Summary

Yuri Plisetsky is a shockingly shy college freshman who quickly realizes that the campus isn’t as big as he thought when he keeps running into one of the hottest guys there, Otabek Altin.

Notes

My first foray into writing for the YOI characters. huge shout out to AphroditeBoow (aka Micaelavdb on tumblr) for being an awesome beta and putting up with my stupid insecurities about my writing!

Feedback is always appreciated!

See the end of the work for more notes
Yuri collapsed on his bed, exhausted, from moving into his dorm room. At least he didn’t have much he had to bring. He was able to fit all of his clothes, laptop, school supplies, and few pictures in his small car. He even scrounged up the energy to go to the bookstore and pick up his books, and managed not to faint at hearing the price of them. Spending four hundred dollars on textbooks didn’t fall into his idea of fun.

“What’s your last name again?” Leo, his roommate, looked down from his loft bed.


“Phone contact. Can you spell it for me?” His room mate looked so earnest. So, Yuri obliged and spelled his name and gave Leo his phone number. “So, you’re Russian?”

‘No, I speak with a Russian accent because it’s fun.’ Yuri thought, but didn’t say it. No need to make an enemy of his roommate.

“Yeah.”

“Which part?” Leo was chatty. Yuri wanted a nap, but he thought about the question. He had been born in St. Petersburg but moved to Moscow with his mom as a small child. He considered saying as much, but that wasn’t an easy answer. And his roommate didn’t need to know his whole life’s story.

“Moscow.”

“So, what brought you to the US?”

“I’ve been living with my aunt for the last four years.”

“In Minnesota?”

“Yep. Russians like the cold.” Yuri allowed himself to smirk at that one.

“Okay…Wanna go grab some food? Cafeteria should be open.” Leo was climbing down his loft’s ladder. The last thing Yuri wanted to do was grab food with someone this chatty. But he was hungry and his stomach wasn’t going to let him forget he hadn’t really eaten yet today.

“Sure.”

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That was the first time Yuri saw him.

Yuri had gotten his food and a place to sit then, he saw him. Just two tables in front and left from where he was sitting. Not very tall, only about 5’6” from what Yuri could guess but tanned and muscular without being too bulky. Yuri couldn’t help but shift in his seat as he noticed the man’s broad shoulders, then his eyes traveled up the line of his neck to a sharp jaw. He was laughing with the other people at his table. Mostly guys, with a couple of girls.

“Whatcha looking at?” Leo sat down and tried to follow Yuri’s line of sight.
“N-nothing.” Yuri looked back down at his plate. Leo still looked and spotted the table.

“So...which one were you checking out?” Leo waggled his eyebrows. Yuri immediately, and regretfully, blushed.

“No one. I wasn’t looking at anyone.” Thankfully Leo seemed to take the hint and dropped the subject. Once in awhile Yuri would glance back up at the man. He had dark hair not too long with an undercut, and if Yuri wasn’t mistaken, deep brown eyes. He was careful to make sure it was only glances. He didn’t want Leo to see, and he didn’t want the other guy to notice either.

The next time Yuri saw him was only a couple of days later at the gym on campus. It was raining but Yuri still wanted to go for a run. He figured a treadmill was better than looking like a drowned rat, even if it was boring.

The boy from the cafeteria was over with the weights and a workout buddy. Yuri was a little taken aback, he thought the campus population was larger than this. He really didn’t think he’d see him again, ever. But there he was. Shorts that clung to his ass and a sinfully tight tank top. The sight was heavenly but being in the same room was going to be hell. The guy with the delicious chocolate eyes was chatting with his friend as Yuri stepped on the machine and started playing with the settings. Once Yuri had started at a light jog, the brunette took off his tank top and walked over to the chin up bar and started his reps. Yuri’s eyes raked over his back, a light sheen of sweat just starting to show and Yuri couldn’t help but think a view like that couldn’t be legal, let alone free, and forced himself to look away. That technique only worked so long as the brunette moved into his line of sight again, this time to do deadlifts and bicep curls. It took all of Yuri’s will power to keep his eyes on the progress tracker on the treadmill and wondering how many calories not getting turned on burned and if he could justify shortening his jog because of it. In the end Yuri did a combination of jogging and running for two miles and left the workout floor as quickly as he could.

Yuri had promised his grandfather that he’d try to make friends when he came to the States. So far that hadn’t really happened. In high school there had been too much of a language barrier for the first two years. Then once the language barrier was mostly gone it was too late to make friends, or so Yuri thought. After graduation he spent the summer working at his aunt’s restaurant then moved himself to college. He thought that he’d try to make good on his promise here. Team sports were out. All of them. There were clubs but they either didn’t strike his fancy or they didn’t work with his schedule. So friends still really hadn’t been made. His classes finally started but he found them...too easy. He knew that would change as time went on but damned if he wasn’t bored out of his mind right now. At least he had a dance class on Thursday evenings, right?

Yuri soon found out he was very very wrong. The instructor was hyper and excitable and for some reason took an immediate liking to him.

Yuri. Was. So thrilled. He hated being the teacher’s pet.
Coach Viktor immediately saw that Yuri had a natural talent for dance. He was quick to pick up on choreography and flexible enough to do some of the more complicated ballet-fusion moves. After the first class Viktor called him over.

“Are you a dance major?” Viktor smiled serenely.

“No, psychology and athletic training.”

“Hmmm...have you thought about adjusting that and becoming a dance instructor?”

“I really don’t want to teach kids. I’ve never been good with them.” Yuri shrugged and Viktor nodded.

“It’s always an idea.” Viktor looked behind Yuri and smiled as a young Japanese man came in and hugged him. Viktor saw Yuri’s confused look. “This is my fiance, Yuuri. Yuuri, this is Yuri, a student from my last class.”

“Nice to meet you.” Yuuri smiled and shook Yuri’s hand. Then smiled back at Viktor, “Are you ready to go?”

On Fridays he had his biology lab, which was great, he didn’t mind playing with microscopes and stuff. He sat at a table with three other students, they looked around the room nervously. The lab instructor introduced himself and then pointed to the back corner of the room.

“That young man there,” Yuri recognized the undercut and broad shoulders immediately, “Is Otabek Altin. He’s our lab assistant this semester. Mr. Altin, anything you’d like to add?”

“Sure,” the corners of his mouth quirked up and he walked up to the board. He wrote his email address and another url, for a facebook group. Which he also pulled up on the screen. “This group is for this class, if you have questions, or comments you can post there and help each other out. That’s also probably the fastest way for me to answer questions as well. However, if you don’t like facebook or have what you think is an embarrassing question feel free to email me.”

Yuri couldn’t help staring and absentely biting his lip. Which was about the same time that Otabek locked eyes with him. They held the other’s stare too long for it to be coincidental. Otabek’s smile became ever so slightly larger. But Yuri couldn’t help it, Otabek was attractive...really attractive, with those deep brown eyes and soothing voice Yuri was lost.

He had never really desired someone before, always too busy with his nose in a book to pay his classmates in high school much mind. Sometimes his uncle would point to a girl a little ways off and comment about how pretty or how nice she looked and encourage Yuri to ask her out. Yuri would look, but he wasn’t attracted to anyone that was pointed out. So, he feigned shyness and declined to act on anything. Once in awhile he’d see a guy about his age and carefully look but that was as far as it went. He knew he was different, he also knew that his family was against anything associated with “The Gay Agenda” whatever that meant. So, over time he just stopped looking.

Then he saw Otabek and he couldn’t tear his eyes away.

Shit. Yuri immediately started wondering if he could trade lab slots but just as quickly remembered
that they were all full. So, he resigned himself to the fact that Friday mornings were going to be a special type of hell.

Yuri saw Otabek sit in the back of the room, on the counter so he could take notes as needed. The instructor ran through the syllabus, standards for the students, and safety measures. As soon as the lab was dismissed Yuri was out of the door. This campus was definitely not big enough.

Yuri accepted this as his new normal, boring classes Monday through Thursday, then a lab spent learning and ignoring the lab assistant. Yuri did everything possible to make sure he didn’t speak to Otabek, since he didn’t trust his voice not to crack. That hadn’t happened since he was fourteen, but why risk it? Years of not talking much and playing shy were finally taking their toll. Then he practically ran out of the room once class had been dismissed.

He didn’t see much of his roommate during the day. Their schedules didn’t overlap much except for the evenings and those were spent doing homework and watching Netflix. Sometimes Leo would have friends over and they’d pile on the futon and floor while Yuri stretched out on his bed. Most of Leo’s friends were bubbly and social. Especially Phichit, a textiles and art education double major, he was flamboyant and did everything he could to be the life of the party. Then there was Guang Hong Ji, who Leo had been on a few dates with. There were a few others but Yuri hardly paid much attention, falling back to the old habit of constantly reading and almost ignoring the people around him.

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After about a month of classes being in session Yuri was out for a run. He’d found a good path through and around the campus, most days he listened to music but today he had forgone his earbuds. He heard steps coming up behind him.

“On your left!” Yuri recognized that voice. He silently cursed at his misfortune and prayed that Otabek would keep on going. No such luck. As soon as Otabek passed him he turned and jogged backwards for a bit. “Hey, you’re in the lab I help with! Yuri Plisetsky, right?”

“Um, yeah I am.” Yuri slowed down, and for whatever reason matched Otabek’s pace. Yuri’s voice was small and the sidewalk suddenly looked more interesting.

“Did...did I do something wrong?” They were walking side by side. Yuri immediately looked at Otabek.

“What are you talking about?”

“Well, it’s just that first night I saw you checking me out at dinner. Then the next day I saw you at the gym. And yes I saw you stare at my ass.” Yuri blushed, buried his face in his hands, and groaned. Otabek gave Yuri a sweet smile. “I wanted to talk to you but you left before I could. Then in lab you never talk to me and look anywhere I’m not.”

“I’m just... not good with words.” Yuri dropped his eyes again. Otabek nodded as if that answered all of the world’s questions.
“I guess I’m not always either. My friends say I’m too forward.” Otabek gave Yuri a small smile. “So, with that in mind. Would you want to get together sometime? To study or get coffee?”

“Hmm,” Yuri thought about it. It wasn’t a date, right? Just getting together with another student, making a friend, right? “Sure.”

“Great, could I get your number? In case anything happens.” They traded numbers and said their goodbyes as Yuri went into his dorm.

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Otabek texted him later that morning and they decided to meet after lab on Friday for lunch.

“What year are you?” Otabek asked Yuri as they sat down in the campus cafe.

“First, you?”

“Second.” Yuri nodded and awkwardly sipped his tea. He hazarded another glance at Otabek, who had a small smile and was looking at Yuri.

“What major are you?”

“Chemistry, with a bio minor.” Otabek sipped his coffee.

“Yikes. I’m sorry that sounds miserable.” Yuri grimaced, but noticed that Otabek never looked away for long.

“Ahh, nothing an all-nighter or two can’t fix.” Otabek chuckled. “Plus energy drinks and a disturbing amount of caffeine. Is everything making sense in the lab?”

“Yeah, it’s mostly basic biology stuff.” Yuri shrugged.

“Which lecturer do you have?”

“Herrbuck.”

“Oooo,” Otabek winced in sympathy. “He has notoriously difficult tests. The midterm is almost as bad as the final.”

“Yay. Hard to believe that midterms are in two weeks already.” Their food was finally ready and Yuri offered to pick it up from the counter.

“Yeah, do you want help studying for the lecture portion? You seem fine in the lab work.” Yuri really didn’t need the help, he had an A in the class already but Otabek looked kind of hopeful at the prospect of getting together again.

“Sure.” He smiled. Maybe making friends wasn’t so bad.
He and Beka grabbed coffee then sat in the oversized bean bags with their books. Chem 158 and Bio 155 were Yuri’s projects for the late morning. The rest of his classes either already had their midterms or were so easy they didn’t have midterms. Otabek was flipping through organic chemistry notes.

“That looks complicated.” Yuri getting a glimpse of the notebook.

“It’s boring but it makes sense. I swear after this semester if I have to hear anything more about carbon it’ll be too soon.” Otabek looked like he was about to bang his head against a brick wall.

“I’d feel sorry for you but, well,” Yuri smirked. “Your major combination is all kinds of fucked up. Seriously, chem with a bio minor. Why?”

“Because psychology and athletic training is such a brilliant move?” Otabek taunted. “You know you’ll have to take anatomy and physiology, right?”

“Yeah, this year or next year. My high school offered a similar class, aced it.” Yuri’s smirk deepened and his eyes became oddly mischievous. Otabek’s jaw about hit the floor, Yuri’s eyes sparkled and, not for the first time, he cursed that touching Yuri would probably freak the blond out.

“I’m taking it next semester.” He quickly took another sip of his coffee, needing to look away from Yuri. Of course the other boy noticed and tilted his head in a silent question, which Otabek ignored. To his credit Yuri did manage to ask some questions, he thought it was something he needed to do given how Otabek had asked for this meeting. Him sliding closer so they were almost touching was just a nice bonus.

“Want me to walk back with you? It’s on the way to my building.” Otabek asked as they left the library, he seemed almost shy, his voice a little quieter than usual. Yuri felt all of his blood rush to his face and his voice caught a little in his throat.

“Yeah, sure,” he nodded. They headed off in the direction of Yuri’s dorm building. There were people milling around campus.

“Hey Beks!” a few people called out as Otabek waved and greeted them.

“Beks?” Yuri cocked an eyebrow.

“Yeah, someone called me that as a joke and it stuck.” Otabek shrugged. Yuri snorted.

“Not what I would have called you but whatever.” The statement was out of Yuri’s mouth before he could stop it and immediately clamped his mouth shut as they reached the main entrance of his building.

“And what would you have called me?” Otabek suddenly squinted at Yuri, smirking.

Yuri dropped his gaze to the school logo on the front of Otabek’s hoodie and shrugged a little. His voice quiet.
“I don’t know...Beka, maybe?”

Otabek took a half a step towards Yuri. There hadn’t been very much room between them to begin with, but now Yuri swore he could smell Otabek’s body wash. He leaned forward, so his lips were next to Yuri’s ear.

“I like it, Yura.” Beka pulled back with the same look in his eyes, and Yuri could have drowned in his stare. That is until he started walking away. This wasn’t supposed to be that hot, and he wasn’t supposed to be this turned on from that. Beka hadn’t even touched him!

“I’ll see you Friday morning. Good luck!”

Yuri was dumbstruck but finally some words came to mind. “Yeah, good luck to you too.”

‘Real inspired there Plisetsky. Very poetic. Reasons I’m not a language major of any kind.’ Yuri silently kicked himself as he walked into his dormitory.

“Who was that?!” Leo showed practically ran out of the first floor lounge. “He’s hot!!!”

“Y-Yeah… I guess so.” Yuri shrugged as they walked up the steps.

“Aren’t you...I thought you were…” Leo grasped for words as Yuri looked around nervously and gave Leo some significant looks. “Oh... Oh . Your secret is safe with me.”

“Thanks. It’s just…” Yuri started, but Leo held up a hand.

“No need to explain if you don’t want to. I get it. I’ve been there. If you ever want to talk or anything I’m here.” Leo offered with a smile. Finally they arrived back at their room.

“Ok, spill. Does he like you? I mean it looked like he was into you.” Leo jumped on the futon. Yuri groaned and laid back on his bed.

“Leo…How...how the fuck did you know? I didn’t tell you that I’m...you know.” Yuri glanced up and the words died on his lips.

“Errr...I don’t know how I knew.” Leo shifted.

“I’m asking so I know what to hide from my family. They can’t find out. No way.” Yuri shook his head slowly. Leo nodded, understanding, his family had been shockingly fine with it. But he knew that wasn’t the case for everyone.

“Honestly, you hide it well. I wouldn’t worry about them.” Leo smiled and went back to the topic at hand. “So, now tell me, does he like you?!”

“I don’t know. How can you even tell?” Yuri’s shoulders relaxed a little but his brow furrowed in confusion.

“Ummm...you don’t...didn’t you ever sneak out and do anything in high school?” Leo was surprised that Yuri seemed so clueless. Yuri was beautiful, clever and clueless. When Yuri shook his head. “Oh, Hunny! If it’s any consolation he looked like he was really into you.”

“Apparently he caught me checking him out at the very beginning of the year.” Yuri sat up but his head hung. “So much for subtle, huh?”
“When did…” Leo paused and then it all clicked. “Oh my gosh! He’s the guy you were looking at in the dining hall!”

“Yeah, and at the gym the next morning. And he’s the assistant in my lab.” Yuri chuckled. “My luck. He wants to get together and study again. For midterms.”

Leo squealed. Took a breath, “You’ve got to say yes!”

“I did, I did.” Yuri held his hands up in mock surrender.

“Hey, Yuri,” Leo started, they were tucked away in their room. “Um, about our conversation the other day.”

“What about it?” Yuri looked up from his book.

“I was wondering… Is it safe for you to go home? Like no one’s going to hurt you there, right?”

“They haven’t so far.” Yuri furrowed his brow, “I mean they annoy me but that just seems like a normal family thing.”

“Ok, it’s just.” Leo paused. “I didn’t say anything specific, but my parents here in town and I asked if it’d be alright if a few of us stayed there. Of course they said yes. They’re safe, no judgement, just love.”

Yuri remained silent.

“I’m sorry. Like I said I didn’t say anything specific, but…you looked so scared at the idea of your family finding out.”

“How safe?” Yuri asked, his tone unreadable.

“The day after I came out they threw me a surprise party. Rainbow themed, of course. I should probably warn you that chances are pretty high that they’ll treat you like family, like by the end of the week you’ll be setting the table with me.” Leo beamed at him. Yuri thought about it.

“They won’t mind?”

“Nope! You, Phichit, Guang, and Seung Gil, you remember Phichit’s boyfriend are all invited.”

“Alright,” Yuri smiled.

The week seemed to go by more quickly than Yuri thought it would. By the end of his chemistry final on Thursday his brain felt fried and he looked about as good. Unfortunately, Viktor noticed.

“Yuri, you look like death warmed over. Midterms that bad?”
Yuri was wondering how Viktor was smiling so brightly, then he remembered that Viktor didn’t have midterms and was able to smile. And sleep. Yuri just nodded as they stretched out. Viktor saw similar looks on his other students faces.

“Tell you all what. My fiance owns a club here in town, I’ll give him a list of your names if you want to go there tomorrow. Free cover for you all, eighteen and up. You all look like like stress-relief would be welcome. Let’s call it a day, go home and get some sleep.” Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and expressed their gratitude for their merciful instructor.

Leo had heard about the club that Yuuri owned and managed to talk Yuri into taking Viktor up on his offer for free admission. Even though Yuri had never been to a club he agreed to go. When it became obvious that Yuri had no idea what he should wear Leo took Yuri to Phichit’s room down the hall, and Phichit practically gasped.

“Leo, I thought we were going to a club?” Phichit pulled them into his room and looked Yuri up down.

“That’s still the plan, but...” Leo nodded at Yuri, as a silent understanding passed between them.

“Come in! Yuri turn for me.” Yuri groaned but turned.

“The jeans are good, tight but danceable. What’s with the hoodie? It’s like two sizes too big.”

“It’s comfortable,” Yuri shrugged.

“Hold on, I have a shirt you can have. I never wear it, don’t really even know why I got it in the first place.” Phichit went to his closet and pulled out a long-sleeved t-shirt with gold foil leopard print across the front. “Try this.”

Yuri looked around cautiously but Leo was busy doing his hair. He sighed and took off his hoodie and t-shirt then slipped the new shirt over his head. It was a little snug in the shoulders and not quite long enough. He was about to take it off and give it back when Phichit stopped him.

“Wait! Wait!” He grabbed some scissors. Then he set to work cutting out the shoulders and cutting the sleeves back to mid forearm then shortened the shirt into one of the longer crop tops that Yuri had seen. When he looked into the mirror he had to admit it didn’t look too bad. “Ok, that messy bun is not working for me. Sit.” Yuri sat down in the office chair Phichit pulled out from his desk and reluctantly let Phichit take out the bun. By the end of it Yuri’s hair was irresistibly tousled.

“Now for the finishing touches. Yuri, hun, with those pretty green eyes eyeliner is going to be your best friend.”

“What?! No, no, no, no, I don’t wear makeup!” Yuri went to stand up.

“Why? Rock stars do.” Well, Phichit had a point. “Make you a deal, try the make-up and if you hate it we can take it right off.”

“How difficult is it to get off?”

“Super easy.” Phichit smiled and watched and Yuri fight with himself.
“It won’t look weird? Like, I don’t want to look like a weirdo in that club.”

“I’ve been there, it’s pretty dark. It’ll just make your eyes stand out.”

Curiosity won out and Yuri agreed to try it so long as he could take it off if it looked horrible. It turned out that he was in the hands of an expert.

‘Damn.’ Was all Yuri could think. It wasn’t a feminine cat eye like what Yuri thought eyeliner was supposed to look like. It was slightly smudged, just the right side of grunge to look cool without looking messy. And Yuri couldn’t deny that his eyes looked greener and brighter.

“So?” Leo looked over, finally satisfied with his own look.

“What witchcraft is this?” Yuri chuckled slightly and nodded his head.

“That’s nothing. It's amazing what cosmetics can do.” Phichit smiled.

Leo, Phichit, and Yuri got in without a problem, handing over their IDs and receiving black ‘x’s on their hands. To Leo’s disappointment the bartender saw the ‘x’s and shook his head when Leo tried to order a mixed drink, but Yuri still saw him get some booze somehow. Yuri rolled his eyes and made his way onto the dance floor. He merged with the crowd effortlessly and quickly lost himself to the music. He made his way to the center front of the floor, not far from the DJ booth. He remembered everything in slow motion, his hair swung behind him and he saw the DJ. Tan skin, strong jaw, undercut, and broad shoulders.

‘ No. Fucking. Way. ’ Yuri’s jaw dropped slightly and his mouth went dry. Sure, on a good day Otabek fucking Altin was gorgeous. But this, sweat beading on his skin, eyes nearly closed, moving with the music as he made sure the music was perfect for the crowd. Yuri was almost sure that there was no way that Beka could get any hotter, until his hormones supplied him a list of scenarios. As he ran a hand through his hair he and Beka locked eyes. It was hard to make out what Beka was thinking but Yuri could see his lips part a little, and seemed to absently lick them.

Yuri had no idea what came over him, if it was the pulsing bodies around him, the music, or Beka’s presence; all he knew was that he smiled innocently over his shoulder then let his eyes slip shut and head tip back as both of his hands ran through his hair, biting his lower lip. He heard the song fade out and in its place was a song that was purely seductive despite it’s driving beat.

Yuri felt the music in his bones, and let his hips move to the rhythm.

Up in the booth Otabek couldn’t believe the vision he was being treated to. He thought the blond was Yuri when he saw his back on the dancefloor but couldn’t have been sure till the blond turned around. Otabek knew he already liked Yuri, he was pretty and cute in a sweetly shy way. But this, the shirt with the missing shoulders, the skin-tight jeans, and the messy hair he had to remind himself that he was at work. Then Yuri had tipped his head back with *that* expression, a look that could only be applied in one way, and it was practically obscene. Otabek knew exactly what kind of game Yuri wanted to play, and play it he would. He began playing a personal favorite, a remix of Fluke’s “Pulsed.” Fortunately his set was nearly done and the next DJ was already standing behind him.
“Any requests?” JJ asked as the song ended.

“Something I can grind to?” Otabek smirked at he left the booth. The beginning notes of “Take Me to Church” started playing as he stepped onto the dance floor and made his way to Yuri. He rolled his eyes at JJ’s selection. Yuri’s back was still to him, so Otabek put his hand on Yuri’s arm, just under his exposed shoulder. Yuri jumped and spun around, eyes wide, only to see Beka with a wolfish smile on his lips. He leaned forward so his they were against Yuri’s ear, to Beka’s surprise Yuri leaned closer, not much but enough.

“Dance with me.” Otabek could feel the heat off Yuri’s skin and smell the citrus shampoo in his hair. Yuri stopped moving for a moment, looking a bit like a deer in the headlights. Beka stepped up and took Yuri’s arms placing them on his shoulders then let his hands move back down the long long limbs. He paused as fingers grazed over the exposed shoulders then down Yuri’s back, finally his fingers rested above the waistband of Yuri’s jeans. They found a rhythm with the music.

During the next song, thankfully a faster pace, Beka guided Yuri to turn around, letting his hands drop onto Yuri’s hips, Yuri let his head fall back onto Beka’s shoulder. Their eyes slid closed, letting themselves enjoy the feeling of the music and each other. A song or so later, Yuri started to walk away, Beka went to grab him to pull him back. Yuri shook his head.

“I need some air.” Beka followed Yuri out front of the club, the crisp air a relief to Yuri’s lungs. Yuri leaned back against the brick wall, eyes closed again, Beka just stood beside him admiring how the street lamps illuminated Yuri’s profile.

“Have,” Beka chose his words carefully. “Have you had anything to drink tonight?”

“Can’t,” Yuri held up one of the black ‘x’s. Beka snorted.

“Like that ever stopped me.”

“I don’t drink.” Yuri looked at Beka. “I’m a boring eighteen year-old. Why?”

“I was wondering if I could do this,” Beka leaned forward and pressed his lips to Yuri’s. It was chaste but lingering, he hoped that Yuri would deepen it. But Yuri froze and Beka pulled back. “I’m sorry. It’s just, with earlier and everything, I thought…I’m just going to go now.”

“No,” Yuri quickly grabbed Beka’s shirt. “I, ummm, I just didn’t know what to do.” Yuri looked down, avoiding Beka’s eyes again. Beka frowned and tipped his chin up so he could look into the blond’s eyes.

“Was that your first kiss?” Beka watched as Yuri blushed and shifted on his feet. Finally he nodded his head. Beka moved to stand in front of Yuri and moved his hand so he was lightly cradling Yuri’s head. His other hand reached for Yuri’s hand and entwined their fingers. Beka pressed a kiss to Yuri’s cheek, and let the tip of nose move across Yuri’s smooth skin. He tilted his head and pressed their lips together again, slowly he parted his lips, silently showing Yuri what to do. Yuri took the hint and followed Beka’s lead, it was awkward at first but as the moments progressed he melted into the older boy. He let his free hand rest on Beka’s side, only to move it up to rest between his shoulder blades. Beka sucked on his bottom lip, lightly biting it as he pulled back. He pressed his forehead against Yuri’s and kissed the tip of his nose.

“So, I know I probably should have bought you dinner before that but you looked too beautiful tonight, not kissing you would have been a waste.” Beka ran a thumb over the exposed skin of Yuri’s lower back in mindless little circles. Yuri sighed as he kissed Beka’s lips briefly.
“Are you asking me out Beka?”

“I am. Are you going home for break next week?”

“No, Leo invited me to stay with his family here in town. You?”

“I’ll be around, my apartment’s down the street.” Beka paused. “So, would you like to go out Monday night? Dinner? I know you don’t drink, but I know a brewery right on the lake with good food and fire pits.”

“That sounds really nice actually.” Yuri pulled Beka close again and kissed him, not more than a gentle brushing of the lips.
Yuri pulled up to Leo’s parents’ house, a large welcoming two story. Leo’s mother, Maria, came out and greeted them as Leo introduced everyone. Yuri claimed the couch in the basement lounge after all of the couples had claimed bedrooms.

“You sure you’re ok on the couch Yuri?” Leo asked.

“Oh, yeah. It’s not a problem.” Yuri didn’t tell Leo that he’d slept on a couch for the majority of his life since his grandpa’s apartment only had two bedrooms. One for Grandpa and one for Mom. And his bed at his aunt’s was a pull-out in the guest room. Over the years Yuri had learned to sleep just about anywhere.

After he had arranged his suitcase and plugged in his laptop Yuri checked his phone and saw a ‘good morning’ text from Beka.

‘Hey what’s up?’ -Y

‘Not much. Just got back from a run’ -B

‘Yea?’ -Y

Beka sent a photo. Yuri opened it and about fell over, the photo showed Beka laying back on his couch, a light sheen of sweat over his skin, his well defined collar bones and upper chest where the t-shirt had been cut away. Yuri let his eyes wander back up his neck then over his sharp jawline to his slightly swollen lips, to his hooded eyes. He deliberately ignored the bit of stubble present on Beka’s face. Yuri bit his lip. ‘Damn.’

‘How about you?’ -B

Yuri flipped open his camera open and was about to take a selfie when Phichit walked in from the room he was staying in.

“Whatcha doing?” Phichit sidled up to him.

“Trying to get a good angle. Might need better light.”
“Instagram?” Phichit shrugged. “Just filter it.” Yuri found the right angle with his hair slightly fanned out on the back of the couch with a slightly dreamy look in his eyes. He snapped it and quickly sent it off to Beka as Maria called everyone for lunch. Yuri was the last up the stairs, he quickly adjusted himself and prayed that lunch would be quick so he could take care of himself later.

‘Gorgeous.’ -B Yuri glanced at his phone’s lock screen on the kitchen island they sat around.

“Ooo who’s that?” Phichit wiggled his eyebrows at Yuri. “Girlfriend? Boyfriend? Yuri just rolled his eyes and shook his head.

“Leave him alone Phichit, if he wants to tell us he will.” Leo admonished.

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“Hey, Phichit?”

“Yeah?”

“You’re good with fashion… what should you wear on a first date?” Yuri looked over at the other boy who was busy drawing.

“Hmmm, depends. What are you going to be doing?”

“Just dinner and a bonfire by the lake, sounded pretty casual.” Yuri shrugged and looked back down at his book. Phichit clicked his tongue.

“Dark wash jeans, like the pair you wore to the club. A vintage tee and a warm cardigan. Ya know something that will actually keep you warm but won’t be too warm if you want to cuddle up together.”

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“Hey,” Yuri answered his phone and started slipping out of Leo’s house as quietly as possible.

“Hey, you said it was on East Skyline Parkway yeah?”

“Yes, I’ll meet you on the corner at 7th St.”

“You know I could just pick you up at the actual address.”

“No, no you couldn’t. You see if you were to show up and someone would see you they’d insist on talking to you. A lot. And we’d never leave. And I kinda want to have this date you asked me out for.” Yuri was almost to the corner when he heard the engine of a motorcycle, and looked up to see Otabek turning towards him.

‘Oh fuck. Why? No. No one should be that hot. No. One.’ Yuri internally screamed and his jaw dropped. He hung up as Beka pulled in at the kerb and offered Yuri a helmet. He took the helmet carefully and tried to adjust the straps to no avail. Beka helped Yuri with the clasp and made sure it
was tight enough before giving him a quick peck on the cheek.

“Ever been on a Harley before?” Beka smiled as Yuri climbed on and and wrapped his arms around his waist.

“Nope,” Yuri smirked. He wasn’t about to let Beka see him look around nervously, and pray that he didn’t gun it.

“I’m sorry it’s touristy but, like I said, good food right by the lake is hard to beat.” Beka smiled as they pulled into the parking lot and held the door for Yuri.

“Beks!” The hostess beamed. “Long time no see! You’re not going to insist on sitting outside in October are you?”

“Carolynn, you know me so well.” Beka smiled.

“It’s so cold.” She mimicked a shiver.

“He’s Russian, I grew up in the mountains. Lived here, in Northern Minnesota, for half my life…”

“You have blankets in the bike’s bag don’t you?” Carolynn interrupted.

“I have blankets in the bag,” Otabek nodded and smiled, not missing a beat. “Why do you do this to me?”

“And let you look tough? Pfft!” She grabbed some menus. “This way boys.” She lead them out onto the porch, a fire pit already warming the space around the lounges and benches with small tables here and there.

“Thank you.” Beka smiled at Carolynn as she excused herself and he took a seat on the bench next to Yuri.

“Sooo?” Yuri motioned to the retreating hostess.

“Hmm? Oh, I used to work here before I was brought on as the main DJ at Katsuki’s. I’m a terrible waiter, but a decent bartender.” Beka shrugged. Their waitress came and took their drink orders. Yuri turned over the menu, glancing at different things.

“You’d probably like the roasted chicken,” Beka leaned over and put an arm on the back of the bench, behind Yuri’s shoulders. “Might I also recommend the grilled vegetables and mashed potatoes?”

“Give me a moment.” Beka got up and stepped over the low fence around the patio. Yuri leaned forward and let his jaw rest on his fist, as his eyes wandered Beka’s form. Yuri silently wondered how his jeans could actually be that tight. Beka returned with the aforementioned blankets.

“You really weren’t joking about those were you?” Yuri smiled.

“I’d never joke about blankets. Want one?” Beka smiled and Yuri felt his heart clench a little.
“Sure,” Yuri leaned forward as Beka wrapped the fuzzy blanket around his shoulders and pressed a kiss to the top of his head.

Soon after they settled in the sun was starting to set and their waitress brought their meals out.

“Damn, this is really good.”

“It’s a lot better than campus food,” Beka chuckled. Yuri nodded. A comfortable silence fell between them. He glanced at Beka and wondered for the hundredth time why Beka had asked him out. And if it was normal to be so relaxed with someone.

“How’d your midterms go?” Yuri glanced at Beka a little later.

“Well enough. You?”

“I think I finally caught up on sleep.” Yuri got a glazed look in his eyes, like he’d seen the fires of hell in the distance.

“I remember when I thought that. I believe it was a Tuesday.” Beka smiled at him, it was a small but genuine smile. “The first semester is the hardest. After that you learn what to expect and you get used to it.”

Yuri nodded and looked out over the water. The sun was nearly done setting behind them but the eastern sky was taking on the dark blues and purples. “It’s really pretty out here.” But right about that time Yuri shivered.

“Cold?”

“Ehh…Like you said I’m Russian. This is warm Da?” Yuri said, deliberately thickening his accent causing Beka to try and fail to stifle a laugh.

“Come here.” Beka opened his blanket clad arms. Yuri paused for a moment and looked around, it was an old habit to make sure no one was paying attention. He wondered, not for the first time, what it would be like to not have to worry. Beka tipped his head in question, checking to see if he’d overstepped. “If you don’t want to I understand, it’s a first date after all.”

“It’s not that.” Yuri whispered, he paused and gave Beka a small smile. “Besides isn’t this our third date?” Yuri scooted closer into Beka’s arms, his back against Beka’s chest. Yuri couldn’t help but notice how well he fit with him, and how comforting his presence was. ‘Is it supposed to be like this?’

“What?” Beka looked down at Yuri. “Where was I for the first two?”

“We,” Yuri motioned between them. “Went to the coffee shop and the library.”

“Those don’t count. Textbooks were involved.” Beka smiled against Yuri’s hair.

“What? Couples don’t study together?” Yuri pulled away and looked back at Beka.

“Not on a first date,” He paused. “At least I certainly hope not. Besides, you paid for your coffee both of those times. Doesn’t count.”
“You’re not paying for this time!”

“Already did,” Beka smiled. Yuri opened and closed his mouth a couple of times causing Beka to chuckle. “I asked you, which means you’re not paying. I planned everything, which means you’re not paying. You didn’t scream on the bike, which means you are definitely not paying. You’re younger, not paying. You’re gorgeous. Which I’m throwing in as a bonus reason for you to not pay.”

“Then what the hell was Katsuki’s?” Yuri asked incredulously. Beka barked out a laugh.

“An opportunity I wasn’t going to waste.”

“So,” Yuri started after a beat. “Are ‘first dates’ normally this comfortable?”

“No, never.” Beka rested his cheek on Yuri’s hair for a moment. “Typically I’m struggling for something to talk about because no one wants to talk about chemistry. Or art history. Or motorcycles.”

“Hmmm, I wouldn’t mind listening.” Yuri couldn’t help himself and sank a little further against Beka. Beka lifted his head up and looked at him. Yuri looked up at him and Beka froze when he saw how the fire made the green of Yuri’s irises dance.

“Please, tell me I can kiss you right now. Actually kiss you.” Beka whispered already leaning in as Yuri nodded. Their lips met, soft and tentative, just testing the waters again. Slowly they deepened it and their lips moved over one another, Beka broke the kiss and pulled Yuri tight against him.

“I think you know more about me than I do you.”

“And I think it’s fair to say that you’re the more interesting of the two of us.” Yuri chuckled.

“Hardly.” Beka replied dryly.

“You have a Harley!”

“You have to have some weird quirk or hobby!” Beka tapped Yuri’s arm.

“Weird quirk?” Yuri pondered, then smirked with a mischievous gleam in his eyes. “I’m really flexible.”

“What?” Otabek’s eyebrows raised.

“No, really. I used to take a lot of dance classes in Moscow so now, I can put my foot behind my head.”

“Okay,” Otabek had to slightly shake his head to get the imagery out of his mind. ‘That’s definitely something to talk about a different day.’ He thought. “Any hobbies?”

“Aside from dance?” Yuri shrugged. “I used to draw every now and then, I did well in art classes and the creative writing class I took. But I didn’t pursue them much I guess.”
“Hmmm, those can be picked back up if you want.” Beka nuzzled against Yuri’s cheek. The comfortable silence that they were becoming accustomed to fell over them again. They stayed cuddled into one another, with Yuri not quite in Beka’s lap, kissing each other as they liked. Yuri sighed contentedly, grateful to be himself for a night.

“I really don’t want to take you back but I know I should.” Beka pressed a kiss to Yuri’s easily parted lips.

“Are you sure you have to?”

“Mmmhmmm.” Beka pointed behind them. “They’ll be closing up soon.” He tapped Yuri’s hip. “C’mon. Let’s go.”

They folded the blankets back up and walked over to the bike. Yuri wrapped his arms around Beka’s waist again as they headed back up into the city.

“I’m not dropping you off at the corner, it’s too late for that. Just tell me which house it is.”

“Ugh, it’s the second one on the block.” Yuri pointed to Leo’s house. Beka pulled up into the bottom of the driveway. After Yuri took the helmet off Beka caught him one more time by the waist and pulled him into a deep kiss.

“Until next time Yura.” Beka rasped. “At least I hope there’s a next time.” Yuri smiled and nodded.

“There’s a next time.” Yuri assured, giving Beka a chaste kiss, started walking backwards to the house, and waved as Beka backed out into the street.

“And where have you been young man?” Leo teased as Yuri walked by the living room where he, Phichit, Guang, and Seung had gathered.

“You missed a good movie marathon!” Guang chirped.

“Hmmm, fitted jeans, nice but casual t-shirt, and an oversized cardigan…” Phichit tapped his chin in mock consideration. “I’d say our little Yuri has been on a date! And he took my advice on what to wear!”

“Why me?” Yuri muttered.

“Do you want to join us? I can make more popcorn,” Leo offered.

“Thanks, but I think I’m going to take a shower and head to bed.” Yuri awkwardly shifted towards the basement door.

As Yuri stripped he noticed his clothes smelled like smoke. But not the sickening smell of his uncle’s
cigars or his aunt’s cigarettes, but something woody and welcoming. He sighed a little wishing he was still wrapped in Beka’s arms. He snapped out of his daydream when he took the loose braid out of his hair, releasing more lingering smokey scent. He stepped in the shower and began fiddling with the knobs.

‘Why are other people’s showers so hard to use? Why isn’t there a standard set up?’

Finally cold water splattered him in the face and he had to chuckle at the irony of the temperature and the way his thoughts had been going. With a few more twists the water ran hot and he could get to work on removing the smoke from his skin and hair.

As his fingers massaged his scalp his thoughts went back to Beka, and he wondered what those hands would feel like in his hair, touching his skin. Or against his bare chest.

He groaned a little as he felt himself harden. He let the water beat against his back and braced an arm against the shower wall and let his head rest against his forearm as he took himself in hand and pumped himself with long languid strokes, twisting his hand over the head. He imagined what it would feel like to have Beka pressed up against his back, pushing him against the still cold tile as the larger man jerked him off. Yuri kept stroking himself roughly, replacing his hand with Beka’s hand instead of his own. He bit his arm to stifle a moan as his ideas shifted to what could be done on a motorcycle.

There came the familiar pull in his stomach and gasped as he spilled over his own hand. As he cleaned himself up his thoughts strayed to darker topics but he pushed those ideas aside while he finished getting ready for bed.

Leo had left out some blankets for him on the couch. His thoughts wandered idly while he spread the blankets out and once he’d settled in there was no reason he could think of to not let his thoughts stray.

Namely his family, and if Beka would still want him after he realized that Yuri wasn’t out. Or, if Beka would walk away when he realized his family wouldn’t be ok with them being together. Yuri thought about what would happen if he introduced Otabek to his family, or if he came out to them. He buried his face in his pillow thinking about Beka’s smile and the warmth of his arms. And how his family would never believe they were just friends, there was already too much tenderness in Beka’s eyes. Kisses were too easy, too irresistible. If his family were to meet him, that would be it.

So much would change and all it would is take two words: “I’m gay.” Yuri knew what the results of those words would be and even if he wasn’t close to his family he couldn’t help the few tears that slid down his face, maybe denial wasn’t such a bad thing for now.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

fluff! And more fluff! also a birthday party. and a really bad joke. (a brief mention of underage drinking- by USA standards in case that needs to be said).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Yuri,” Maria started over breakfast one morning. “Did you have anyone you wanted to invite over for dinner tonight?”

“You could invite whoever you went on that date with!” Phichit winked. He hadn’t been able to get so much an an initial out of Yuri.

“Still not telling you Phichit,” Yuri took another bite of pancakes then turned to Maria. “I’ll ask and see.”

Are you busy tonight -Y

Totally free. Why? -B

want to come over for dinner? -Y

Sure time? -B

6 -Y

Sounds good -B

“Mrs. De la Iglesia, is your invitation still open?” Yuri absently started helping her put together sandwiches.

“Of course Yuri! Is your friend coming?” she smiled at him.

“Yeah, he is.”

“Good.” Maria paused, “You don’t have many friends, do you?”

“Ummmm, no. Not really.” Yuri looked at her from the corner of his eye. She just smiled and nodded in that oddly understanding way good mothers know how to do.

“Neither did Leo until his junior year. What’s your friend’s name?”
“Otabek.” Yuri started on his own sandwich, which no one ever got right. Maria just waited, knowing that silence convinced people to talk even more than questions did. And she was right. “He’s really nice. He’s the lab assistant in one for my classes.”

But sometimes questions were needed.

“Is he the one that Phichit has been trying to get you to talk about?”

“Errr, yeah.” Again, Yuri saw Maria smile and nod to herself like she knew everything now. Yuri wondered if she did.

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Yuri walked outside as he heard Otabek’s bike pull up, and he couldn’t help the small smile on his lips.

“Last chance to run away from my room mate’s crazy friends.” Beka paused and looked at his Harley, before putting his helmet on it.

“Naw, running away sounds like too much effort right now.” Beka draped an arm over Yuri’s shoulders as he spun them around. “Besides, food.”

“Glad to know it’s the food you showed up for.” Yuri smirked at gave him a teasing side-long look. Beka snorted.

“Right. Definitely the only reason.”

“You must be Otabek.” Maria smiled and greeted him as they walked through the kitchen. “I’m Maria. Grab a plate, food’s ready.” Everyone turned to the new arrival, no one really flinched. Leo smiled, but he already knew. Guang and Seung Gil nodded, they didn’t know Yuri enough to care really. Phichit however, let his jaw drop and his eyes rake over Otabek.

“Are you the one that took Yuri out the other night?” Phichit’s eyes were gleaming and Yuri knew where this was going.

“Yeees?” Otabek hung his jacket up.

“Damn Yuri.” Finally Phichit cracked a smile, “You have good taste.”

“Why do you have to be so embarrassing?” Yuri banged his head lightly on the door frame.

“What? He’s hot!”

“I’m aware.” Yuri still had his head firmly pressed against the door frame. But finally walked the rest of the way into the kitchen behind Beka, if for no other reason than to prevent Phichit from staring at Beka’s ass.

“This is incredible Maria.” Otabek nodded in her direction.
“Thank you,” Maria smiled. Yuri again noted how warm her eyes always were.

“Soooo, how did you guys meet?” Phichit just couldn’t help himself. Yuri muttered something in Russian under his breath.

“Yura!” Otabek looked at him. Yuri looked back.

“What? I said nothing insulting.”

“You know I can speak Russian right?” Beka cocked his brow.

“What?” Yuri felt his mouth run dry and eyes go wide.

“My family speaks Russian and Kazakh equally. Well, now, English too since we moved to the US.”

“You speak three languages fluently?” Seung Gil looked impressed.

“Plus some basic French and Spanish. Hello, please, thank you, stuff like that.” Beka shrugged. Yuri nodded his head as if some big mystery had finally been solved, Beka’s accent finally made sense.

“And you’re a chemistry major?” Yuri cocked an eyebrow. Beka shrugged.

“Eh, chemistry is fun.” Seung shrugged. “I’m into engineering and physics myself.” Beka stopped eating and looked at him with a horror stricken expression.

“Why would you do that to yourself? I like math but the amount of trig and calculus you do would make my head spin.”

“Not as bad as Leo’s combination.” Seung looked over at him and smiled.

“Math and Engineering double major with business administration and accounting minors.” Leo smiled. “That way I have room to drop something and still graduate on time if I need to.”

“I feel like a slacker. Textile and graphic design double major. Playing with minors, not sure yet.” Phichit smiled at Seung.

“All of those majors would give me a headache,” Yuri muttered while taking another bite of his taco. “I’m not great with math.”

“Aren’t you studying psychology and athletic training?” Beka gave Yuri an odd smile that he couldn’t quite figure out.

“Yeah?”

“I have some bad news for you, both of those majors require some level of math. Psych has stats, and athletic training has it’s own formulas for stuff. Plus the bio classes you have to take.”

“Yeah, but that’s not calculus or anything.”

“True, it’s pre-calc.” Beka chuckled a little, while Yuri felt himself die a little inside.
“Everything was wonderful. Thank you,” Otabek cleaned off another plate for Maria to put it into the dishwasher.

“I’m glad you could come over.” Maria took the next two plates from Otabek’s hand.

“Did you want to stay and watch a movie?” Leo asked, bringing in the rest of the silverware.

“Ummm, depends on what you planned on watching.”

“Knowing us, whatever looks good on Netflix.”

Yuri walked into the living room after grabbing his favorite too-big hoodie and his book, in the event that the movie sucked.

“Why do wear that?!” Phichit wailed, “You’re so attractive, and that’s so...not.”

“It’s warm. I’m cold. Shut up.” Yuri shrugged and dropped onto the floor in front of Beka’s legs.

“I’m sure your boyfriend’s arms could warm you up just as well as that thing,” Phichit winked. Yuri’s face flushed, he was pretty sure even the tips of his ears were as red as cherries.

“Phichit, leave him alone. They’ve been on what? One date? That’s hardly enough to say he has a boyfriend,” Seung berated his boyfriend as he tucked him in under his arm.

“Oh, come on, it took me all of one and a half dates to crawl into your lap…”

“And not everyone is you,” Seung reminded.

“All I’m saying is when you’re on a date with someone as attractive as you or Otabek, opportunities should be taken.” Pichit directed at Yuri.

“Leo, can you start up Supernatural or something so he can oggle Jensen Ackles instead of Beka?” Yuri groaned.

“Oh my gosh, that’s so cute!!” Phichit crooned.

“Leo…” Yuri started.

“On it!” Leo laughed and pushed a few more buttons and finally the first episode started up. Yuri let out a sigh of relief.

Taking advantage of the fact that attention was away from them for a moment, “You sure you’re fine on the floor?” Beka whispered into Yuri’s ear. He nodded and turned to look at Beka.

“Yeah, I’m used to sitting on floors.” In the soft lamplight of the living room Yuri could see the honey flecks in Beka’s eyes and was momentarily lost. For a moment he thought about reconsidering
his spot in front of Beka’s legs in favor of crawling up into his lap, audience be damned. There must have been a shift on Yuri’s face he wasn’t aware of causing Beka to frown.

“You ok?” Beka asked again. Yuri shifted away a little and barely resisted the urge to look at the other people in the room behind him.

“Just...people.” Yuri, tipped his head to motion at the rest of the room. He knew that wasn’t enough of an answer but it was all he could say right now.

‘I’d love to tell you more, but what do I even say? I know I shouldn’t care what they think but...’ Yuri didn’t know where that thought was going and he didn’t know how to finish it. Thankfully, Beka seemed to understand at least a little as his eyes shifted to the other four. They were all piled on the couch watching as Sam and Dean figured out how to kill a ‘Lady in White.’ Then his eyes shifted back to Yuri, taking in his tense shoulders, lowered gaze, and how his head was slightly tipped down.

“Want to go for a walk?” Beka was already starting to get up. Yuri nodded and put his book on a side table. Leo looked over in question. “We’ll be back in a little bit.”

“I don’t get it.” Beka said after they’d walked for a block or two. The crisp air biting against their faces. “I’m sure I’m missing something but you seem fine in class and there’s way more people in lab than back there.”

“It’s not the number.” Yuri knew this was coming. He had hoped for a longer span of time than four days, but these aren’t things you usually get to choose. Life’s like that.

“So...” Beka lead.

“I’m...my family...” Yuri stopped and shifted on his feet, not entirely knowing what to say. “Fuck! Why is this so hard?”

“What is?” Beka shook his head. He stood beside Yuri, the blonde looked beside himself.

“I don’t even know where to start.”

“Then don’t figure it out. Start rambling and it’ll make sense eventually.” Beka took a step and eventually Yuri followed, still silent.

“I like you.” Yuri finally broke their silence. “But my family won’t.”

“Because I’m older?”

“Because you’re a guy.” Yuri sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose, “I was supposed to meet a girl. That idea never appealed to me.”

Otabek nodded considering, a few things making sense.

“I don’t know what they’d say. If I told them. Or if they found out. I don’t think I want to know.”
Yuri swallowed.

"You think they’d disown you?"

"That I could handle. I just don’t know if it would stop there. My uncle is pretty gruff."

"Oh.” Otabek grimaced at the idea of someone hurting Yuri.

"Yeah.” An awkward silence settled, thick enough that Yuri could practically taste it. “Look, you seem really comfortable with who you are. I’ll understand if…” Yuri let his voice trail off. They were circling back around the backside of Leo’s block. “If you don’t want to deal with this.”

"Woah!” Otabek stepped in front of Yuri quickly pulling him into his arms. “Nu-uh, you’re not getting rid of me like that. I know we haven’t known each other long but I want to know where this goes.” After a moment Yuri returned the hug, and enjoyed the feeling of leather on his cheek. Beka pulled away and tucked some hair behind Yuri’s ear. “Would it help if we had some boundaries?”

“What do you mean?” Yuri furrowed his brow.

"Um, like when you’d be ok with me kissing you versus not touching at all. Just to make it more comfortable. For you.”

“You mean me looking around a lot, you mean?” Yuri had wondered if that bothered Beka at all.

“Yeah.”

“It’s an old habit, not exactly a matter of comfort.”

“I see.” Beka’s voice wavered so slightly Yuri almost missed it. Yuri pulled back and saw something in Beka’s eyes but he wasn’t sure what. Yuri kissed Beka lightly.

“I promise it’s not you.” He rested his temple against Beka’s. Beka nodded and kissed Yuri’s cheek.

“You know what I think?”

“Hm?”

“I think your family is going to have to get used to you having a boyfriend.” Yuri felt his heart skip at Beka’s words.

“Where’s Phichit and Seung?” Yuri asked and saw that the second episode was just starting.

“Turned in early.” Leo smiled as the pair walked in.

“Their loss.” Beka sat down in the same oversized chair again. Much to his surprise, Yuri sat on his lap.

“It’s a good show,” Yuri added.

“Isn’t there a drinking game that goes with this show?” Guang looked at the other boys. Otabek
“Yeah. Yeah there is. I don’t recommend it.” He rubbed his eyes as the memories flashed behind them.

“Sounds like there’s a story there?” Yuri quirked his eyebrow.

“Hmmm. There’s a part where Dean comes back from Hell. After that hangover, I understand what he went through completely.” Beka rubbed the back of his neck. “Wouldn’t have been so bad except we mixed alcohol types. And there were twenty reasons to drink.”

“Why would you do that to yourself?!” Leo and Guang gasped at the same time.

“It seemed like a good idea when I was seventeen and stupid.”

“And now you’re twenty and wise?” Yuri teased.

“Hey now, I won’t be twenty till the thirty-first.”

“Ugh, I hate this episode.” Guang groaned, “Bloody Mary always grosses me out.”

“Wanna go upstairs?” Leo offered as Guang nodded. Yuri watched as they left and waited to hear the door close.

“Thank God,” Yuri leaned back against Beka’s chest. Beka did his very best not to laugh. “What?”

“Nothing.” Beka played with Yuri’s hair, and noted how it always smelled like fresh cut oranges. “So, you’ll sit on my lap in front of Leo but not Phichit?”

“Leo knows I’m gay, and doesn’t make comments. Well, he doesn’t make many comments.” Yuri shrugged and rolled his eyes, “Phichit makes a big deal out of everything.”

“Hmmmm. No one here now…”

“Nice isn’t it?” Yuri let a small smile play on his lips as he let his head fall against Beka’s shoulder. He turned and pressed a small kiss just under Beka’s ear. And then another.

“Careful.” Beka warned lightly.

“Hmm?” Yuri pressed another kiss to his neck. Despite himself Beka let his head tip to give Yuri more access.

“Kind of a weak spot for me.” Yuri felt Beka’s muscles tense as he swallowed.

“Is it?” Yuri smiled against Beka’s skin and kissed just in front of his ear.

“Tease,” he lightly tapped Yuri’s thigh.

“Am I?” Yuri whispered into Beka’s ear, and felt a certain sense pride at the small groan Beka made. Beka grabbed him by the back of the head firmly, more firmly than he meant to and caught Yuri’s lips with his own. Then he guided the blonde to straddle his lap.
“Clearly I’ve created a monster,” Beka lightly bit his bottom lip. Yuri kissed back and flicked his
tongue over Beka’s lips.

“Yep, you’re a horrible influence,” They deepened the kiss further.

“Mmmm, I could be worse.” Beka smiled.

“Could you? Not sure I believe that.” Yuri returned the smile, invitation implicit, and wrapped his
arms a little tighter around Beka’s neck. The brunette chuckled darkly before lifting Yuri up, carrying
him over to the couch and laying him down.

“Sure you don’t believe that?” Beka pulled back and looked at Yuri. “Still alright?” Yuri couldn’t
quite find his voice and nodded.

“Words Yuri, I want to hear words.”

“Yeah,” he nodded again. “I’m good.” Beka nodded slowly, taking in the slight tension in Yuri’s
body. He caught the blonde’s lips again, only to feel him melt against his chest. He started kissing up
Yuri’s jawline, Beka couldn’t help but love how Yuri sighed against him and tilted his neck so Beka
could kiss more. When he reached Yuri’s collar bone he paused moving the neckline of his shirt to
the side.

“Will you be keeping your shoulders covered?”

“Yeah?” he replied, a little confused at the odd question. With that Beka bit and sucked a mark onto
Yuri’s shoulder, causing the blonde to gasp.

“Good.” He smiled and lightly bit at the juncture of Yuri’s neck and shoulder.

“You gave me a fucking hickey didn’t you?” Yuri rolled his eyes as Beka laughed.

“Had to leave you with some way to remember me tonight.”

“Could just stay,” Yuri muttered.

“That would not be a good idea.” Beka sat back up and looked down at Yuri, admiring the artfully
dishelved hair and clothes. Yuri propped himself up on his elbows, which only drew attention to
green eyes that were slightly hooded and lips that were fuller than usual.

“Why?”

“You would be too tempting, and I have to work for the rest of the week.” Beka checked the time.

“Need to get going?”

“Yeah. It’s almost midnight.” Beka’s shoulders sagged, clearly he didn’t want to leave.

“I’ll walk you out.”

Beka kissed Yuri again when they got out to his Harley. All lips, soft and meaningful. He pressed his
forehead against Yuri’s.
“I hate to say this, but I probably won’t be able to see you until next Friday. Work and classes are going to fuck us over.”

“We’ll figure it out.” Yuri shrugged, “After all, texting works for me.”

“Skype too. We’ll find time.” Beka kissed his cheek and slipped his helmet on. They waved as Beka took off.

‘And now for a cold shower.’ Yuri sighed and walked back into the house.

______________________________

Apparently there’s going to be a party at katsuki’s. -B

Apparently? -Y

I wasn’t supposed to know -B

My coworkers can’t keep secrets -B

Hahahaha - Y

You poor thing lol -Y

...your sympathy is overwhelming -. -B

Would it help if i was there -Y

...yes but it’s a costume party -B

I’ll manage -Y

Yuri hated to admit it but Beka had been almost right. They didn’t get to see much of each other that first week back, and Yuri quickly learned that SnapChat and Beka didn’t mix. It was Yuri’s Friday morning lab when they saw each other again, but even that wasn’t what Yuri wanted since Beka had to be professional. Yuri quickly learned that he did not and he let the loose neckline of his shirt slip off to the side exposing the shoulder Beka so generously marked.

“How’s it going over here?”

“How’s it going over here?”

“Everything is working, I think.” Emma piped up.

“Yuri, why are you standing over there?” Beka raised his eyebrows.
“She skipped step three. I’m waiting for the explosion.” Yuri deadpanned.

“What’s going to explode?! It’s a saline solution and blood cells.” The rest of the group looked at her with bemused smiles.

“Just because I set something on fire in chemistry 209 doesn’t mean it’s going to happen here.” Emma sighed, exasperated. “How was your break Otabek?” She batted her eyes a little.

“It was good.” Beka ignored her attempt and looked around at the group then surveyed the notes they had so far for a moment before his eyes landed on Yuri’s shoulder.

“Doubt it was as good as Plisetsky’s,” Derek muttered.

“Be nice,” Emma slapped his shoulder. “Forgive my brother Yuri. His girlfriend dumped him last month. And I. Can’t. Imagine. Why. It’s almost like he’s a jerk or something.”

“Hey! I’m the only brother you have!”

“You make it sound like I wanted you in the first place.” Emma replied dryly. Causing Yuri to snort. Otabek rolled his eyes and walked over to the next group.

“It’s his birthday today you know.” Yuri winked at Emma.

“Otabek! It’s your birthday!?” She squealed. Beka rubbed a hand over his face and groaned.

“Yes.”

On the lab instructor’s que everyone sang ‘Happy Birthday’ to Beka, who had started to blush furiously and shook his head.

Yuri hung back a bit and helped clean up some of the lab items that hadn’t been properly put away. Beka pulled Yuri off to the side of the hall as they were leaving and gave him a peck on the cheek.

“You’re evil. You know that right?” Beka said right into his ear.

“No idea what you’re talking about,” Yuri smirked.

“Uh-huh. Lunch?”
“Absolutely.”


“Didn’t want it to get caught on stuff. Need help with anything?” The blonde surveyed the bags.

“Sure. Grab that one and that one.” Beka pointed to a couple of bags that were deceptively heavy.

“Oh fuck,” Yuri groaned.

“Payback for that stunt in lab.” Beka chuckled as Yuri glared at him. He lead Yuri into the back of the Katsuki’s.

“Sucks you have to work on your birthday.”

“Eh. Yuuri has me on for two hours and said he’ll pay me for eight as a present.”

Beka’s set was nothing short of great, but it was nothing in comparison to watching people dance in their costumes. Or at least it was entertaining to Yuri. Especially when one of the mummies started losing their wraps. There was a group that had started gathering in the back corner of towards the end of Beka’s shift, when Beka came down from the booth he waved and told them he’d be back over.

“So,” he walked up to Yuri at the bar. “Am I introducing you as my friend or my boyfriend.”

“I doubt anyone knows me here, boyfriend it is.” Yuri smiled up at Beka, who happily returned the smile.

“Everyone, this is Yuri…”

“Omigosh! He’s so cute!” One of the girls chirped. “Please, tell me this is your boyfriend!”

“Yuri that’s Ailayah. And apparently has had a bit too much already.” Beka gave her a look. “And yes, he is.” With that admission there were several woops and cheers. Beka went around the table and introduced everyone. JJ and Chris were the only people who worked at Katsuki’s with Beka and they had to leave the party as their breaks ended.

“You know Yuri,” Chris began. “You’re lucky you’re dating a Halloween baby.”
“Why?” Yuri asked and cocked his head before Beka could stop him.

“Well, you know what they say.” Chris looked at JJ and then they both looked back at Yuri. “People born on Halloween suck like vampires!” They finished together, causing the entire table to groan. Yuri let his head fall on his arms against the table.

“Why am I friends with you two?” Beka shook his head and leaned back against the booth. JJ and Chris laughed all the way back to their respectful stations. JJ transitioned the pre-programmed set to his own. Soon Yuri found himself dancing with Beka again, somehow he’d managed to keep the cat ears on. They were towards the back of the club, it was dark and it didn’t seem like anyone paid them any mind. Yuri pressed his lips against Beka’s and flicked his tongue just barely into the other boy’s mouth. Beka gladly deepened the kiss, letting his tongue run on the edge of Yuri’s teeth as he pulled the blonde impossibly closer to him.

“Your present is back in my room.” Yuri’s voice was just loud enough for Beka to hear over the music. He nodded his understanding, but made no move to go anywhere until the end of the song.

“Won’t your roommate be here?”

Yuri looked back at Beka with a cocked eyebrow but shook his head.

“No, he spends Fridays either with Guang or his family. Also, not that kind of gift.” Yuri chuckled. Finally the door was unlocked and Yuri went to the refrigerator and pulled out a box.

“I wasn’t really sure what to get you,” Yuri shrugged and handed the box over. Beka opened it and pulled out a chocolate cupcake.

“Happy birthday,” Yuri smiled and gave Beka a chaste kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah...sorry for that reeeallly bad joke from JJ and Chris...
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

After the party...

Chapter Notes

I know I have it in the tags, but tw: homophobic language/implications

“Happy birthday,” Yuri smiled and gave Beka a chaste kiss.

Beka set the cupcake down on Yuri’s desk and deepened the kiss, pulling him closer and weaving his fingers into golden hair. They let their tongues slide against each other and Beka took a step backwards to sit down on Yuri’s bed, guiding Yuri to sit in his lap.

“You know, you didn’t have to get me anything.” Beka smiled against Yuri’s neck and reached for the box. “Care for a bite?”

“Sure.” Beka offered the unwrapped cupcake to Yuri who took a bite. “Hmmm, didn’t realize it had a filling. Raspberry?” He took another small bite. Beka looked at the box which read Sarah’s Bakery in a cheery purple font.

“Huh, my sister-in-law owns that shop.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, her older brother, Greg, married my older sister.” Beka looked back at Yuri and wiped a few crumbs from his cheek. After the last bite Beka managed to get frosting above his lip, Yuri swiped it away. Beka grabbed Yuri’s wrist before he could pull away, took his finger into his mouth, sucked the frosting off and let his tongue circle the tip of Yuri’s finger. The blonde’s breath caught and he almost let his eyes slip shut, but Beka’s eyes drew him in and there was no looking away. He brought Yuir’s wrist up and kissed the pulse point. Then let the tip of his nose drag along his clothed forearm. Yuri pulled him away and into a proper kiss, Beka’s hand resettled onto Yuri’s lower back and started drawing mindless circles on the smooth skin just under his shirt. Yuri started laying back, pulling Beka on top of him when they heard a noise and immediately looked up to the door.

“Did you want to borrow one of my hoodies to wear under your co- OH!” Leo’s face immediately turned red as he took in Yuri and Beka on Yuri’s bed. The two immediately jumped apart. “Dude. I don’t care but put a hanger on the door or something.”

“We...we weren’t...that’s not.” Yuri stammered.

“It wasn’t going to go that far,” Beka clarified.
“Ah. Guang, did you want to borrow anything. It’s pretty cold out.” Leo turned back to his boyfriend.

“I’m fine.” Guang smiled at Leo, his blush also still evident. Leo pulled a heavier coat out of his closet and started to head out of the room.

“I have condoms in my top dresser drawer, in case you ever need one,” Leo and Guang were out of the room as quickly as possible. Yuri and Beka stared at the door in stunned silence. Beka was the first to burst out laughing.

“This is not funny,” Yuri looked at him as he was trying to suppress his own laughter. “Fuck, why are our friends so embarrassing?”

“Don’t know. Keeps it fun though.” Beka shrugged. Yuri nodded, there was no denying how ‘interesting’ this night had been.

“What time do you have to work tomorrow?”

“Not till 8. I just set things up and do the first set to work out the kinks. Then I do the mixes on my days off that everyone plays.”

“So,” Yuri paused and blushed just a touch. He shifted towards Beka, “You could stay?”

“I could.” Beka’s tone wasn’t quite hesitant, but close. Yuri’s eyes flicked over to Leo’s dresser. Beka leaned in, “We won’t need one. I don’t know about you, but I just want to sleep.”

Isn’t this your cousin [picture attachment]

Clara looked at the picture she had received from a friend, a blonde wearing black cat ears kissing a guy. It looked like they were in a club dancing, but definitely kissing too. She tried zooming in on the blonde. It was too blurry to be sure. It could be someone else with long blonde hair, could even be a tall-ish girl with an athletic build. She flipped onto Instagram, there wasn’t, which wasn’t that big of a surprise. But then she opened her Facebook, that’s where she saw he’d been tagged in some photos. He was sitting next to a brunette, tagged Otabek Altin, with the caption “They’re so cute together!” posted by an Ailayah.

“Well, shit.” Clara murmured to herself. She started down to the kitchen for brunch.

“Did you see?” Alexei showing her his screen as they went down the stairs.

“Yeah. First thing on my newsfeed.”
“Mom and Dad are going to hit the ceiling.” Alexei looked at his feet. Of course he and Clara had suspected, but their parents seemed oblivious. Unfortunately, it was Saturday which meant their mom would be catching up on her social media, especially facebook.

“Maybe it’s just a bad caption?” Clara tried.

“ Look at them !” He hissed, “Does that look like a bad caption to you?”

“I know, I know. But that’s what we need to convince Mom and Dad of.”

“Good luck,” Alexei rolled his eyes.

“What do you mean ‘good luck’?! You’re going to help!” Clara harshly whispered right into his ear.

Yuri sat up and stretched only to be pulled down against Beka’s chest.

“It is too early to be awake,” he grumbled as he wrapped his arms around Yuri a little tighter.

“It’s almost 10.” Yuri chuckled.

“It’s Saturday,” Beka said in a near sing-song voice. Yuri listened to Beka’s heartbeat just under his ear before turning to kiss his chest. He ran a hand up Beka’s side and marveled at how firm he was, and accidentally brushed a finger over Beka’s nipple. Beka let out a sharp exhale, “Yuri…” It was something between pleading and warning. It spurred him on, Yuri shifted onto his knees and kissed along Beka’s sternum then up his neck. On a whim he nibbled on Beka’s earlobe causing him to shudder. His fingers still roamed aimlessly over Beka’s torso, but Yuri had decided, somewhat, on a direction. Down.

“Are you sure you’ve never done any of this before?” Beka’s voice was losing its forcefulness.

“Pretty sure,” Yuri worked his way up Beka’s jawline towards. By the time their lips met they were hungry and the kiss was rough. Beka broke the kiss and bent down to Yuri’s shoulder, the one that didn’t have a fading hickey, and bit. By the time he was done Yuri’s pale skin held four marks on it, looking pleased with himself he moved onto Yuri’s collarbones.

“You have a thing for marks, don’t you?”

“Hmmm-mmm. I could do this all day.” Beka let his voice trail off, biting down on the next spot that caught his eye. Yuri closed his eyes and let his fingers play at the waistband of Beka’s boxers.

“Could I…” Before Yuri could ask his question his phone started blaring. They both groaned as Yuri snatched it off of his desk. His brow immediately furrowed as he saw it was an incoming call from his cousin.

“Clara…”

“Yuri what the fuck?!” She hissed.

“What did I do this time?” Yuri sighed and sat up.

“Have you not seen the pictures?”
“What pictures?”

“From last night. On facebook. You looking all lovey-dovey with that guy...Otabek?”

“Shit.”

“Untag yourself Yuri! Before…” Clara paused. Another voice came on.

“Yuri, you’re on speaker.” It was Alexei. “Ummm...Artyom and Inna saw them already. Damage done.”

“Didn’t you even try to convince them otherwise?!” Clara’s voice was shrill.

“Like they’d believe anything they didn’t want to.” Alexei’s voice was flat.

“Yuri, are you still there?” It was Clara.

“Yeah...I just...don’t know…” Yuri’s mind was struggling for anything to say, or think for that matter. He sighed. “Shit.”

“Come home for Thanksgiving. Maybe everything can get smoothed over, yeah? But Yuri?”

“Yeah?”

“Are you really dating him?” Alexei’s voice was unreadable.

“Does it matter?” Yuri felt his own voice draw tight.

“No, I suppose it doesn’t.” Clara sounded a little sad. Yuri hung up without saying a proper goodbye. His brain was going in too many directions to think anything clearly.

“Yuri, what’s wrong?” Beka rubbed his arm, bringing him back. Yuri hadn’t realized he was shaking.

“They know. About us.” Yuri looked up at the ceiling.

“Who does?”

"My aunt, uncle, both cousins."

“How?”

“Something about a picture on facebook. Of all the things.” They sighed in unison.

“It was probably one of my friends.” Beka pulled him closer. “I can ask them to take it down.”

“No,” Yuri said too quickly. “My aunt and uncle will take that as some sort of ‘admission of my guilt’.”

“You sure.” Beka looked at him with raised brows.

“Yeah,” Yuri gave him a watery smile. “I was getting sick of hiding anyway.”
They were quiet for several long minutes. Beka’s arms around Yuri, and Yuri’s forehead against Beka’s neck.

“They want me to come down for Thanksgiving.”

“I’ll go with you.”

“You don…”

“I’m not letting you do that alone.” Beka paused willing a worst case scenario out of his mind. “No way are you doing that alone.”
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Yuri goes back to his aunt and uncle’s house. How will they react!?

Chapter Notes

ok, I know I already have this listed as a warning but trigger warning for homophobic language and actions.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Come on! One more time.” Yuri slumped back against Beka’s legs. Beka was sitting on his couch with Yuri’s notes in hand.

“Ok, ok. Errm… tell me everything you remember about phylogenetic trees.” That was really only Yuri’s weak point in the class. Yuri rattled off nearly everything from the notes, there were some details left out but they weren’t likely to be on the test. “I think you’ll be fine.”

“But…” Yuri turned to look back at Beka.

“Nope! I have taught you all I know young *padawan* .” Beka tossed Yuri’s notebook back towards his backpack. Yuri was suddenly silent, and still staring at Beka.

“You’re into Star Wars?” Yuri cocked an eyebrow. Beka froze.

“I like the movies but that’s it,” Beka’s voice rang of hesitancy. Yuri got up and started walking towards Beka’s bedroom.

“So, if I look through your shirts there won’t be a single one with Yoda on it?”

“Nope. No Yoda.” Beka was following now, Yuri hadn’t come over to his apartment before. And now the study break was turning into a fun little game of ‘let’s figure stuff out about Beka.’ Starting with how big of a nerd he was, or wasn’t.

“Holy shit.” Yuri blurted as he saw the state of Beka’s closet and shirt drawer. “Do you not fold anything?”

“Depends. Sometimes it doesn’t make it out of the laundry basket once it’s washed.” Beka smirked, Yuri rolled his eyes.

“HA!” Yuri triumphantly pulled out a black shirt from the rest of the black shirts and looked at the design. “You said you didn’t have a Star Wars shirt. Rebel Alliance, thank goodness it’s not the Empire.”

“All I said was I didn’t have a shirt with Yoda on it. I said nothing about not having a shirt.” Beka smirked.
“So, what other fandoms are you into?” Yuri laid the shirt back into the drawer. Folded. He drifted past Beka back into the living room to the bookshelf and stack of dvds. After the thorough once over Yuri shot him a confused look, “No Tolkien?”

“I like the movies. Haven’t read the books.” Yuri just nodded at Beka’s words.

“You?”

“Grandpa read The Hobbit to me as I was learning to read. Read The Lord of the Rings when I was in middle school. Always liked fantasy.” Yuri flipped his gaze back to the stack of movies. Beka nodded and noticed the far away look in Yuri’s eyes, like he was remembering his favorite thing. Apparently ‘grandpa’ was an ok topic ‘family’ was, understandably, not.

“Did you want supper?”

“Umm, yeah sure.” Yuri followed Beka into the kitchen.

Beka pulled out the ingredients. Yuri watched from the doorway for a moment, slightly entranced by how Beka moved. Yuri had never thought that cooking could be graceful.

“Ow, shit!” Beka jumped back a little, dropping the knife on the cutting board. Yuri walked over and pulled Beka’s hand other hand away from the cut. It was bad enough to draw blood, but it wasn’t too bad. Yuri turned on the faucet and held it under the cold water, out of the corner he saw the cutting board and the raw chicken on it.

‘Well, fuck, that’s not good.’ Yuri kept the thought to himself.

“Do you have any rubbing alcohol? Bandages?”

“Yeah, in the medicine cabinet, but you don’t…” Before Beka could finish his thought Yuri had already left to grab everything.

“You don’t have to, you know?” Beka looked at him when Yuri came back. Yuri just shrugged and poured some of the alcohol onto the cut.

“I’d be a pretty worthless boyfriend if I didn’t take care of you once in awhile.” Beka snorted and rolled his eyes. “Besides,” Yuri nodded to the cutting board. “That’d be the dumbest way to get salmonella.”

“I wouldn’t get salmonella,” Beka chuckled.

“You say that but I can see it now… You in the hospital with the worst case the doctor has seen in years. Your mother wondering how something like this could’ve happened, after all you’re always so careful while cooking. Then me, having to explain that it happened while you were making me dinner and I didn’t do anything to prevent it. Then your mother would hate me forever.” Yuri smirked as Beka burst out laughing.

“So, tell me Yurochka, would I miss finals in this scenario?” Beka leaned against the counter as Yuri finished bandaging the cut.

“Oh, no. You’d still have to do those,” Yuri’s smirk still in place.

“So very cruel. Also, my mom wouldn’t hate you, all would be forgiven as soon as she saw your eyes. Wanna get the rice started for me?”
“Sure,” Yuri froze. “I don’t know where anything is in your kitchen.”

“What do you need?”

“Measuring cups and a pot.”

“That drawer,” Beka nodded to the handle to the left of Yuri’s hip. “And this cabinet.” He tapped the door with his foot just to Yuri’s right. Beka finished cutting up the chicken and added seasoning before throwing it in a pan to stir-fry it with the broccoli. While Beka was watching the stove Yuri started poking around. Seeing what was where and what kinds of foods were kept around.

“Can you hand me a couple of bowls?” Thankfully the kitchen was small enough that there were only so many places that bowls could be. They carried their food to the living room and plopped down on Beka’s couch. Some rerun playing in the background. Yuri took a tentative first bite and then dug in.

“You like it?”

“Mmmhmmm. It’s really good.”

“Help yourself to more if you like.” Beka knew campus food wasn’t Yuri’s favorite. Yuri managed to put away two full bowls. Beka took everything back to the kitchen and started rinsing the dishes, while Yuri perched himself on the counter beside the sink and fidgeted with the strings on his hoodie. Beka looked at him out of the corner of his eye.

“You’ll do great tomorrow.” Beka finished rinsing the dishes, then stood between Yuri’s legs as he was sitting on the counter and gave him a peck on the cheek. “Just another test. So, are you ever going to tell me why you insisted on studying here instead of your room?”

“That wasn’t a problem was it?”

“No problem at all, you’ve just never asked to come over before.”

“Leo claimed the room.” Yuri draped his arms on Beka’s shoulders. “Thankfully, I already had my notes.” Beka nodded.

“Wanna stay here tonight? I have a full size bed and a couch. Your pick.”

“Bed. With you.” Yuri gave Beka a chaste kiss.

_____________________________________

“Beka, umm…” Yuri trailed off as Beka stretched out under the covers.

“Hmmm?” Beka tucked Yuri under his arm.

“Why haven’t we,” Yuri paused searching for the right words. “Gone further?” Beka shrugged, nonplussed.
“Did you want to go further?” Beka’s eyes had slipped shut, his hand running absently over Yuri’s shirt. Then moved his hand into Yuri’s hair and started letting the smooth strands run through his fingers. Yuri melted against Beka’s side as he felt Beka’s hand running over his back while still feeling gentle tugs at his scalp.

“Well...I…” Yuri stammered, he’d been more curious about Beka’s reasons than thinking of his own.

“Yuri, trust me, if the answer isn’t a whole-hearted ‘yes’ then you don’t.” Beka sighed and pulled Yuri a little tighter to himself. “If you have to think about it, then even if you say ‘yes’ it should be ‘no.’”

“Sounds like there’s a story there.”

“Hmm, I guess...I rushed all of my firsts. I don’t regret it per-se but I can’t say I’d do it over again.” His voice was heavy with drowsiness. “When that ended I didn’t have the greatest luck. Demanding girlfriend, cheating boyfriend. A few one-night stands….Then you showed up in the dining hall. I don’t want to mess this up. And I don’t want you to regret me or us.”

Yuri didn’t say anything, just nodded against Beka’s chest, letting his eyes slip shut.

‘How could I ever regret you? Even if we were to rush this, why would I regret it?’ Yuri decided to shrug it off for now, he’d think more about it when he’d had a full night’s rest.

“Idon’twannagetup.” Yuri huffed into his pillow as his alarm went off. He hit the snooze button.

“Neither do I.” Beka rolled over to drape himself over Yuri’s back. “What time’s your first class?”

“Ten. Lab.” Yuri turned so Beka was now laying on his chest, his weight comforting. Yuri was suddenly pretty sure that wearing a shirt was a mistake, and ran his fingers lightly over Beka’s skin.

“What time is it now?” Beka sank against Yuri a little more, if that was even possible.

“Six.” Yuri yawned trying to find the motivation to get out of bed, to pull him away from the man cuddled into him.

“Why do you have an alarm for six? There’s no way your hair takes that long to braid.”

“Normally I go for a run.” Yuri paused, smiling with his eyes still closed. “Also, normally it’s not this hard to get up.”

“Why?”

“Well, normally, I don’t have a hot guy laying on me.” Yuri paused, “Also, your mattress is more comfortable than what’s in my dorm.” Yuri felt Beka move up, to kiss his collarbone, then he started pressing kisses up his neck. Sometimes he let his teeth graze lighting over Yuri’s skin. Beka made it up to Yuri’s ear, nibbling on his lobe. Yuri automatically wrapped his arms around Beka and let his nails dig into his shoulders.

“Hot, huh?” Beka chuckled against Yuri’s neck.

“Pfft, please, you know you are,” Yuri swatted his arm. “Why you’re with me is a mystery.” Beka pulled back and looked at Yuri, concern tinging his eyes.
“Woah, what? Do you not see yourself?” Beka caught Yuri’s lips but didn’t deepen the kiss. “Those bright green eyes that change to teal in the sun. How soft your hair is. How very perfect your lips are.” Yuri caught Beka’s lips.

“Do you not understand ‘self-deprecating humor’?” Yuri smiled. “Still, nice to hear that.” Yuri pulled Beka back into a deep kiss, feeling Beka’s tongue flick across his lips. He let his hands wander over Beka’s tan skin, drawing small circles on his ribcage. He felt Beka gasp as his fingers wandered over his side. Yuri pushed Beka so he was completely straddling the blonde. Yuri cradled his jaw in both hands before moving them down Beka’s neck and shoulders again. As his fingers traced over his chest Yuri grazed his nipples. Beka moaned into his mouth and broke the kiss.

“Yura.” His voice was nothing more than a rough whisper into his ear. Yuri continued letting his hands wander further down over Beka’s stomach. But Beka grabbed his wrist as he reached the waistband of his boxers. “Yura.” Beka pulled back, “You don’t have to.”


“Totally the same,” Yuri rolled his eyes and cocked an eyebrow.

“I don’t mind.” Beka kissed him again, “Don’t do something because you think you have to do something to keep me or anything. You have me. I’m not going anywhere.”

“And if I want to…?”

“Last night you weren’t sure. It can wait.” Beka moved to lay back down beside him, then pulled Yuri against his chest so they were nose to nose. “By the way, I’m not getting out of this bed before 7:30. Eight would be better.” True to Beka’s word, there was no getting out of bed until eight. Yuri had rolled over so his back was to Beka, who pulled him even closer.

“We really need to get up.”

“It’s cold outside. Why am I being punished?” Beka buried his nose against Yuri’s hair.

“Otabek and I will be walking around the room during your test. If you have questions please quietly raise your hand. If you are caught cheating you will be asked to leave, and you will receive an F for the test. And possibly the class, but that’s at the discretion of your lecture professors.”

“Does that actually happen?” Emma muttered across from Yuri.

“Well, yeah.” Otabek started, “There were three people who were caught cheating and when I took this class and they were actually required to leave the program. And are still on probation lists. Also, several departments denied them access to different programs because of all of the cheating and plagiarism that they committed. One of them dropped out.”

“Really? I don’t remember those students.” The professor looked at Otabek.

“Yeah, I wouldn’t have known either except the one that dropped out was my roommate.” Otabek
turned back to the class, “Moral of the story, don’t cheat.”

“What about sleeping with the lab assistant? Does that count?” Derek said, looking at Yuri, just loud enough to be heard. The room froze. “Oh come on, we’ve all seen you two around campus and Katsuki’s.”

“We’re not sleeping together.” Yuri said through gritted teeth. The professor flicked his eyes to Otabek and nodded reassuringly.

“Mr. Altin’s and Mr. Plisetsky’s personal lives have no bearing on this issue.” The professor was starting to pass out the tests. This wasn’t the first time this happened in one of his labs. “Assistants don’t make the tests nor do they know what’s on them.”

Derek leaned over into Yuri’s space and whispered. “Guess you blew him for nothing. Like a slut.” Yuri bit his tongue as a test was set in front of him. He let his hair fall in a curtain around his face and took a steadying breath. He felt the pinpricks of tears in in eyes but refused to cry or wipe them away.

*How can I be a slut? I haven’t done anything...am I one for thinking about it...maybe wanting to?* Logically he knew that it was a stupid insult, but that didn’t make it hurt less. He finally forced himself to focus on the test, it wasn’t difficult. Basically a thorough review of everything they’d done so far in the semester. He hurried through the questions and didn’t bother rechecking everything like he normally did, he wanted to get out of that room.

Yuri was the first done, turned in his test and left the room as quickly as possible. He walked into the library coffee shop then went to the giant bean bag chairs with his latte. The one in the corner, his favorite, was open. He let a few tears run down in face finally, when he knew that no one was watching.

“Hey, you alright?” Beka knelt beside him, and tucked some hair behind his ear nearly an hour later. Yuri just nodded quietly. Beka sat beside him, Yuri immediately turned to him and tucked his head against Beka’s chest.

“Derek’s just an ass.” Beka nodded at Yuri’s words.

“He certainly has the world’s worst timing.” Beka ran his hand over Yuri’s back. “I know this isn’t a better topic, but have you packed?”

“Yeah,” Yuri looked up at Beka. “You’re sure you want to do this?”

“Yes. And if it goes badly we can go to my parents’ house.”

“You told them?”

“Kinda had to. The day after my birthday my little sisters called me and demanded to know why I hadn’t told them. Then they went on and on and on and on about how pretty you are. Then they then tried to guilt trip me into bringing you to Thanksgiving.”

“Tried?”
“Tried. My mom is the only one whose guilt trips work.” Beka smiled as Yuri stifled a small laugh.

“You’re not driving.” Yuri crossed his arms.

“Why not?” Beka rolled his eyes.

“My car.” Yuri started counting on his fingers. “You don’t know how to get there. Also, do you even know how to drive an automatic?” Beka burst out laughing.

“I’m driving.” Beka held out his hand. “Keys.” Yuri turned on his heel.

“Passenger’s seat.” He called over his shoulder and got in the driver’s seat. Beka groaned. “It’s a three and a half hour drive. You’ll live.”

Two minutes into the drive and Yuri was immensely grateful that they had the same taste in music.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to drop you off in Minneapolis?” Yuri looked over at Beka as they drove down the highway. “It’d be easy enough...”

“Yuri, stop it. I’ve told you, you’re not doing this alone,” Beka looked at him. “You would have to literally drag me out of this car before we got to your aunt and uncle’s place. Have you spoken with your cousins since my birthday?”

“No, I...didn’t want to bother them.” Yuri tapped his fingers on the steering wheel.

“It’ll be fine.”

“Beka, I don’t think I’ve told you everything. Because if I had there’s no way you’d say that. This isn’t going to be good.” Yuri paused and considered pulling over at the next gas station to make this easier. But the next convenient stop was still nearly an hour away. “They’re very, very traditional. I mean traditional to the point of wondering why there are still gay people in Russia. Here, in the States, they don’t say anything in public but to hear them behind closed doors...I wasn’t scared to come out on campus for no reason. I expected it to be the same way there as in Russia or at Inna’s.”

“It’ll be ok. I’m right here.” Beka took Yuri’s hand, running his thumb along the back. Yuri stood frozen in place staring at the blue door to his aunt and uncle’s house. He remembered when they moved and sent pictures to his grandfather. He wasn’t very old, but he remembered his grandpa commenting about the door color. It had been red when they bought the house, but they didn’t want to look like communists. His grandpa shook his head, muttering something about his daughter becoming American, only to send his own grandson there a little over a decade later.

Clara opened the door before Yuri could set foot on the front steps.
“Yura!” She stepped out and hugged him with a tentative smile. “Yura, I…”

“Clara,” Inna’s sharp voice cut through the air. Yuri felt his stomach drop, wondering why he was even there. “Get in the house now.”

“Mom!” Clara turned standing between Yuri and Otabek and Inna. She was about to say something more when she was cut off by her mother’s glare.

“Get in the house now. Don’t you dare speak back to me again.” Clara’s head sagged a little and she went back inside. Inna’s glare followed Clara back inside. “Yuri.” Her tone was tight and made Yuri’s stomach clench.

“Hi, Inna.” Yuri started, his voice was soft all power drained from it. He was trying to process where he should stand, in front of Beka or beside him. Inna started down the stairs.

“You! You fucking disgusting little fag. You’re a disgrace to this family.” Her voice was even, somehow that was worse than her yelling. And Yuri had seen both. His eyes went wide and he felt the blood drain from his face as she saw her coming toward him, and suddenly his feet were frozen in place. His brain seemed to stop working and was suddenly blank. “Subhuman little piece of shit.” Yuri registered a sharp sting on his cheek, after a moment it occurred to him that Inna had slapped him.

Beka pulled him back and pulled him into a hug. And turning them so his back was to Inna, there was no way Beka was going to let her hit Yuri again, he hadn’t seen the first one coming but a second one could be prevented. The words were finally starting to hit Yuri and tears started running down his face unwillingly. Beka held him tighter.

Inna really hadn’t registered Otabek’s presence until he grabbed Yuri. It didn’t seem to phase her, she just switched to Russian. She didn’t care if Otabek heard her, he was one of them after all. And then she started yelling. A few neighbors poked their heads out to see was the commotion was. Most went back inside. A couple of them stayed on their porches and watched. Yuri saw their next door neighbor through strands of hair, one of his high school teachers watch with a horror stricken face. Inna hadn’t been yelling for more than thirty seconds.

“Я вас прекрасно понимаю.” Otabek said over his shoulder. He pressed a kiss to the top of Yuri’s head and smoothed his hair. Inna’s jaw dropped at Beka’s smooth reply. Yuri had started crying as quietly as possible but Beka felt him shudder. Inna huffed and glared at Mrs. Galla a few feet away then stormed inside. When the door was shut Clara showed back up, she’d slipped out of the back door. She had a suitcase and a box. But she didn’t know what to do, her eyes were wide and she didn’t know if or who to approach. Beka and Yuri were oblivious to her presence. Mrs. Galla was the first to see her.

“Inna, I think that’s quite enough!” Mrs. Galla stepped off her porch.

“Why? It’s not like anyone other than Yuri understands what I’m saying.”

“Я вас прекрасно понимаю.” I understand you perfectly. Otabek said over his shoulder. He pressed a kiss to the top of Yuri’s head and smoothed his hair. Inna’s jaw dropped at Beka’s smooth reply. Yuri had started crying as quietly as possible but Beka felt him shudder. Inna huffed and glared at Mrs. Galla a few feet away then stormed inside. When the door was shut Clara showed back up, she’d slipped out of the back door. She had a suitcase and a box. But she didn’t know what to do, her eyes were wide and she didn’t know if or who to approach. Beka and Yuri were oblivious to her presence. Mrs. Galla was the first to see her.

“Clara,” her voice was as warm as always. “What’s all this?”

“I, um, when I saw how they weren’t going to calm down I found what Yuri hadn’t taken with him. I didn’t want them to throw it out.” Clara’s voice was a little above a whisper. “I’m so sorry. I… I couldn’t warn him. They took Alexei’s and my phones and blocked his number and social media accounts. I wanted…I wanted to warn him… but.”

“Shhh Shhh. Clara, you did as much as you could.” Mrs. Galla put a hand on her shoulder. “Here.
“Yura.” Clara walked up to Yuri and Otabek. Yuri lifted his head and looked at her. “I’m so sorry.”

“Not much you could do. You’re still in high school.” Yuri wanted to smile, but just didn’t have it in him. Clara nodded. “You should get back inside before Inna yells at you again.”

“Because that’s not a regular occurrence,” Clara rolled her eyes.

“No need for it again then.” Yuri nodded and Clara hugged him one more time before heading into the house.

“Yuri,” Mrs. Galla stood looking at them. “Did you want lunch?”

“Thank you, but,” Yuri looked at her. “I’m not very hungry.” Mrs. Galla nodded. Beka ran his hand over Yuri’s back.

“If you’re ever around I’d love for you to speak to my class about Anna Karina. I still use your notes, you know.”

“I’ll think about it,” Yuri nodded.

“Stop by whenever you’re around. Or let me know when you’ll be in the cities, it’s not that far of a drive.” Mrs. Galla gave them both a sympathetic smile before heading home. Beka hugged him for a little longer before turning him around and opening the car door for him. Yuri sank down onto the seat. He put the suitcase and box in the trunk and got into the car himself. He looked at Yuri and saw the blond’s head hanging. He recognized that and the tense shoulders from the previous day during the lab test. Beka made a note of it but asking now wasn’t a good idea. He reached over and laced his fingers with Yuri’s.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this took so long to write. It...wasn’t an easy chapter to get through. Go say hi to me on tumblr: storylover92

Also, I love comments! Comments are life!
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Yuri meets Beka's family. There's fluff. And smut. And a snarky sister! (Did I mention smut?)

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for reading! Time for happy feels! (also I'm so sorry the formatting on this is a little wonky...I *tried* to fix it!)

“Beka,” Yuri was still holding Beka's hand.

“Yeah?” Beka's eyes were on the road, they were getting close to the suburb where his parents lived.

“What did your family say when you came out?”

“Hmmm…my mom was surprised. She cried a little but I guess when you're bi the reaction is a little different. My dad and brothers shrugged, for some reason my dad didn't seem surprised. My sisters asked questions then immediately tried setting me up with three or four different people. That came to a very quick end.” Beka glanced at Yuri. He would sniffle on occasion but the tears had mostly stopped during the hour and a half drive. Yuri just nodded his head and kept running his fingers over Beka's hand. “So, my younger siblings will be home.”

“How many younger siblings do you have?”

“Five.” Otabek paused, “And two older but they won’t be home until the night before Thanksgiving.”

“Holy shit, there’s eight of you?” Yuri stared at Beka in disbelief.

“Yep. Ranging in age from twenty-six to twelve. The youngest three are adopted but you wouldn’t
know it.” Beka shrugged, his family members always had lots of kids. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Yuri tense up again, with what his aunt had said being around that many people wasn’t going to be good for an introvert. They pulled into the driveway. “How about we watch a movie, without the insanity that are my siblings? Or take a nap? I could use a nap.”

Yuri didn’t say anything, just nodded and opened the car door. His emotions were still running high and he was trying not to cry. Again. Beka grabbed their suitcases and led Yuri into the house.

“Beka? I thought…” Beka’s mom looked at them, Yuri immediately saw they had the same eyes. “What happened?”

“It…didn’t go well.” Beka didn’t want Yuri to have to talk about it already. “Yuri, this is my mom. Mom this is Yuri.”

“Please, call me Amina.” She shook Yuri’s hand.

“It’s nice to meet you.” Yuri’s voice was still quiet.

“What...what are those lines on your face?”

“Huh?” Beka followed his mom’s line of sight and saw what she meant. There were a couple of scratches from his aunt’s fingernails. “That bitch.”


“Trust me, it’s deserved.”

“This way,” Amina just nodded and led Yuri to a bathroom, that seemed to be in a quiet part of the house. Leaving Beka to put the suitcases into his room. “I don’t think a bandage will do much good but some salve won’t hurt.” She carefully touched up the small scratches that only had a couple dots of blood here and there.

“Thank you.” Yuri murmured. Amina smiled at him and tipped his chin up to get a good look at his face.
“I can see why my son likes you. And I’m happy I’ve finally gotten to meet you. Did you want anything to eat?”

“Maybe later. I kinda want to sleep for a bit.” Yuri shifted under her gaze. She just nodded and walked him toward s Beka’s room.

Otabek was still putting fresh sheets on the bed when Yuri walked in. Yuri set to work on the pillowcases which Beka hadn’t gotten to yet. Amina caught Beka’s eye and he nodded. He walked over to Yuri and kissed his cheek.

“Make yourself comfortable, I need to go say ‘hi’ quickly.” He stepped out of his room and shut the door.

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“What happened?” Amina pulled her son into the kitchen away from everyone.

“We didn’t even make up the front steps.” Beka sighed and leaned against the counter. “It all happened so fast. First his aunt was creepy-calm then she slapped him, I stepped in and put myself between them.”

“You’re lucky she didn’t have a knife.”

“I know.” Beka rolled his eyes, moms always worried. “Then she started yelling in Russian. A neighbor finally put a stop to it a few seconds later. Before I could.” Beka sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“Well…” Amina paused. “I don’t even know what to say.”

“Honestly, I don’t either.” Beka looked at the floor.

“Is he always this quiet?”
“Hmmm, sometimes. He’s not quite an introvert. But he’s had a bad day, I don’t think yesterday was the greatest either for him.” Beka had started raiding the fridge and making sandwiches and a bowl of soup. “He’ll warm up but it might take a few days.”

Beka opened his bedroom door and saw Yuri was almost asleep.

“Yura. Kotenok.” Beka set down the food and sat on the edge of the bed. Yuri sat up and shifted so Beka could sit beside him. When offered the food Yuri shook his head.

“I’m not…”

“I know. But you need to eat something...when was the last time you ate?” Yuri looked at the bedspread.

“.....Yesterday. Lunch.”

“Come here,” Beka guided Yuri to sit between his legs so Yuri’s back was against his chest. And handed him a plate with a sandwich on it. “Eat. And you don’t get to count that latte you had yesterday as ‘lunch.’”

“You’re not going to let me take a nap until I eat are you?”

“Pretty much.” Beka was already using his fingers to comb out Yuri’s hair. “Skipping meals isn’t a good habit, you know.”

“I know.”

“What happened between you and Derek yesterday?”

“Beka…” Yuri groaned.
“No, really, I want to know.” Beka was dividing Yuri’s hair to put it into a braid. “After the ‘sleeping with the assistant’ thing.”

“He said,” Yuri sighed and took a bite. “He said that I blew you for nothing and called me a slut.”

Otabek was silent for a moment.

“Obviously that’s not true.” He finally said.

“I know but...still.” Yuri was finishing up the first half of the sandwich the Beka had made.

“What a week.” Beka sighed as he was lightly plaitsing his hair, just tight enough to keep it out of Yuri’s face.

“What if…” Yuri was finishing the last few bites of his sandwich. Beka was about to hand him the soup but Yuri shook his head. “What if I did...want to…?”

“Want to what?” Beka tied off the braid.

“Blow you.” Yuri looked down at his hands as a blush colored his cheeks.

“Do you?”

“Yes.” Yuri looked back at Beka. Beka let out a breath.

“Not today. Too much has already happened. Let it settle.” He leaned back a little and let Yuri recline against him.

“Ok but,” Yuri paused. “I don’t mind not seeing my aunt and uncle anymore.”

“What?”
“We were never that close. When they moved to the States they sent a letter to Grandpa once or twice a year. Never to mom or me. I just don’t come from a close-knit family.” Yuri shrugged.

“But you lived with them for four years?”

“They tolerated me for four years it wasn’t like I was the third child they didn’t have. My cousins treated me a bit like I was a sibling but that was as close as it got.” Yuri rested his hands on Beka’s arms. “Like I said before, I can handle being disowned by them. It’s not like they claimed me in the first place. I just wasn’t expecting her to look and act like the devil-incarnate.”

“It still hurts.”

“What she said hurt. I can’t think of anyone who likes being called those things. Being slapped wasn’t the greatest experience either.”

“You’re handling this really well,” Beka’s voice was soft.

“I expected it to be bad. Didn’t expect to cry or be that shocked.”

“Yura, it’s just going to hurt. I’m the last person you would ever need to justify that to. You know you’ll be fine. I know you’ll be fine. But all of this needs to settle. Give it time.” Beka sank further against the pillows and Yuri turned so they were facing each other and his ear was over Beka’s heart. “Now, I don’t know about you but spending that much time in a car isn’t my cup of tea.” Beka let his eyes slip shut and let out a contented sigh.

“Not really.”

“Yura,” Beka said as a drowsy last thought.

“Yeah?” Yuri’s eyes were shut and he was ready for a long nap.

“We’re never taking a road trip.”

“Never say never Beka.”

“They’re so cute!”

“He’s even prettier than in the photos.”
“I wonder if he’d let me do a flower crown sometime.”

Beka opened his eyes and saw his younger sisters staring at Yuri and him. They hadn’t changed positions since they fell asleep. Yuri was still laying on his chest.

“What let you in my room?”

“Mom told us to come get you for dinner?” Inkar smiled.

“Dinner? What time is it?”

“Seven,” Ayaulym, Otabek’s youngest sister, chirped.

“Aaaand who thought it was a good idea to come into my room without knocking?”

“Pffft, who cares. It’s not like you two were doing anything.” Inzhu was playing on her phone. Typical seventeen-year-old.

“I’m going to regret this, but how did you know that?” Beka cocked an eyebrow at Inzhu causing her to roll her eyes.

“It was totally quiet, like no sound at all,” she gave Beka her ‘it’s-so-obvious-duh!’ expression. He was pretty sure she learned that from him. So, it was only fair that he would return it with his trademarked “Is-that-so?” look.

“How would you know what sounds to listen for?” Making his sister blush.

“Who is he or she and do I need to do my brotherly duty of kicking their ass and scaring them to within an inch of their lives?”

“Oh my gawd Otabek!” Inzhu groaned. “It’s not even like that! Ayaulym, Inkar, go tell mom Beka’s up.” When the younger two girls left the room.

“Porn?” Otabek smirked.

“Porn. Just a couple of videos.” Inzhu rolled her eyes. “And what was seen cannot be unseen.”

“Fuck! Why are people talking? M’trying to sleep.” Yuri mumbled against Beka. “And why are you talking about porn?”

“Welcome to having siblings who don’t know what boundaries are.” Beka chuckled.

“Also, kinda just a thing everybody watches,” Inzhu shrugged.

“I don’t.” Yuri was more awake now.

“Never?” Otabek and Inzhu said at the same time.

“Never.”

“Lucky bastard.” Inzhu grumbled.

“What did you even watch?”

“Well, I learned I’m not into golden showers.”
“Did you think you would be?” Beka’s voice was beyond exasperated.

“I didn’t know what it was!” She held her hands up in surrender.

“Then you deserved exactly what you got!” Beka laughed. Inzhu shrugged and started walking out of the room.

“Hurry up, I don’t want the food to get cold.”

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“Could you pass the potatoes, Beka?” He reached over and passed them to one of his younger brother. Dinner was mostly quiet, Yuri missed the glances Beka’s family was sharing around the room. Otabek, however, did not.

“Just ask him already,” Otabek shook his head as all of his siblings pelted Yuri with questions, ranging from favorite things to where he was from. Yuri answered the inquiries just as quickly, though he lapsed into Russian after the third or fourth one. And all while still eating, and never once speaking with a full mouth.

“Ok, that was impressive,” Inzhu said. Otabek’s mom, however, had been oddly quiet, assessing Yuri throughout the meal. But she seemed to like what she saw so far if the approving look on her face was anything to go by.

“Yuri,” His mom finally spoke. “Why did you come to the US?”

“Well, one day when my grandpa came home he said that my grades were high enough to justify sending me here, and that he wanted me in the US for high school I wouldn’t have to spend so much time adjusting to a new country and college at the same time. So, I got on a plane a couple of months after my fourteenth birthday.”

“And what do your parents do?”

“My mom used to be a model, but now she manages one of the nicer restaurants in Moscow. My grandpa was a laborer until he retired.”

“What do you want to do?”

“Sports psychology, athletic training; something like that,” Yuri took another bite.

“Is this the part I should ask what your intentions are with my son?” Beka’s father was correcting quizzes from one of the classes he taught at the college. He was just happy his son was happy, and Yuri seemed to be a good person.

“I’d prefer if you didn’t,” Beka took a long drink of tea.

“So, I can ask what your intentions are with him?” Beka’s dad chuckled at his son’s dour expression. “Alright, alright. Too old-fashioned I get it.”

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Otabek’s family settled into the living room. Some of them were doing homework, some were reading (snapchatting) on their phones. Beka had immediately tucked Yuri under his arm on one of the couches. Yuri had pulled out a text book for one of his 101 classes that typically put him to sleep. And he found that Beka’s bicep made for an excellent pillow. Beka looked up from his game as his
phone buzzed.

It is way too quiet. -Y

Don’t get used to it. Wednesday night or Thursday this place will be chaos. At least until dinner is over -B

Can we watch a movie -Y

In my room -B

Perfect -Y

“Yuri and I are going to bed. Good night.” Beka waved on his way out of the room. And was met with a chorus of ‘good nights’ and a single wolf whistle, courtesy of Inzhu.

“Inzhu!” Amina admonished.

“Really ZuZu?” Beka rolled his eyes as she laughed.

“So, it’s not always that quiet?” Yuri asked as he was looking over what movies Beka had there in his room. He picked an older movie that he hadn’t seen in a while.

“Nooo, I like it better when everyone is here. It’s chaos. Especially with my niece and nephew, and everyone trying to cook.” Beka smiled as Yuri snorted. Beka had stretched out on his bed with his head at the foot. “How’s your shoulder?”

“What do you mean?” Yuri furrowed his brow and laid next to Beka. He pulled Yuri’s collar to either side, he looked disappointed at how the marks he’d left were fading. “Seriously Beka, you know they’re not going to stay, right?”

“I know; gives me an excuse to leave more.” Beka’s voice was rough as he kissed Yuri’s shoulder. “Take your shirt off.”

Beka nudged at Yuri’s neck. Yuri complied without thinking twice. Tossing his shirt on the floor, Beka directed him to lay on his stomach as he straddled Yuri’s hips and ran his hands over Yuri’s skin. The blonde groaned as more pressure was applied on his muscles, so Beka leaned forward and kissed down the line of his spine, enjoying the reaction. At the waistband of his jeans Beka kissed to his hip and sucked a mark just under his adonis belt, wasting no time in leaving an identical mark on the other side. Yuri sighed against the pressure of Beka’s teeth. Beka stretched beside Yuri.

“How many can I give you?” He asked the blonde.

“How many do you want to leave?”

“Honestly?” He whispered into Yuri’s ear, “I’d love to start at the top of your neck and go down to your tailbone. Then along your ribcage. On your abs, your chest, your collarbones…”

“My thighs?” Yuri teased.

“Maybe a different day.”

“Do it, everything you said.” Yuri smiled as Beka’s jaw dropped.
“Really? You’d let me?”

“I like them.” Yuri pushed some of Beka’s hair back from his forehead.

“Mmmmm, Beka,” Yuri sighed against the back Beka’s neck.

“Good morning,” Beka brought Yuri’s hand up to his lips and kissed the back of it. Yuri pulled Beka back against his chest and ground his hips against his ass.

“Really?”

“Please?” Yuri let his nails drag down Beka’s chest.

“Yura,” he breathed and turned to face Yuri. Letting his hand find its way against Yuri’s scalp and pulling him into a kiss. “You sure about this?”

“Yes,” Yuri gasped as Beka ran his other hand down Yuri’s thigh then back up. Hooking his thumbs in the waistband of Yuri’s boxers.

“Can I?”

“Please do,” he smiled automatically lifting his hips. They already sat low, and it didn’t take long Yuri’s boxers to be somewhere that wasn’t on him.

“Fuck Beka,” Yuri’s eyes were wide after he returned the favor. “You’re... really big.”

“You seem surprised,” Beka cocked his eyebrow, he was kneeling beside Yuri, his eyes slowly raking over the marks he left last night. He hadn’t bothered to count, but he knew it was somewhere in the double digits.

“I suspected but, damn.” Yuri’s fingers ran up and down Beka’s thigh. Beka’s eyes finally made their way to Yuri’s cock.

“You’re not circumcised?”

“Nope.” Yuri was the fully hard and his foreskin had pulled back over the head. Beka moved between Yuri’s legs and stretched out over him and caught his lips. Yuri was happy to deepen the kiss as Beka settled over him. Beka rolled his hips, making Yuri roll his eyes and sigh.

“Just one thing,” Beka kissed him again. “You need to be quiet.” He stretched to open his bedside drawer to pull out a small bottle. Yuri shot him a questioning look, swallowing hard. “Trust me.” Beka whispered against his lips. He poured some of the liquid into his palm and coated himself with it, reaching between them and wrapped around them both lightly making Yuri gasp. “Still alright?”

“Yeah, just...” Yuri blushed. “Just new.”

Beka nodded, he knew.

Yuri wrapped his arms around Beka and pulled him into a kiss while the older boy thrust against his hand and Yuri. The blonde broke the kiss with a groan, dragging his nails over Beka’s shoulder blades.
“Yura,” Beka gasped in his ear as he arched his back into Yuri’s touch. Yuri whimpered too loudly as Beka kept thrusting against him. “Shhhhh,” Beka reminded against his neck. “I got you.”

“I’m close Beka,” Yuri moaned again against Beka’s skin. “So, close.”

“Come for me,” Beka whispered, putting his free hand over Yuri’s mouth to make sure he stayed quiet. The pressure on his lips had Yuri rolling his eyes in pleasure as he spilled onto Beka’s hand and his own stomach. Beka thrust a few more times into his hand, Yuri moved the hand over his lips and kissed Beka, swallowing his whispered curses and sighs. Beka came, adding to the mess on Yuri’s stomach.

“That was really…”

“Great.” Beka panted against Yuri’s neck.


“It was your first time. First times are always fast, besides you lasted longer than I did my first time.” He pressed a peck to Yuri’s cheek and reached for a tissue on his night stand.

“Good morning Yuri,” Amina smiled knowingly as Yuri walked into the kitchen. “Did you sleep well?”

“Yeah,” Yuri stretched his arms over his head. “You?”

“Hmmm,” Amina sipped her coffee. Yuri’s back was too her and he reached for a mug. Beka walked in soon after and poured a glass of orange juice.

Amina quirked an eyebrow at Yuri as he poured himself a cup of coffee. “Yuri, what’s on your neck?” She asked, and moved his ponytail aside.

“Otabek Aliovich Al’tin!” Amina glared at her son. Otabek was already leaving the kitchen. Quickly. Amina shook her head, she’d yell at him in a moment. “Yuri, you might want to wear your hair down for the rest of the week.”

Yuri gave her a confused look, until he remembered Beka biting and sucking along the back of his neck. He blushed and covered his eyes with one hand while setting his coffee down with the other. He pulled his hair tie out and let his hair fall around his shoulders.

When Yuri looked up Amina had left the kitchen, he saw her dragging Beka by the arm into a room away from everyone.

“Geez, what’d he do?” Inzhu stepped up behind him. She looked Yuri over and shoved a muffin in his hand. “Last time Mama drug up off like that he had gotten in a fistfight and failed a test. On the same day. It was really good timing, they almost didn’t say anything about the C I got.” She walked over to the closed door to the room Beka and Amina were now in and listened to some of the Kazakh being rapidly spit out. Her eyes suddenly lit up and she walked back over.

“Yuri,” she practically sang. “Why’s your hair down?”

“Don’t worry about it.” He bit into the muffin.
“Uh-huh, how many did he give you?”

“How many what?” Yuri asked innocently.

“C’mon, show me your neck. It can’t be worse than what his ex did to him,” she smiled wickedly. Yuri pushed his hair away from the front and sides of his neck and showed her the empty skin. “Very nice. Let’s see the back.” Yuri huffed but he was hardly ashamed, embarrassed by other people’s reactions, sure. But ashamed, not so much. He pushed his hair aside.

“Oh fuck,” Inzhu stifled a laugh. “Five hicckeys….That’s...I guess that’s as bad as the one Beka came home with one time. He couldn’t hide his, it was high on the side of his neck, Mom about had a heart attack. Again, I just laughed at his pain.”

“You’re a sadistic little thing aren’t you,” Yuri smirked with a gleam in his eyes.

“Nah, it’s just fun when the older siblings get yelled at. Especially Aiman and Alikhan, they were like, the perfect kids. Beka’s had his moments.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, that hickey I mentioned. It was the day after his fifteenth birthday.” Inzhu took a sip of coffee. “After that there was a rule that no one could date till they were sixteen. Granted all that accomplished was Beka sneaking around. A lot.”

The door opened and Amina walked out and into the dining area. Yuri smiled at Inzhu as he pointed and started walking towards Beka. Inzhu just nodded and went to finish her breakfast.

“Hey.” Yuri stood in the doorway. Beka was in the office chair in front of the desk and motioned Yuri in. Yuri stood between his legs and wove his fingers into Beka’s hair. “So, what just happened?”

“My mom just reminded me of her stance on hicckeys and how a ‘nice, beautiful boy like Yuri’ shouldn’t be covered in them. Basically she thinks you’re an angel and that we’re moving too fast.” Beka pushed Yuri’s shirt up and kissed near his belly button before pulling him into his lap.

“Moving too fast?” Yuri gave a snort of derision.

“As it was put to me we’ve ‘only been dating a month.’ She has requested that you wear a shirt with a collar for dinner on Thursday. To prevent my older siblings from commenting.”

“That’s fine but I don’t have one.”

“Eh, we’ll figure it out. Or not. I really don’t care.” Beka buried his nose in Yuri’s hair. “After all, it’s literally to keep my sister, who has a type A personality on steroids, happy.”

“Hmmm, maybe she should get a life,” Yuri ran a hand over Beka’s back.

“The thing is she does, two kids and a husband.”

“And she cares if you’ve marked me up?” Yuri pulled back and looked at Beka with raised brows.

“She’d complain, get distracted, and probably drop it. And, if you haven’t noticed, boundaries aren’t much of a thing for my sisters.” Beka shrugged and smiled at Yuri.
“Now I’m tempted to wear a tank top.”

“No. Don’t. That’d be terrible.” Beka said with sarcasm dripping off his words.

“So, would your other sibling have this much of a problem?”

“Alikhan? Please, if he saw them he’d slap me on the shoulder and hand me a beer.” Beka pulled Yuri back in to nip at his neck.

“That settles it. No collar, I’ll just keep my hair down.” Yuri bent down and caught his boyfriend’s lips. Beka smiled into the kiss.
Y’all I am soooo sorry it took this long to update this! I’ve been travelling a bit and it messed up my writing. Also, not having wifi at home kinda sucks. The good news, it won’t take me that long to update on chapter 8 as it’s already about one-third or one-half done I think!

“Please Bkea!” Serik blushed as his voice cracked a touch.

“Oh no. You’re not allowed to date till you’re sixteen,” Beka kept reading his book, head in Yuri’s lap, as he draped himself over the rest of the couch.

“That didn’t stop you!”

“I’m encouraging you to learn from my mistakes.”

“Going out with Emily wouldn’t be a mistake!” Serik stated, incredulous. “Besides, the alternative is asking Inzhu, you know how she is. C’mon man.”

Beka glanced up. “Just one problem, I didn’t drive my car. We took Yura’s.”

Yuri and Beka could see the gears turning in Serik’s head. Torn between not wanting to ask in the first place and really not wanting to ask Inzhu.

“I can pay for the gas.” Serik ran a hand through his hair. Yuri didn't care and it would give Beka and himself an excuse to get out of the house for a bit. Especially considering they wouldn’t get a minute alone to themselves the next day.

“Wanna see a movie, Beka?” Yuri ran his hand through Beka’s hair.


“Cool. You’re driving.” Yuri dropped his keys onto Beka’s chest.

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“Is ‘Murder on the Orient Express’ really the closest to thing to a horror movie right now?” Yuri popped his hip as they looked at their choices. Serik and Emily had already decided and were buying their tickets.

“We could watch ‘Thor Ragnarok’ again.” Beka smirked as Yuri gave him a sidelong look. “Come on, you liked it.”

“It wasn’t bad. Avengers was better.”

“Are you really trying to tell me you didn’t like watching Chris Hemsworth?” Beka raised an
“Hmm, I’m not the one with a thing for blondes. Ok, ‘Murder’ it is then,” Yuri smiled. When Beka gave him a look he chuckled and said, “At least it’s not ‘IT’.”

Beka couldn’t deny that.

“Mama!” Aiman shouted as she dropped her purse and her kids’ bags on the floor.

“Aiman!” Amina kissed her on each cheek and pulled her into a hug. “How are you?”

“Good Mama, the kids are a bit tired I think.” Aiman turned as her husband walked in and cracked his neck.

“I swear next time we’re flying,” he chuckled.

“You say that every time and every time you drive,” Amina smiled wryly. “Otabek! Help your sister with her bags.”

“Coming Mom!” Beka got up from the couch and Yuri stretched and went to help as well.

“Who…” Aiman started when she saw Yuri.

“Aiman, this is Yuri. My boyfriend. Yuri this is my oldest sibling Aiman.” Yuri nodded and smiled but had to force himself not to roll his eyes at having to be introduced to someone, again.

“Which bags am I taking?” He nodded to the pile of bags to emphasize his point.

“Whichever ones you want,” Beka grabbed his sister’s big suitcase while Yuri took the others and followed Beka to Aiman’s old room. She followed behind carrying her kids so they could sleep in the relative quiet.

“Nice to meet you,” she smiled and offered Yuri a handshake.

“You too,” he smiled.

Aiman was pulled almost immediately into the kitchen to help with fixing dinner along with several other members of the Altin clan.

“Still not allowed in the kitchen Beka?” Aiman’s husband asked.

“Noooo, they learned their lesson when the smoke alarms went off that one year.” Beka smiled and chuckled causing Yuri to frown.

“But you’re a…” Yuri started but Beka cut him off with a quick kiss.

“They don’t need to know,” Beka whispered into his ear and winked.

“Woah! Who’s the blonde?” Alikhan walked up behind the couch and smiled at Yuri.

“Yuri,” Yuri answered.
“Boyfriend?” Alikhan looked at Beka, to which Beka nodded that he was.

“Yura, I promise this is the last of my siblings, Alikhan.”

“Huh, how’d you convince him to date a slob like you, Beka?”

“Thanks, feeling the love.” Beka replied drily, rolling his eyes and pulling Yuri practically into his lap. In the process Yuri’s hair and shirt slipped a little, causing Alikhan to smirk at the couple of marks he saw.

“Wanna beer, Beka?”

“Stop offering alcohol to people under the legal drinking age!” Aiman shouted from the kitchen.

“Oh, please Aimy, like you didn’t drink underage?” Alikhan shot her a look.

“Woah what?!” Beka and Inzhu said simultaneously.

“I was twenty!”

“So’s Beka,” Alikan shrugged, handing Beka a beer. Aiman couldn’t argue that so settled for shrugging her shoulders and shaking her head. “Did you want one Yuri?”

“Thanks, but I don’t drink,” Yuri shrugged, it was never a big deal to him. Alikhan nodded and sat down in the chair by Greg, Aiman’s husband.

“Where’s Melissa?” Beka asked.

“She wanted to stop at her family’s place first, it’s just down the street so she dropped me off.”

“And you didn’t just stay with her?” Yuri’s brows furrowed.

“Naw, they don’t like that I’m Catholic instead of Lutheran.”

“Eh, it’s always something,” Greg shrugged, clearly the relaxed one in his marriage as Aiman continued to be the perfectionist. “So, you two, how long have you been together?”

“Right around a month,” Yuri smirked as Beka hooked his chin over Yuri’s shoulder. Greg and Alikhan just nodded knowingly.

The crowd from the kitchen moved into the living room and, suddenly Yuri saw exactly what Beka meant by ‘chaos’ everyone was talking and he couldn’t follow any conversation that was happening in one of three languages. Aiman came back in with her kids in tow. Her three-year-old daughter, Katie, saw Yuri and her eyes went wide.

“Rapunzel! Rapunzel!” She excitedly pointed. Greg choked on his beer, stifling a laugh, Aiman let her face sink into her hand. Yuri looked around, having not quite caught what she said.

“Katie, this is Yuri.”

“Looks like R’punzel.”

“Can you say ‘Yuri’?” Aiman was trying not to laugh and apologize to Yuri at the same time.

“Yuri!”
“Good, can you tell Yuri your name?”

“Katie,” smiled her dark eyes still shining. Yuri smiled back, normally kids kind of ignored him.

“How about if you play with your brother?” Aiman directed her to where her other child was knocking over some blocks.

“So, what did she call me?”

“Rapunzel,” Greg filled in.

“Long blonde hair,” Aiman added.

“Ah,” Yuri chuckled. “That’s kinda cute.”

“Dinner will be ready in about ten minutes,” Amina announced. “Beka, go set the table.”

Yuri started to follow Beka out of the room, “Yuri, you’re a guest you don’t have to.”

“I don’t mind, really.”

“Ok, I don’t understand, you can cook, ooph,” Yuri hefted the stoneware plates that Beka handed him.

“Yes, but they don’t know that and when I cook I want a calm kitchen. I like listening to the chaos. Not being a part of it,” Beka smirked.

Yuri nodded as he placed the plates on the counter at Beka’s direction. Then grabbed the napkins and, without thinking much of it, started folding them into a fan shape and setting them to the side.

“That’s...where did you learn how to do that?”

“Huh?” Yuri looked at his hands and what he’d folded so far. “Oh, I bussed tables at the restaurant that my mom worked at and then at a local place when I stayed with my aunt and uncle.”

“Nice.” Beka set the silverware out as Yuri continued with the napkins, after all he had been mostly done anyway. Amina walked through to the kitchen to check on everything in the oven.

“I think it’s done!” Amina called out to everyone. Beka set down the last glass and went to grab the rolls for the table. Amina and Alikhan were pulling everything out of the ovens and refrigerator and setting them on the counter buffet style. Yuri took a deep breath in as the roasted herbs and spices made their way to his nose. Everyone lined up and started grabbing what they wanted.

“Can I sit next to Yuri?” Katie looked up at her mom with big eyes.

“We’ll see Honeybee,” Aiman nodded carrying her children’s plates while Greg had hers and his. Yuri and Beka were toward the back of the line, Beka mentioning some of the traditional Kazakh dishes that were made and answering Yuri’s curious questions.

“What does your family do for Thanksgiving, Yuri?” Alikhan was just ahead of them.

“Um, normally not much. If they do it’s really traditional Russian dishes that we didn’t normally have time to make.” Yuri shrugged as they made their way into the dining room.
“Yuri! Uncle Obek! Sit by me!” Katie ran over and attempted to pull Yuri towards the chair next to hers. Beka chuckled and followed his niece.

“So, Beka,” Aiman began nearly halfway through dinner, and after two and a half glasses of wine. And after the kids had gone off to play. “Have you bought a ring yet?”

“Aimy!” Amina admonished. “It is way too soon to be asking that.” Aiman snorted.

“Please, they’re just like Greg and I when we first started dating, joined at the hip,” She took another sip.

“Rethinking your stance on drinking Yuri?” Alikhan smirked.

“Not yet,” Yuri took a bite of something, he couldn’t remember what it was called but it was good and that’s all he really cared about.

“You two would have really cute kids. And there’s so many girls in the family you wouldn’t have a prob...”

“Aiman,” Beka snapped. “I think we’re too young for that don’t you?”

“I was only three years older than you when I had Katie.”

“Yes, and that’s great for you. But I want to continue with school. At least a Master's degree.”

“What about you Yuri?” Aiman turned her focus to him from across the table.

“I’m eighteen, and I’m staying out of this conversation,” Yuri chuckled nervously glancing at Amina out of the corner of his eye.

“Aiman, stop. Now,” Amina straightened in her chair and stared down her daughter.

“What? I’m just asking.”

“Well, you can stop just asking.”

“Yuri?” Katie came back in.

“Hmm?” Yuri looked down at her.

“Could you read to me?” She held up a book of fairytales.

“Um, yeah sure,” he smiled. He was about to take his plate to the kitchen when Beka put a hand on his wrist and shook his head, taking it from him. Katie pulled Yuri into the living room by his hand and he tried to remember what his mom and grandpa would do when they read to him. He froze a little as Katie crawled onto his lap. She immediately started flipping through the book of fairy tales to pick one out, as he glanced at some of the pictures he couldn’t help but think they were familiar when they came across the illustration for ‘Rumplestiltskin’ that it clicked. It was an English copy of the book his grandpa had read to him.

“This one,” Katie said with a sense of finality. Already sounding like her mom. Yuri was fully expecting to have to read ‘Rapunzel’ after what she had said earlier, but instead it was ‘The Princess and the Pea.’

Beka came up to the living room door behind Amina and Aiman.
“That’s so cute,” Aiman smiled. “Seems like he fits right in.”

“Time will tell.” Amina nodded. Aiman turned to see Otabek looking into the living room with them.

“Keep that one.”

“That’s the plan thus far.”

“(...)

“But I wanna stay with Yuri!” Katie pouted as she was getting ready for bed.

“I know, but you need to stay with Mommy and Daddy.”

Yuri chuckled as he heard the exchange down the hall, before shutting the door. Beka pulled the blankets back and Yuri had to appreciate how he moved. Especially his arms as he took off his shirt. And his back. And the line of his clavicle. Yuri had already realized that there wasn’t much that couldn’t be appreciated about Beka.

“Are you just going to stare all night?”

“It’s tempting.”

Beka snorted and started taking his jeans off. Yuri leaned against Beka’s dresser and watched with his arms crossed. Beka sauntered to the foot of his bed, standing in front of Yuri.

“Do you want me to leave these on?” He motioned to his underwear.

“I, um, hadn’t thought that far ahead.” Yuri chuckled until he saw Beka’s eyes darken. Before he knew it Beka was tugging his shirt off and biting his bottom lip.

“There has to be a fantasy you have.” Yuri shuddered as Beka let his teeth graze over his earlobe.

“Ah, that involves your motorcycle.” Yuri meant it as a joke, but his voice was too breathy for the sarcasm intended.

“I hate to disappoint, but that will have to wait till spring.” Beka nipped at Yuri’s neck.

“Anything else?”

“Shower?”

“Hmmm, not with my family so close,” Beka hummed. Yuri sighed into Beka’s touch as his hands wandered over his back and shoulders. “Now at my apartment, you can do whatever you want to me.”

“And here?” Yuri gasped, Beka’s hands roamed over his ass before settling on the button of his jeans.

“May I?” He leaned in for another kiss.

“Yes please,” Yuri whispered against his lips. In the blink of an eye his were being pushed from his hips. He sighed again, as Beka’s hands wandered over freshly exposed skin. Yuri pushed his jeans down the rest of the way and hooked his fingers into the waistband of Beka’s boxer briefs.
“Yes.” Beka said simply and breathlessly. Yuri guided them back to the bed as he slid Beka’s underwear down. Yuri pushed Beka back so his head was on a pillow. Yuri ran his hand down his skin, reveling in Beka’s small moans and bitten-back sighs. He hesitated once his hand found Beka’s hip. Beka must have sensed his sudden change of heart, he pulled Yuri into a kiss and let his tongue flick over Yuri’s lips. Yuri sighed into it, melting a little against Beka. “Go ahead. I won’t stop you,” he whispered and reached to open his nightstand. “Lube’s in there.”

Yuri stretched and found the bottle Beka had pulled out before and squeezed a little out. He bit down on Beka’s neck when he took Beka in hand, sliding his fingers up and around him. Beka moaned as Yuri’s lips moved further up his neck to his pulse point, where Yuri bit and sucked. Moving to the other side once he was content with the first mark. Beka ran his knuckle down Yuri’s abs before settling them on his hips and guiding Yuri to straddle him. Keeping a hand on his thigh he let his other hand wander to stroke him before reaching for the bottle himself. Yuri gasped as the hand on his thigh tightened, somewhere in his mind he was hoping Beka’s fingers would leave an imprint. Yuri’s eyes rolled as Beka’s thumb circled his head and frenulum, his breath catching before being pulled into another kiss.

“You asked me if I had any fantasies.”

“Hmm Mmm,” Beka ran his fingers through Yuri’s hair marveling at its silkiness.

“Do...you have any?”

“A few,” he squeezed Yuri against him a little tighter.

“Care to elaborate?”

“Um,” Beka chuckled nervously after a beat. “What do you think about bondage?”

“Eh, hadn’t crossed my mind. Um, I don’t know if I’d want to be tied up…”

“No, no, um, I’d be tied up. Not much, just my wrists.”

“And where would I be?”

“On top of me,” Yuri felt Beka swallow thickly.

“Didn’t take you for the kinky type,” Yuri teased. Beka snorted.

“More like curious. Haven’t tried it before.” He shrugged.

“ Hmmmm,” Yuri hummed as the image crossed his mind. “I suppose I can see the appeal.”

“So, you wouldn’t mind?”

“I’d be willing to try it.” Yuri snuggled against Beka. The brunette started to let his hands
wander again. Yuri moved them to his waist, “Good night.”

Yuri slipped out of Beka’s room the next morning. No one else was awake yet, and from what Yuri could tell he’d have at least an hour before anyone else was up. His early morning runs were good for figuring out everyone’s schedules if nothing else. He pulled out his phone and looked up the photo of his grandpa’s recipe card then started looking through the cabinets hoping everything he needed was around. Really the only thing he doubted was yeast, not everyone kept it around. After finding everything else: sugar, milk, eggs, and finally he found the flour. And right behind the flour there were some packets of yeast.

He hadn’t made pirozhki in nearly a year, it was a rare treat that no one had time to make. But it was easy enough once the dough was made. While the yeast was soaking in the sugar mixture he started making coffee and taking out the leftovers from the previous day. After mixing the rest of the dough and setting it aside to rise he set to work on the filling, shredding turking and mixing it with some of the wild rice stuffing, and debated if he should add some of the cranberry sauce.

“Yuri,” he felt a tug on the leg of his sweatpants. “What are you doing?”

“I’m making pirozhki,” he smiled down at Katie.

“CAN I HELP?!?” She jumped excitedly.

“Sure, but, it’s going to take a while and you need to be quiet so we don’t wake anyone up. Ok?”

“Yep!” Yuri pulled a chair over so she had a place to stand and watch everything he did like a little hawk. Once everything was mixed and he was happy with the taste, and Katie helped with the all-important taste test, he checked on the dough. It hadn’t risen enough yet to start working with. So, he put the leftovers away and got Katie some juice.

“So, what are we going to have for breakfast?” Katie looked up at him with her big brown eyes.

“Well, I was hoping that these would be breakfast. Or brunch.”

“Oh, but I’m hungry now.” She looked up at him, with a small pout and big brown eyes.

“Me too,” Yuri looked around. “Do you want a small bowl of cereal?”

“No. I want eggs.”

“Tell you what, I’ll make you eggs to go with the pirozhki, if you have a small bowl of cereal to tide you over.”

“Okay…” Katie sighed as Yuri made them cereal. When they were done Yuri saw that the dough had risen enough and started rolling it into a snake before cutting it into slices. He handed Katie a ball and started showing her how to stretch it out so it was thin enough to wrap around the filling and bake evenly. After thinning the edges out a little he had her hold it in her hands he put a scoop of filling in the middle of both of their disks and showed her how to pinch it shut. On the next one he stood behind her and helped her with it until it was thin enough and then did the same to help her pinch it shut. Since that seemed to work the best that’s how they kept making them.

“Mommy!” Katie yelled and waved, sending a bit of flour against Yuri’s cheek and into his hair.
“And what are you making?” Aiman walked in and poured herself some coffee.

“Pirozhki!”

“Ooo, that sounds good,” she smiled before walking into the living room with her coffee and the Black Friday edition of the newspaper. Beka almost walked into the kitchen before Aiman pulled him off to the side. Beka noticed her eyes narrow at the sight of his neck. “Walk in slowly, just trust me.”

Beka stood at the doorway and watched how Yuri helped Katie shape the last pirozhki. Yuri took the towel off of the first cookie sheet and put it over the freshly filled third one so they could finish rising and went to open the oven with Katie on his heels.

“Stand back, I don’t want you getting hurt,” Yuri watched as Katie took a few steps back before sliding the cookie sheet onto the oven rack. “Alright, twenty minutes and they should be done.”

“Twenty minutes?! That’s forever!” Katie slumped into the chair.

“I know, but I bet your mom needs help looking through all the flyers for toys on sale today,” Yuri gave Katie a smile before she ran out to where Aiman was sitting.

“Aiman is going to kill you for that,” Beka chuckled grabbing some juice.

“I believe that she deserves it after her questions yesterday.” Yuri took a sip from Beka’s glass.

“Oh, I agree with you.” Beka smiled as Yuri cleaned the flour off the counter and started doing the dishes. And he couldn’t help but appreciate how his sweat pants hugged Yuri’s ass before walking over to help dry and put things away.

By the time everyone was up the pirozhki were almost all baked and they were dishing them up, accompanied by slices of pie and eggs that Yuri was making on request. The only thing he couldn’t make were omelets but Beka was happy to help with that, adding some stuffing and cranberries to them.

“Nice job on Beka’s neck, Yuri,” Alikahn laughed.

“Fuck, Ali, what is wrong with you?!” Beka stared at his brother, almost expecting a response.

“Otabek, language.” Amina walked through the kitchen and started filling a plate. “And Alikahn, for the love of all that is good, would you stop making comments like that!”

“Fine, but making Beka blush is just so much fun.” He grabbed his plate and joined the rest of the family at the table.

“So, you did learn how to not set off the smoke alarm!” Inzhu smiled at her brother. “Can I have an omelet?”

“You insult my cooking then ask for me to cook you something?” Beka laughed.

“Yep, what else are sisters for?”

“I ask myself what sisters are for in the first place all of the time.” Beka motioned for her to pick out what she wanted in her eggs.
“Ooo, who made those?” Inzhu grabbed a pirozhki and started eating.

“Yura did,” Beka answered before Yuri could speak up.

“They’re good,” Amina commented.

“Really good!” Inzhu added. “Sooo, are you going to be around for Christmas?”

“Inzhu,” Beka warned.

“What? He could help cook, especially with the baking.”

“Right, because we don’t have enough people to cook,” Beka looked at his sister who shrugged.

“One more doesn’t hurt.” Inzhu mumbled, taking her omelet to the table. “Is anyone going to go out for Black Friday?” She was met with a chorus of resounding ‘no’s. Beka and Yuri traded a look and started laughing.

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“Have all of your stuff?” Beka asked, walking towards the door.

“Yeah, I think so.” Yuri followed behind.

“Are you sure you don’t want to stay for the rest of the weekend?” Amina met them on their way out.

“Yeah, I don’t want to drive in the traffic tomorrow.” Beka hugged his mom.

“Yuri,” She pulled him into a hug. “You are welcome here any time.”

“Thank you.”

“Drive safe. And Beka, let me know when you get back!”

“Will do!” Beka waved before they drove off. On the very long, boring drive back up to Duluth.

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“Almost there,” Beka took the final exit to go to his apartment.

“Finally,” Yuri dropped his head back against the headrest. They pulled up to Beka’s apartment and hauled everything up the stairs. “What are these?”

“Hm? Oh, your cousin brought them out before we left.” Yuri stopped at Beka’s words.

“I don’t have a place for them in my dorm.” Yuri ran a hand through his hair.

“Keep them in my closet, should be some room in there.”

“Thank you.” Yuri pulled Beka to him for a kiss that was just a little past chaste.

“Go, put those away while I put the leftovers in the fridge.”
“Can we have something else for supper? I love your mom’s cooking but I need something different.”

“Yeah, what’d you have in mind?”

“We could run to the store, grab some steak. I know a good recipe or two.”

“I am totally ok with that.”

“Let’s see, potatoes, carrots, an onion. Should be all we need for produce.” Yuri was talking to himself as they walked through the store before making it up to the meat counter.

“What can I get you?”

“Hi, um, could I get that roast?” The man behind the counter pointed to make sure. “Yep that one. Then two of your sirloins. Thank you.”

“Do you have fresh black pepper, rosemary, thyme, garlic, and basil?”

“Yep.”

“Rice?”

“Yep. I do need milk and a few other things though.”

Yuri worked while Beka sat at the barstool on the other side of the counter.

“So, where did you learn to do this?”

“Well, working in restaurants you pick up a few things.”

“And?”

“And I watch cooking shows while I do homework.” Yuri met Beka’s puzzled look. “It’s less distracting than say, an action or crime show.”

“Hmm,” Beka hummed as Yuri tossed the steaks into the skillet.

“Please tell me you like your steaks rare.”

“Medium rare,” Beka clarified. While the steaks seared Yuri took the potatoes off the stove and started mashing them. Making sure to take the steaks off to rest and take the carrots out of the oven. Beka grabbed a couple of glasses of iced tea and set them down on the counter in front of the bar stools. Beka took a bite and hummed in appreciation.

“Good, right?” Yuri took a bite for himself.

“You are welcome to cook in my kitchen whenever you want.”

“That’s beneficial, since I was planning on cooking a roast tomorrow. And I kinda need your oven for it.”

“Oh, I see how it is,” Beka smirked. “Dating me for my apartment.”
“Nooo,” Yuri nudged his shoulder. “I’m obviously dating you for the size of your dick.”

Yuri’s ever-so dry reply made Beka sputter as he took a drink. And immediately stared at his boyfriend. Yuri attempted to keep a straight face before bursting out laughing.

“The look on your face is priceless Beka,” Yuri choked out.

“I don’t think I’ve ever heard you laugh so much.” Beka smiled at Yuri. Yuri stopped laughing and thought about it. He came to the realization that Beka was right, he hadn’t laughed that hard in months.

“Movie?” Beka asked as Yuri came back into the living room.

“Sure. Is ‘The Exorcist’ on Netflix?” Yuri plopped onto Beka’s lap, Beka wrapped an arm around his middle and pulled against Yuri against him.

“I... never thought I’d need to know the answer to that question.” Beka kissed the nape of Yuri’s neck. “Isn’t that the one with the projectile vomiting?”

“....Yes?” Yuri looked over his shoulder in time to see Beka grimace.

“Ok, different horror movie? ‘Silence of the Lambs’?” Beka was grasping at straws.

“Sure, haven’t seen that one.”

“Up.”

“What?” Yuri shifted to make sure he heard Beka right.

“Up, I actually have that one on a disk.” Yuri hopped up, and stared at Beka for a moment.

“Seriously?” Yuri saw Beka open a drawer in his TV stand and the massive number of disks that were held in there. “You have a huge movie collection.”

“Dating a movie nerd has some perks, yeah?” Beka smiled as Yuri rolled his eyes. After the disk was in they settled in for the night happy for some peace for the first time in almost a week.

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Chapter 8

Yuri groaned as he hauled the last of his bags up to his dorm room. His gaze shifted between longingly looking at his bed and the stuff that needed to be put away.

‘At least I got all of my homework done already,’ he sighed to himself. He looked around and noticed that none of Leo’s stuff was there yet. He nodded and cracked his neck before hanging his clothes up.

“Oh, my gawd!!” Leo pushed into the room. “Why is the elevator out of service?!!”

“I know, right?” Yuri watched as Leo set all of his bags down. “You look like a human pack mule.”

“I only make one trip. Anything more is failure!” Leo chuckled. Phichit barged into their room without preamble and flopped on Leo’s bed. “Hello to you too.” Leo chuckled.

“I’m bored. I already put my stuff away and no one parties on Sunday night,” Phichit pouted before his eyes settled on Yuri. “Sooo, you stayed with Otabek?”

“Well, that took even less time than I thought it would,” Yuri chuckled and shifted a little on his feet. Finally, he realized that the shirt in his hands wasn’t going to put itself away. “Stayed with his whole family by the way.”

“Oooo, meeting the parents.” Phichit smiled.

“Wait, I thought you were going to stay with your family.” Leo furrowed his brow.

“Um, yeah, that didn’t work out,” Yuri’s shoulders tensed up.

“What happened?” Leo and Phichit sat on the edge of the bed, concern written on their faces. Yuri sighed and told them what happened at his aunt’s house. They didn’t really wait for the story to end before they pulled Yuri into a hug.

“That’s their loss,” Phichit said. “And it’s a big loss for them. How about a happier topic?”

“Anything,” Yuri nodded.

“Otabek was your first kiss, right?” Phichit started. Yuri thought he knew where this was going.

“Yeah?”

“Sooooo, any other firsts?” Phichit wagged his eyebrows.

“Seriously?! C’mon, head out of gutter Phichit.” Yuri said a touch louder than he meant to, blushing a little. “Besides his whole family was there.”

“So was Leo’s but Seung and I still managed to find the time.”

“Guang and I found the time too, and my bedroom is only a couple of doors down from my
“Come on Yuri, spill. Something good had to happen over break.” Phichit smiled expectantly.

“There was a lot of good food. His family liked me.” Yuri kept his back to them.

“And…” Leo normally wasn’t nosey but he made an exception.

“And it looks like Otabek left a hickey or two,” Phichit chuckled. “Come on Yuri, did you lose your V-card yet?” Yuri whipped his head toward them, looking scandalized.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” More clothes went into his dresser.

“Yes, you do. Did he fuck you?” Phichit pressed.

“No.”

“Ooo, did you fuck him?”

“No,” Yuri’s voice went up a bit. “I don’t even know if he likes…that.”

“You mean bottoming?” Leo filled in.

“Hm.” Was Yuri’s articulate response.

“My goodness, you don’t get hickeys like that and not have had a very nice time.” Phichit drawled.

“It is possible to make-out without having sex, you know that, right?” Leo commented. Yuri took a sip of water from his water bottle, dreading the rest of this conversation.

“Yeah, sure, but why would you when there are so many more fun things to do?!” Phichit paused, “Unless, Yuri, you’re not scared to have sex, are you?”

“What?!” Yuri sputtered.

“It’s totally normal to be nervous your first time, or even your first couple of times. Especially since, from what I could tell, your man is huung.”

“Oh, this conversation is so done.” Yuri shook his head slowly.

“You don’t need to be embarrassed! Or scared. I can give you all kinds of tips, oh I even know this great little sex shop that has a nice selection.” Phichit paused. “You would look amazing in thigh-highs.” Yuri gave up on putting his stuff away and fell on his bed face first, head under his pillow.

“What’s wrong?” Phichit sat next to him. “Sex is a totally natural thing to do and to want.”

“I don’t know if he’d like that. I don’t know if I’d like that.” Yuri groaned. “All we’ve done is jerk each other off and you’re suggesting that? Do guys even actually wear stuff like that?”

“Hm, some do. I do once in awhile.” Phichit shrugged, clearly this wasn’t a big deal to him. “So, that’s all the further you’ve gone?”

“Yeah?”
“Do you want more? Because I can teach you how to seduce him,” Phichit practically sang.

“What happens, happens.” Yuri shrugged. “He won’t push me into something I don’t want and I won’t do that to him.”

“Well, that’s very healthy. But that could leave you waiting an eternity; if you ever want some tips, let me know.” Phichit stood up, “So, lunch anyone?”

“Does lunch mean we change the subject?” Yuri groaned into his pillow.

“Yes.”

“I’m in.”

“I just want to know…” Phichit started.

“Nope! You said lunch meant a change of subject.” Yuri held Phichit’s stare, daring him to continue.

“Fiiine,” Phichit rolled his eyes and sighed. Yuri nodded and took a drink and they continued waiting for their pizza.

“How were your breaks?” Yuri turned the conversation back on them, which was always a good strategy.

“Wonderful, Leo’s mom is an amazing cook. And I managed to drag Seung out for a bit of Black Friday shopping.” Phichit smiled, “I even found a new winter scarf.”

“Spent half of it in a food coma watching movies and football. If that’s not a good break I don’t know what is.” Leo chuckled. “Oh good, pizza.”

The conversation tapered off as they started eating.

“You know, finals are in three weeks,” Yuri said off hand.


“Sexiled again?” Beka stepped aside so a very put-out looking Yuri could heave his backpack inside.

“Yep. I’m seriously wondering how Leo and Guang aren’t failing their classes. And with how many times I’ve had to interrupt them to grab books I’m surprised they keep using our room.” Yuri looked over his shoulder as Beka chuckled.

“Gives us an excuse to study together.”

“I won’t argue that.” Yuri gave Beka a peck on the cheek before walking over to his fridge and grabbing a sports drink. “Beka,” Yuri glanced into Beka’s room.

“Yeah?”

“How is your room already trashed? It was not that bad a few days ago.”
“Errrr, well I couldn’t find something and I kinda tore it apart. Aaaand I haven’t put everything back again.” Beka shrugged. “I know where everything is now.”

“Uh-huh,” Yuri walked in and started putting clothes away. He was used to keeping things at least somewhat organized. And this wasn’t the first time he’d picked up Beka’s clothes, it was an odd habit but one he found relaxing. “So, do you ever play that thing?” Yuri nodded toward the guitar case in the corner.

“Yeah, I just don’t play in front of people. The second I have an audience I forget where the frets are.” Beka chuckled. “For the hundredth time, you don’t have to do this.”

“Ow, what the…?” Yuri stubbed his toe on something under the bed. He knelt down and pulled out a box, that appeared to be locked. He gave Beka a quizzical look as he came into the room and shoved it back under his bed.

“Just ignore that.” Beka had the slightest hint of a blush on his cheeks.

“What’s in there?”

“If you don’t ask, I’ll play for you,” Beka smiled pulled the guitar case out and opened it up. Inside was a light colored acoustic guitar that said, “Martin & Co.” on the headstock, and Yuri suddenly realized how little he knew about instruments. Especially the one in front of him. Beka picked it up with the ease of meeting an old friend and cradled it in his lap and strummed a couple of times before adjusting the tuning pegs.

“I have one question,” Yuri paused and motioned to the box under the bed. “Is it anything illegal?”

“What? No, no nothing like that. It’s embarrassing, not dangerous.” Beka looked at Yuri. “Don’t worry, no guns or drugs in this house.” With that Yuri nodded, satisfied, and sat on the edge of the bed as Beka started strumming. After a few moments, a smile played on his lips and he fell into a steady rhythm, before he started singing. His voice was lower than Yuri expected, but just as warm and honey-coated.

“Ooohhh, whoa oooohhh,

*Crossing the highway late last night*

*He shoulda looked left and he shoulda looked right,*

*He didn’t see the station wagon car*

*The skunk got squashed and there you are*

*You got your dead skunk in the middle of the road*

*Dead skunk in the middle of the road…*"

“What the fuck was that?!” Yuri was sprawled out laughing on the bed.

“A really old song.” Beka chuckled.

“I thought you were going to sing some cheesy love song,” Yuri wiped some tears away from his eyes as he kept laughing. “Oh fuck….” Yuri broke off as he kept laughing.

“C’mon, let’s go study.” Beka put the guitar back in its case and set it aside again.
“But your room,” Yuri looked around at all of the clothes strewn about. They were clean, just in total disarray.

“It’s a mess, it’s always a mess. Don’t worry about it, your finals aren’t going to study for themselves.” Beka guided Yuri out into the living room. “Did you want anything to eat?”

“Sure, have any popcorn?”

“Yep.”

“How’s everything shaping up?” Beka ran his fingers through Yuri’s hair as they sat on the couch with books in their laps.

“Well enough, a couple of short papers, plus some comprehensive tests and a few non-comprehensive. Pretty standard and almost everything is intro level, so it’s not terribly challenging. What about yours?”

“Hmm, there’s a couple I’m concerned about but I’ll pass, and stay on the Dean’s list.”

“I’d be amazed if you weren’t on the Dean’s list.”

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“This is gonna suck.” Yuri said to himself as he walked into the lecture hall for his biology final. Fortunately, this test was multiple choice only. Which was refreshing since his psych 101 class had been mostly essay based, and his hand had cramped slightly. An hour ago. And it was still sore. He grabbed his pencils and set his backpack, with his phone inside, at the front of the room with everyone else’s. The tests were handed out after another ‘do not cheat’ lecture. Yuri had studied less than he thought he needed and he quickly found out he was wrong. He knew the answers completely and could fill out the bubble form without hesitation. But that didn’t change that the test was still a couple hundred questions and took an hour to finish and he left the lecture hall feeling like his brain had melted. It was almost his last exam, he had one last one that barely counted as a final. His dance class. He stopped at his room to change before stretching out. He’d learned that while he was flexible he needed more time to warm up to not strain his knees.

He walked into the studio and saw that he was the first one there, again. They all had to perform a solo and a group piece, just the sum of what they had done that semester. Slowly people started trickling in and warming up.

“Hello everyone!” Viktor sang. “Is everyone ready? Any last minute questions?” Viktor was mostly met with blank stares from hollow-eyed students. “Okaaay then, let’s get started.” Everyone in the class found their positions and waited for the music to start. The group routine was always done first in Viktor’s class then the solo routines. Yuri had his flats on and stood in the starting position. The music started and Yuri felt himself zone out and focus only on what movements his body needed to go through. After the music ended he felt mildly pleased with himself and went over to his bag to get his pointe shoes. It was unusual for a man to dance en pointe but he was lean and flexible enough to make it work. He was the last soloist, he was thankful that most of the people left after their solos were over. He stood in the center of the studio it was down to him and Viktor. Yuri’s music started and he went through his routine again, just like always.

“You performed exceptionally.” Viktor said after, his class was mostly participation based. “But you underperformed from previous classes. I know you can do better than that.” Viktor paused again.
Taking in the look Yuri shot him, Yuri seemed fine enough and was still at the top of this class but something was still wrong. “What’s going on? You’ve been going through the motions instead of really expressing yourself. Did something happen a few weeks ago?”

“It’s nothing. Not important,” Yuri didn’t want to get into it. He already had told more people about the beginning of his Thanksgiving break than he wanted to.

“Yuri,” Viktor might only be a professor but he took the well-being of his students more seriously than most. “You can either tell me or I can walk you over to the student health center and make sure you see a counselor. And I’ll sit in the waiting room with you and make sure you speak to whoever is available for the full hour.”

Yuri wanted to bang his head against a wall, but settled for glaring at Viktor. He didn’t want to take an hour out of his day, his finals had started at 7 and he hadn’t eaten yet. He wanted lunch. “You’re Russian, right?”

Viktor nodded.

“What did your family say when they found out? About Yuuri.”

“Oh. Well, ummm, they weren’t happy. I guess you could say I came to the US for a reason.”

“Yeah,” Yuri nodded. “My family found out. I didn’t even have to say anything. Social media, don’t you love it?”

“Hm, what did they say?” Viktor had a hunch he knew where he was going.

“Well, I’m not allowed back.” Yuri’s sardonic reply rang flat.

“Oh,” Viktor ran his hand through his hair. There were a lot of issues when this happened. Which was unfortunately more than he wanted to admit. Viktor shifted, like he was trying to figure out which of the hundreds of questions was the most important. He went with practicality about college attendance first. “I don’t know how far you’ve thought about this but were they paying for your college?”

“No. It’s all scholarships and loans. They’d give me some spending money every month, and I have some saved up from part-time jobs before coming to here.” Yuri shrugged, “I’ll make it work.”

“Allright. Do you have a place to stay for the summer? Breaks? If you just need a place to go for some reason?” Viktor’s eyes burned into Yuri, willing him to tell the truth.

“Yeah, my boyfriend has an apartment here in town. And I stayed with my roommate’s family for fall break. I think I can stay with them again.” Yuri found out just how fascinating the floor could be. And that his pointe shoes would need to be replaced in the next six months at this rate. “I’ll be fine.”

“It’s not that I don’t believe you, but I also know that more options are good. If you need a place to stay for any reason, want a home cooked meal sometime, or need a place to vent here’s my address and phone number.” Viktor handed him a piece of paper with the information scribbled out on it.

“Take a picture of it now so you can’t lose it.”

“It’d be kinda weird to stay with a professor don’t you think?” Yuri cocked an eyebrow.

“Hardly, I’ve hosted students before. Mostly international students that couldn’t go home for break but I’ll host a student for any reason.”

“Ok,” Yuri nodded and started walking toward the door before turning on his heel. “So, did I pass?”


“So, what are you going to get Otabek for Christmas?” Leo asked Yuri at lunch the next day.

“I don’t have a fucking clue,” Yuri admitted.

“Want some suggestions?” Phichit smirked.

“Does your mind ever leave the gutter?”

“Ehhh, yeah for classes and when I have to design stuff that isn’t lingerie.” Phichit said dismissively.

“Do you ever plan on not being a prude?”

“I’m not a prude,” Yuri grumbled. “I just don’t know how you can be so open about sex.”

“Do you want an idea or not?” Phichit crossed his arms.

“He has to be able to open it in front of his family.”

“Ok, so how about two gifts. One he opens under the tree and one he opens up under the sheets,”
Phichit wagged his eyebrows.
“Fuck,” Yuri let his head sink against the table. “Why are you like this?”
“After we’re done here let’s go shopping.”

“Seriously?!” Yuri looked between Phichit and the door to the shop they were standing in front of. The door reading ‘The Dragon’s Den’ and made some promise about having the best selection of all things related to adult entertainment.
“Come on, it’s only embarrassing if you make it that way.” Phichit held the door open for him and Yuri walked through.
“Can I see your IDs?” The woman at the desk said. Yuri and Phichit nodded, handing over the cards. “Ok, let me know if you have any questions.”
Phichit nudged Yuri to start moving once his card was back in his wallet. “Take a look around see what catches your eye.”
Yuri looked around and realised there was very little he actually understood. And the stuff he stared at he mostly stared at because he had no idea what they were for. He glanced at his phone and considered googling something, but he didn’t know what he would even search, when something caught his eye.

It was a box. It was simple enough just a black box with silver trim on the edges and an included padlock. He almost dropped his phone when he recognized that it was a duplicate of the box under Beka’s bed.
‘Well, huh, um… what the fuck. why didn’t I realize what was in that box when I found it?!?!?!’ Yuri internally screamed at himself. He stared at it just a moment too long because Phichit walked over.
“Find anything?”
“No really. I guess I don’t know what to look for.”
“In that case,” Phichit guided Yuri toward a small section of the store where some pastel coloured toys sat. A label told him they were anal plugs and prostate massagers. “This is a good one, and it’s a nice size if you haven’t used something like it before,” Phichit handed him a small prostate massager. “And this one looks nice.” He picked up a small plug that was tapered with a flared base. To Yuri it looked like all of the others but he was willing to take the suggestion. “Do those look like something you’d be willing to try?”
“Um, yeah. I guess.” Yuri flipped them around, looking at different things on the packaging.
“This way then.” Phichit walked over to the role play items.
“I’m not dressing up like a French maid.” Yuri deadpanned. Phichit snorted, looked at Yuri then at the wall.
“Hmm… might have to go to a different store for the other things.”
“What other store?” Yuri replied skeptically.
“There’s a little lingerie shop up the block. They’ll have a better selection of thigh-highs I think.”
“You’re not giving up on this are you?” Yuri smirked. It was more amusing than anything at this point.
“Nope,” he smiled. “Now back to those. Do you have lube and toy cleaner?”
“Eh, no.” Yuri blushed a touch realizing that there were somethings he should probably have but didn’t.
“They’re both silicone, you’ll need water based lube. And here’s a bottle of toy cleaner.” Phichit paused again at a part of the wall next to the lube. Yuri was still looking at the assortment of bottles,
assuming that Phichit was right and the water based ones were a good option. He finally took a guess and picked a bottle that met the criteria. “Are you allergic to latex?”

“What? No.”

“Is Otabek?”

“I don’t think so?” Yuri furrowed his brow, finally looking at what Phichit was looking at. Instead of picking from one of the packages he grabbed an empty box and started filling it from the different bins. And speaking to himself as he went over what each bin had. And checking each wrapper before putting it in the box in his hand.

“A few non-latex in different sizes. Some plain latex. Flavored, ugh, colored...why? Why the hell would anyone need a purple condom?” At that comment Yuri snorted.

“They’re huge Prince fans?” Yuri suggested. The girl at the counter chuckled, the shop was small enough that almost every comment was heard. Phichit blinked at Yuri before smirking and putting the purple condom in the box.

“You can explain that one to Otabek.”

“Wait...what?”

“Yuri, I’m seriously getting the feeling that no one talked to you about this stuff.”

“Well, not really.” Yuri paused, seeing the look on Phichit’s face he rolled his eyes and added. “Yes, I know how to use one. I don’t have your knowledge but I know the basics. And I really don’t think I’ll need those.”

“You should have some on hand, just in case.” Phichit shrugged. “My roommate is ace but he keeps some in case any of his friends need one.”

“Ok, good point.” Yuri set everything on the counter.

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Phichit looked between the selection of hosiery and Yuri, then back again.

“What?” Yuri asked, his eyebrow cocked.

“Well you’d look nice in just standard black. But fishnets are really sexy too. Let’s see you’d probably need a medium.” Yuri walked up to the display and picked up a package of each. “And this would look nice with either one.” Phichit handed Yuri what looked like a bunch of straps.

“And this is what?”

“A garter belt,” Phichit smiled.

“Why?” Yuri took it from him, the soft lace slipping over his fingers.

“Why not? They’re sexy, and if you don’t like it you don’t have to wear it. But I think they’re fun.” Phichit shrugged, “For me, it adds a nice little boost of confidence. Especially, if I also wear some heels.” Yuri still looked a little unsure. “Would it hurt to try it?”
“No, I guess not.”

“Hmm, I’ll mark that as a win.”

“Before you can say it, we’re not looking at shoes,” Yuri smirked, letting Phichit know that the comment was all in good fun. Phichit snorted.

“I can only hope I’m in the process of creating a monster.”

“How was work?” Yuri asked as Beka opened the door.

“Eh, we were busy. People were into the music.” Beka shut the door watching Yuri walk in, staring at his ass. Yuri turned to look over his shoulder, Beka didn’t notice.

“You ok?” Yuri huffed a laugh as Beka quickly flicked his eyes up to Yuri’s face. Clearly caught.

“Um, yeah.” Beka ran a hand through his hair. As Yuri plopped on the couch. “When do you have to be out of the dorm for break?”

“Tomorrow afternoon. But we’re done with finals.” Yuri sighed.

“Yes, yes we are.” Beka looked at Yuri, who had his feet propped up on his coffee table, again. And his head relaxed against the back of the couch. “Could you do me a favor?”

“Hmm?”

“Could you sit with your back to the arm rest?”

“Yeah sure.” Yuri flipped around until he was comfortable. “Okay?”

“Yep,” Beka laid down on Yuri, using his stomach as a pillow. “Hate finals week. Missed this.” Yuri snorted.

“You missed using me as a mattress?”

“HmmMm,” Beka nuzzled against Yuri’s shirt. “Missed having you over.” Yuri smiled to himself and turned on the tv as he ran his hands through Beka’s hair. He felt Beka’s breathing starting to even out a bit.

“Hey Beka.”

“Mmm?”

“Why didn’t you just tell me what was in that box?” Yuri felt Beka stiffen against him and he was absolutely silent.
“Well, shit,” Beka muttered, barely audible.

“Come on, it’s just me.” Yuri chuckled.

“Yuuuuraaa...” Beka groaned. Completely hiding his face. “Please don’t.”

“What? It’s not like I care if you have a bunch of vibrators or whatever.” Yuri chuckled as Beka laid his forehead against Yuri.

“Wasn’t exactly sure how you’d react,” He mumbled. “So, did you figure it out through deductive reasoning orrrr...?”

“Well, funny story.” Yuri started. “Phichit was bored and talked me into driving to this little place on 30th.”

“Thirtieth, huh?”

“Uh, yeah. So, anyway. We’re in this shop called The Dragon’s Den and wouldn’t you know there’s a locking box just like yours in there.”

“Well...that is where it came from.” Beka looked up at Yuri. “So, did you get anything while you were there?” Yuri smirked.

“Oh you know, the usual, a t-shirt and some sweat pants,” Yuri snorted. Beka shook his head.

“Come on.” Beka probed.

“Just a couple of things Phichit recommended. I’m sure you’ll see them eventually.” Yuri rolled his eyes and scratched over Beka’s shoulder blades. Beka pushed the hem of Yuri’s shirt up and started kissing along the muscle over his hip.

“Hey now,”

“Hm?” Beka looked up at Yuri with innocent eyes. “Care to try something new tonight?”

“I’d love to but I’m too tired.” Yuri’s head sank back a little on the arm rest. “We should go to bed. Wanna sleep.” Beka smiled against Yuri’s skin before dragging himself up.

“Alright, let’s go.”

Yuri stared at the two unopened shopping bags in his sock drawer. Debating. Should he pack them? Should he leave them? Was it a really big mistake? What would Beka think? Would he think it was stupid, would he laugh? Yuri sighed, blowing some hair out of his face. Then rubbing his eyes.

“You alright?” Leo asked.

“Um, yeah. Just trying to figure out what to pack.”

“Over pack, that’s my policy. And don’t leave any sweaters here.” Leo suggested.
“You about ready Leo?” Phichit said knocked on the door.

“How much can you fit in your car Leo?” Yuri looked over his shoulder.

“Ummm, it’ll be a snug fit probably.” Leo shrugged.

“Phichit, did you want to a ride over to Leo’s?” Yuri gave him a pleading look.

“Yeah…sure.” Phichit nodded. Yuri jumped a little as Leo put a hand on his shoulder and thanked him.

“In that case I’ll see you over there Phichit,” Leo loaded himself up with his six bags and left the room.

“What’s up, Yuri?” Yuri glanced at the bags again.

“I don’t think I can do this.” Yuri sighed. “I, um, don’t know how to do this.” He looked at Phichit with panic in his eyes.

“Yes, you can.” Phichit put his hands on Yuri’s shoulders. “You can leave the vibe here. Take the plug. You know how to put it in right?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.” Yuri rolled his eyes.

“Then the thigh-highs, then the belt, wrap up in a bathrobe with your hair down and let him do the rest.”

“Ok, let me rephrase, I don’t think I should do this. I don’t know if this is something he’ll like and…fuck what if he hates it or laughs.” Yuri let his face rest in his hand.

“Yes, he’s not going to laugh.”

“How do…”

“Have you seen how he looks at you? He’d worship the ground you walk on if you let him.” Phichit smiled. Yuri nodded, considering his words.

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“Ah, there you are. I was wondering when you’d finish packing.” Beka came down the stairs and grabbed one of Yuri’s bags.

“Yeah, I had to drop Phichit off at Leo’s. His car was going to be too small for four people and all of their luggage. Then I had to say hi to Leo’s mom, and convince her that I didn’t need lunch. Or supper. She sent food anyway.”

“Sweet. What did she send?”

“Tacos, they’re still hot too.” Yuri heard Beka grabbing plates and setting them on the table. Yuri set them down and went to get something to drink.

“I do love her cooking.” Beka said between bites.

“Hmm Mmmm.”

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“Go ahead.” Yuri said when Beka asked if Yuri wanted the bathroom before him to get ready for bed. Yuri saw Beka stretched out on the bed as he went in to shower. He went over what he was supposed to do as the hot water beat against his skin. Once he stepped out onto the linoleum and wrapped his hair up in a towel. He pulled out everything and went over Phichit’s words again. And followed the advice he’d looked up on inserting plugs, no way was he going to have to have a conversation about that. With anyone. He poured some lube onto his fingers and ran them around his rim before pushing one finger in. Realizing he probably should have found the time to try this out before now. Once one finger felt alright he remembered that one of the tips he read said that most plugs would probably need two fingers for prep, but some didn’t depending on how big it was. He examined his again and decided that two would probably be a good idea. He pushed the second one in.

‘Well at least it’s not unpleasant.’ He thought to himself. After two fingers felt alright he picked up the toy and added more lube to it. He willed Phichit’s voice out of his head, after all how could someone have that many jokes and comments about lube. He pressed the tip of the plug against himself and felt it slide in easily enough. He bit his lip as he met widest part and slowed down but still kept pushing it in. Finally, he felt the base against his skin and sighed now that it was fully seated. It didn’t feel bad but he wasn’t sure he saw the full appeal. He walked over to his bag for the next item on the list and bent over to pick it up.

‘Oh,’ was all that went through Yuri’s mind as he felt it shift and just barely brushed against his prostate. Ok, maybe the appeal was becoming more apparent. He cursed a little to himself as he realized Phichit had been right. Yuri followed Phichit’s next tip, stockings before belt. He didn’t understand why there was a special order but Phichit had been right so far, so why not just keep following the checklist? He remembered how Phichit told him to put on the thigh-highs on. Once he had one on he had to admit that the silky material felt nice against his skin. Similar to dance tights but still different, lighter he supposed. He slipped on the second one and pulled out the garter belt and fastened it around his waist. He pulled the towel off of his hair and shook his hair out, mildly disheveled. He pulled the robe out of his bag, long satin with an embroidered tiger on the back.

‘Ok, I can, in fact, do this.’ Yuri thought to himself, and then he looked in the mirror. He quickly turned around so he couldn’t see his reflection. ‘Maybe not. The fuck am I doing?!’ Yuri considered hitting his head against the wall. He went back over his earlier conversations with Phichit, who he still couldn’t believe he was listening to, and reminded himself that the worst that happened was that neither one of them liked it and can check that off the ‘something we tried’ list. Yuri took a deep breath and tied the robe shut.

“What’s your opinion on early Christmas presents?” Yuri asked as he walked into Beka’s room. Beka kept scrolling through his phone.

“I can’t say I’d ever complain about one. Why…” The question died on his lips as he looked up. Yuri was dressed conservatively enough, but not in anything he’d worn before. Beka moved until he sat on the foot of the bed. “Is this a strip-tease situation or an ‘I-get-to-unwrap’ situation?”

“The second one,” Yuri chuckled nervously.

“In that case,” Beka stood up. He cupped Yuri’s jaw in one hand while the other rested on his waist. The kiss was slow, their lips moving languidly with each other. Beka flicked his tongue in a way that Yuri still couldn’t figure out how. The hand that had been on his waist slipped to his lower back. “Are you even wearing anything under this?”
“Not much.” Yuri confessed.

“Mmmm,” Beka nipped at his neck and started kissing down to his pulse point. Most likely to leave another mark. Yuri smiled at the implication. Both of Beka’s hands ran along his waist to the belt, and then to the bow holding the robe together and pulled. The robe fell open, Beka kept kissing Yuri’s neck, not looking down. His hands slipped against Yuri’s skin, moving up his chest to push the robe off of his shoulders. Yuri tugged Beka’s shirt up, barely breaking from Yuri’s collarbone he pulled the shirt the rest of the way off. Beka also pushed his sweatpants pants down to join Yuri’s robe that had pooled around his ankles. Beka stepped back and looked at Yuri for the first time since he came into the room. His eyes suddenly went very wide and Yuri smirked as he saw Beka’s cock twitch.

“Fuck Yura.” He hauled Yuri against him. “I don’t think you know how tempted I am to throw you on this bed and ruin every last bit of your innocence.” His fingers ran up Yuri’s thigh, paying special attention to the the lace at the tops of the stocking. Yuri gasped a little as Beka took a firm hold and hiked his leg over his hip. Yuri pulled him into another kiss. Beka’s hand slid up further, following the garter strap on the back of Yuri’s thigh. He kneaded the flesh and his fingers brushed against the base of the plug. He pulled back to look at Yuri, confusion coloring his eyes, and his touch became a little more firm. Yuri’s eyes rolled a little and a small moan escaped his lips. Beka’s forehead rested on Yuri’s shoulder, Yuri barely heard the muttered “Fuck.” He turned to lay Yuri on his back on the bed, so his legs were bent over the edge. Beka stood between his legs and leaned over, nipping Yuri’s bottom lip. “Tell me if I go too far.”

“I don’t think that’ll be a problem.” Yuri smirked.

“Oh, really?” Beka cocked his brow. “So I could just slide that out and shove my dick in and that’d be perfectly fine with you?”

“Ok, good point.” Yuri rolled his eyes. Maybe he was a prude. Beka smirked.

“There is something I've missed doing,” he bent back down for a kiss. Yuri whined a little as Beka moved down to kiss and bite his chest. Lapping at each nipple in turn. He reverently kissed down Yuri’s sternum. He worked down Yuri’s abs and nipped at the bottom of his rib cage. He pressed a chaste kiss to Yuri’s side, making Yuri jump away at being tickled.

“Shhh, I got you,” Beka whispered into his skin, letting his hand rest on Yuri’s hip. He kept his hand there with a firm grip giving Yuri an anchor as he continued to kiss across his stomach.

Soon Yuri noticed he was sinking to his knees and kissing his thighs. He felt a few marks being left near the junction of his hip and leg.

Yuri jumped again as Beka ran his tongue from his base to his tip. He felt Beka pull his foreskin down just a bit before the heat of his tongue ran over his head and flick against his slit. Finally, he felt Beka close his lips around him and lightly suck before sliding down his shaft. Tongue tracing patterns Yuri couldn't follow. His eyes rolled back as he sighed. Beka took him back into his throat making Yuri cry out.

“Too much,” he gasped and pulled on Beka's hair. “Too sensitive.”

Yuri propped himself on one elbow and let his other hand run through Beka's hair. Beka bobbed his head and moaned as Yuri tugged on his hair. The hum against his skin made him gasp again. His tongue toyed against his frenulum, making his toes curl. The pace Beka set was unrelenting and Yuri tried to remember to breathe and not hold his breath.
“Beka, please.” Yuri’s voice was rough. “Be-Beka, I… I’m so close.” He hummed around Yuri and took him almost to the back of his throat and sucked. Yuri gasped and threw his head back as he came. Beka kept licking as he swallowed, letting Yuri come down from his high. When he stood up Yuri leaned forward, pressing a kiss to Beka’s hip.

“Not this time,” Beka put his hand on Yuri’s shoulder.

“What?”

“I don’t want you to blow me this time.”

“This time? You make it sound like I’ve blown you before,” Yuri cocked his brow. Beka just shrugged and walked around to the side of the bed before stretching out on his back with his head on his pillows. “Come here.”

Yuri crawled up to Beka’s side. Beka guided Yuri to straddle his hips and started running his fingers over Yuri’s thigh-highs again.

“Are you sure about this? We haven’t been together that long. I’m not in a hurry.”

“I’m pretty sure.”

“How sure is pretty sure?”

“Eighty-nine percent sure.”

“Okay,” Beka threaded his fingers into Yuri’s hair and pulled him down into a kiss which Yuri happily deepened. His hands wandered down over the smooth planes of Yuri’s back, leaving one hand as low on his back as possible while the other hand slid over his ass. He pressed the base again, a smirk pulling at his lips as Yuri groaned. Yuri felt his body pique with interest again.

‘Seriously?’ He thought regarding how quick his body was to respond after having just gotten off.

“Have you used this before today?”

“…No.” Yuri blushed. “Why?”

“Well, sometimes they can be… uncomfortable to take out.” Beka gripped the base gently. “Deep breath in.” Yuri inhaled. “Deep breath out.” As Yuri exhaled and his body relaxed Beka pulled the plug out.

“That wasn’t bad.”

“Had you tensed it would have felt like hell. You can take my word for that.” Beka glanced at the toy before setting it on the night stand and pulling out a bottle of lube from his nightstand and coating his fingers. Yuri gave him a quizzical glance. “That’s not quite as thick as I am.” Beka offered as explanation right before his fingers started circling Yuri’s rim. Slowly he slipped two fingers inside Yuri and scissored them just enough to stretch Yuri a little more than the plug had. Yuri felt Beka’s fingers move a little deeper before tapping his prostate.

“Fuck,” Yuri shuddered and hung onto Beka’s shoulders for support. Somewhere his brain he noted that he was fully hard again. Somewhere else in his brain he wondered why this felt so good, and how he could be so hard again so soon. Beka kissed him again while running his fingers in little designs. Beka pulled his fingers out and reached back into his nightstand and pulled out a condom. After coating himself with yet more lube he guided Yuri to the tip of his cock. When he was lined up
and pressing against him Beka kissed him quickly again.

“Just let yourself sink down on me. Go slow.” Yuri rolled his eyes and lowered himself so the head of Beka’s dick was past his rim. He hissed as he moved too fast, not having fully listened to Beka’s advice. “Go slow, it’ll get easier.” Beka ran his hands up and down Yuri’s sides. Yuri nodded and moved slower, taking Beka deeper and deeper. Finally, Yuri felt that he had Beka fully seated inside him. Beka’s hands and found purchase on his hips, holding him still.

“I can’t move if you won’t let me.” Yuri pointed out.

“Just hold still. Adjust.” Yuri rolled his eyes again at Beka’s words and rolled his hips without lifting up. “Or don’t.” Beka smirked.

“You’re the one that said you wanted to throw me on the bed and ruin me,” Yuri chuckled.

“Is that what you really want?” Beka’s eyes suddenly darkened, and his voice dropped a little. It almost reminded Yuri of midterms, at the club when Beka first kissed him.

“...Yes.” The word had almost stuck in his throat, his mouth suddenly dry.

“In that case.” Beka flipped them over before Yuri could blink. Beka’s lips latched onto his neck, biting and sucking harder than he normally did. His hips moved at a mind-blowing pace that had Yuri gasping at the combined pleasure and sting in his ass. Yuri was shockingly silent until Beka swiveled his hips. Beka chuckled against his neck, which quickly dissolved into a moan when Yuri ran his nails down his back.

“Fuck Yura.”

“Beka,” Yuri whimpered. ‘I will deny ever sounding like that.’ Yuri thought to himself. But that train of thought was quickly pushed away as Beka thrusted back into him with enough force to make him gasp. Yuri bit into Beka’s shoulder as whimpered against another deep thrust. Yuri felt a gasp against his skin when he bit Beka at the soft spot between his shoulder and neck. He nipped his way up to Beka’s ear and sucked the lobe into his mouth.

“Fuck,” Yuri muttered when Beka made another circular motion with his hips. Beka huffed a laugh against Yuri’s neck, which turned into a gasped moan when Yuri drug his nails down the line of his spine. “I wish you weren’t wearing that condom. So I could really feel you.”

“Yura,” It sounded like it could have been a warning but it could just as easily been a prayer.

“Every last inch. So I could feel you come,” Yuri continued in a rough whisper. “So deep.” He drug his nails up Beka’s back. He was on the edge again and Beka was clearly close if the shallower thrusts were anything to go by. He felt Beka’s hand wrap around him and stroke roughly. “Come on Beka,” Yuri rasped into his ear. Beka thrusted deeper and Yuri felt his cock twitch. Beka stilled for a moment as his muscles tensed and his orgasm rippled through him. He kissed Yuri’s neck as he pulled out and kept his hand wrapped around him. Beka let his other hand wander back down and he slipped a couple of fingers back into Yuri and pressed against his prostate again. Beka bent back down and took Yuri into his mouth again.

“FUCKing hell, Beka!” Yuri yelled as he came down Beka’s throat. He sat back up and stared down at Yuri.

“Where the hell did you learn to talk like that?”

“Honestly, I have no idea where that came from.” Yuri chuckled. Beka huffed a laugh too and
tapped Yuri’s thigh.

“Come on, let’s get cleaned up.”

“Come here,” Beka pulled Yuri into his arms as they laid back down. They hadn’t said much while rinsing themselves off. “You alright?”

“Yeah.” Yuri pressed a kiss to Beka’s chest. “So…”

“So,” Beka echoed.

“You liked the lingerie?”

“Um,” Beka chuckled a little. “Yeah, I’m kind of a sucker for stuff like that.”

“I’m getting the impression there’s a lot of stuff you haven’t told me.”

“Oh, don’t worry,” Beka squeezed Yuri a little tighter. “You’ll find out everything about eventually. Even the bad stuff.”

“There’s bad stuff?” Yuri mumbled groggily.

“Oh I’m sure. Bet Chris and JJ would be happy to tell you if you ever stopped by Katsuki’s on a slow night and asked.” Beka ran his hands over Yuri’s skin. They hadn’t bothered to put any clothes on.

“Hm, I’ll keep that in mind for a night when I’m bored and don’t have homework.” Yuri yawned. “Good night, Beka.”

“Good night, Yura.” He stroked Yuri’s hair a little while longer before they were both sound asleep.

Chapter End Notes

1. The song Beka sings actually is a real song called "Dead Skunk" by Loudon Wainwright III.
2. This chapter took an unexpected turn
3. You should totally thank my beta AphroditeB00w for helping with the last scene (it would have been way lamer without her imput)
Yuri woke up in Beka’s arms and relished the warmth of his skin against him. However, it was morning and Yuri’s body was in need of a few things, a stretch being one of them. Thankfully Beka was a fairly sound sleeper but normally they didn’t stay as cuddled into each other like this time. Slowly, carefully Yuri moved Beka’s arms and slid out of the bed. Beka stirred a little at losing his boyfriend-turned-teddy bear, but otherwise he stayed asleep.

‘Good. Now bathroom, run, breakfast. In that order.’ Yuri told himself. He remembered to leave a note about going on a run in case Beka actually woke up as the sun rose on a day he didn’t have classes. He threw in his earbuds and found his playlist and set off.

It was too cold for a long run, but the few blocks to the campus and around it wouldn’t be too far. And if it was he’d huddle up somewhere and tell Beka to come and get him. He made it to the center of campus before he thought he was far enough out and should turn back. It wasn’t a large campus but the weather was not going to permit him to go further.

“Yuri!” A voice called. Yuri turned and saw Viktor in his car with the window rolled down. “Do you need a ride?”

“Hey, eh, no I’m fine. It’s just a few blocks to Otabek’s.”

“Wait, Otabek? As in the main DJ at Katsuki’s?”

“Oh, yeah.”

“That’s who you’re dating?”

“Yes?” Yuri shivered, the sweat on his clothes getting chilled.

“Huh, really?”

“Yeah?” Yuri frowned, not understanding why Viktor was so surprised.

“Hm. So, how about I give you a lift back. Yuuri and I were about to go get breakfast. You two are welcome to join us.” Viktor seemed to side step Yuri’s question.

“Um, sure. I’ll see if I can drag Beka out of bed.” Yuri climbed in the passenger’s seat,
thankful the heat had been cranked. Viktor snorted.

“I’ll admit, I don’t know him very well but he always struck me as a night owl.” Viktor stopped at the red light. “Where am I turning?”

“Straight for another two blocks. Then go left for three.”

They pulled up to Beka’s building.

“There’s a small bistro on Second Street called The Garden, meet us there in about an hour and a half?”

“Yeah, sounds good.”

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“You’re awake?” Yuri asked as Beka was about to make coffee.

“What’s ‘wake?’” Beka groggily slurred before looking at Yuri. “Did you really go for a run?”

“Yeah?”

“It’s like two degrees out.”

“I dressed warm.” Yuri took off his sweatshirt. “Oh and we’re meeting Viktor and Yuuri for breakfast.”

“Wait...Yuuri as in my boss?” Beka woke up a little more.

“Yeah?” Yuri looked over his shoulder on his way to get into the shower. “I thought you were still asleep or I would have asked you.”

“I’m not even awake and I’m being asked to have an intelligent conversation.” Beka muttered.

“I can be convincing.” Yuri said over his shoulder, pulling his running tights down, giving Beka a perfect view of his ass.

“That is convincing.” Beka eyed him. “Want help washing your back?”

“I won’t say no to that.”

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“Fuck!” Beka quickly moved out of the spray from the shower. “Why?”

“I like hot showers,” Yuri shrugged and continued to rinse his hair out.
“‘Hot’ is about ten degrees cooler than that. That is scalding.”

“Eh,” Yuri just shrugged again and looked at Beka. “Fine, adjust it then.” Beka grudgingly reached adjusted the handle and cooled the water down to his definition of hot. Yuri yelped.

“That’s your definition of ‘hot’?! The hell is your definition of cold?” Yuri glared at him from the back of the shower. Beka chuckled and started washing his arms.

“I’m showering with hellspawn.” Beka muttered. Yuri came up behind him and bit his shoulder.

“heard that.” Yuri reached around and turned the water to a higher temperature than Beka had it but lower than he liked. “Can we agree on that?”

“If I don’t you’ll be a frozen little demon.”

“‘Little?’ We’re the same height.” Yuri ran some soap over Beka’s shoulders and back. After Beka rinsed off his back and hair Yuri pushed him up against the wall and kissed up his neck. Smirking at how quickly Beka was willing to respond.

“So, is this how we’re going to play?”

“I don’t hear a ‘no.’” Yuri nipped at Beka’s bottom lip before sinking to his knees.

“You’re not going t… oh fuck.” Beka let his head fall back against the tile. Yuri took him into the back of his throat. “How the...I thought you hadn’t done this before.” Yuri pulled off with a pop.

“I haven’t.”

“But…”

“I don’t have a gag reflex.” Yuri took him back into his mouth and sucked. Beka moaned. Yuri felt Beka’s fingers twine into his hair and encouraged him to bob his head in a rhythm he liked. And Beka didn’t seem to have a problem taking advantage of Yuri’s gag reflex, or lack thereof. Yuri braced his hands on Beka’s thighs and started to feel them tighten. He took Beka deeper into his throat than he had before, feeling tears spring to his eyes from the unfamiliar sensation. It didn’t take much longer for Beka to start taking heavier breaths and whispering something that Yuri couldn’t make out over the shower. Yuri felt his own dick twitch and harden at Beka’s reaction.


“Did you expect ‘the hellspawn’ to play nice?” Yuri smirked, and stroked Beka roughly. He let his head rest against Yuri’s shoulder and thrust against his hand. Yuri tightened his grip at his base. “Ask nicely and maybe I’ll drop back to my knees.”

“Please, Yura?” Beka kissed him.

“Is that that the best you can do?” Yuri teased, already kissing down Beka’s chest.

“You’re making me have breakfast with my boss, before eight in the morning, on a day I don’t actually have to leave the house.”
“You make a good case.” Yuri was back on his knees sucking at Beka’s head again. It didn’t take long for Beka to be back on the edge, this time his hand was on the back on Yuri’s head. Yuri let him slip into his throat, Beka tightened his grip as he came, shuddering as Yuri swallowed around him. Yuri stood up and rinsed the conditioner out of his hair as Beka stared at him.

“How the fuck...if I didn’t know better I’d swear you’d done that before.”

“Nope,” Yuri leaned over and pulled Beka into a kiss, he flicked his tongue against his lips. “I have been given tips.”

“Phichit or Google?” Beka raised an eyebrow as Yuri turned the shower off.

“Dance camp when I was fourteen.”

“Fourteen?” Beka’s eyes were a little wide.

“Again,” Yuri raised his hands in mock surrender. “Didn’t do anything, just was told how to do it.”

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“How were your finals, Otabek?” Yuuri asked after they’d given their orders to the waitress.

“Better than expected I think.” Beka smiled.
“Good.” Yuuri nodded. “So, Yuri, how was Viktor’s class?”

“Oh, you know, terrible, he’s the toughest grading professor on campus. Giving out A’s obviously pains him.” Yuri said drily and sipped his coffee. Viktor snorted.

“Please don’t put that on RateMyProfessor.” He paused. “Actually, go ahead. It might stop people who think grinding is a proper pas de deux from enrolling in my fundamentals class. Or that twerking like Miley Cyrus at the VMA’s during their final will get them a decent grade after missing half of my classes.” Viktor shook his head.

“Wait, that actually happened?” Yuri started laughing.

“Yes, in the Tuesday night class, and what was seen cannot be unseen.” Viktor shakes his head at the memory. Yuri snorts.

“You don’t like dance fads oooor?” Otabek asked, slightly confused.

“Sure, but there are people who shouldn’t twerk. Simply because they don’t know how to. And it’s fine in a club. Less fine in a Fundamentals of Classical Dance class.” He took a gulp of coffee. “Thank you.” Viktor says as the waitress sets his plate down.

“Is there anything else I can get you?” She smiles, particularly at Otabek. They all shake their heads. And Yuri looked at Beka who appeared oblivious to how the waitress had smiled.

“So, you two are really dating?” Yuuri asked. His accent still throws Yuri a little.

“Yes,” Otabek said, something between a statement and a question.

“Thank God,” Yuuri sighs and takes another bite. Viktor stares at his fiance as Yuri flips between eyeing Beka and Yuuri. Yuuri cleared his throat. “So...how are the new mixes coming for next year?”

“Um. Good, they’re almost done, just some final tweaks and I can start putting them into playlists.” Yuuri nodded. And Yuri had to admit that this was awkward as fuck.

“So, plans for Christmas?” Viktor offers.

“Not many, we’ll probably stay with my family down in the cities for a few days.” Beka runs his fingers along Yuri’s knee and thigh under the table.

“Well, if the weather doesn’t cooperate let us know. Yuri has my number, just send me a text.” Viktor paused. “And Yuri, have you thought about adding a dance minor?”

“Umm, haven’t really thought about it yet.”

As the conversation went on Yuri watched Viktor and Yuuri. He noted how at ease they were with each other and how there was a rhythm between them that just worked. Yuri couldn’t quite figure it out. And he couldn’t help being a little jealous of it either.

“Altin, before you leave could I say something?” Beka nodded at Yuuri and they walked a
little ways down the sidewalk. Away from Yuri and Viktor. “Don’t you dare fuck this up.” Yuuri
gave him a hard look.

“I don’t intend on it.” Otabek shifted on his feet. Yuuri wasn’t much taller than him and
he wasn’t overly muscular but he didn’t need to be when his eyes were always intimidating.

“He obviously cares about you.” Yuuri looked at him. “Have you told him how many
people you’ve taken home?”

“I know he does. And I love him,” Beka paused. “And no, I haven’t told him. I really
don’t think it matters.”

“You might be surprised.” Yuuri glared. “Vitya’s told me enough. You know his family
kicked him out?”

“I was there when it happened.” Otabek’s voice was tight.

“Hm.” Yuuri still eyed him warily. “You should still tell him.”

slept around a lot before? How does any of that effect my present relationship?”

“He should know.” Yuuri insisted, looking determined.

“I honestly don’t understand why you think so. And also may i remind you, my personal
life is none of your business.”

“He’s a young kid, he’s just come out! For you by what I can tell.” Yuuri was
unintimidated by Beka’s glare. “It’s my business because Viktor cares about him. And when he has
nowhere to go, he’ll be staying with us, by the way.”

“You act like he’s made of glass.” The two men regarded one another in silence for a
moment.

“Maybe I’m wrong,” Yuuri shrugged. “But even steel can break.”

Chapter End Notes

as always, a huge thank you to my beta. She's awesome!!!
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

things get...tense

Chapter Notes

ok for THIS CHAPTER ONLY (since I don't think it'll come up again to this extent)
I'm going to add some...warnings for lack of a better term. Beka talks about his past
which hasn't been all sunshine and rainbows. So, there is a mention of sex between a 15
year old and someone that's about 16 or 17 years old. As well as a mention of a semi-
abusive ex. It's all in two paragraphs and this chapter, I feel, is needed in the story or I
would not have included it.

“What did Yuuri want?” Yuri shut the door and hung up his coat. Yuri saw Beka’s shoulders
tighten as he ran his hand through his hair.

“He, um, he wanted me to tell you a bit about my past.” Beka looked at him with a pained
expression.

“Ok?” Yuri leaned against the wall with his arms crossed.

“I just...don’t think it matters.” Beka shrugged, seeming as if he was trying to get out of this.

“What wouldn’t matter?”

“How many people I’ve slept with.”

Yuri smirked. “Well, I mean, it’s not like I didn’t know I wasn’t your first or anything. And
Inzhu might have suggested that you’ve been with a few people.”

“What did she say?”

“That you snuck around a lot.”

“Well,” Beka paused. “She wasn’t wrong. I don’t know whether to thank her or scold her for
saying that.”

“Well, what do you want me to know?” Yuri settled on the couch. Beka set next to him and
guided Yuri so his cheek could rest on the back of Yuri’s shoulder. He then wrapped his arms
around Yuri’s waist.

“I told you that I’ve had some exes and one-night stands, right?”

“Yeah?”
“I didn’t tell you how many.” Yuri ran his fingers over Beka’s arms. “Part of me doesn’t want to. The other part of me wants you to know my past.”

“Beka, you don’t have to,” Yuri started.

“Thirty, including you. I think. More or less.” Beka said softly and tightened his grip and let his head rest a little firmer on Yuri’s shoulder blade with his eyes closed.

“What?” Yuri looked over his shoulder.

“The number of people I’ve slept with. It’s around there.” Beka sighed. “I’m sorry, Yura.”

“Ok, sorry for what?”

“Not entirely sure. Just feels like it’s something I should say.” He sounded guilty.

“Can I ask you something?” Yuri felt Beka nod against his back. “When was the last time you got tested?”

“Late September. Everything came back negative, I still have the print out if you want.”

“Shhh, I trust you.” He kept running his fingers over Beka’s arms. His eyes followed the ceiling line, which was an old habit he slipped into when he was processing things. “When was the last time you slept with someone? Before me.”

“Hmmmm, before classes started. Sometime in August.”

“We didn’t start dating until October.” Yuri wasn’t entirely sure where he was going with that.

“I saw you.” Beka supplied. “And couldn’t get you out of my head. I hate to compare you to something shiny, but that’s kind of what it was like.”

“Pretty sure some people would have just started taking home blondes.” Yuri half-chuckled.

“Thought about it. I almost tried. There were a couple of blondes I saw in Katsuki’s, at first I thought one of them was you and was about to offer to buy them a drink. But it, just didn’t...feel right?”

Yuri hummed.

“I wanted this blonde that I kept seeing on campus who wouldn’t even look at me.” Beka smirked a little. “Don’t hate me but...at first I thought you’d just be another one on the list.”

Yuri frowned, “What changed?”

“I talked to you. Realized you hadn’t even had your first kiss. Then I talked to you some more. And I realized, I don’t know. I realized you were actually interesting. And you actually wanted to spend time with me.”

“Don’t start getting too sappy on me.” Beka didn’t say anything. “Beka, could you chuckle or something?”

“You’re not leaving?” Beka finally looked at him, confusion and relief mixing in his eyes.

Beka shrugged. “Other people have left for less.”

Yuri caught the chagrined expression on Beka’s face and rushed to remove it. “I’m not going to leave.” Beka furrowed his brow. “Beka, I don’t have a reason to leave. Am I jumping for joy that you’ve had like twenty-nine other partners? No. Am I going to break up over it? Absolutely not. Am I grateful you knew what to do last night? Fuck yes.” Yuri smiled. “You didn’t walk away from me. Even after realizing the situation. This is...nothing compared to you being with me when my family found out. This is a number. It’s part of who you are. And I can’t be mad at that.”

Beka kissed his neck.

“That being said the pettiest part of me wants you to get a new bed…”

“Hm, can’t afford that. How about new sheets. Your pick.”

“Careful you might get cheetah print.”

Beka tapped Yuri’s hip. “Just as long as it’s not magenta.”

“Deal.” Yuri paused. “Beka?”

“Yeah?”

“Um… do you have any firsts left?” Yuri blushed a little. Beka thought about it.

“Probably. Might have to get a little kinky though.” He paused. “Actually, we did one last night. I’d never done missionary with a guy before. And possibly not with a girl either.”

Yuri paused and started to stand up causing Beka to tense. He turned around and pulled Beka to him. “Come here,” Yuri murmured into Beka’s ear, he laid back and guided Beka to cuddle against him on the couch. As Beka settled against him Yuri pulled up Netflix. “Ooo, Bones. Why did they take away the first few seasons? Why does Netflix hate me?” Beka snorted and chuckled at Yuri’s response.

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Yuri looked down at Beka who had settled with his ear against Yuri’s heart, he let his fingers stroke through his dark hair and down his neck, and felt his insecurities trickle in.

‘How many did he date? …Wonder how many he just fucked and didn’t think about again. Ah fuck...why...why would he want someone like me? Wouldn’t that be...boring on a good day? ’. ‘I said I wouldn’t leave...but maybe. Fuck, no that’s a stupid reason to leave. Other people have left for less ... What did you mean by that. The fuck did they do to you?’ Yuri sighed and blinked back a couple of tears. He went back to watching whatever was flashing across the TV screen and listening to Beka snore on occasion, trying to set aside those thoughts.

“What time is it?” Beka mumbled against his chest. Yuri reached behind him and grabbed his phone from the side table.
“About one.”


“What? Nothing.”

“You look...have you been crying?” Beka sat up immediately and cupped Yuri’s cheek. “What’s wrong?”

“I said it’s nothing.” Yuri kissed his palm.

“Ok. You know you can tell me, right?”

“I know. What do we need to run to the store for?”

“I believe we agreed on new sheets. Cheetah print, was it?” Beka kept eye contact while he kissed Yuri’s chest. Yuri snorted.

“Alright come on.” Yuri rolled his eyes.

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The store was close, but not close enough to walk, they took Beka’s car, the bike was covered for the winter. Yuri smiled to himself as Beka entwined his fingers with Yuri’s, even though that day something felt inexplicably ...off.

When they reached the linen section, Beka saw his choice almost immediately and Yuri rolled his eyes.

“Black satin, really?” Yuri smirked.

“Mmm,” Beka stood behind him, his breath ghosting over the nape of his neck. “It’ll be a perfect backdrop for your fair skin and blonde hair. I can only imagine how much more green your eyes will look.” Yuri tensed and grabbed the color he wanted, a dark purple. Beka ran his hand down Yuri’s side to his hip. “You’re sure you’re ok?”

“I’m fine Beka.”

“Yura,” Beka sighed. “Come on, what’s on your mind?”

Yuri exhaled. “Did you think about stuff like that...before me?”

“Huh? I...thought...I thought you...you said you were ok with that?” He pulled Yuri against him when the blonde didn’t say anything. “To answer your question, no. I’ve never had the chance. Let’s grab these and some lunch. Then you can ask all of the questions you obviously have rolling around in there.” Beka nudged his head against Yuri’s.

Yuri nodded, letting himself be directed to the checkout and leaving the store, hands clasped firmly in his boyfriend’s
“How old were you?” Yuri took a bite of pizza.

“My first time?” Beka asked, Yuri nodded. “A little over fifteen. First kiss, blowjob, everything within a month of my fifteenth birthday.”

Yuri tried to ignore the small, almost but not quite invisible tightening of his stomach, and nodded instead.

“How many did you date?”

“um...Five, including you.” Beka looked at his pizza. “The others... I’m sure they’re good people but. Fuck. They weren’t good to me.” Yuri frowned, not really understanding. “The first one, he just used me. He and I had gym class together, he wanted to experiment and apparently liked my ass or something. He was a senior, I was a sophomore. He was hot and I might have had a drink or two that first time. He took me on a few dates. Sweet talked me...every date ended with him and having beer and a fuck in his back seat.”

“Damn,” Yuri set his food down.

“He wasn’t even the worst one.” Beka smiled bitterly. “Not sure who to give that prize to the abusive girl who tried convinced me that I shouldn’t talk to anyone she deemed more attractive than her. And she slapped me when I dumped her. Or the guy I dated my senior year, who cheated on me. Three times. After that I basically said ‘Fuck it’ and decided to sleep with whoever I wanted, whenever I wanted, no strings. Twenty-five one night stands followed that.”

“What about the other one?”

“Hm?”

“You said you’ve dated five people including me, you’ve only mentioned three. What about the other one?”

“Oh, she didn’t do anything wrong. Just, no spark. No connection.”

Yuri nodded. “Can I ask...why?”

“Why what?”

“Sleeping around.”

“I um... I guess I don’t know. Don’t have a good reason to give you for that one.” Beka paused. “Did you want to go to the club tonight?”

“Naw,” Yuri finally took another bite. “I think I’m going to do some laundry. Maybe burn some sheets.”

Beka snorted as he walked over to the fridge for another can of pop. “No arson. Bag them up and I’ll take them to a donation center tomorrow.”

“If you insist, also, gather up all of your dirty clothes. I’ll throw them in with mine.”

“Yeah, sure.” Beka walked back over to the couch and cupped Yuri’s face. “Are we ok
again? Actually ok?”

“I think so.” Yuri kissed Beka’s palm.

He kissed Yuri lightly. “I can’t change my past Yura. But I do want to be open about it, I want you to trust me.”

“I know.”

“If there’s more you want to know, just ask. I’d rather you ask than assume.” He kissed Yuri’s lips lightly.

“You’re sure you don’t want to come along,” Beka asked. “We could dance during my breaks.”

“Yeah, I have some reading I want to do. And about three loads of laundry.”

“Ok,” Beka guided Yuri into his space and kissed him. Yuri flicked his tongue against his lips as one hand wound into Beka’s hair and the other rested on his hip. Beka immediately deepened the kiss, moaning when Yuri bit his lip. “I’ll need to go soon.”

Yuri hummed in response.

“Yura.”

“Go then,” Yuri moved his hand into Beka’s back pocket.

“When did you get so bold?” Beka nipped Yuri’s bottom lip.

“Eh, last night.”

“Hm good point.” Beka took Yuri’s hand out of his pocket and kissed his knuckle. “I’ll see you tonight. Probably won’t be back until about one.”

Yuri was patient, waiting until Beka had showered and dressed before throwing himself on the couch, flipping open the laptop and smashing the keys..

False negatives STD tests .

* What’s with all of the fucking blogs? I want statistics...not this shit. ’ Finally he found something somewhat useful, which was only the best times for testing. But nothing really on what he actually wanted.

* Well, if I ask the worst that he says is no.’ Yuri rolled some things around in his head as he put the first load of laundry into the washer.
Yuri saw the door open and Beka step in, snow sticking to his hair. “Hey, how was work?”

“Eh, not bad, small crowd.” Beka hung up his coat and brushed his hair out of his eyes. “I think I saw Leo and Phichit there.”

“For some reason I’m not surprised,” Yuri smirked as Beka draped his arm over his shoulders.

“I kind of expected you to be in bed.”

“Thought about it, I wanted to be awake when you got home,” he yawned and laid his head on Beka’s shoulder. “Beka.”

“Yeah?”

“I know you said you got tested before we started dating but…” Yuri bit his lip. Beka stroked his hand up and down Yuri’s arm. “Would...would you mind going in again?”

Beka was silent and his hand stilled.

“Um, I can. But why?”

“Some things can take longer a while to show up. False negatives…” Yuri shrugged. Beka stood up and walked out of the room. Yuri heard a drawer open and shut before Beka came back and handed Yuri a piece of paper.

“Is that what you’re talking about?” Yuri looked at the list showing when which tests would effectively detect what. Some of them had marks by them before he nodded. “See those stars?”

“Yeah.”

“Those are the tests I always get. Normally every three months. The one in September fell into all of those ranges.”

“Oh.” Yuri let his hair hide his face.

‘Great. Just great. Good job me.’ He thought.

“And, here’s this.” Beka handed him the results. All negative. Like he had said.

“I’m sorry.” Yuri’s voice barely above a whisper.

“Yura,” Beka easily pulled him against his side again. “You’re not wrong. Honestly...if I was dating me I probably wouldn’t have been as nice.”

“Still.” Yuri shrugged.

“Still you’re not wrong to look out for your health.”

“I was wrong not to trust you.” Yuri grumbled.

“Hmm, no, you weren’t.” Beka pulled the hair tie from Yuri’s braid so he could run his fingers through it. “Yura, this is all new to you. And what if I had the lab do different tests? You would have been right to call me out.”

“Does anything phase you?”
“Not anymore.”

“What was the last thing that threw you off?!”

“....Well, there was this guy with a pierced dick.” Yuri burst out laughing.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

things are resolved...

Chapter Notes

Hey, welcome back. School is kicking my butt, and I should have had this chapter done a long time ago. But here it is and I'll hope for a shorter time between updates but we'll see! (Sorry now)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Let’s go to bed,” Beka smiled and nudged Yuri.

“You’re not mad?” Yuri looked up at him with pleading eyes.

“Not at all. Now come on, I’m tired and you can’t stop yawning.”

“Could if I tried.” Yuri grumbled. Beka barked out a laugh and lead Yuri to his bedroom. “I will say that’s a view I’ll never get tired of.” Yuri leaned against the doorframe and let his eyes wander over Beka’s back as he took his shirt off. Beka shot him a look over his shoulder.

“You change gears fast.”

“You’re clean. Why should I care?”

“You care.” Beka stared Yuri down.

“Maybe I’m confused.” Yuri walked in and started taking his own clothes off.

“About why I slept with so many people?”
“Yeah...but also why you’re dating a virgin,” Yuri shrugged.

Beka smiled. “I’m not.”

Yuri rolled his eyes and threw a pillow at Beka before sitting down on the edge of the bed and smiled. “Shut up, you know what I mean.”

“Well, you know what they say about virgins,” Beka wagged his eyebrows. Yuri frowned and shook his head. Beka pushed Yuri back and pinned him down with a hand on his chest. He leaned down so his lips were by Yuri’s ear. “You can teach them whatever you want.”

Yuri snorted. “That’s terrible.”

“Well, if you have ideas you’re welcome to try them out.”

“Pretty sure you mentioned something about tying you to the bed.”

“I did.”

“I think I might add to that...” Yuri gave Beka a sly look.

“Oh?”

“Yep.”

“How so?”

“Well, first I’ll,” Yuri looked over at Beka’s alarm clock. “Go to sleep it's two in the morning.” Yuri crawled up and flopped on his stomach so his head was on the pillow he didn’t throw.
“That’s cruel, Yura.”

“And the pain hurts so good.” Yuri smiled and yawned. “Good night, Beka.”

“Good night, Yura.” Beka pulled Yuri against him and kissed the nape of his neck.

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“Turn it off,” Beka groused, pulling some of Yuri’s hair out of his mouth in the process.

“Trying,” Yuri felt around on top of the night stand to find his phone to shut the alarm off. Finally, the blaring noise came to an end and Yuri rolled back over and tucked himself against Beka’s chest. He felt Beka’s hands roam over his skin and down onto his hip. He tensed, “Not now Beka.” His hand immediately went higher onto his ribcage. Yuri nuzzled against Beka’s neck. “Thank you.” Drowsiness coated his voice.

“You ok?” Beka pulled him in closer.

“Yeah, just not now. Too early.” Yuri couldn’t find it in himself to look Beka in the eye. He wasn’t sure if it was because he knew his resolve would crumble or because he was afraid it wouldn’t.

“Alright,” his hand was firm on Yuri’s shoulder blade. Yuri let his eyes slide shut and breathed in the herbal body wash Beka always used. He fell into a dreamless sleep, not unusual when he woke up like that in the morning and Beka’s warmth was comforting. Beka chuckled as Yuri snored softly and closed his eyes.

Yuri woke up in an empty bed.

‘Fuck. That wasn’t a dream…’ Yuri thought about the previous night’s conversations. Then he heard a crash from the kitchen.

“What was that?”
“A glass.”

“You’re barefoot, aren’t you?”

“....Yes.” Beka sounded almost sheepish.

“Don’t move.” Yuri drug himself up and grabbed one of Beka’s shirts. He grabbed his shoes and the broom next. “So, how?”

“Wet hands and wet glass don’t mix.” Beka gave him a shy smile and shrugged. Yuri froze. And gave Beka a dazed look.

“Did you wake up a gear short of a clock?” Yuri swept the first few pieces of glass into a pile and gave Beka a sleepy smile.

“I’m going to ignore...Ow!” Beka flinched. Yuri froze and looked up. “I just shifted on my feet.” Beka hauled himself up onto the counter and looked at the bottom of his foot.

“Are you ok?” Yuri kept sweeping the glass shards up.

“I think so, small cut. Doesn’t feel like anything is stuck.” Yuri nodded and swept the last of the pieces into the bin before looking at Beka’s foot.

“How are you always getting hurt in your kitchen?”


“Right,” Yuri wiped a wet cloth over it before pressing a kiss to his lips. “So, what’s next this morning?”

“Dunno. You need to shave.” Beka pulled him in closer between his legs.
“Me?! And you don’t?”

“No idea what you’re talking about,” he started kissing Yuri’s neck.

“HmmMmm,” Yuri pulled him back into a deep kiss, flicking his tongue out along his lips. “I’m thinking breakfast.”

“I was hoping sex.” Beka wagged his eyebrows. Yuri rolled his eyes.

“Lube’s back in the bedroom.”

“If you want to grab it I’ll figure out breakfast.”

“Alright. Cereal and going out are cheating.” Yuri turned and went back to the bedroom to open the nightstand drawer and pull out the bottle of lube and condoms.

Yuri walked back in to find Beka still in his boxer-briefs facing the counter and cutting something Yuri couldn’t see what it was though.

“So, what did you decide on for breakfast?”

“Omelets and toast sound good?”

“On one condition,” Yuri wrapped his arms around Beka’s waist.

“Hm?”

“I make the toast.” He nipped at Beka’s shoulder and ran his thumbs over his adonis belt. “You always burn it.”
“Do not.”

“Black toast is burnt toast. Seriously, how do you manage it?”

“I like black toast.”

“Is that why you only eat half of it?” Yuri smiled as Beka looked at him out of the corner of his eye.

“Brat.” He nipped at Yuri’s ear lobe.

“But I’m your brat.” Yuri hooked his thumbs into Beka’s waistband. Beka set the knife down and pushed the cutting board back. “Can I?”

“Please.” Beka ground his hips back against Yuri. He wasted no time in pushing his boxer briefs down. Yuri reached around and ran his hands along Beka’s thighs before wrapping his hand around his base and stroked up and over his tip. “More, please.” Beka whined.

“What do you want?” Yuri circled his thumb around his tip, smearing the small bit of precum over his flesh. Beka huffed a breath and pushed the lube and condom towards Yuri. “You sure?”

He nodded the “Please,” he whispered barely audible. Yuri took his hand away and trailed his fingers over Beka’s hip, loving the whimpers he made. He warmed up the lube he poured in his hand before circling Beka’s rim. When Beka widened his stance and pushed his hips back Yuri slowly pressed his finger into him. “You’ll have to give me more than that Yura.”

“And here I thought I’d start slow,” Yuri mused. But he obliged Otabek’s request and eased a second finger in.

“Hm, nice thought just not what I want.” Beka looked over his shoulder at Yuri, “And you’re larger than average.” Yuri started scissoring his fingers and teased Beka with the hint of a third.

“Like this?”
“HmmmMm.” Beka moaned and dropped his head onto his forearms. Yuri smirked and curled his fingers down to hit Beka’s prostate. “Yura. Fuck. Stop.”

“What? Did I do something wrong?” Yuri pulled his fingers out. Beka shook his head and tapped the foil packet.

“Now,” he sighed. Yuri reached over and ripped open the packet before rolling the condom over himself. He lined himself up and began to push in. He felt Beka relax beneath him and push back against him. Yuri’s eyes closed and he let his head fall back as he seated himself in Otabek. It was so tight, so warm. He stopped waiting for Beka to give him the go ahead to move. And reveling in the feeling of being inside his boyfriend. Beka mewed and rolled his hips. Yuri stilled him with a hand to his hip.

“Words, Beka. I want to hear words.” Yuri whispered into his ear. Smiling as he threw Beka’s words back at him from their second date.

“Move,” he rasped. Yuri pulled back and thrust in, long and slow. “Harder,” he groaned. Yuri was happy to oblige and slammed into him on the next thrust, angeling to hit his prostate. Beka’s knees almost buckled. Yuri gripped his shoulder and hip harder while managing to bite his shoulder blade hard enough to leave a mark. Beka slid his hand off the counter and started to wrap his fingers around himself only for Yuri pull his hand away and put it back on the counter. His fingers intertwining with Beka’s.

“Can you come like this?” Yuri pressed his chest against Beka’s back and nibbled on his ear lobe. He paused, and tried to slow his inevitable orgasm. Beka whimpered. Finally started rocking his hips again before Yuri thrust against his prostate in rapid succession.

“Fuck, yeah.” Beka stood up letting his head fall back against Yuri’s shoulder. Yuri swiveled his hips. Beka sighed, “Like that.”

“Yeah?” Yuri repeated the movement, spanning his hand across Beka’s chest. Beka tipped his head back and began kissing Yuri. He ground into Beka’s ass, swallowing his moans. He squeezed Beka’s hand as he ran his nose along his cheek.

“Yura,” Beka gasped, his body tightening and tensing as he came. Yuri kissed him, running his tongue over his lips. Yuri broke the kiss with a groan and spilled into the condom. He nuzzled into the crook of Beka’s neck before pulling out. He didn’t move, he just kept his hand on Beka’s chest.
“You alright?” Yuri ran his nose along the shell of Beka’s ear.

“Yeah, just, fuck. It’s been awhile since I bottomed. And you’re big.”

“Hmmm,” Yuri pressed a kiss to his shoulder. “We should probably get cleaned up.”

“We should.” Beka nodded.

“Neither of us is moving.” Yuri noted.

“I’m kind of pinned against a counter.”

“I’m kind of liking this position.” Yuri smiled against Beka’s skin. He didn’t want to move, Beka’s warmth was inviting, near addicting.

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“That is not toasted enough.” Beka looked between Yuri and the bread in his hand that had just come out of the toaster.

“I’ve already put it down twice. Any more and it will be burnt. And not ‘oh it’s kinda burt but edible’ it’ll be burnt-burnt.” He rolled his eyes, “And neither of us will want to eat it and we’re right back where we started.”

Beka chuckled and put the omelets on their plates and started buttering his toast. Yuri wondered how someone could only stand butter on their toast, as he slathered on a raspberry jam.

“Orange juice?” Beka put a hand on Yuri’s hip while reaching into the fridge.

“Yeah,” Yuri nodded. Beka handed him the container, there wasn’t enough left to justify glasses, and took a swig. “Do you work tonight?”

“Nope, all yours,” Beka smiled and took a sip from the container before carrying his plate out to the couch. Yuri flopped down beside him and dug into the food that was still steaming on his plate.
“So, we have groceries, laundry’s done, the dishes can fuck themselves.” Yuri took a bite. “No homework till January. Do we even need to do anything today?”

“Where did you put your clothes?”

“Just back in my suitcase, it’s fine.”

“You know I have an empty drawer or two in my dresser you can have.” Beka shrugged. “If you want, I mean you leave enough stuff here anyway.”

“That beats living out of a suitcase.” Yuri smirked before kissing Beka on the arm. He took the last bite of his omelet.

“So, chores are done, no need to be responsible adults today?”

“Not that I know of,” Yuri finished his omelet.

“And it’s cold out.”

“Yep.”

“So, we could either cuddle up here with Netflix or we can go back to bed and christen the new sheets.”

“Going back to bed means having to move.” Yuri tucked himself under Beka’s arm.

“If this turns into Netflix and chill one of us is going to have to move anyway to get the lube out of the kitchen.”

Yuri looked between Otabek and the kitchen doorway behind Beka. “You’re closer.” Beka barked out a laugh and took their plates back to the kitchen and grabbed the bottle. He pulled out a blanket from behind the couch before sitting down. Yuri tucked himself back against Beka under the blanket.
“What do you want me to turn on?” Beka held the remote to start scrolling through the queue.

“Don’t really care I guess.”

“Family Guy Christmas special it is,” Beka chuckled. Yuri groaned.

“Did you want to call your teacher and have her meet us for coffee or something?” Beka looked at Yuri who was finishing packing for the drive to his parents’ house.

“No, I think her daughter lives in Iowa...or Kansas.” Yuri shrugged, “She’ll probably go down there for the break.” Yuri was quieter than usual, more somber than he had been in the last month.

“You’re doing it again,” Beka sighed.

“Doing what?” Yuri looked sharply at him.

“Getting lost in your own head,” Beka wrapped his arms around Yuri’s waist and kissed his temple. “Have you heard anything from your family?”

Yuri just shook his head.

“You know my family adores you, right? I almost think my mom likes you better than me.”

“Riiight.” Yuri rolled his eyes. “You ready?”

“Yeah, I think so.” Beka still held Yuri in place. “My family really does like you, you know?”

“I know.”
Chapter End Notes

Come say hi to me over on tumblr! My name there is storylover92! Also, I love hearing from you in kudos and comments!
“You’re driving right?” Yuri put his suitcase in the trunk of Beka’s 1963 Bonneville.

“I trust you, but I’m the only one that drives this thing.” Beka shut the trunk, “I spent too much time restoring it.” Yuri smiled a little and nodded. He had heard all about the car and how his dad had helped him restore it after finding it with one wheel in the scrap yard. They settled in on the big bench seat and headed for the cities. Yuri flipped open Beka’s phone and sent himself Inzhu’s number. He also sent Alikhan’s number to himself too, but wanted to keep that as a last resort.

Y- Inzhu?
I- Yeah. Who’s this?
Y- Yuri
I- HEY!!! What’s up?
Y- I don’t know what to get him for Christmas…
I- Oh that’s easy some classic book that looks snobby
Y- …
I- What?
Y- He has enough of those.
I- ...music?
I- He’s hard to shop for
Y- Getting that…
I- The idiot dating him…
Y- I’m aware.
I- I’ll let you know if I think of something…
Y- Thanks

Yuri sighed and laid his head back against the headrest.

“What’s wrong?” Beka glanced at him.

“Hm? Oh, nothing.” Yuri settled in for the long drive with nothing to look at.

“You don’t sigh like that for nothing,” Beka cocked his eyebrow at him.

“Eh, just wasn’t sure what to get you for Christmas.”

“I thought you already gave me a present,” Beka winked. Yuri rolled his eyes and swatted Beka’s arm.

“You’re terrible,” Yuri rolled his eyes. “But really what’s on your list?”

“Ummm...hadn’t really thought about it.”

“Why are you hard to shop for?” Yuri let his head fall against Beka’s shoulder.

“I’m not saying you should stick a bow on yourself and call it good but I wouldn’t complain if you did.” Beka chuckled. Yuri groaned.

“Horny little shit,” he muttered.
“I don’t hear you complaining.”

“I don’t think your mom would approve of me doing that.” Yuri said wryly.

“I don’t really care.”

“Yuri!” Amina hugged Yuri as soon as they stepped through the door before enveloping Beka in her arms as well. “How was the drive?”

“There is nothing to look at between Duluth and here,” Beka cracked his neck.

“You’re supposed to be looking at the road anyway,” Amina smirked.

“Still, some hills would be nice.” Beka hefted his suitcase and started carrying it to his bedroom. Yuri went to follow him but Amina caught him by his arm.

“Inzhu told me you were struggling to think of a gift.”

“A bit,” Yuri shrugged.

“Hm, you know I haven’t seen him with a sketchbook in a long time.”

“He draws?”

“A lot. Or at least he used to. Like I said it’s been a while,” Amina sighed. “If that doesn’t work then I can tell you he’s always cold. Never in my life have I met with someone that could sleep under a comforter in July. And last I knew he still couldn’t follow a recipe to save his life.”

“That surprises me.”

“You and me both.” Amina rolled her eyes before letting go of Yuri’s arm. “Have you had lunch yet?”

“Not really.”

“You put that away and I’ll make up a couple extra plates.” Amina started toward the kitchen while Yuri went the other way towards Beka’s room.

“That took awhile?” Otabek looked at Yuri who dropped his suitcase.

“Eh, your mom just had a couple of questions. And she told me lunch will be ready soon.”

“Damn, no nap for us.”

“I’m going to the mall. Does anyone else need to?” Alikhan asked to the group at large.

“I do,” Inzhu said.

“I’ll join.” Yuri nodded.
The three piled into Alikhan’s car.

“Did you ever figure out what to get him?” Inzhu asked Yuri from the back seat.

“Maybe, your mom gave me an idea.”

“I don’t know what Mom suggested but what Beka needs is something like Cooking for Dummies.” Alikhan chuckled.

“Why the hell didn’t I think of that?!” Inzhu squealed incredulously. Yuri smirked. Ideas falling into place.

“Come on.” Yuri muttered to himself while digging through the cookbooks on the shelves of Barnes and Noble. Nothing. He found nothing that would work for the joke he was going for. He did manage to find a vinyl record that he was pretty sure Otabek would like. Check one. Soon, he found himself among the seemingly disorganized shelves of Half Priced Books.

And there. It. Was. Something with a better title than Cooking for Dummies. The “I Don’t Know How to Cook” Cookbook. Yuri was cackling to himself. And also found a few other things. A couple for himself and another book or two for Beka, to help ease any hackles that he might raise.

Yuri pulled out his phone and saw he had just enough time to grab a giant cookie before meeting Inzhu and Alikhan at the designated statue.

“Don’t let mom know you bought one of those.” Inzhu leaned against the statue and let her shoulders sag while motioning to the cookie that was only half gone.

“Ok?” Yuri looked at her. “You find everything you needed to?”

“Oh yeah. You?”

Yuri smiled and pulled out the cookbook.

“Oh, he’s not going to know what to do with you.” Inzhu snorted and checked her phone. “Where the hell is Alikhan? He was supposed to be here ten minutes ago.”

“Maybe he’s picking out a ring for his girlfriend.” Yuri deadpanned and took another bite of cookie before offering her a bite.

“Fuck I hope not. She’s great but her family doesn’t like him.”

Yuri hummed, not sure what else to say. Inzhu pulled out her phone and dialed.

“Oi, chauffeur, where are you?” She paused. “Are...are you...why?” She sighed and hung up. “My brother is an idiot. And you were right he’s looking at rings. He said he should only be another twenty minutes.”

Yuri and Inzhu simultaneously rolled their eyes.

“Want the rest?” Yuri nodded to the cookie.

“Thanks but I prefer cookie dough.” Inzhu walked over to a bench. Yuri scrunched his nose at the idea of uncooked anything and sat down too.

“Maybe he’ll change his mind and get her earrings?”
“We can dream.” Inzhu let her head fall back and sighed. “But he’s even more stubborn than Beka.”

“Guess you’ll have a sister-in-law soon then.”

“Yeah.” Inzhu sighed and looked up as Alikhan was walking towards them, a small bag in hand. “About time!”

Yuri slipped into the sun room while Otabek was down in the basement playing video games to wrap presents.

He went to place Beka’s presents under the tree when he saw one with his name on it. From Otabek. It was pretty big. Much larger than a book or a movie. Yuri went to pick it up only for it to rattle a little. It was metallic but that didn’t mean much of anything.

“So,” Beka wrapped an arm around Yuri’s waist. Yuri jumped, he hadn’t heard anyone come up behind him. “Did you have fun?”


“You mean to tell me you actually had a good time with my siblings. And not the well behaved ones. The ones that like to stir shit up.” Otabek looked dubious. “What did they do to you?”

“Well, I spent most of the time shopping by myself so…” Yuri shrugged.

“That explains it.” Otabek ran his nose up Yuri’s neck before nipping at his ear. “We have a couple of hours before supper. No one will miss us.”

“Hmm,” they hadn’t had any time to themselves since arriving. And Yuri was still wrapping his head around all of the crap that happened in the last 72 hours. Losing his virginity, Beka telling him about his past, and the conversations that followed. It all seemed like a much longer time span. But here they were. Yuri pressed his lips against Beka’s. “That sounds wonderful.”

The door shut with a click. And Otabek put up a small door stop to help deter people from trying to come in without knocking.

“Did you want to top or bottom?” Beka ran his hands under Yuri’s shirt.

“Both are so tempting,” Yuri pressed his lips against Beka’s before sliding his shirt over the brunette’s head. He wrapped his arm around Beka’s waist and guided him to the bed and pushed him to his back. Yuri pulled off his own shirt off, a wolfish smile played at his lips as he stared down at Otabek. “But feeling you come apart is so satisfying,” he whispered into Beka’s ear before nipping down his neck.

“Yura,” Otabek sighed. Yuri’s heart skipped a beat at Beka’s response, his fingers toying with his partner’s belt buckle.

‘Fuck belts.’ Yuri thought to himself as the buckle finally corporated with him and slid free. Thankfully the button and zipper didn’t present the same problem. He barely had Beka’s pants off before taking him into his mouth. He moaned as the head of Beka’s dick hit the back of his throat before coming up and swirling his tongue around the tip. Otabek laced his fingers into Yuri’s hair and urged him on. ‘Note to self: Don’t cut hair.’ Yuri thought, his eyes rolling before pushing himself off of Otabek. Yuri had to stop himself from laughing at the whine Beka let out.
He pulled out the bottle of lube from the bedside table and coated his fingers. Yuri stretched out beside Beka, hooking his leg around Beka’s calf.

“Yura, please,” Beka sighed as Yuri circled his rim.

“Shh, we have a couple of hours. We’re going to use it.”

‘I’m going to take my time taking you apart.’ Yuri smiled against Beka’s skin. Kissing him as he sank a finger into his boyfriend. Teasing at his prostate, barely applying pressure, making him squirm. He added a finger and started scissoring Beka open. Yuri relished every small moan and breath that caught in Beka’s throat.

“Think you can take me?”

“Fuck yes,” Otabek nodded. Yuri stood up and froze, Beka looked so fucked. A sheen of sweat over his tan skin, hair mussed, and his lips swollen. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, just appreciating the view.” Yuri pulled out a condom from the drawer.

“Yura, no.” Beka propped himself up on his elbows.

“Yura, yes.” Yuri opened the little packet.

“But we’re both clean.”

“You really want to deal with cum in your ass?” Yuri raised an eyebrow and rolled it over himself, adding more lube.

“Sexy,” Beka rolled his eyes. Yuri leaned down and kissed Beka, sliding his tongue along his lips. Lining himself up.

“Hopefully you can forgive me.” Yuri pushed into him in one swift motion. He paused, waiting for a go ahead. Beka wrapped his legs around Yuri and nudged him. Yuri drew out and slammed back in.

“Come here,” Beka pulled Yuri into a deep kiss. Digging his blunt nails into Yuri’s shoulders. They let their tongues fight for dominance. Yuri angled his hips, Beka broke from the kiss and bit back a scream. His voice was strangled, “There. Oh fuck.”

Yuri groaned into Beka’s neck, doing his best to stay quiet and swiveled his hips. He reached between them and ran his hand over Beka’s dick, twisting his fist over the head. “Fuck Beka.” Yuri felt Beka’s body tensing, his arms wrapping tighter, nails digging in harder. Gasping in Yuri’s ear. Soon, Yuri felt Beka spill into his hand, and Yuri dropped his head against Beka’s shoulder. He came a few moments after, Beka’s name on his lips.

“Wow.” Beka said. Yuri found it in himself to pull out and discard the condom, wiping his hands off on a tissue.

“Yeah.” Yuri slid back against Beka, and pulled him against his chest. And kissed him, biting his lip. “You are incredible.”

Beka pulled away long enough to pull a blanket over them before tucking himself back against Yuri. “You’re amazing.” He yawned.

‘I love you.’ Yuri thought, as he felt Beka relax against him.
It had only been a short cat-nap. Yuri was sure that it was all it had been.

“Zhanym.” Beka was nipping at his neck. His hand wandering down Yuri’s side. “Want a second round?”

“Hmm, don’t need to ask me twice.” Yuri pulled Beka to him, and languidly started kissing him. Letting his tongue run along Beka’s teeth, a sigh escaping both of them. There was something about the warmth of Otabek’s skin that felt a little like being home. Beka tightened his grip on Yuri’s shoulder before rolling them over.

“Turn around.”


“Trust me.” Yuri followed Beka’s guidance. Until his knees were on either side of Beka's head. “Spread your legs a little more.” Yuri jumped a little as Beka took him into his mouth, and started bobbing his head.

“Fuck,” Yuri whispered. He kissed Beka’s side before licking at Beka’s slit. He moaned as he sucked the tip into his mouth and felt Beka’s abs tense under him.

“Are you sure?” Aiman asked doubtfully.

“Of course I am! I love her!” Alikhan glared at his sister.

“Ok, ok, we love her too. Just making sure her family approves.” Aiman put her hand on Beka’s door and pushed it open. “Supper’s….WHAT THE FUCK?! What is WRONG with you?!?!? At least wait until it’s night!!!”

Beka and Yuri jumped apart. Yuri’s knee collided with Beka’s temple and he bounced off the bed, landing solidly on his hip. At least he managed to fall on the side of the bed away from the door.

“You didn’t even knock!” Beka yelled at his sister. Alikhan wolf whistled.

“Nice legs Yuri.” He said dryly. Yuri was torn between wanting the floor to swallow him and wanting to flip Alikhan off.

He flipped off Alikhan.

And grabbed a blanket off the foot of Otabek’s bed. Alikhan burst out laughing. Aiman and Otabek were yelling at each other in a mix of Kazakh, Russian, and English, the majority of which was one calling the other an idiot. Alikhan laughed harder.

“What is all the yelling about?” Beka’s mother showed up behind Alikhan and Aiman. When she saw the scene inside Beka’s room her eyebrows shot up. “Really Otabek? Lock your door for Christ’s sake .”

“I used a doorstop!” Beka had managed to cover himself with a pillow during the yelling. “Teach them how to not barge into other people’s rooms.”

Yuri’s eyes met with Amina’s as he poked his head up. At her stare he let his face fall onto the mattress. Amina walked away.
“Supper’s ready. Hurry up… and wash up!!!”

Chapter End Notes

That happened. Ha ha!

As always comments are seriously appreciated. Come yell at me on Tumblr: storylover92
“Your mom hates me now.” Yuri mumbled into the bed.

“Pft, pretty sure I’ll be the one getting yelled at.” Otabek looked at his boyfriend. “You ok?”

“Embarrassed as fuck.”

“I mean did you hurt yourself?” Beka chuckled.

“I don’t think so. Might get a bruise.” Yuri shrugged, his face still in the mattress. “What about you?”

“I'm fine. Put your clothes on. Time to eat.” Otabek ran his fingers through Yuri’s hair.

“Can’t I eat in here?” Yuri looked up at Beka with a wry smile.

“Oh no,” Beka laughed. “If I have to face the ribbing in there then you do too, Zhanym.”

“Zhanym,” Yuri let the word roll off his tongue and realized he didn’t recognize it. He grabbed his clothes “What does that mean?”

“My soul,” Otabek pulled up his pants and slipped his shirt over his head. Yuri was a little disappointed that he had to see Beka covered up again. Then his words hit him, ‘my soul.’ Yuri felt his heart stop and his breath catch for a moment as he stared dumbly at Otabek. Beka turned back to look at him. “Ready for this? Yura?”

“Huh?” Yuri shook himself out of his thoughts. “No but what choice do I have?”

“None…pretty much none.” Beka chuckled. “Provided you want to eat.”

Yuri wrapped his arm around Otabek’s waist and cupped his jaw and kissed him. “Zhanym. I like it.”

“Zhanym,” Beka said against his lips and let his fingers wind into his hair. Beka pulled Yuri closer against him. And whispered in his ear. “I know we both want to hole up in here but we really should go out.”

“Give me a moment.” Yuri let his head rest against Beka’s, breathing in his sent. He was elated and his heart wouldn’t slow down. He pulled Beka into a deep kiss again before agreeing to go out the kitchen for dinner.

___________
“There’s the lovebirds.” Alikhan mumbled.

“You’re such a smug bastard.” Otabek grabbed a glass for Alikhan to pour him a scotch. Then tossed back a shot of tequila.

“Otabek, for the hundredth time language. And it’s a bit early isn’t it?” Beka’s mom raised an eyebrow. He gave her a pleading look.

“Oh, give him a break mom. He’s just having to remind himself he’s a man.”

“Bigger man than you.” Beka mumbled and grabbed a plate.

“Yuriiiiii!!!!!!!” Katie squealed and ran up to him. Yuri picked her up and swung her onto his hip.

“Have you gotten taller?” Yuri asked her.

“Yep! Will you read to me after supper?”

“Sure.”

“Thank you!” She hugged him. Yuri helped her put together her plate.

Dinner was quiet. Too quiet for the Altins. Yuri looked around and couldn’t figure out if it was normal or not. Beka didn’t seem to care, he was too busy sipping on another glass of wine. Honestly, Yuri was just grateful for a home cooked meal.

“Yuri come read to me,” Katie tugged on his sleeve when she was done eating.

“Give me a few more minutes, I’m almost done.”

“Kay,” she sighed.

“You ok?” Yuri asked Beka as stood up to take his plate out.

“Hm yeah, great!” Beka smiled at Yuri, his cheeks flushed. Yuri nodded and rolled his eyes a bit.

Yuri sat down on the couch and Katie clamored into his lap like last time. He read a few fairy tales and another story book to her when her little brother tried to climb onto his lap too.

“No! My Yuri!” She tried to push her brother off his lap.

“Katie, there’s room for him too.” Yuri resituated them and Katie pouted for a bit until Yuri started reading one of her favorite stories. Both them started falling asleep half-way through it. Aiman came in and smiled at them. “Where are they sleeping?”

“In my room,” she whispered and went to grab Katie.

“Nnn, m’Yu-i.” Katie snuggled in closer against Yuri. He bit back a laugh and shrugged.

“You take him, I’ll take her.” Yuri suggested. Aiman nodded and picked up her son. Yuri carefully
stood up and followed Amina to her room where they laid down the kids and slipped out. “About earlier…”

“Don’t worry about it,” Aiman cut him off. “It’s not the first time something like that has happened in this family. It won’t be the last. And Mom really needs to double check all the locks, I bet Beka’s is one that doesn’t work.”

“Wait…not the first time?” Yuri stopped dead in his tracks.

“Yeah, it happened to Greg and I a couple of times when we were trying to have Katie. Ali and Melissa got caught once. Though none of us were in such an…adventurous position. So, bonus points for creativity.” She nudged him and chuckled.

“Gawd,” Yuri blushed. “What about your mom?” Yuri was still a little uneasy about the situation.

“She’s given birth to five kids. She can hardly say she’s a prude,” Aiman shrugged. “Welcome to the family.”

Yuri sighed, feeling a little better. Then they walked into the living room. Beka had a half empty bottle of beer sitting next to him. As soon as Yuri was in reach Beka grabbed his wrist and pulled him onto his lap.

“Ainalaiyn,” Beka started nuzzled against Yuri’s shoulder and neck. “Mahabbatym.”

“Beka,” Yuri rolled his eyes as his boyfriend kept kissing his neck. “Beka, I don’t speak Kazakh. And your whole family is here.”

Beka pulled Yuri closer to him and started nibbling his ear. Yuri finally put his hand over Otabek’s mouth and pushed him back. He scrunched his nose, “You smell like you just crawled out of a bottle.”

“He kinda did,” Alikhan smirked. Yuri turned back to Beka.

“How much did you drink?”

“Um,” He paused. “Seven.”

“Uh huh,” Yuri said skeptically.

“I spoke too soon,” Aiman said. “Now you’re part of the family!”

“Huh?” Yuri whipped his head around to look at her and Greg. Greg started laughing.

“When we were dating Ami got drunk and crawled into my lap and started calling me similar things.”

“Just one of our initiations into the family.” Aiman shrugged. Beka chose that moment to start giggling and pull Yuri impossibly closer to him.

“Yeah…I need to get you to bed, don’t I?” Yuri started disentangling himself from Beka’s grip. And Beka seemed to think about Yuri’s words.
“Whelp…I won’t try to stop you,” Beka cleared his throat and tried to whisper. “But are you sure after earlier?”


“You need help?” Alikhan offered. Yuri looked from Ali to Beka and weighed it out.

“Possibly.” Yuri paused. “Beka can you stand up?”

“’M no’ that drunk.” He stood up. He wasn’t as wobbly as Yuri was expecting, but still he put his arm around Beka’s waist. Inzhu whistled. Yuri glared at her. “Damn straight,” Beka paused. “That wasn’t a good choice of words was it?”

“No, no it wasn’t,” Alikhan chuckled. Yuri let his head hang.

‘Do not encourage this.’ Yuri thought, towards Alikhan and Inzhu. Amina gave both Inzhu and Alikhan a pointed look and they quieted. They started walking back to Beka’s room. Yuri helped him undress down to his boxers, and if he let his hands wander up Beka’s sides then who would really mind? Beka hooked his thumbs into his waistband, the outline of his cock visible.

“You can leave those on.”

“But,” Otabek paused, his brow furrowed. “I thought you were taking me to bed.”

“And here’s your bed.” Yuri pointed out. “I brought you to it.”

“But we can’t have any fun if we’re not naked.”

“We aren’t going to have sex when you’re drunk.” Yuri chuckled at Beka’s almost pout.

“But we could.” Otabek wagged his eyebrows. Yuri let his head fall into his hand.

“Come on,” Yuri patted the mattress. Beka crawled in and grabbed Yuri’s hand.

“Are you going to sleep in here?”

“Yep, but I’m going to get a couple of things first. Ok?” Yuri ran his hands through Beka’s hair. He didn’t look overly pleased.

“M’kay.”
Yuri wandered back into the kitchen and got a glass of water before slipping into the living room, behind the couch Amina was sitting in.

“Do you have any aspirin?”

“Of course.” Amina stood up to show him were it was in the medicine cabinet. “Here you are. Put the trash can next to his bed too.”

“Um, yeah.” Yuri shifted on his feet.

“Is something wrong, Yuri?” Amina paused. “If it's about earlier…”

“No, embarrassing as that was.” Yuri mumbled. “Actually, um, what did he call me earlier?”

Amina paused, trying to remember what Otabek had said.

“Ainalaiyn and Mahabbatym?”

“Yeah.”

“The first one...is a little hard to translate. Something like ‘my precious’ or ‘cute.’ The other one is ‘my love’.” Amina smiled and cupped Yuri’s cheek. “Don’t doubt how much you mean to him. Or how welcome you are here. I know my children can be…” Amina let her voice trail off, seemingly to try to find the right word.

“Otabek warned me that his siblings don’t have boundaries.” Yuri shrugged, and felt a blush cross his cheeks. “Um, one more thing. Has he been this drunk before?”

Amina gave him a smirk. “Oh, yes. He should be fine though.”

“Thank you.” Yuri backed out and went back to Beka’s room.
“Beka,” Yuri knelt by the bed. “I need you to take these.” He handed him two of the pills and the water. Shaking his head at Beka mumbling something in Kazakh, with the occasional Russian word thrown in.

“Thought you were staying here.” Beka whined.

“I am, I am.” He ran a hand down Beka’s back before climbing in on the other side of the bed. He slid up behind Otabek and checked his phone.

Phichit- Heeeey… how’s it going???? Hvent heard from u

‘ Oh gawd it’s a fucking group chat’ Yuri sank against the pillows.

Yuri- atm? Beka’s drunk off his ass
P- OMG mee toooooo…. 
Y- couldn’t tell *eye roll*
Leo- Phichit stfu
P- but we need to know how Yuri’s doinggggg
P-have you to done it yet
P-please tell me you’ve done iiiiiit
Y- listen to Leo
P- but ive got to know how big your bf is
L- you have a bf stop drooling over other people
P- and it feels sooooo gooooooooood
Y- drooling over other people feels good?

Yuri knew what Phichit meant but now seemed like a good time to mess with him.

P- no
P- sex feels good
P- so good
Beka started snoring, Yuri started quietly laughing. He was about to type a reply when he heard a soft knock on the door. Inzhu popped her head in.

“Mom made hot chocolate, want some?” Inzhu

“Sure,” Yuri jumped a bit when Beka snored a little louder.

“He’ll be fine if you want to watch some corny movies with us. He wasn’t *that* drunk,” She smiled knowingly. “Seriously, you don’t have to exile yourself just because he’s an embarrassment after a couple of shots.”

Yuri looked at Beka. He was sleeping soundly on his stomach, Yuri had made sure that Beka was comfortable, but also safe.

“Which corny movies?”

“Ummm… I don’t know, there’s some Hallmark movies.” Inzhu thought. Yuri made a face.

“Yes to the hot Chocolate, no to the Hallmark Lifetime-y movies.”

“Ugh, fine I think we have ‘A Christmas Story’.” Inzhu stuck her tongue out at him. “Grinch.”

“Better than Scrooge.” Yuri stood up and pocketed his phone. As they started to walk into the living room. “By the way ‘Die Hard’ is the best Christmas movie.”

“‘Die Hard’ is not a Christmas movie.”

“Yes it is.” Alikhan, Greg, and Yuri responded instantaneously

Alikhan pointed at Yuri. “You like ‘Die Hard’?”
“Eh, yeah as far as Christmas movies go.” Yuri shrugged and gave Inzhu a healthy dose of side-eye.

Yuri grabbed a mug of hot chocolate from the kitchen and pulled his phone out.

L- Phichit. Stop.
P- but
L- stahp
P- I NEED TO KNOW
P- oops caps
P- I need to knoowwwww all of my friends are having good sex
Y- so it has to be good?
P- no point in bad sex
P- OMG is he bad in bed?????????
Y- No.
P- YOU DID GET LAID
P- im so happy for u
P- is he big…
Y- ….
P- cmon yuri tell meeeeee
Y- fuck you’re whiny when you’re drunk
P- but I need to kno
Y- fine but does it have to be in the group chat
P- no
L- There is a God my phone can stop buzzing

Yuri walked back into the living room and plopped on the couch, curling his legs under him. The men had lost. A Hallmark-style Christmas movie was coming on. Yuri shook his head and saw that Phichit had already texted him out of the group chat.
P- is he big did he fuck you or did you fuck him

Y- yes yes and yes

P- O.O

P- tell. Me. everything.

Y- after break. I’ll give you all the juicy details.

P- all. of. them.

Y- yeah all of them *rolls eyes*

P- there better be some juicy moments

Y- you would find me sucking him off juicy

P- …

Y- nothing?

P- no --.

Yuri put his phone away and looked around. Alikhan was slipping some RumChata into his hot chocolate and his dad’s. The younger siblings were truly bored out of their minds. Amina, Inzhu and Aiman all looked to be thoroughly enjoying the movie. Greg was playing with Aiman’s hair, ignoring the movie. Yuri looked back to the screen and after five minutes of sappy moments felt his brain starting to melt. But he settled in and tried to see the merits. There had to be one. After all, it had been produced by...someone. Right? Yuri was beginning to have his doubts.

“Mama,” Katie had wandered out to the living room. “Can I have some water?”

“Sure,” Aiman began to stand. Yuri held his hand up and shook his head before taking Katie’s hand and walking her into the kitchen. After she’d had a small cup of water he carried her back to her mom’s room and she yawned against his shoulder. Her thick black hair was already sticking up everywhere. He tucked her back in.

Yuri took the opportunity to slip into the bathroom and pull out his phone. Quickly, and through no small number of Google searches he found a reliable list of Kazakh endearments. Then he ran them through Google translate to hear how to pronounce them. He snuck back into Beka’s room and cuddled up to him.

“Where’d you do?” Beka mumbled, he’d sobered up a touch.
“Inzhu wanted me to spend some time with the rest of the family.” Yuri pulled Beka against him.

“Hmmm, tha’s nice.” Beka sighed before turning around so he could tuck Yuri under his chin. Yuri didn’t mind, it made the booze on Beka’s breath a little harder to smell.

“Good night, Altynym.” Yuri let his eyes slip shut, sighing as Beka wrapped his arms a little tighter around him.

Chapter End Notes

when it rains it pours lol
Also, I have nothing against Hallmark movies
And as always your comments are always appreciated and valued!

Come yell at me on tumblr: storylover92
“Merry Christmas Eve,” Otabek kissed the top of Yuri’s head. They were a mess of tangled limbs bathed in the early morning light.

“Merry Christmas but, Beka?” Yuri stretched.

“Hm?”

“Go brush your teeth. I can smell your breath down here,” Yuri grumbled. Beka breathed into his hand and had to admit Yuri had a point. With a groan he disentangled himself from Yuri’s lean limbs and rolled up.

“Oh, fuck.” Beka let his head drop to his knees.

“Hm?” Yuri looked up and saw Beka doubled over. “You’re not going to heave are you?”

“No, my head’s just throbbing,” Otabek sat back up slowly. “I shouldn’t have drank that much.”

“Ok, I promise you’ll get sympathy from me. But right now you’re going to hear, ‘No shit, Sherlock.’” Yuri ran a hand up his back. “Go brush your teeth. I’ll make you breakfast. The first course will be fruit and aspirin.”

“And coffee.” Beka stood up.

“And coffee.” Yuri started crawling out of bed. ‘And water.’ Yuri thought.

“Is this better?” Beka spun Yuri around and kissed him. Beka let his tongue run over Yuri’s lips, Yuri parted his lips as Beka backed him against the counter.
“Ahem,” Amina cleared her throat. Yuri blushed and Beka coughed a few times.

“Morning Mom.”

“Good morning Beka,” Amina poured herself some coffee. Yuri reached behind him and set a bowl of fruit on the breakfast bar behind him beside the bottle of aspirin and a glass of water. Beka nodded his thanks and reached for the bottle but failed to move and held a finger up to tell him to give him a moment. Yuri gave him another confused look when he moved and felt why Beka didn’t want to move right away.

‘Really Beka?’ Yuri gave him a look, Beka replied with a sheepish smile before dry swallowing a couple of pills.

“Want some eggs?” Yuri asked. Beka nodded and took a seat as he popped a piece of fruit into his mouth. Amina had been watching them out of the corner of her eye. It was something she always did when one of her kids started dating. Yuri pulled out the stuff he wanted from the fridge and scrambled a few eggs.

“GOOD MORNING!!!!” Inzhu yelled right into Otabek’s ear, making him jump.

“Zuzu, I swear…” Otabek paused. Threatening his siblings was an art. Threatening her with death would be taken the wrong way by his mom and his sister would see it as a joke. But he had a better idea. “If you do that again I’ll delete all of your stuff from the DVR, post nothing but spoilers for every show and movie you like. And all of your chick flick dvds? Those will be put through Dad’s shredder.”

“You wouldn’t dare.”

“I have a hangover and didn’t have that great of a night.” His eyes narrowed. “Try me.”

Yuri could see the internal war in Inzhu’s eyes. On one hand, she really wanted to annoy her brother. On the other, the threat could almost be taken seriously. She decided not to try her luck. At least, not at this exact moment.
Yuri served up the eggs on a few plates and passed them out to Beka, Inzhu and Amina. Beka finished first and excused himself. Yuri finished his breakfast and poured himself another coffee before going out to the living room, where he saw Otabek going through the movies.

“What are you doing?” Yuri looked around, and noticed they were alone.

“We do a movie marathon every Christmas Eve. I’ll be damned if I have to watch some of these again.” Otabek tucked some of the discs behind books on the built in shelves. Others he carried out of the living room. Yuri quirked an eyebrow and followed him down the hall. Almost everyone was chatting in the kitchen and Otabek knew it.

“I wonder,” Beka slipped into Alikhan’s room and opened the closet. “Ha! I can’t believe he still has these here.” Yuri shot him a confused look. Beka smiled and held up a dvd case, it was obviously some cheap porno. Beka looked through the box a little better, tucking some of the Christmas movies in among the magazines and x-rated movies.

“...Wondered where that went.” Beka muttered.

“What?” Yuri quirked an eyebrow.

“Um,” he blushed. “I had a couple of videos I put onto discs and they ended up in here. Kinda surprised he wanted this one.” Beka pulled out a couple of memorex discs and slipped them into his waistband under his shirt.

Beka walked back to his room and stashed one of the discs in his nightstand. He held the other one in his hand, conflicted. Yuri leaned against the dresser and waited for the explanation. Otabek reluctantly looked at Yuri, knowing he’d have to explain it.

“This one has a lot of gay porn on it. Like eight hours worth.” Beka smirked, “And I’m wondering if I should label it and put it back in the box.”

“Why didn’t you put the box back in the closet?”

“Well... in case mom has to drop something off in his room.” Beka pulled out a sharpie and wrote on the front of the disc. ‘Gay Porn Marathon’
“Really?” Yuri rolled his eyes.

“Subtlety is not the name of this game. Besides, this is crap compared to what’s on my laptop now.” He shrugged and snuck back to Alikhan’s room.

Yuri and Beka were cuddled under a blanket under the couch. A Christmas Story was just wrapping up and Inzhu was trying to find the next movie.

“Where’s A Carol Christmas?” Inzhu sighed.

“You mean A Christmas Carol?” Yuri asked.

“No, it’s based on that but it’s better.”

“No it’s not.” Alikhan said flatly.

“Is to!”

“Why?”

“Because it’s about a glamorous woman instead of a cranky old man.”

“Did...Did you just insult Dickens?” Aiman quirked a brow.

“Ooo, you know what happens now.” Greg chuckled. “Insult him on Christmas Eve and you’ll get to see three ghosts of your own.”

“ Fucking English teachers,” Inzhu muttered under her breath. Making sure to be quiet enough so her mom didn’t hear.

“Where is it?” Inzhu crossed her arms.

“I don’t know.” Otabek shrugged.

“I was nice while you got over your hangover, if you shredded it...” his sister trailed off threateningly.

“I didn’t shred anything! Just like I said I wouldn’t!”

“Fine,” Suddenly Inzhu pushed Yuri off Beka’s lap.

“Ophf, hey!”

“Yuri, language.” Amina said from the kitchen. He didn’t even get to have the fun of swearing before being told to watch it. “Inzhu don’t push people. Especially people bigger than you.”

“Yuri’s not bigger than me!”


“I’m four inches taller than you.” Yuri said more triumphantly than he should.

“I just want my movies!”

“You watched them last night.” Yuri pointed out.

“Ali, help? Aimi?” Inzhu looked at her older brother, obviously hoping someone would take her side.
“Sorry, Brat.” Alikhan sat back and put his feet up on the ottoman.

“Nope, had my fill.”

“Ugh, fiinee. Jim Carrey it is.”

Yuri and Beka tossed her onto the over-sized chair. Otabek found the movie of choice and hit ‘play’.

Yuri found himself in the kitchen, mixing up cookies and having to watch for Katie and her brother who tended to be underfoot. And frequently asking for samples. Yuri slipped them one when Aiman wasn’t looking. He took the first tray out of the oven and put the chocolate stars on top. Amina was in the process of making some traditional dishes that would be ready for supper. Aiman was dicing whatever her mother told her to: vegetables, fruit, chocolate, and last meat. Once the cookies were done and the kids were distracted by cutting out sugar cookies, Amina handed Yuri a couple of recipe cards to set to work on. Between Aiman and him the kids were able to get their cookies done and Yuri set the first bowl of dough aside to proof while he started mixing up the batter.

He considered Otabek’s words from Thanksgiving, how he said that his family was chaotic. And how he liked watching the mess not being a part of it. And that’s exactly where Yuri was. Right in the thick of it.

Stepping into the dining room felt like a godsend, being so much cooler than the kitchen. Yuri took the towel from his shoulder and wiped his forehead and neck before setting the plates out. To add to the table, and as an excuse not to go back into the stifling heat and noise, he started folding the napkins. After a couple of tries he finally remembered how to do a Christmas tree shape.

‘I should take up origami.’ He thought to himself.

“Mommy can I open up a present?” Katie sat on her mom’s lap.

“One little one but then you have to go to bed. Santa will be here soon.” Katie had already put the plate of cookies together and set them on the side table. She scrambled off her mom’s lap and dug
under the tree for a tiny present wrapped in silver paper. She tore it open and pulled out some little earrings and a note saying that she could get her ears pierced. Everyone flinched as she squealed and hugged her dad.

“Ok to bed with you!” He said and swung her onto his hip and carefully picking up his son from Amina’s lap as not to wake him. Once they were out of site Aiman started pulling out gifts from the hall closet.

“Mom could you go grab the ones I had Alikhan hide in his room for me?”

“Of course Sweetheart.” Amina stood up to leave. Alikhan had tucked himself against Melissa and was dozing. Otabek perked up and pulled Yuri close to him.

“Inzhu I found your movies.” Amina handed her a few cases.

“More than that’s missing though.” She frowned still not sure where the others were.

“Well those are what I found.”

“And Alikhan, why were they in your room?” Amina quirked an eyebrow.

“What’d I do?” Ali popped his head up from his girlfriend’s chest. Inzhu held up the movies. “They were in a box beside your closet. Among other things. ‘A Boyfriend for Christmas’? Really?”

Alikhan blanched.

“I don’t know how they got there though.”

“I’m guessing you also don’t know how those magazines and other movies got there either.”

“Some of those are Beka’s!”
“Mine?” Otabek looked at his brother. “Then why would they be in your room?”

Alikhan stammered for an answer that didn’t come. Amina passed the gifts to Aiman to arrange under the tree.

“Yura,” Otabek breathed wrapping his hand around his waist. “Did you want a turn?”

“Hmm?” Yuri looked over his shoulder at Beka.

“Did you want a turn bottoming?” He ran his fingers through Yuri’s long hair before pulling him into a kiss. “Or do you just want to go to bed?”

“Mmm, bed if you don’t mind. Your sisters are exhausting.”

“Just my sisters? You give this family far too much credit.” Beka stepped away and stripped down for bed. Yuri crawled under the covers and held them open for Beka who slid in. “Good night, Zhanym.”

“Good night, Moya Lyubov.” Yuri pulled him against his chest and felt Beka melt against him.

Light was streaming through Beka’s window, Yuri reached back and checked his phone. 5:45 am.

‘No. Nope. Uh-huh,’ Yuri thought as he heard Katie squealing down the hall and it sounded like her brother was hot on her heels. He groaned, ‘Why.’

“What time is’t?” Otabek grumbled.

“Hell-no-o’clock.” Yuri nestled back against Beka.
“That’s wha’I thought.” He flinched as there was more squealing as the kids rushed around trying to get everyone up so they could open their Santa presents.

“Uncle Obek! Yuri! Wake up!” Katie hit her little hand on their door. They heard Aiman’s voice on the outside, she cracked the door open.

“Okay, are you ready?” Aiman asked. Otabek didn’t dare look at her. He knew what was coming. “Go wake them up!”

The kids charged in and jumped on Beka’s bed and started shaking them awake.

“Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!” They chanted.

“Eh I was thinking about sleeping all day.” Otabek grumbled from under the pillow.

“But if you’re not up we can’t open presents,” Katie pouted. Yuri looked up and saw her little lip quiver.

‘That was a mistake,’ He thought.

“Ok, you go with your mom and make sure everyone else is up and we’ll meet you in the living room.” Yuri said, thinking that would work.

“Will you play with us?”

“I wanna play with him,” Otabek pretended to pout.

“I can play with both of you.” Yuri mumbled, still mostly burrowed into the blankets. “Go make sure everyone else is up.”

Yuri slipped on some pajama pants and a t-shirt before finally coaxing Beka out of bed with promises of a number of sexual favors if he would. Just. Get. Up. And get dressed.
Yuri handed Beka his first present, a rather large and heavy box. Otabek looked at him with puzzled eyes before tearing it open.

“Yura, this is most of my reading list.”

“Oh, I know.” Clearly Otabek hadn’t seen *the book*. He started pulling them out of the box.

“This is wonder…” Otabek pulled out the last book. “Really Yura?”

“What? You don’t like it?” He feigned innocence. Otabek continued to stare him down.

“What’s in the box?” Alikhan rubbed his hands together and looked at his brother with the world’s biggest shit-eating grin. Yuri slid a little further away on the couch as Beka held up the last book. Beka’s parents, Aiman, Alikhan, and Inzhu burst out laughing.

“*The ‘I don’t know how to cook’ Cookbook.*” Aiman read from the chair beside them and waved her hand for Beka to pass it over. “I don’t know, I mean most of these recipes call for either a stove or an oven...that still gives you plenty of room to set off the smoke detector.”

“Hahaha, so funny. I cook at my apartment.” Otabek deadpanned.

“Microwave meals don’t count.” Aiman passed the book over to Amina.

“Does chicken and rice?”

“With roasted vegetables,” Yuri added. “It was good.”

“And I didn’t set off the smoke detectors.” Beka stuck his tongue out at his sister.
“Wait wait wait,” Alikhan pointed at Otabek. “You learned how to cook and you haven’t been helping with the holiday cooking? Slacker.”

“Throwing something together and following a recipe are two different things.” Amina tossed the book back to Otabek.

“Well, all of those recipes have more than one ingredient,” Aiman looked at Otabek and shrugged. “Yuri, you know how to follow a recipe right?”

Yuri nodded.

“Give him lessons.” Aiman and Amina said in unison. Yuri smiled at Otabek.

“Of course, it would be my pleasure.” Yuri smirked, obviously pleased with himself.

“Yuri, draw with me!” Katie demanded as she walked over with her new art set.

“Manners, Katie.” Aiman said, an automatic response at this point.

“Pleeesease,” Katie amended. Aiman rolled her eyes, it would do.

“Sure,” Yuri handed Beka his other present. “No gags in that one.”

It was a stack of vinyl records, and Yuri had been right Beka liked all of the artists. He joined Yuri on the floor with Katie drawing and doodling. After a little while Katie started entertaining herself with various toys. Otabek slipped Yuri his present. Yuri tore it open and pulled out a leather jacket.

“For this spring, so you can join me on the bike and I won’t have to worry about what you’re wearing. You’ll want to start breaking it in now though.” Beka smiled before Yuri gave him quick kiss. He slipped it on to test the fit, it was a little big but with a sweatshirt it would fit perfectly.
After brunch Katie had crawled up onto the couch by Yuri and had curled up with her new stuffed animal and fallen asleep. Yuri was curled up against Beka and was falling asleep too, while everyone chatted around him. He didn’t mind early mornings but anything before 6:45am was too early and would required a nap. It didn’t help that Beka was running his fingers through his hair and occasionally scratching his scalp.

Why bother staying awake?

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

Comments are always appreciated!

And feel free to yell at me on Tumblr- storylover92
“You’re a brat, Yura,” Otabek pushed him against the wall of the shower with no force or venom in his voice. Everyone had finished getting ready for bed, so it was just them who were awake in the quiet house. Thankfully Otabek had turned on the radio, but that only covered up so much noise. The running water would have to do the rest of the soundproofing for what Otabek had in mind.

“And yet I don’t hear you complaining,” Yuri smirked, he knew Otabek didn’t have a problem with a single one of his gifts. But the smugness faded the second Otabek took him in hand.

“Oh, not complaining at all.” He pressed himself up against the blonde, pulling him into a rough kiss. Their tongues ran over each other, Otabek bit Yuri’s bottom lip making him moan before returning the favor. Give and take, ebb and flow. It was something that came so naturally to them but still made Yuri’s breath catch. The hot water trailed down their bodies, and Yuri could feel Beka’s dick against his hip. He let his fingers wander down Beka’s chest and stomach and started following the trail of hair down to Beka’s groin. Only for his wrists to be pinned above his head with one of Beka’s hands and hiked Yuri’s leg over his hip with the other.

“So, the real question is,” he held up a little square packet. “Do you want me to use this, or not?”

Yuri vaguely remembered during their first time and in the haze of his second orgasm that night telling Beka that he wished that he could really feel him. So now the question, did he mean it? Yeah, he did, but…

“No, but how about we wait to not use it until we get back to your room.” Yuri pressed a kiss to Beka’s lips.

“Anything you want.”

They managed to cool down just enough to finish getting rinsed off and barely dry before slipping over to Otabek’s room. Otabek dropped the towel from his hips before pulling Yuri against his chest
and pushed his towel to the floor. Grinding himself against the curve of Yuri’s ass. Biting the juncture of his shoulder.

“So beautiful, Yura.” Beka spread one hand over his chest, and the other slid down his side until it was on his hip. Yuri let his head fall against Beka’s shoulder, he wasn’t sure if he wanted his hand to move forward and start jerking him off or back to start prepping him. Fortunately, it seemed like he had a plan and nudged Yuri forward toward the bed. He walked forward more than willingly.

“On your knees,” Beka whispered roughly, sucking on Yuri’s ear lobe.

“What if I have a better idea?” Yuri managed to separate himself from Otabek turning to face him.

“What do you have in mind?” Beka picked up the bottle of lube from the night stand.

“This,” Yuri laid back on the bed and stretched out his leg, let it bend elegantly, and tucked his ankle behind his head. Beka stared at his boyfriend with wide eyes, the bottle nearly slipped from his fingers and he quickly recovered it before it fell to the floor. Yuri suppressed a laugh when he saw Beka’s cock twitch.

“Wow,” Beka cleared his throat. “Um, how?”

“Ballet, since I was four.” Yuri bent his other leg to the side.

“Can um, are you flexible enough to suck yourself off?” Otabek still looked like a deer in the headlights.

“You really want to talk about that when you could be fucking me?” He quirked an eyebrow.

“Ok, yeah good point.” Beka coated his fingers and started circling Yuri’s rim with his finger tip. Slowly he started pushing in with one finger, he wanted to go faster but he had to remind himself that Yuri wasn’t used to this. Not yet. He tapped against Yuri’s prostate and bent to suck one of Yuri’s nipples as he arched his back. Slowly, he started pushing in a second finger. He kissed down Yuri’s abdomen before sucking his dick into the back of his throat as he started scissoring his fingers.

“Fuck,” Yuri gasped. He let his eyes roll in pleasure, it was all so good it was hard to say what felt better: Beka’s mouth or his fingers. Yuri relaxed into his touch as he added a third finger and started
“Please,” Yuri pleaded.

“Please what?” There was a teasing lilt to Otabek’s voice. He knew what Yuri wanted.

“Fuck me.” Yuri gasped, there was a certain finality in his voice. Beka pulled his fingers out making him whine at the loss.

“Shh,” Beka poured lube on his cock and leaned over Yuri pressing him into the mattress. “I got you.”

Yuri pulled him into a deep kiss letting his tongue run along his lips. Groaning as Beka pushed into him. Beka broke the kiss and rested his forehead against Yuri’s, slowly pushing until he was fully seated in Yuri. With Yuri’s ankle behind his head Beka was pressing right against his prostate making his eyes roll.


“Right there, Beka. Fuck.” Yuri whispered against his lips. Beka circled his hips deep, making Yuri bite his lip to stop from moaning too loud. The last thing either of them wanted was to wake someone up. He wrapped a hand around Yuri and started stroking him, Yuri writhed as much as he could making Beka’s rhythm lose its pace. ‘It feels so good,’ Yuri thought. ‘So good.’

“Yura, I’m close. Where do you want me to finish?”

“Don...Don’t care.” Yuri stammered. His eyes were closed, nails dug into Otabek’s shoulders and came across his stomach. Beka pulled out and finished on Yuri’s chest before falling against Yuri, both of them clinging to each other in the aftershocks. Beka reached over to grab some tissues as Yuri started unfolding himself.

“Um Beka,” Yuri paused. “I think I’m stuck.”

“What?” Beka froze and looked at Yuri. “Do...do I need to get someone?”
“What? No!”

“Are you sure? My mom is a physical therapist.”

“Beka, Zolotse, your mom is not going to see me like this. Ever.” Yuri rolled his eyes. “My muscles just locked. Push my leg past my shoulder, it’ll be fine.” Beka carefully followed Yuri’s instructions. Once his leg was past his shoulder Yuri slowly moved his leg down and rubbed at his hip. Beka handed him a tissue. “Not sure I’ll be able to walk any time soon.”

“On one hand, I’m sorry you’re in pain. But on the other hand, I’m kind of proud of that.” Beka shot him a grin making Yuri roll his eyes and slap his chest. He pulled Yuri against him under the blankets. “I love you.” He whispered against Yuri’s hair. As Yuri looked at him, his skin seemed warmer in the lamp light. His eyes a beautiful chocolate brown as he looked at Yuri with total adoration.

“I love you too,” Yuri leaned down and kissed him, his heart pounding in his chest.

"Zhanam, you can’t go out there with a limp.” Beka had to fight a laugh as Yuri moved, his hip still stiff from the previous night.

“Either I walk or you carry me. And I’m pretty sure that’s more conspicuous, Alikhan would have a field day.” Yuri shoved another shirt into his suitcase.

“Ali will still say something if you limp.” Beka cringed at the thought of what his brother could come up with. “Can’t you loosen up the muscle? Stretching? Anything?”

“A hot bath, maybe.” Yuri did another lunge, feeling his hip pop. “Honestly though, I want to get home.”

“Home, hm?” Beka pulled Yuri to him, kissing his cheek.
“Yuri, I’m glad I caught you,” Amina pulled Yuri into the office. The same office where she had yelled at Otabek right before Thanksgiving.

“I swear I didn’t do anything,” Yuri stated immediately.

“What?” Amina turned to Yuri with her brows raised and chuckled at the look of apprehension on Yuri’s face. She motioned for him to sit in the office chair. “I just wanted to say I’ve really enjoyed having you here.”

“Thanks.” Yuri swallowed unable to shake his nervousness. Something was up, he knew it.

“My youngest really likes you.” She smiled, and Yuri felt a little more at ease.

“So does my oldest. All of my kids seem to like you, especially Otabek.”

Yuri felt himself tense again. “Um, yeah, I really like him too.”

Amina shrugged, toying with the edge of a book that bristled with bookmarks. “It’s difficult to make sure every one of your children is happy, you know. It’s nice when they find someone who can help with that. But Otabek, well, you’ve seen him. He loves with everything he is, heart on his sleeve from day one.”

Yuri had to admit, it seemed really true.

“I won’t tell you my son’s past. That’s not my place but, he hasn’t had...a significant other in nearly two years. I am just really, really happy he’s met someone who makes him happy. But.” The trepidation in Amina’s voice was palatable. “But I wouldn’t be doing my job as a mother if I didn’t make sure he was being safe.”

Yuri covered his face and groaned. He could feel the blood rushing to his face, at this rate even his ears would show his blush. “I’ve already had this talk with my uncle when I was sixteen.”

“Oh?” Amina arched an eyebrow and smirked.

“I get it, safe sex is good sex.” Yuri, chose not to add how they might have foregone that the previous night. He didn’t have a death wish.
“Well, yes. But also,” Amina sighed and sat back in her own chair. “No mother enjoys seeing their children with a broken heart. Is any of this making sense?”

There was a sense that she’d seen her fair share anyway, but Yuri still couldn’t look at her. Every ounce of embarrassment from the other day came flooding back. "Use condoms. Don’t hurt Beka. Does that sum it up?"

Amina stood up and walked over to Yuri, lifting his face. “I want the best for my children. And I can’t help but think that you are his best. I’ve never seen him look so content.”

“Content?” Yuri furrowed his brow.

Amina sighed, “Young people never understand the value of ‘content’. You always want extremes, but the in-between things that last. Give it ten years, you’ll see.”

“Ten years, huh?”

“Or twenty, however many you like. I’ll gladly welcome you into my kitchen.”

Yuri somehow managed to nod and blush a little more before leaving the office. He grabbed his suitcase and went to put it in the trunk of Otabek’s car.

“Otabek,” Amina caught him by the elbow as he was filling his coffee mug. “Can I have a moment?”

“Even if I said ‘no’ you would hear ‘yes’ so, yes.” He held the cup up to his lips and started to take a sip.

“It’s about Yuri.”

“Of course it is.”

“Don’t be fresh,” Amina stared her son down. “It has been a long time since Jason. And Kate. And
they never made you smile.”

“I smiled…”

“Not like this. You seem so much more relaxed. But,” Amina paused.

“But?”

“But, he’s inexperienced. Be careful with him.”

“I wasn’t aware my boyfriend was made of glass.” Otabek took another gulp of coffee before topping off his mug.

“Otabek, you know what I mean. He fits in well with this family, I’m not going to tell you to take it slow. But you two should take your time with this. Enjoy courting each other. When your father and I…”

“I’m going to stop you there.” Otabek placed a hand on his mom’s shoulder.

“Why? It was sweet your father would always write me poems, I still have them.”

“I’m not writing poetry.” Beka finally managed to wrestle the lid onto the travel mug. Amina rolled her eyes.

“Romance is dead,” she lamented. Beka kissed his mom’s cheek and headed towards the door. Amina followed and hugged her son. “Drive safe.”

“I always do, Mama.”

“Call when you get home.” She turned to hug Yuri, “Take care of my Beka, yeah?”
“Of course.” Yuri blushed.

_________________________

Beka took a deep breath before jumping out into the cold to pop the trunk. Yuri braced himself before opening his own door and stepping out into the bracing cold, cursing the massive size of the old car. He grabbed his suitcase and sprinted to the door, the problem was he didn’t have a key, so he was left shivering outside the door.

“Hurry up!” Yuri shifted feet before muttering. “It’s freaking cold out here.”

Beka unlocked the door and Yuri leapt up the stairs and into the not-as-warm-as-he-was-hoping apartment and kicked off his boots. He carried his suitcase full of clean clothes and put them into his designated drawer in Beka’s dresser. Beka, however, upped the thermostat before dropping his suitcase in his bedroom and grabbing a blanket.

“Did you want to binge something?” Yuri crawled under another blanket on the couch.

“You go ahead, I have to finish up some mixes for New Year’s.” Otabek pulled Yuri’s feet onto his knee behind his laptop screen. “Are you going to go to Katsuki’s with me?”

“Sure,” Yuri shrugged. Bars and clubs still weren’t his thing, but he figured he could talk Phichit and Leo into going. They’d probably drag along Seung and Guang so at least that would be less boring than being there by himself. His fingers froze mid-text. “Beka?”

“Hm?”

“Did you call your mom?”

“Shit!” Beka pulled his phone out of his pocket and dialed. Then he began profusely apologizing to his mother while pacing beside the couch. “No, Mom we were never at risk of rolling the car into a ditch and dying. My car is fine. No, I don’t need to look for a safer car. The roads were fine! No ice, there wasn’t even blowing snow.” Otabek rolled his eyes and rested his head against the wall. There was no talking his mother down from a semi-sarcastic-completely-effective-guilt-trip. Yuri resumed his texts to Leo and Phichit in the group chat.

Y- Katsukis for New Years?
Before Yuri could open his menu Phichit was asking for details.

“When?”

“A couple of days after finals I think.”

“Great way to relieve stress,” Phichit smirked and finally looked at his menu before ordering a mimosa. Yuri went with orange juice.

“I know it’s none of my business but why don’t you drink?”

“A couple of reasons,” Yuri shrugged. “The brain keeps developing as late as twenty-five, alcohol can mess with that. And my dad was an alcoholic. I don’t remember much of him but…” Yuri let his voice trail off.

“Ah,” Phichit nodded, sipping on his drink. “So, tell me, what did you do?” He wagged his eyebrows.

“We had sex,” Yuri replied drily.
“No shit. But like how’d you bring it up?”

“I put on the thigh-highs and garter belt, covered up with a silk robe and let him take it off.” Yuri smirked as Phichit’s jaw nearly hit the table. “What really surprised him was the plug though.”

“What is big enough?” Somehow Phichit composed himself and even managed a neutral tone.

“Not quite, he’s a little thicker than that one. And obviously a lot longer.”

“Luck boy.” Phichit paused, “So… he let you top him too?”

“That was a different day but yeah.”

“And?”

“And both are nice?” Yuri didn’t know what else to say.

“Oh, come on…you promised me all of the details.”

“Fine fine,” Yuri started telling Phichit everything. Including being walked in on and getting his leg stuck. He was practically rolling on the floor laughing.

“His family must really like you,” Phichit smiled.

“Yeah they do.”

“So, what did you and Phichit talk about?”
“Our sex life.”

“Wait, what?”

“He wanted to know if you like what he helped pick out.”

“Hmm you haven’t worn it since, you know.”

“Well, I wasn’t about to take lingerie to your parents’ house. Imagine if I’d been wearing that when they walked in on us.”

“No...no...I’m not letting that image in my head.” Otabek looked like he saw a ghost.

“Hmm,” Yuri nodded. “How’s your set coming?”

“I’m about done with it. One or two more songs, should only take me another day.”

“Yura, wake up.”

“Hm, what time is it?” The last thing Yuri wanted was to wake up on a Sunday morning when he didn’t need to.

“About nine. Want to go get coffee?”

“...That might be the only valid reason to get out of bed this early.”

“Otabek!” The barista greeted and batted her eyelashes. “How’ve you been?”
“Um, pretty good.” Beka let an arm wrap around Yuri’s waist and pull him in closer. The barista’s smile faltered.

“So, did you want to get together sometime? There’s a new little Italian place by the lake. Apparently the lasagna is to die for.”

“This is my boyfriend Yuri.” Otabek motioned to the blonde.

“Boyfriend?” She looked almost taken aback. Before her mouth slid into a smirk. “Since when do you date?”

“Yeah, so could I get a medium cafe au lait?” Yuri cut in. He was tired, he wanted to still be in bed and there was no way he wanted to deal with some cute bottle redhead making googly eyes at his boyfriend.

“What can I get for you Beks?” She didn’t even acknowledge Yuri’s order. Beka sighed.

“Yuri’s order for starters,” she finally typed it into the screen. “And a small latte for me. With an extra shot of espresso.”

When they finally picked up their orders Beka’s had the barista’s number scribbled on the side. Beka shook his head and took Yuri’s hand, leading them out of the shop and down the block to his apartment.

“Who the hell was she?”

“Ummm...Emily? Emilia? Something that starts with an E. I think.” Otabek shrugged. “She was a one night stand who’s name I don’t even remember.” Before Yuri could say anything a voice cut through the crisp winter air.

“Hi, Otabek,” A woman stood in front of Sarah’s Cupcakes setting up the sign with the day’s specials.
“Hi, Sarah. How’ve you been?”

“Great!” Sarah beamed. “And you?”

“Good, good. How’s Mila?”

“She’s good, she got a promotion aaaaaand she bought me a ring!”

“What?”

“Yeah!” Sarah pulled out a necklace chain that had a ring dangling from it. “I can’t wear it when I’m baking but,” she shrugged.

“Congratulations! Took her long enough.”

Sarah beamed, “Five years next month. But I should get back inside, I still have another dozen cupcakes to frost.”

“See you later Sarah.”

“See ya!”

“So, that’s Greg’s sister, right?”

“Yep, younger than him by a couple of years. Her parents own the building,” Beka took a sip of his latte. “Which is why my rent is really freaking cheap.”

“Nice.”

“I’m not going to complain about it.” He smirked.
“Ready Yura?” Otabek was in the bathroom finishing applying wax to his hair.

Yuri was determined to look perfect. It wasn’t going well. He was pulling on a pair of his tightest skinny jeans that he’d already had to take off once because boxers weren’t going to work them. And he found the shirt that Phichit had given him the first time he went to Katsuki’s.

“Yeah,” His hair was a mess, but he didn’t have time to fix it. It was going to do whatever it wanted, and today that meant flyaways and split ends. Finally, he pulled on his combat boots and called it good.

He took a bag and helped Beka load a few things into his car.

P- where are you?
Y- just pulling up to the back
P- let us know when you’re inside
Y- kk

The music was thrumming through the club, the dance floor was a mass of bodies. He might be a dancer but this wasn’t what Yuri was used to. Pounding bass and everyone bumping into each other just wasn’t his definition of a good time. Studios with floor to ceiling mirrors and barres were more his style. So, Yuri sat at a table watching Beka. It was only 10:30, Beka was scheduled till midnight. Well, just after midnight, he had to do the countdown. Phichit, Leo, Guang Hong, and Seung Gil were all on the dancefloor, mostly grinding. Once in a while Yuri would catch people looking at him and he scowled if someone came too close.

Finally, at 11:58, Yuri walked into the booth and waited for the countdown. 11:59.

He stood just behind Beka feeling the bass in the bones of his heels, noticing the sheen of sweat on Beka’s neck, the way he’d rolled his sleeves up in a way that was sexy and endearing at once, the fevered delight in his eyes as he played his set. Yuri stepped forward as Beka leaned down to the mic.

“Ten,” Otabek said over the microphone. The crowd joined in for the rest. “Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one!” Everyone cheered and Yuri pulled Beka into a kiss. Beka’s hands settling over Yuri’s back pockets. Yuri made sure it was a good one, that everyone would see and
Beka wouldn’t forget.

“Happy New Year, Beka.” Yuri whispered into his ear. They headed down the short ramp into the booth, as JJ was on his way up.

“There’s a bet that really paid off, huh, Bek?” He flashed him a megawatt smile. Otabek returned it with a scowl.

“What’d he mean by that?” Yuri looked at Otabek, whose cheeks were a little flushed.

“Hi, Bek, wanna party later?” A random guy came up behind them and ran a finger up Beka’s arm, completely oblivious to Yuri’s nonplussed expression.

“Have a boyfriend.” Otabek replied shortly, thankfully the guy took the hint.

“What did he mean by a bet, Beka?” Yuri stepped back eyeing Beka.

“Can we talk backstage?” Otabek motioned behind him, Yuri nodded. They could still hear the bass but everything else was muted back there. Beka let his shoulders sag as he sat on the couch. “Um, you remember how I had all of those one night stands?”

“Yeah?” How could he forget?

“Well, Katsuki didn’t like it and my friends were getting worried about it. Which was all probably justified. So, JJ saw me checking you out at the gym when classes first started. And he told Chris, and they each bet me fifty bucks that I wouldn’t have the balls to ask you out.”

Yuri leaned against the wall opposite the couch.

“They were right. Had it not been for the cash I probably would have just kept staring at you.”

“So, you dating me was a bet? What if I had said no?” His tone was hesitant, unsure if he really wanted to know more. But apparently he did, or at least the part of his brain that controlled his mouth
“If you had said ‘no’ I still would have won. It was only based on me asking you out. Your answer was irrelevant to winning. You saying ‘yes’ was just the icing on the cake.”

“I was a bet?” Yuri looked around in disbelief. Tears pricked at his eyes, but he refused to let them fall. His gaze settled on the floor, and he let his hair hide his face.

“Yura, if that’s what it took for me to get the nerve to ask you out on that first date then I’d do it a hundred times over. That stupid bet made me ask you out instead of just staring at you… I can’t find it in me to regret it. I can’t. I’ve tried.” Beka stood up and walked the two steps to Yuri and took his hands in his. Lacing their fingers together as he rested his forehead against Yuri’s. “I can’t regret something that got me you. No matter how wrong it might have been. I love you, Yura.” Beka pressed a chaste kiss to his lips. Yuri broke it after a moment.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Yuri knew that this probably wasn’t important. Worse things had already happened. And as things go this probably wasn’t really that bad, later down the road it could even be a funny story about how they started dating. But this wasn’t the future. It was now. And Yuri wanted to make sure he understood everything that happened.

“Seemed heartless, guess I could have asked you a different way. ‘Hey, so my friends bet me a hundred bucks that I didn’t have the balls to ask you out. I’ll split it with you if you say yes,’” Otabek said, mocking his own voice. Even Yuri had to laugh a little.

“Any other dirty secrets I should know?”

“I think you just found out the most embarrassing one.” Beka paused, “But if there’s more you’ll hear them sooner or later. I’m sure Ali has a few to tell you that I’ve forgotten about. There’s the naked baby pictures my mom has somewhere.”

“Oh, no not naked baby pictures.” Yuri rolled his eyes.

“Ah for those you have to be at least a level twenty-four boyfriend. Currently you’re only a level two.”

“Two?!” Yuri pulled away. “The fuck?”
“You’ve only been dating me for two months, well two and a half but still.” Beka laughed as Yuri rolled his eyes. “So, want to go out there and dance?”

“Hm, for a little bit.” Otabek pulled Yuri along and to the edge of the dance floor where they were less likely to be bothered.

Yuri and Beka had stumbled into his apartment a couple of hours later. They managed to strip each other before falling into bed and making out before falling asleep curled up against each other.

The next thing Yuri knew his phone was blaring. It was his ringtone instead of his alarm.

“Hello?” Yuri managed to croak out.

“Yurochka, Happy New Years!” Nikolai’s voice boomed.

“Grandpa! Happy New Years and good morning.” Yuri paused. “It’s probably evening over there isn’t it?”

“It is,” he chuckled. “How’s college going? How’s everyone over there?”

“College is good. I got perfect marks this semester.” Yuri paused. His grandfather waited for the other answer. “Everyone is ok, I think.”

“You think? Aren’t you there now?”

“Um, not. Not exactly, Grandpa.”

“Why not? Did you stay at school?” Yuri realized then how easy it would be to lie and say that’s exactly what he’d done, but he couldn’t.
“I’m staying with a friend,” Yuri paused. “Inna doesn’t want me around anymore.”

“What?” Nikolai’s voice was sharp as a knife.
“Why?” Nikolai asked.

“Um, she...she found out that, I’m.” Yuri looked at Beka who was sleeping peacefully and weighed his options, he couldn’t lie. “I’m gay, Grandpa. Inna threw me out.” He waited for a similar reaction from his grandpa but there was only silence.

“Did she?” His voice was still deadly calm.

“Yeah.” Yuri wasn’t sure if he should apologize or what. So, he did nothing.

“Yurochka, do you know why we sent you to America?”

“Because of my grades?”

“That was part of it, yes. And another part of it was Inna was there so you’d have a place to live. But your mom and I suspected you were attracted to men, but even if you weren’t... Yura you weren’t going to be safe here...” Nikolai trailed off. Even if he wasn’t gay he looked like he might be and that’s all some people needed to jump someone in the streets and leave them for dead. Suddenly Yuri’s blood ran cold.

“You knew?”

“We didn’t know but we had a good idea, and we didn’t want you being in danger here. We weren’t sure about it until that boy who lived a few streets over was attacked. We couldn’t risk you Yurochka, I never would have forgiven myself knowing we could have done something. It was hard sending you away, but we knew it was for your own good.” Their conversation came to a standstill for a moment. “So, tell me about your friend you’re staying with.”
“His name is Be- Otabek. He’s,”

“Otabek? Not a very American name, is it?”

“Er, not really. He’s Kazakh,”

“Hm, tell me about him. What’s he like?” Yuri paused. What was he supposed to say? Where did he start?

“He’s sweet. He’s a year ahead of me, we met in one of my classes. He DJs at one of the clubs here in town.”

“And what does he want to do after school?”

“Something with chemistry, I’m not sure if he really knows specifically.”

“Can he cook?”

“Yeah, but his borscht isn’t as good as mom’s.” His grandpa cackled at that.

“And he treats you well?”

“Very.”

They talked a little longer, catching up mostly, but long calls weren’t something they could do. International phone calls were too expensive to last for more than a couple of minutes.

“Happy New Year Yurochka, I’ll talk to you soon, yeah?”

“I’ll talk to you soon,” Yuri never knew how ‘soon’ soon would be. But he could hope for his birthday.
“Who was that?” Beka grumbled beside him. Still mostly asleep.

“My grandpa,” Yuri pushed some hair off Beka’s face, he could feel him stiffen under his touch.

“Oh? What did he say?” There was an edge to Beka’s voice, clearly ready to defend and comfort Yuri.

“That he and mom already knew.” Yuri could feel Beka relax into his touch.

“Did they?”

“Evidently.” Yuri’s tone was flat, but he was more confused than ever and it was too early to even begin sorting that out.

“Did you get to talk with your mom?”

“No, she was working.”

“Hmmm,” Beka pulled him closer. “You’re up now for the rest of the day aren’t you?”

“Probably, you can keep sleeping if you like.” Yuri ran his fingers through Beka’s hair, Beka shifted so he was using Yuri as a pillow.

“So, you haven’t told me what classes you’re taking next semester,” Yuri finished making eggs for both of them.

“Umm Organic Chemistry II, Research ethics and design I, Applied Anatomy…”
“Wait, Applied Anatomy? Who with?”

“It’s at like 10 am or something. Jacobs I think.”

“Same. Is there a lab class to that one?”

“Yeah, I think there is, I’ve heard that dissections are a thing in that class.” Otabek grimaced.

“What?” Yuri looked at Beka, “You don’t like dissections?”

“Not really. There’s a reason I’m not a bio major and I’m not premed.” Beka took another bite. “What about you?”

“Besides applied anatomy, general chemistry and the lab for that, humanities II, and intro to sociology.” Yuri shrugged, Beka whistled.

“That’s heavy.”

“I’m thinking about dropping my psych major.” Yuri looked at his plate. “Maybe just focusing on athletic training. Maybe a public health minor.” He shrugged.

“Have you talked with your advisor yet?” Otabek watched Yuri carefully, freshmen changing majors was normal. But normally they were complaining constantly about hating life because of their major, Yuri hadn’t said anything about it.

“Not yet,” Yuri didn’t want to, his adviser was a nice old man who reminded him of his grandfather.

“Why do you want to change?”

“I don’t want to go to grad school. And that’s what I’d have to do with psychology.” Yuri bit his lip and stared down at his empty plate.
“It’ll work out,” Beka stood and took the plates out to the kitchen. “Have you ordered your books yet?”

“No, I really don’t want to see the price tag. And I couldn’t find the right editions on Amazon.”

“Same here. The price of being a science major.” Otabek smiled, “We could go to the bookstore, grab them right off the shelves. Which is surprisingly satisfying.”

“Oh, you’re one of those people,” Yuri came up behind Beka and wrapped his arms around his waist.

“I am.” Otabek reached behind him and smacked Yuri’s ass with a soapy hand making Yuri squeal.

“Hey-” Yuri was cut off as his phone dinged from a message, he looked at it to see a facebook message from his mom. “Mom must be off work.”

You have a boyfriend?!

Yeah? -Y

About time

Yuri held his phone up so Beka could see the messages. They both started cracking up.

Come on let’s see

“Find a pic off my instagram to send to her. One of the really filtered ones.”

“I have a better idea,” Yuri pulled up his camera for a selfie. Yuri still stood behind Beka and found a good angle before snapping a pic to send to his mom.
'You two look good together. I wish I could talk more but I want to get to bed. Long day full of stupid people. Love you'

_____________

“Lovitz…” Yuri was talking to himself as he hunted down the next book on his list. “There’s Long and Lowe… where the fuck is Lov...oh.”

‘It would be on the bottom shelf.’ He thought. Thankfully out of the full list he only had a couple more things to hunt down, he and Beka had decided to share everything for the applied anatomy class since they each didn’t need a two hundred dollar textbook, and there was no good reason for them to have two sets of the fifty dollar flashcards. Sadly, Yuri was on his own for the rest of them.

“Finding everything alright?” One of the student workers approached him. He was tall and gangly, just starting to fill out. He had on the mandatory uniform complete with name tag that read ‘Skye’, his long hair tied back into a bun which just exaggerated the gauges in his ears.

“Uh… yeah. Just a couple more things on my list.”

“Want help with them?” His eyes wandered Yuri’s frame. Yuri glanced at Beka, who was gleefully bouncing between shelves finding everything.

‘Wonder what Beka would look like with longer hair.’

“I’m ok, thanks though.” Yuri went to move past him to a different section for the next class, however Skye decided to tag along.

“You run don’t you?”

“Uh, sometimes.” Yuri located the next book with minimal effort.

“You look like it,” Skye kept looking at Yuri. “Maybe sometime we could go for a run, then grab some coffee after.”
“No.” Yuri was looking at Beka, hoping that he would notice and step in. Preferably before Yuri’s temper flared and someone got torn to shreds by his tongue. Skye’s face fell at the immediate rejection, but he followed Yuri’s line of vision.

“Why? Because you’re pining for him?” Skye motioned to Otabek and scoffed. “The only way that guy could get any douchier is to join a frat. He doesn’t date, he lives by ‘hit it and quit it.’ I’m actually a decent guy.”

“That’s debatable,” Yuri snipped, completely done with Skye’s shit. Finally, Beka found the rest of his books and walked over and placing them in the basket Yuri was carrying. Yuri pulled him into a deep kiss, completely throwing Otabek off. Yuri flipped his hair over his shoulder.

“Missed you too,” Otabek said completely bewildered, before seeing Skye.

“Are you fucking kidding me? You’re going out with the king of man-whores?”

“And who do you think…” Otabek started, but Yuri had had enough. No one said that about Beka. Ever.

“One, he’s not a ‘man-whore’ if you had more than a pea for a brain you’d know that. Two, if you were actually a decent person you would have walked away when I said I didn’t need your help instead of staring at my ass and wanting to know what it would look like in spandex. Or you would have walked away after I said ‘no’ to going on a run with you. And, by the way, even if I was single I would still have said no. Go fuck yourself, and slink back to whatever wannabe-hipster dumpster you managed to crawl out of.” Yuri spun on his heel before muttering, “And take a shower you smell like one of my cousin’s joints.”

It took a moment for Otabek’s brain to catch up to what happened and even when he did he couldn’t believe that all of that came out of Yuri’s mouth. He finally caught up to Yuri as he was nearing the check-out. Yuri had started sorting the books into piles, his and Beka’s.

“Could you ring it all up together?” Beka smiled at the cashier, a nice girl he’d had a few classes with.

“Wait what?” Yuri looked at Beka, completely dumbfounded. “You’re not paying for this.”
“You’re right I’m not. My dad said he’d cover our books this semester as his Christmas present.”

“Beka, this is like four hundred dollars. I can’t let your dad do that.”

“Well, I mean, he is getting frequent flyer miles on them so…” Beka shrugged. “Yura, he said he would, and trust me, they can afford it.”

“It’s too much.”

“Yura, do you have the four hundred dollars to spend on books?” Beka whispered in his ear.

“Actually if you rent all of the rentable books it drops to… two hundred fifty.” The girl at the counter smiled at them.

“Sounds good,” Yuri pulled out his wallet. Which Otabek snatched.

“Go ahead and rent all of mine except the ethics book.” Beka slipped his card into the reader and signed off.

“Beka…”

“Buy me lunch and we’ll call it even, yeah?”

“One hell of a lunch.”

“Fine, a movie too then. C’mon, it’s one of our last days of break, let’s enjoy it.” Beka nudged Yuri with his shoulder, his eyes were still downcast.

“I’ve never been good with expensive gifts,” Yuri muttered. “Just, they weren’t an option growing up.”
“Yura,” Beka put the books in the backseat. “I hear what you’re saying, trust me I do. But the thing is my parents knew you probably weren’t going to be getting anything from at least one side of your family. They’re of the opinion that everyone should have presents, they didn’t know what to get you, so, I might have suggested this. My books were one of my gifts too. It’s kind of something that started with Aiman and it’s just continued on.”

“So, just another family tradition?”

“Yep. Can you live with that?”

“I think so.” Yuri nodded.

“Good,” Beka got into the car. “What the fuck happened with that guy in there?”

“He was hitting on me and insulting you. I got sick of it.” Yuri gave Beka a wry smile. “So, movie and lunch?”

“Yura,” Beka pulled his hand to him and kissed the inside of Yuri’s wrist. “I was kind of a whore, pretty sure that guy doesn’t like me ‘cause I cockblocked him a time or two. People are going to hit on you, the fact that more people haven’t is shocking.”

“Hm, lamenting you haven’t had to do defend my honor.” Yuri rolled his eyes.

“What can I say, it’s the price I’m willing to pay for having a hot blonde with high cheekbones for a boyfriend.”

“Sap,” Yuri tapped Beka’s shoulder. “So, which movie did you want to see?”
Chapter 17

“How was your break?” Yuri walked into his room, Leo and Guang were watching something on a laptop.

“It was good. You?” Leo looked up.

“Good, long...finally caught up on some sleep.” Yuri tossed some socks into the top drawer.

“Just good?” Leo smirked. “Phichit seems to think otherwise.” Yuri let his head sink against the door of his closet.

“Fuck,” he muttered. “Do I want to know what he said?”

“He told me to ask if your favorite number is 69.”

“Oh god, why?” Yuri wasn’t sure if he was asking why Phichit had said that or why the floor hadn’t swallowed him whole. If he was being honest, it was probably both.

“New lucky number?” Guang smirked, he was quiet but every once in a while...

“More like unlucky, since that’s when both of his older siblings walked in on us.” Yuri was starting to see the humor in it. Barely.

“That just adds to the fun,” Phichit had strolled in. “Kinda like getting your leg stuck behind your own head.”

“Why do I tell you anything?” Yuri groaned, there was no venom in his voice. He expected this from Phichit after all.

“Wait what?” Leo looked up.
“Which part?” Yuri hung his leather jacket up. Phichit immediately started eyeing it and checking tags.

“How… do you get your leg stuck behind your own head?” Guang said sheepishly, “Like I get getting it stuck behind someone else’s head but your own?”

“A desire to get laid, mixed with the ability to become a human pretzel,” Yuri deadpanned. Phichit burst out laughing, while Guang was startled into silence.

“I love this jacket Yuri. Where’d you get it?” Phichit was still feeling the soft leather.

“Christmas gift from Beka.”

“Damn. Hot, hung, and loaded,” he whistled low. “You know this probably set him back a couple hundred, right?”

“I didn’t, but he got it for this spring when he gets the bike back out. Lunch?” Yuri was desperate to change the subject.

“Pizza?” Guang suggested.

“I’m kinda pizza-ed out,” Leo thought for a moment. “Anyone want beer and wings?”

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“I hate this class.” Beka had started going cross-eyed over his notes twenty minutes ago.

“We’re two weeks in, it’s just memorizing anatomical directions and some of the bones.” Yuri glanced at Beka’s notes, and grimaced at the mess they were in.

“What’s the difference between distal and proximal again?” He hung his head and leaned against
Yuri. Yuri kissed the top of his head and stood up and took off his shirt and pants before handing Beka a marker. “What are you...”

“Write on me.” Yuri stood in front of his bed, between Beka’s legs.

“I can think of better things we could do in this situation.” Beka wagged his eyebrows. “I mean it has been a long week after all.”

“Write ‘trunk’ on my chest.” Yuri rolled his eyes, and pushed the marker into Beka’s hand. Finally, Beka did as he was told. “Write distal and proximal on an arm and leg. And now anterior and posterior on my side. Lateral and medial on my stomach.”

“Ok, what about superior and inferior?”

“Those are relative, so like the head is superior to the chest and the hips are inferior to the rib cage. Ok, draw arrows for what you wrote with the exception of trunk.” Yuri corrected Beka when he started a drawing things in the wrong direction. Which was only about four times.

“Have I earned a study break?” Finally all of the arrows were drawn, Beka sat with Yuri still standing between his legs, running the capped marker up and down his thighs. He started kissing his hip and letting his hand run up Yuri’s legs to cup his ass through his boxer briefs. His fingers managed to start easing Yuri’s waistband down, his lips following.

“We really need to stu...oh fuck yes,” Yuri wound his fingers into Beka’s hair and dug his nails into his shoulder. Otabek pulled back letting Yuri’s cock slip from his lips.

“You were saying?”

“Don’t fucking stop.” Yuri tugged Beka forward, who happily took him to the back of his throat. Beka gripped Yuri’s hips and encouraged him to move until his base against his lips. “You’re incredible.”

His tongue folded around his tip as he sucked hard, bobbing his head until Yuri was practically over him. “Beka, I’m going to..” He nodded and swallowed. Yuri immediately started pulling Beka’s shirt off, tossing it somewhere on the other side of the dorm room. He fumbled with the belt buckle, because that’s never easy to get off someone else, apparently.
“You’re still hard?” Beka ran a finger along his shaft.

“Hmm-mm. Do you want me?” Yuri kissed him as he pushed him back against his pillow.

“All the time.” Beka spread his legs so Yuri could lay on top of him. Yuri let his fingers wander across Beka’s chest pinching and scratching as he went. “Lube?”

Yuri nodded before retrieving it out of his dresser drawer along with a condom, he coated his fingers with the cold gel, letting it warm up for a minute.

“I’ll make you a deal Beka,” He circled Beka’s rim before pushing in with two fingers. “The midterm is in four weeks, if you get an A on it you can do whatever you want to me.”

“And if I get less than an A?” Beka’s breath hitched as Yuri hit his prostate.

“I use you anyway I want.” He added a third finger.

“I don’t think that’s exactly motivating,” Beka sighed. “Right there Yura.” Yuri scissored his fingers, there was a certain satisfaction in how Beka whimpered.

“Hmm.” He pulled his fingers out and rolled the condom over himself and coated himself. “Guess I’ll have to think of something better.” He slowly slid in, he fully seated himself, but he stilled himself. Yuri savored Beka’s moans and whimpers as he kissed and bit up his neck.

“Zhanym, move ,” Beka rolled his hips.

“You mean like this?” Yuri shallowly thrusted, barely giving Beka anything. Beka rolled his eyes and flipped Yuri on his back.

“More like this,” Beka rolled his hips. Yuri let his eyes close, letting his hands grip Beka’s waist.
“You realize I won’t last long with you moving like that?” Yuri grit his teeth, his head sink further into the pillow. “Fuck, I love you.” Yuri managed to pull Beka down to him, letting their lips meet in a deep heady kiss.

“I would be concerned if you did,” Beka bit his neck as he kept rolling and circling his hips. Yuri wrapped his arms around Bek’s shoulders and thrusted up at a rapid pace. “Yura,” Beka sighed before freezing and spilling across Yuri’s stomach. It didn’t take long for Yuri to finish, spilling into the condom, and slowly pulling out of Beka. He discarded the latex into the trash and cleaned himself up.

“You ok?” Yuri pulled the covers back and tucked Beka in beside them.

“Mm-hmm,” Beka nudged Yuri until the blonde was the little spoon.

“Good.” Yuri smiled, “Name off the directions again.”

“Yuuura,” Beka moaned.

“Beeeeeka,” Yuri mocked. Yuri cracked up as he felt Beka sigh behind him and named off what he had marked on Yuri earlier.

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“Fuck my major,” Yuri sung to himself. Resisting the urge to think ‘In Soviet Russia major fucks you!’ How old was that meme even? Too old to still be referencing in his head, that was for sure.

“You too, huh?” Leo looked over from his desk, looked back at his book and then back at Yuri. “Sooo… can I run away and be a hermit in a cave yet?”

“Let me know when you plan on going through with that. I’ll join you.” Yuri put his head on his desk, “I hate sociology. Why is this a thing? Actually, it’s not my major that’s fucking me over. It’s the gen eds that relate to nothing.”

“I need a drink,” Leo stared off into the distance.
“You’re not twenty-one,” Yuri deadpanned.

“Go to college they said, it’ll be fun they said.”

“Don’t you want a job they said.”

“Isn’t there a hot tub at the rec center?”

“Yeah.”

“Let’s grab the boyfriends and go, I’m sure they need a break as much as us.”

“Don’t we need to study?”

“Have you absorbed anything in the last hour?”

“Probably not.”

“So, take a break.”

“We should probably eat,” Yuri thought.

“You read my mind.”
“Does Otabek have a brother?” Pichit plopped into the chair beside Yuri. He didn’t have much on his plate for breakfast, well less than usual.

“Um, yeah a few, but the older one is straight, and the younger ones are like… twelve. I think.” Yuri shoved another bite of fruit into his mouth. Phichit nodded and kept his eyes on his plate. “Why?”

“I just… I don’t think it’s going to work out with Seung.”

“Oh,” Yuri’s brain came to a screeching halt. “Um, I hope you know I’m pretty useless with this, unless helpful is sitting here saying nothing.”

“That’s fine,” Phichit nodded but the silence was unbearably awkward, especially for Yuri.

“Sooo, why don’t you think it’s going to work?”

“Lots of things I guess. Difference in schedules, libidos, goals,” Phichit sighed. “And his jealousy gets in the way a lot.”

Yuri whistled, he was completely lost for words. “You guys can’t make it work?”

“Probably, but I’m not sure I want to. I mean it’s not like we’ve been together that long anyway,” Phichit pushed the food on his plate around. “Hey, do you want to go to Katsuki’s tonight?”
“Are you actually going to dance tonight?” Phichit was leaning against the wall while Yuri was digging through his closet.

“Maybe,” Yuri pulled thumbed through more shirts.

“You should. Also, remind me to take you shopping, you need new clothes.” He pulled the shirt from Yuri’s hands and tossed it into back into his drawer.

“What was wrong with that one?”

“It had a school logo on it. Not cool to wear for a club.”

“This one doesn’t have anything on it,” Yuri pulled out a blue v-neck and threw on his leather jacket before Phichit could complain.

Beka was in the booth when they finally got there, Chris and JJ were behind the bar pouring drinks, and the dance floor was full. Given the giant ‘X’s on their hands Phichit wouldn’t be getting anything too exciting.

“C’mon let’s dance!” There was one tiny problem, Yuri normally didn’t dance in clubs and when he did it was with Beka. Who didn’t even know he was here.

‘Great,’ Yuri thought knowing it would be the better part of two hours until Otabek was on break. Before he could protest Phichit drug Yuri out into the middle of the dance floor where everyone was bumping into everyone else. He looked over his shoulder, Beka was in his own world, his eyes down at the boards letting his head nod to the beat. Yuri turned back to Phichit and started following the beat with his hips.

Yuri finally broke away from the crowd and went up to the bar and was about to get JJ’s attention when he felt something or rather someone behind him.
“Hey, Gorgeous, can I buy you a drink?” A deep voice rattled in his ear as a hand settled on his hip.

“Get off…” Yuri batted the hand away as he turned around only to see Beka with a massive grin on his face. Yuri batted his arm, “You jerk!”

“The look on your face!” Beka let his head fall to his arm as he laughed. Yuri zeroed in on where Phichit was dancing, more specifically who he was dancing with. “Why didn’t you tell me you’d be here?”

Yuri kept staring at Phichit, without even hearing Beka.

“Yura, what’s wrong?” Otabek followed Yuri’s line of sight and saw Phichit dancing with Skye. “Ah, shit.”

“Yep.”

“Isn’t he dating…”

“He wants to break up with him.” Yuri murmured into Beka’s ear, just loud enough to be heard.

“Oh.” The gears started turning in Beka’s mind.

“We can’t step in.” Yuri remembered the other day and the last thing he needed was for someone like Skye to start spreading rumors about how many people he or Otabek were dating. It wasn’t a big enough campus for that and reputations tended to stick, whether they were real or not.

“Of course we can,” Beka smiled. “Chris, you’re about to go on break, right?”

“Yes?” Chris swung a towel onto his shoulder.

“See that boy there? Brunette, in the green shirt,” Beka nodded towards Phichit.
“Yeah, he’s cute.”

“See who he’s dancing with?”

“Ugh, him. It’s not even midnight and JJ already had to cut him off.”

“Seriously?” Otabek turned back to the scene and noted that Skye was stumbling around and getting a little handsy Phichit tried to back away but Skye pressed forward. “Could you cut in?”

“Isn’t that normally your thing?” Chris raised his eyebrows.

“Long story I’ll tell you later. Now, could you please?” Beka motioned in Phichit’s direction, Chris nodded and sauntered off. It didn’t take long for Skye to be pushed aside by Chris and for Phichit visibly relaxed. Skye however, was red in the face, and it only got worse when he spotted Otabek and Yuri at the bar chatting between themselves.

“Your thing?” Yuri raised his brow.

“Um, long story I’ll tell you later?” Beka gave Yuri a shaky smile making the blonde laugh.

“I’m holding you to that, did you need to get back up to the booth?”

“Hm, yeah I do.” Beka pulled Yuri into a quick kiss, “See you after?”

“Of course,” Yuri kissed Beka’s cheek as he walked away. Once Beka was back up in the booth and Phichit still seemed to be doing fine Yuri slipped into the bathroom. The club was unusually warm and he couldn’t wait to splash some cold water on his face.

Yuri’s eyes were still closed as he dried his face when he heard the door open.

“You know,” A voice purred in his ear. “If you wanted me so bad you could have just said so, you
didn’t need to interrupt my good time with that little Asian number.”

Skye.

Yuri threw the paper towel in the trash and turned to face him. Skye was quick and before Yuri could blink he was pushed against the wall with a set of lips on his neck. However, that wasn’t good enough for Skye and he immediately ran a hand down Yuri’s hip before groping his crotch. Yuri’s brain lagged behind what was actually happening until Skye whispered.

“You’re bit big for a twink, but I can make it work.” Skye bit right below Yuri’s ear. That did it, Yuri’s brain finally started working again and he pushed Skye off of him, making him stumble back into a urinal.

“You’re a fucking idiot. Didn’t I already tell you to go fuck yourself? Keep your hands off me and my friends.” Yuri glared at him before storming out of the bathroom and up to the booth. From there he saw Phichit who was still talking to Chris in between making drinks.

A few minutes later Skye stalked out of the club glaring at the booth the whole time.

“Yura, are you alright?” Beka was packing up for the night.

“Yeah, fine,” he was watching Chris and Phichit. They hadn’t stopped talking all night, finally Phichit waved and motioned that he was going to be leaving with Chris. “Can I go back to your place?”

“Of course,” Beka watched Yuri for a moment. He was quieter than usual and that left Beka more than a little concerned.

“Yura, what’s on your neck?” Beka pulled Yuri to him and pushed blonde hair out of the way. There was a small bruise just below his ear. “What is this?”
Yuri looked in the mirror and saw what Beka was pointing and sighed. “Skye caught up with me in the bathroom. He had me pinned against the wall before I could blink, I froze.”

“Yura, did he do anything else?”

“He just grabbed me,” Yuri shrugged, Beka pulled Yuri into his arms.

“What did he grab?” He couldn’t stop staring at that mark.

“It was just his hand on top of my jeans,” He sighed. “I just want to shower and forget about it.”

Beka didn’t release him from his grip. “Yurochka, I think you should file a police report. You don’t have to take this.”

“Beshka, I want to forget it happened.” Yuri turned around and kissed Beka slowly. “I want to take a shower, with you. Then I want you to cover that up and leave a dozen others. Then I want to go to bed and wake up in the middle of the night because you’ve stolen all of the blankets and cuddle against you. He didn’t actually touch me, he kissed my neck and bit me.”

Yuri lead Beka over to the shower and started pushing his shirt up, relishing in the texture of his boyfriend’s smooth skin under his fingers.

“I’ll do all of that, except cover it up. I really want you to file a report, Skye has been a jerk for as long as I’ve known him. Normally, we’ve been able to block him from doing anything but…” Beka shrugged.

“Beka.”

“I’m not asking you to press charges, I’m asking you to tell what happened so there can be a record of it. So if he were to do that to someone else their case is stronger. But, even if you don’t file a report, please, talk to someone.”

“I’m talking to you.” Yuri pulled Beka’s belt through the loops and started undoing the button and zipper.

“I’m serious Yura. You have been handed the year from hell. First year of college, a horrible coming
out process, refiguring out your major, and now this.” Beka paused as Yuri took his shirt off. “I know you’re strong, you know your strong, I’m not asking you to go to therapy for the rest of your life. Just talk to a counselor for an hour.”


“Your wish is my command.”

“I can’t believe I’m doing this.” Yuri muttered as he walked into the police station. Beka had looked up Skye’s last name the previous night. The police officer was nice enough, but the process was long. And embarrassing. He didn’t want to have to think about what was done anymore but that’s exactly what had to happen. By the end of it Yuri was handed the paperwork to start the process for a restraining order, but he already knew he wouldn’t fill those out and would end their existence in a recycling bin on campus.

Beka had his arm around his waist.

“Are you still going to make me go to that counselor?” Yuri fidgeted with the papers in his hand, twisting them into a ball.

“No, but I still think you should.” Beka paused, “I told Katsuki, Skye is officially banned from going back in there.”

“Great, now can you cover that up?” Yuri pointed the mark that had been well photographed for the report.

“When we get back to the apartment, I’m not giving you a hickey while standing on a sidewalk.”

“Sooo, could you help me study for our midterm? Like what you did last time.” Beka wagged his eyebrows.
“Sure,” Yuri stood up and handed Beka a stack of sticky notes with a pen. “You know that test is in two days right?”

“Aren’t you...forgetting something?” Beka looked a little crestfallen.

“Oh no. Nope. You studied for five minutes and got fucked for fifteen. My clothes are staying on this time.” Yuri proudly stood in Beka’s living room clad in an oversized hoodie and sweatpants.

“So, study for five minutes and I fuck you?” Beka smiled, letting his eyes run up and down Yuri’s body.

“Write and stick, we still have a bet after all.” Yuri rolled his eyes, and shook his head.

“Like you didn’t have every intention of us fucking that last time.”

“None at all.” Yuri said and motioned for Beka to start writing on the notes. Beka gave him a look. “Almost none, ninety to ten.”

Beka looked at him with a cocked eyebrow.

“Seventy, thirty.”

“Uh-huh.” Beka stuck the first sticky note to Yuri’s forehead.

“Thanks for that.” Yuri rolled his eyes.

“What? That’s where the frontal bone is.” Another sticky note was slapped on his ass. “Coccyx.”

“I’m going to regret this aren’t I?”
“Probably, but it’ll be fun the whole time.” Beka nipped at Yuri’s ear.

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“What the hell?” Yuri looked across the lawn. There was Skye standing butt-naked in four inches of snow with his hands covering himself. Which, in Yuri’s opinion, he didn’t have much to cover anyway. A few people were wolf-whistling as he ran inside towards the campus store.

“JJ you’re so dead!” Skye’s last remark echoed in the winter air.

Later that day there was a succinct email from the college president.

I, and the rest of the college faculty, would like to take a moment to remind all students that pants, shoes, and shirts should be worn in all communal areas. Including, but not limited to, all academic buildings, the campus lawn, dining areas, and dorm halls and lounges.

Thank you for your continued cooperation.
“Good morning everyone!” Dr. Trent stood at the front of the lecture hall with the tests in hand. Every student stared at her wearily, saying nothing and guzzling coffee. “Good morning everyone!”

Finally, a chorus of “G’morning,” “Morning,” and “Uh” rang out. It was definitely the Wednesday of midterm week. One could only imagine what Friday would be like.

“Ok, just like in class, you will have diagrams that you will need to label and there are fifty-five multiple choice questions.”

There was a collective sigh from the class on one hand it was just another test. On the other, it was another test that was going to be really fucking long. Yuri breezed through the diagrams, he had most of it memorized going into the class, even the multiple choice section wasn’t as daunting as it could have been. He was handing it in nearly twenty-five minutes early and took a seat outside the hall in the study area.

“That was awful,” Beka sank down into the chair by Yuri’s and let his head rest on Yuri’s shoulder.

“How do you think you did?” Yuri scratched the short hair at the back of Beka’s head.

“Ehhh, I think I passed. C’s get degrees, right?”

“Grades are up,” Yuri walked into Beka’s bedroom with his laptop perched on his arm.

“I don’t want to know.” Beka was still buried in blankets.

“You don’t want to know the outcome of our bet?” Yuri climbed up on the bed and sat cross-legged by Beka.

“Could you look for me?” He pulled a blanket over his head.

“Don’t know your password.” Yuri tugged the blanket back and offered his laptop to him. Beka eyed him through suspicious eyes, still groggy from sleep. Finally, he reached over and put his username and password in for Yuri to look. “Well, do you want the good news or the bad news?”

“I want to sleep. It’s what normal people do when their classes have been cancelled.” Otabek nestled back against his pillow.

“The good news, you passed. The bad news, you lost the bet.”

“Oh no, you get to use me however you want. How will I go on?” He sleepily droned.
“Hmmm, I’m thinking foot massages, all day tomorrow. Alternated with back, neck and shoulder rubs.”

“As you wish,” Beka sighed.

“Not even going to fight that?” Yuri nudged Beka’s arm.

“Well, I was hoping for something kinky but if you want massages then far be it from me to deny you.”

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“You going with me?” Beka looked over at Yuri, who’d taken over the couch.

“Naw, I’m going to stay here I think. I can only tolerate Katsuki’s so many times.”

“Hm, I’ll be back around two then.” Beka leaned down and kissed Yuri.

“I’ll probably be asleep by then,” Yuri managed to mumble between pressing his lips to Beka’s. Yuri counted to five after Beka shut the door before walking back into Beka’s room and pulled out the box from below Beka’s bed. He’d never had a reason to actually look in it, he just knew it existed and the broad topic of the items it held. But now… he was going to find out.

The first thing Yuri noted was the sheer number of things that were in there. Who knew dildos and plugs came in so many different colors? Yuri immediately started eliminating things, first out was anything that looked like a whip or that he couldn’t immediately discern the use for. That process ruled out over half the box, Yuri was left with plugs, a vibrator, handcuffs, and a cockring.

‘Handcuffs? ...Beka said he wanted to try bondage…’ Yuri tucked the handcuffs away in the drawer on his side of the bed, at the last minute he grabbed the cockring too. Before he got ready for bed.

“Yura,” Otabek was greeted with a snore. He walked into his bedroom, stripping down to his boxers before sliding up behind Yuri and cuddling him in. Yuri relaxed into the touch and his breathing evened out. “Good night, my Yura.”

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“I don’t work today. You have me all to yourself,” Otabek started rubbing Yuri’s neck as Yuri finished his breakfast.

“Bedroom?” The blonde looked up. Beka hadn’t bothered putting a shirt on, or anything more than boxers. Yuri happily ran his fingers along Beka’s arms before entwining their fingers, before leading Beka into the next room. He turned and pulled Beka into a deep kiss before pushing his boxers down and guiding him to the bed. “On your back, arms by the head board.”

“So, demanding. What happens if I don’t?” Beka winked, Yuri noticed he was already hard.

“You don’t get laid,” Yuri deadpanned.

“You know there’s whips under the bed, you could always…”

“I’m not whipping you!” Yuri shook his head and playfully swatted at Beka’s knee, “Fucking masochist. Go on scooch up.”
“I take it you went back to The Dragon’s Den?” Otabek watched as Yuri went to the bedside drawer and pulled something out.

“I didn’t have to go that far,” Yuri held up the handcuffs. “Recognize these?” Otabek’s expression shifted between shock to desire to embarrassment.

“Um, yes?”

“Good,” Yuri leaned forward and gave Beka a chaste kiss. Then he managed to secure the first cuff around Beka’s wrist before winding it around the slats in the headboard and securing the other cuff.

“All right?”

“I think so,” Beka gave an experimental tug letting the chain rattle. Yuri pulled out the cock ring next, Beka smirked and spread his legs a little. “That’s one of the more intense ones, you know?”

“Hm.”

“Do you know how it fits?” His eyes flicked between the ring and Yuri’s dick. Yuri had looked it up the previous night and basically decided that he wouldn’t be the one wearing it. He’d sooner use lidocaine spray to last longer than a silicone ring, but he figured if Beka had a few of them then he probably didn’t have a problem wearing them.

“I think so,” Yuri wrapped his hand around Beka and pumped him a couple of times before slipping one part of the ring around his balls and the other around the base. Beka gave Yuri a wide eyed look, realization dawning on him.

He yelped as Yuri slathered lube over him after not having let it warm up. Yuri chuckled but leaned forward and pressed his lips to Beka’s, he happily reciprocated. Until he tried to reach for Yuri, his hands only went as far as the handcuff chains allowed.

“Oh, Beka. Can’t touch?” Yuri looked down at his increasingly frustrated boyfriend, reaching around to pull out the plug he had been wearing.

“Fuck, Yura.” Otabek pulled on the chains again wanting nothing more than to pin Yuri under him and make him scream. However, the handcuffs held firm. Yuri smirked and sucked a mark on his neck before straddling Beka’s hips and slowly lining himself up before sinking down on him.

“Yura,” Beka tried to buck his hips, throwing Yuri off balance. He took the hint and he started rolling his hips, making Beka groan and dig his heels into the mattress and kept up his pace. Yuri stretched out on Beka’s chest and let him thrust as he liked, all the while whispering sweet nothings in Beka’s ear. As Beka’s energy waned Yuri started rolling his hips.

“Yura, please,” Beka whined. Yuri pulled Beka back into a kiss and picked up his pace. All the while hoping that it would be enough for Beka to get off. He finally found the right angle to hit his prostate, after that it didn’t take long for him to come across Beka’s stomach. The gasping whine that he made was Beka’s undoing, and after a few more thrusts finished deep in Yuri.

“Yura.”

“Hm?”

“Can you get that thing off me now?” Beka sounded like he was ready for another nap.

“Yeah, sure.” Yuri sat up and started pulling the rings off of him, only for Beka to let out a yelp. The curly hair at the base of his cock had tangled and stuck to the silicone. “Sorry, sorry.”
He added more lube and started pulling gently, thankfully they seemed to come off with fewer problems. Then he reached for the handcuffs.

‘Of course this isn’t going to go smoothly. It’s me after all.’

“Beka, is there supposed to be a key for these?”

“Um, I thought they had a safety latch on the side by the lock.” Sure enough there was a button in the general area that he described.

“Oh thank God.” Yuri sighed and he released Beka from the cuffs. Beka chuckled and stood up to go wash off. Yuri collapsed on the bed face first, the bet was over. Beka laughed when he came back into the room.

“So, how was that for you?” He settled in beside Yuri who quickly cuddled into his side.

“I mean, it was fine but I’m not jumping to do it again,” he shrugged.

“I’m thinking the same thing. Remind me to get rid of that ring, it’s not the most comfortable one I have.”

“You actually like using those?” Yuri pressed a series of kisses to Beka’s shoulder.

“Sometimes,” Beka shrugged. “There’s other things I prefer.”

“Handcuffs?”

“Apparently not.” Otabek’s voice seemed to drop a little as he let his hand skim over Yuri’s skin, making him shiver. “I’d much rather touch you.”

Beka pushed Yuri onto his back, kissing his neck and wrapping his arms around him.

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“This would look good on you!” Phichit held up a clean white button down.

“It’s a little plain don’t you think?” Yuri pulled his eyes away from the piles of graphic tees. Phichit didn’t pay Yuri’s comment any mind before jumping to the next rack and grabbing another couple of shirts.

“Ok let’s start with these,” Phichit pushed Yuri towards the dressing rooms. Yuri grudgingly took the hangers Phichit held out and started trying them on. Thankfully, Yuri has ad convinced his friend that he didn’t actually need new jeans. The only thing that Yuri hated more than clothes shopping (at all) was having Phichit be right about what looked good on him. He wanted to bang his head against the wall.

‘I can’t even deny that this looks good. Fuck.’ Yuri looked between the mirror and the door. Phichit was on the other side.

“So, what happened between you and Beka’s friend?”

“Chris? He’s great! Extremely romantic.”

“And Seung?”

“We um...we broke up.” Phichit looked up as Yuri walked out. With clothes draped over his arm.
“I’m sorry. Um, how are you holding up?”

“Well, Chris helps. So… not bad I guess,” Phichit stood up. He seemed mostly like himself, if a tad less chipper. “Wait, you didn’t even let me see what I picked out!”

“C’mon,” Yuri rolled his eyes. “They all look good. And I hate admitting when someone else is right.”

“Did you want to look for anything else?” Phichit wiggles his eyebrows. “Maybe something shiny?”

“Like what? I don’t wear jewelry.”

“They make metallic boxers you know.”

“I’m not putting anything shiny on my dick.” Yuri laughed mildly.

“You say that now…” Phichit started.

“No bejeweled or bedazzled anything.” Yuri shook his head, how was this even a conversation he was having? Fortunately, he was nothing of not skilled at changing the subject. “You really haven’t told me anything about Chris.”

Chapter End Notes

Apologies for any typos or formatting issues. Some of this was written on my phone and it’s being posted via mobile.
Otabek had been antsy for about the last week. He was constantly checking the weather on his phone and polishing his boots or oiling one of his leather jackets. Very slowly he was driving Yuri nuts.

“That’s the third time this week you’ve polished those things, you know?”

“Have not,” Otabek set the rag down and inspected the leather. “This is a different pair.”

“Ooookay, and why are we polishing so much leather?”

“It’s almost spring.”

“So?”

“I can finally take the bike out again.” Otabek smiled, he loved his Bonneville but nothing compared to his Harley. “Also, when were you going to tell me that your birthday is tomorrow?”

Yuri paused, “The day after it was over.”

Otabek froze and looked at Yuri.

“That’s hardly fair. You at least got to go to the mess that was my birthday party.” Beka held Yuri’s stare, “I’m at least cooking dinner for you. What do you want?”
Yuri’s birthday went by in a blur, but that’s normal when you’re on the back of a Harley. In the end, Otabek’s ability to mess up any recipe struck again and he burnt the pizza. So, they ended up at the brewery on the shore. They both ended up with plates of burgers and fries, but they stayed at a table inside as the tables outside still hadn’t been set up.

“Hello?” Yuri said into his phone.

“Yurochka!” Yuri’s mother said on the other end of the line. “Happy birthday, how’s my boy?”

“Really good,” Yuri managed to mumble with a bite of burger in his mouth.

“Are… are you talking with food in your mouth?”

“…Yes.”

“Yuri!”
“…Sorry.”

“Hm, well how about I tell you the reason I’m calling?”

“It wasn’t just to wish your only son a happy birthday?”

“That and I just booked a plane ticket for the end of April.”

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“So, I get to meet your mom?” Had his arm around Yuri while they sat on the couch.
“Evidently.” Yuri was still a bit shocked that she would be flying over. She had never really been one for travelling. Yuri glanced over and saw Otabek’s less-than-thrilled expression. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s nothing. Don’t worry about it,” Beka said just a little too quickly.


“It just…”

“You don’t want to meet my mom?” Yuri’s eyes and shoulders dropped and he shifted so he wasn’t looking at Beka.

“It’s not like that I promise,” Beka kissed the crown of Yuri’s head. “No one has really had me meet their parents before.”

“Why?” Yuri’s voice was flat.

“Mostly because I wasn’t with them long enough to get to that point.” Beka took Yuri’s hand and laced their fingers together. “Also, I don’t have a good track record with your family so far.”

“My mom is different. She already knew.”

“I know. That doesn’t mean I’m less nervous.” Beka paused, “She’s not going to ask me what my intentions with you are, is she?”

“Oh my God,” Yuri started laughing.

“I don’t know how to answer that!”

“Google it.” Yuri looked at Beka as he whipped his phone out.
“Why didn’t I think of that?” He typed in the question and started scrolling through the results. “These are...really not helpful.”

“What do they say?”

“Well according to Yahoo! Answers, we should make a joke out of it and then find ways to avoid your mother for the rest of our lives. Or break up with you if avoiding her is too much of a hassle.”

“Well, we live in two different countries, avoiding is easy enough. What else?”

“Five secrets to talking to your date’s parents… Sixteen ultimate responses to ‘What are your intentions with my daughter?’ ...According to these results either men dating men are exempt from this question or we don’t exist.”

“If we don’t exist do we still have to do that project for anatomy tomorrow?”
“Dance with me.” Beka started a song and pulled Yuri off of the couch and into his arms. The music had a distinctly retro feel to it. Beka started singing softly, his rich baritone barely reached Yuri’s ears. “Take my love, hold me tight, take my love, share this night…”

There was nothing elaborate about the way they danced, just a basic box step, but Yuri couldn’t have cared less. Beka had a soothing voice, and if dancing in his living room got him to sing Yuri would happily dance.

“My anxious heart awaits your command. Take my love, hold me tight, take my love, say it’s right…” Beka spun Yuri into a dip. The sound of plucking guitar strings floated out of the speaker. Beka pulled Yuri up into a chaste kiss, still swaying to the music. His voice picked back up, Yuri was happy to let himself get lost in his singing. “Can I stop the flow of time? Can I swim in your divine? ’Cause I don’t think I’d ever leave this place Oh, turn the lights turn the lights down low Yeah, now I’m feeling you breathing slow ’Cause, baby, we’re just reckless kids…”

“I love you, idiot.” Yuri kissed his cheek and felt Beka’s arms tighten around him. Their lips met again, Yuri bit Beka’s lip before deepening the kiss. Beka started walking Yuri back towards the couch. Yuri, despite his ability to be graceful en pointe, tripped over his own feet and flopped onto the couch.

“Good thing I’m your idiot,” Beka actually winked at him. Yuri rolled his eyes.

The song kept playing as Beka started kissing down Yuri’s neck.

And I will give you everything baby
But can you feel this energy? Take it
You can have the best of me baby
And I will give you anything
Can you feel this energy? Take it
You can have the best of me baby
Oh, turn the lights turn the lights down low
Beka slid Yuri’s shirt up his stomach and pressed light kisses down his side before undoing the button on Yuri’s jeans and kissing along his waistband before easing them down his hips. Yuri could see where it was heading, already feeling the low warmth of it in his belly, and lifted his hips so that his pants would slide off easier. Beka took his time about it still, and Yuri sighed into every kiss, watching the sweep of dark hair over Otabek’s eyebrow, the glimpse of white teeth and they slid over his skin without biting. Otabek. Yuri’s still hardening cock into his mouth, seemingly in time with the music, and Yuri sighed allowed.

“Beka,” Yuri gasped. It took nearly no time for blood to surge to his dick, making it hard and ready and sensitive. Otabek started bobbing his head and hollow his cheeks, Yuri’s fulling hard dick glancing off the back of his throat. It didn’t take long for Yuri to be whimpering and begging. The coil started low in his stomach and he couldn’t help but pull on Beka’s hair and tried to thrust his hips. Beka pinned him to the couch cushions with one hand on his hip and the other gripping Yuri’s thigh against his shoulder, making Yuri squirm. Beka flicked his tongue up against his glans and ran it along his slit. “Beka... please.”

Beka took Yuri to the back of his throat and hummed making Yuri cry out and spill into his mouth. “Fuck.” it was a cry, more than a moan, but just as breathless.

“You know,” Otabek mused. “That project isn’t due until Wednesday. We don’t have to work on it tomorrow.”

Yuri tried to make his expression unimpressed but looked far too sated to be aloof. “You think a blow job is going to make me agree to procrastinate?”

“The blow job was because it was your birthday. If I wanted to distract you I would have waited until tomorrow.” Beka kissed Yuri’s hip Yuri pulled him up into a kiss as he pulled Beka’s shirt off. It’s not like he was going to do homework on his birthday after all...

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“Ok, which of these is the fastest to get through and not a complete waste of time?” Beka opened the document. Yuri gave him a sardonic look.

“Are you new here? They’re all a waste of time. I think that’s the point,” Yuri turned back to the doc.

“Make an app?” Beka ran a hand over his face, “This isn’t even a coding class.” Beka settled at the table Yuri had grabbed in one of the corners of the library. Next to the outlets, they’d be needed.
“Fuck us,” Yuri groaned looking at the other options. That earned Yuri a dirty look from the girl at the table across from them.

“Can I fuck you?” “Otabek waggled an eyebrow and Yuri looked at Beka out of the corner of his eye. The girl moved to a different table after that comment.

“After we decide on what we’re doing,”

“Make a music video, and write a song a song that would help kids understand anatomy. We could do that, we talked about cells at the beginning of the semester.”

“The mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell.” Yuri sang like a jingle. His voice was offkey but at least there was a rhythm to speak of.

****************

“What are you and Otabek doing for spring break?” Leo asked from his loft. The two roommates were having a quiet night in, which probably also meant Dominos delivery later. And where there was Dominos delivery there were people who would join in and eat with them. Specifically Phichit and Guang. Normally, Otabek would too, but he was working that night and wouldn’t be done until nearly 1:30 am.

“Not a clue, we haven’t even talked about it.” Yuri finished his paragraph. “I’m assuming that means we’re not going anywhere.”

“Great, we can work on that humanities project then,” Leo was starting the research for it.

“Fuck... I completely forgot about that.”

“Dude, it was assigned two days ago.” Leo raised his eyebrows.

“So were three papers, two other projects, and a lab report.” Yuri sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. The semester was clearly drawing to a close, which meant assignments stacked on top of assignments.
“And a partridge in a pear tree,” Leo sang. “Anyway, you and Otabek can come over for dinner and we can all have a mass homework session.”

“I’ll see what works with Beka’s schedule. If nothing else I can come over to work on the project while Beka works.”

It didn’t take too much longer for them to get to a stopping point, eager to eat and procrastinate. After all, nothing was due tomorrow.

*******************

“This is the dumbest shit,” Yuri muttered as he did yet another search for something interesting about local history that also didn’t involve anything morbid. So, no murders or sunken ships.

“Hey, this is where pie a la mode was invented! Ooo and the first mall in the US!” Phichit excitedly pointed at his laptop screen.

“Can...can we turn that into a five minute presentation?” Guang tapped his chin, “Without a lot of awkward pauses or staring at each other like bad actors who forgot their lines on stage.”

“That happened one time three years ago!” Chris blurted out.

“What happened three years ago?” Otabek walked in and set his backpack down before dishing up some homemade enchiladas. Chris’ eyes flitted between his three friends, and his Adam’s apple visibly bobbed as he seemed to weigh his options. Yuri didn’t know him well, but he never seemed to be very shy.

“I...”

“He got up in the center of the stage during our high school spring play and forgot his line.”

“That’s alright,” Phichit soothed. “It happens when you have a lot of lines I’m sure.”
“He had three. Just some performance problems.”

“Well, he doesn’t anymore,” Phichit’s tone haughty.

“Good thing you don’t talk much during performances now, huh?” Otabek drawled.

“How the fuck would you know that?” Chris’ voice went up an octave.

“I also have that question,” Yuri commented absentmindedly, still staring at his laptop’s screen.

“Like I’ve never heard you in the lounge, or getting blown in the back alley, or in the backseat of your car. Last time JJ and I almost pressed our faces against one of your windows to scare you.”

“One, thank you for not killing the mood, I guess? Two, what stopped you?” Chris closed his eyes, bracing for the answer.

“We both decided we didn’t want to see your ass.”

“What’s wrong with my ass? I have a great ass!”

“ Doesn’t mean I wanna see it,” Otabek finished off his first enchilada.

“So, about this project!” Leo started in a not-at-all subtle bid to change the subject.

“How about we expand the pie a la mode idea to just talk about food?” Yuri suggested.

“I like it!” Phichit said.

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“I can’t believe tomorrow is Monday already.”
“Only a month left.” Beka kissed the top of Yuri’s head, eyes on the Netflix documentary that was still playing.

“Fuck, I haven’t even started looking for a summer job.” Yuri groaned, “Or housing. If I want to live in the dorms I have to take summer classes and that’s not cheap.”

“What if you work at Katsuki’s? Chris can start teaching you how to mix drinks.” Beka paused, “JJ could too but I don’t know how well you two could stand each other.”

“What about classes?” Yuri tried to find a comfy spot on the couch, wigging himself into the pillows and folding legs under him as far as they would go. He wasn’t nearly as flexible as he used to be. Well, in certain areas at least. He found the remote and turned the tv on, looking for something suitably distracting.

“Either take a break or take some you can transfer in.”

“And where would I stay?” Yuri shifted as Beka leaned against him, his arm draped over him. Beka paused and seemed to shift.

“I was hoping you would move in here...”

Chapter End Notes

as always a huge thanks to my beta reader AphroditeB00w!
“You need to know what every drink looks and smells like.” Chris unpacked a bunch of bottles onto Beka’s table. Yuri recognized some of them from when his dad drank, but well over half of them he’d never heard of. Chris started pulling out glasses next; every shape and size imaginable.

“I don’t need to drink any of it, do I?”

“One, you can’t drink underage. Two, as long as you can pour the drinks that’s all you need to do.” He picked up the first glass, “This one mostly used for martinis, or cosmos.”

“What’s a cosmo?”

“Cosmopolitan. Normally ordered by half-trashed sorority girls.”

“Nothing wrong with liking a cosmo.” Beka walked into the kitchen and poured himself some coffee. “Did you bring Bailey’s with you by any chance?”

“Here.”

“Thank you,” Beka poured a shot of it into his coffee mug, along with some creamer.

“Why are you drinking at 9am?” Chris gave Beka an amused look.

“You know how JJ is in that band?”
“Yeah?”

“He asked if I’d remix his ‘sure hit.’” Beka rolled his eyes.

“Nooo!” Chris cringed.

“Yep. Charged him $300 for it too.”

“How bad is it? Like on a scale of Rebecca Black’s ‘Friday’ to anything by Queen or The Rolling Stones.”

“Well, it doesn’t make your ears bleed. Might make you want noise cancelling headphones though.”

“I need to hear this,” Chris immediately started walking into Otabek’s bedroom, Beka and Yuri followed.

“Ok, are you ready for this?”

“Not at all.” Chris laughed as Beka hit the play button.

“ Now I rule the world
And the starry sky
Spreading above...
I’ll never give up even
the night should fall
Always do my best
I look in the mirror
the king looks back at me. ”

“Oh my God! The fuck is this,” Chris was practically on the floor in tears.
“And this is why I drink.” Otabek said hitting the stop button.

“C’mon Yuri, I’ll teach you how to make Bek’s favorite drinks first.”

“What do you have for finals?” Leo asked to the room at large. Everyone was packed in their dorm room.

“Six tests or portfolio reviews all before noon. For three days.” Phichit started.

“Four essays, one presentation, and one test.” Yuri stretched, “At least the essays are turned in online.”

“Four tests and one essay, then graduat...” Chris opened his laptop only for a long breathy moan to spill out of the speakers, making him slam the lid shut again. Silence fell over the room as Otabek came in through the door.

“You forgot to close your porn tab again, didn’t you?” He set down the pizzas Leo had ordered.

“Maybe,” Chris said evasively.

“If I didn’t know better I could swear you do that on purpose.”

Chris, much redder than he’d been a few moments ago, started to get off the bed, laptop under his arm. Probably to go and close his porn tabs in private so he could actually work. But Beka was having none of it. He deftly slid the closed computer out from Chris weak grasp, and jumped over Yuri’s outstretched legs before Chris could snatch it back.

“Hey!” Chris screeched and frowned. Beka had moved near to Leo and Guang, opening the screen. “You can’t get in without my password.”

“I can’t,” Beka acknowledged then glanced at Guang. “But he can.”

Guang said nothing but took the laptop from him, while Leo played interference as Chris lunged at them. In seconds, the moaning they’d heard continued, getting higher in pitch.

“Let’s see what you’re into this month,” Beka went on mercilessly. “Will it be bondage? Foot fetish? Gang bang? Orgasm denial?” Chris groaned in embarrassment, providing an interesting counterpoint to the moaning on screen. Pichit had abandoned his own laptop and came up beside Beka and Guang, more than happy for the distraction and a chance to roast his new boyfriend.

“Woah Chris this is pretty vanilla. I thought you’d be into threesomes or something.” Pichit cackled.

“No problem, let’s look at search history…” Beka murmured.

“Come on guys.” Chris whined, but it was clear he’d already given up.

“Is that…” Leo said, eyes squinting as they all crowded in to read whatever was on Leo’s screen. “Big bottomed bottoms?”

Otabek and Yuri both laugh loudly at the same time. Yuri was the only one not part of the voyeuring
group, but he was enjoying the scene anyway.

“Wait no, this one...oh my god is this a thing? Fruit?”

“Ew.”

“Wait let's play this one, apparently the volume needs to be on really loud-”

There was a loud snap sound as Chris lurched forward and closed the laptop hard.

“You guys are the worst,” he scowled, grabbing his laptop back, but everyone was laughing too hard to care.

“I’ll never think of fruit the same way again.” Phichit said breathlessly. “I gave him a peach once, was that a come on?”

“No, that's mangoes.” Leo added and they all collapsed again.

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“Did you hear there’s going to be a big snowstorm starting on Friday?” Leo looked at Yuri from the other side of the room.

“It’s April!” Yuri sank against the wall behind the side of his bed.

“It’s Duluth,” Leo deadpanned. “Anyway it’s looking like it’ll be the worst of the year. A lot of businesses are already announcing they’re closing Friday and Saturday.”

“Hm,” Yuri opened his email and saw one from the university president. “Including the campus.”

“Yes. Mom wants to know if you want to spend the weekend at our house. Otabek is welcome to stay too.”

“I’ll ask him. I’ll either be at your place or his.”

“Tell Otabek there’ll be homemade food that neither of you two have to cook.”

“That’ll do it,” Yuri laughed, and silence fell over the room again.

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“What if there’s a storm during finals week?” Phichit mused.

“They’d probably just have people skype in.” Chris said, tucking Phichit against him.

“Well that sucks.” Phichit glanced over at Yuri and Beka, “You two are so cute.”

“Shut up,” Yuri groaned, practically in a food coma from supper. He’d curled up against Beka on the loveseat.

“Remember when Yuri could barely look at him?!” Phichit turned to Leo. “So, when are you moving in together?”
“After finals week,” Beka answered. “And Chris, could you shut him up?”

“Afraid not,” Chris winked, which made Beka roll his eyes.

“Wait, you’re actually moving in together?! And you didn’t tell me?!” Phichit sat forward and stared at Yuri, “I thought we were friends!”

“We are, it just never came up.” Yuri grumbled in reply, uninterested in Phichit’s apparent dismay at being left out of the gossip loop.

“So where are we sleeping?” Otabek shifted to jostle Yuri who was half-asleep.

“Downstairs on the pull-out couch.” Yuri started leading Beka down the steps. “I’m guessing Phichit and Chris will be the guest room down there too.”

“Pity, I was hoping the only thing pulling out would be the couch,” Otabek smirked.

“That was...either so bad it was good or so bad it was bad.” Yuri smirked over his shoulder. “I can tell you right now that the walls and doors are thinner than I would like.”

“There a story there?” Otabek helped pull the couch out and put the sheets and blankets on the mattress.

“Phichit and Seung, I’ll let your imagination finish it out.”

“Ah.” Otabek blinked a couple of times, appearing to not want to dwell too long on that thought or image.

“Oh, you guys are taking the couch?” Phichit asked.

“Yeah, it’s what we did last time, so…” Yuri shrugged. Phichit’s eyes gleamed a little. “Don’t even say it Phichit, don’t even think it.”

“Say what?” He said coyly.

“Whatever you were thinking just now,” Yuri rolled his eyes without any real annoyance. Chris ushered Phichit into the spare room.

“Good night guys,” Chris said before quietly closing the door.

“G’night,” Otabek said before crawling under the covers and snuggling against Yuri.

“Love you, Beka,” Yuri kissed the top of his head.

“Love you too, Yura.” They started drifting off.

Yuri was almost out when he heard an obscene moan. “The hell?”

Otabek groaned and shifted, clearly not pleased to have been disturbed. Another pleasured moan came from behind the door, quickly followed by a whimper.

“Chris! Stop rimming your boyfriend, we’re right here! Go to sleep!” Otabek finally yelled into the darkness.
“And how did you know what they were doing?”

“Hm, given enough rimjobs to know what one sounds like,” Beka answered groggily.

“Hmm,” Yuri shifted deeper under the blankets.

“Do you know…” Otabek cracked an eye.

“Yes I know what a rimjob is,” Yuri said quickly, avoiding Otabek’s questioning glance. “just...meh,”

“Not curious what it’s like to get one?” Otabek moved to press a kiss to Yuri’s neck.

“Uh, more like not curious on what it’s like to give one.” Yuri paused as Phichit moaned again.

“Well,” Beka shifted, pressing a kiss to the side of Yuri’s neck. “If you want to know what it’s like to receive, I’ll happily show you.”

Yuri had enough time to raise an eyebrow in amused disbelief before Beka pulled him into a kiss. He almost gasped as Beka ran his tongue along his lip, he could feel Otabek start to roll his hips against him.

And then Phichit gasped and moaned...again.

“Nope!” Yuri hissed. “Can’t do this. Not this close to anyone else.”

Otabek gave him a sardonic look, “You didn’t have a problem with it at my parents’ house.”

“No one was fucking ten feet away from us.”

“Don’t put money on that bet,” Otabek said wryly.

“Ew.” Yuri retorted. “And even if they were, they weren’t that loud.”

“Fair enough,” Beka pulled Yuri closer, running a hand under his shirt and toyed with Yuri’s waistband. “The walls are thicker at my house. Also, Chris is an exhibitionist, but I can be too.” Beka winked.

Yuri gave Beka a look.

“Don’t knock it until you try it, Yura.” Beka shifted so he was laying over Yuri. “The key is to not get caught. Did you want to find out what it’s like?”

“We’ve had sex before Beka,” Yuri rolled his eyes.

“Not what I meant,” He arched an eyebrow.

‘Oh...ooohhh.’ Yuri thought. “Not tonight.”

“So, a different night for that. How about something else then?” Beka shifted to grab a bottle out of his bag beside the bed. “Now remember, you have to stay quiet.”

“I know, I know,” Yuri reclined back on the pillows expecting Otabek to either blow him or start prepping him. What he didn’t expect was Otabek’s lube-covered hand on his dick, and he had to
immediately bit down on his hand, just above his thumb. Otabek prepped himself in almost no time and lined himself up with Yuri. Foreplay wasn’t an option that night. Yuri took a sharp inhale as his eyes rolled. Beka always felt so warm around him. Beka paused to let himself adjust after he had taken all of Yuri. Slowly he raised himself up, only for the pull out to creak horribly.

“Hypocrite,” Chris yelled through the closed door.

“We’re just trying to get comfortable, chill.” Yuri yelled, back, hoping that he sounded half-way convincing. Beka sank back and and rocked his hips as Yuri pulled him down and covered them with the blanket. He rolled them to the side, it wouldn’t actually fool anyone if they got caught but there’d be more plausible deniability this way than the last position offered. Yuri bit Otabek’s shoulder in an attempt to keep quiet as he shifted his hips to brush against Beka’s prostate. He also reached down and took Beka in hand and ran thumb over Beka’s head and slit. Beka, thankfully, had the good sense to keep kissing Yuri to keep him quiet. The pull-out still creaked once every couple of thrusts but it could have been a lot worse. With a gasp Beka came over Yuri’s hand.

“Yuri,” Beka whispered against the shell of his ear. “Come, please.”

Yuri knew Beka would be getting oversensitive. He knew he’d love to make some amount of noise. And he knew there were two people who were right on the other side of the door. He also knew that at that time of night the last thing he wanted was to cum on Beka, or the sheets. The number of things going through his head almost made him consider not cumming at all, but the tight pull of heat in Yuri’s stomach couldn’t be ignored. He wrapped an arm around the small of Beka’s back and pulled his hips somehow closer to his own. With his other hand he guided Beka into a kiss, his body practically froze as his dick twitched inside of Beka. He didn’t pull away, instead continuing to kiss Beka. Yuri vaguely heard the door open.

“Now I need a snack,” Phichit sighed. Yuri froze and buried his face against Beka’s neck.

‘Oh God, why?’ Yuri thought, ‘Never again are we doing anything near anyone.’

“Beks, did you want a cig?”

“Naw, haven’t had one in two years and I’m not going to go back now.” Otabek’s voice was so casual that it was almost like he didn’t still have a leg over Yuri’s hip.

“Suit yourself,” Chris shrugged. “Not sure why you rushed yourselves, we could still hear you, you know? Never compromise quality, especially in bed.”

Yuri pulled a blanket over his head.

“Chris, you want to join me for a shower?” Phichit asked.

“Of course.”

“What was that you were saying about quantity?” Beka smirked. Chris leaned down a touch.

“But I always have quality behind it,” he winked before heading into the bathroom.

“We are never doing that again,” Yuri hissed.

“Wonder if they could hear us while they’re in the shower…”

“No!”
End Notes

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