been in Europe for a couple of weeks now, but their things have been arriving slowly. A few boxes at a time, first only the essentials, and then more and more of their clutter, since Yuuri’s parents didn’t have a lot of time to drive to the post office to ship them.

Yuuri wishes they could’ve shipped them all before they left but Victor wanted to visit his mothers in France for a week, and then they had ended up in Moscow, and then, just because why not, they had gone to Switzerland to pay Chris a visit, so shipping had gotten pushed back further and further.

Victor goes to put the boxes labeled “Yura” over in Yura’s room and Yuuri decides to open the one he had been carrying, just to check.

The bust stares up at him mockingly, and Yuuri reflexively slams the box closed again. He wonders if he lets Victor burn his tie, Victor will let him push this off a balcony.

He looks around the room, with boxes pushed against the walls and the mattress they’ve been sleeping on on the floor. All the parts from Victor’s bedframe took a while to arrive, which hadn’t been all that terrible. Victor had wanted to go into IKEA for a new temporary bed frame but Yuuri had stopped him before he could waste his money needlessly when he had a perfectly good bed being shipped over, so instead of bringing home a new bed, they had brought home a truly ridiculous amount of pillows and blankets and had set up a pillow fort in Victor’s room for a week.
straight until Makkachin had escaped from his bath and shook himself right in the middle of theired and pillow fort.

They have a lot to unpack, and Yuuri feels almost giddy with it. They’re finally going to have a
bedroom. Their bedroom.

Up until now they’ve had to push single beds in hotel rooms together, or Yuuri had migrated a
good chunk of his essentials to one of the bedside tables in Victor’s room, but they had never had a
room that was well and properly theirs. Where Victor’s skincare products sat next to Yuuri’s in the
en suite, and where their clothes hung together in the closet and their beauty products fought for
space in the vanity.

It’s probably a silly thing to get excited about, but Yuuri still gets excited in this quiet kind of way
that makes his chest expand with warmth and gives him a deep-settled sense of satisfaction.

The rest of the house doesn’t look much different from the bedroom. There are piles of boxes
pushed against the walls, and stacked on top of the kitchen counters and the dining room. Yura’s
room somehow has turned into a small maze of boxes because he has just accumulated so much
stuff while he was in Hasetsu. Although, considering how effective Yura’s puppy dogs eyes and
how sweet his voice can be when he wants something, Yuuri shouldn’t really be surprised that out
of the three of them he’s the one with more things.

Victor’s apartment isn’t huge by any means, but it’s roomy enough for the three of them and
Makkachin. More than, actually. It’s close to a park and not too far from the rink, and from what
Yuuri has seen of the neighborhood it’s a very pleasant place. St. Petersburg can be a very beautiful
city, but then again Yuuri thinks that any city that has Victor in it is beautiful.

The privacy is nice too. Yura has his own room which is certainly a blessing, and there aren’t
strangers constantly walking in and out, there isn’t the constant buzz of activity. Just Makkachin’s
nails clicking over the floorboards as he moves around the apartment, sniffing at every box
suspiciously, and Yuri giggling and shouting from the next room with Victor’s lower tone serving
as an anchor of contrast.

“I’m the box tsar!” Yuri screams, voice becoming louder. Yuuri peeks out of the bedroom door to
see Victor pushing Yuuri down the hall in a pillow-filled box, looking almost as gleeful as Yuri.
“I’ll conquer you all! Argh! No! Makkachin don’t jump in here!”

Yuuri leans against the doorjamb and watches Victor push Yura around in circles, trying to
outspeed Makkachin who keeps barking, tail wiggling behind him as he tries to jump into the box
with Yura.

Victor’s house – their house – isn’t homely like Hasetsu is. It’s homely in a way that is unpolished
and half-finished, it’s a place that has yet to be worn in by them until every corner is saturated with
all of their love. There’s potential to it, Yuuri can almost feel it as a tangible thing, all the
happiness these walls will see.

This is a place where they can grow.

Chapter End Notes

i'm an emotional bitch and don't have anything witty and dumb to say but hey i made a
tag yourself meme thing with the insta handlers that appear in this fic so i guess that's something......... tag yourself im kingkatsuki

my tumblr tag for this fic with Fun Posts That Are Relevant (im lying its all dogs and kids)

see y'all next level <3

End Notes

permanent mood: dramatically stomping off in light up sneakers

come punch me in the face on tumblr or smth

Works inspired by this one: Rude Boys Don't Get To Play Soccer by theboysgonehome

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